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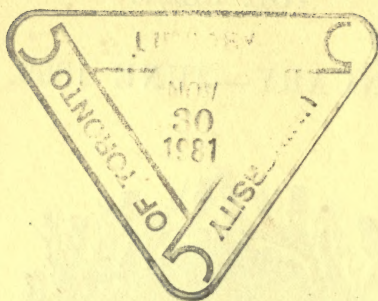
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NO-MAN'S-LAND.¹

CHAPTER I.—THE SHIELING OF FARAWA.

It was with a light heart and a pleasing consciousness of holiday that I set out from the inn at Allermuir to tramp my fifteen miles into the unknown. I walked slowly, for I carried my equipment on my back—my basket, fly-books and rods, my plaid of Grant tartan (for I boast myself a distant kinsman of that house), and my great staff, which had tried ere then the front of the steeper Alps. A small valise with books and some changes of linen clothing had been sent on ahead in the shepherd's own hands. It was yet early April, and before me lay four weeks of freedom—twenty-eight blessed days in which to take fish and smoke the pipe of idleness. The Lent

term had pulled me down, a week of modest enjoyment thereafter in town had finished the work; and I drank in the sharp moorish air like a thirsty man who has been forwandered among deserts.

I am a man of varied tastes and a score of interests. As an undergraduate I had been filled with the old mania for the complete life. I distinguished myself in the Schools, rowed in my college eight, and reached the distinction of practising for three weeks in the Trials. I had dabbled in a score of learned activities, and when the time came that I won the inevitable St Chad's fellowship on my chaotic acquirements, and I found myself compelled

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to select if I would pursue a scholar's life, I had some toil in finding my vocation. In the end I resolved that the ancient life of the North, of the Celts and the Northmen and the unknown Pictish tribes, held for me the chief fascination. I had acquired a smattering of Gaelic, having been brought up as a boy in Lochaber, and now I set myself to increase my store of languages. I mastered Erse and Icelandic, and my first book—a monograph on the probable Celtic elements in the Eddic songs—brought me the praise of scholars and the deputy-professor's chair of Northern Antiquities. So much for Oxford. My vacations had been spent mainly in the North—in Ireland, Scotland, and the Isles, in Scandinavia and Iceland, once even in the far limits of Finland. I was a keen sportsman of a sort, an old-experienced fisher, a fair shot with gun and rifle, and in my hillcraft I might well stand comparison with most men. April has ever seemed to me the finest season of the year even in our cold northern altitudes, and the memory of many bright Aprils had brought me up from the South on the night before to Allerfoot, whence a dogcart had taken me up Glen Aller to the inn at Allermuir; and now the same desire had set me on the heather with my face to the cold brown hills.

You are to picture a sort of plateau, benty and rock-strewn, running ridge-wise above a chain of little peaty lochs and a vast tract of inexorable bog. In a mile the ridge ceased in a shoulder of

hill, and over this lay the head of another glen, with the same doleful accompaniment of sunless lochs, mosses, and a shining and resolute water. East and west and north, in every direction save the south, rose walls of gashed and serrated hills. It was a grey day with blinks of sun, and when a ray chanced to fall on one of the great dark faces, lines of light and colour sprang into being which told of mica and granite. I was in high spirits, as on the eve of holiday; I had breakfasted excellently on eggs and salmon-steaks; I had no cares to speak of, and my prospects were not uninviting. But in spite of myself the landscape began to take me in thrall and crush me. The silent vanished peoples of the hills seemed to be stirring; dark primeval faces seemed to stare at me from behind boulders and jags of rock. The place was so still, so free from the cheerful clamour of nesting birds, that it seemed a *temenos* sacred to some old-world god. At my feet the lochs lapped ceaselessly; but the waters were so dark that one could not see bottom a foot from the edge. On my right the links of green told of snake-like mires waiting to crush the unwary wanderer. It seemed to me for the moment a land of death, where the tongues of the dead cried aloud for recognition.

My whole morning's walk was full of such fancies. I lit a pipe to cheer me, but the things would not be got rid of. I thought of the Gaels who had held those fastnesses; I thought

of the Britons before them, who yielded to their advent. They were all strong peoples in their day, and now they had gone the way of the earth. They had left their mark on the levels of the glens and on the more habitable uplands, both in names and in actual forts, and graves where men might still dig curios. But the hills—that black stony amphitheatre before me—it seemed strange that the hills bore no traces of them. And then with some uneasiness I reflected on that older and stranger race who were said to have held the hill-tops. The Picts, the Picti—what in the name of goodness were they? They had troubled me in all my studies, a sort of blank wall to put an end to speculation. We knew nothing of them save certain strange names which men called Pictish, the names of those hills in front of me—the Muneraw, the Yirnie, the Calmarton. They were the *corpus vile* for learned experiment; but Heaven alone knew what dark abyss of savagery once yawned in the midst of the desert.

And then I remembered the crazy theories of a pupil of mine at St Chad's, the son of a small landowner on the Aller, a young gentleman who had spent his substance too freely at Oxford, and was now dreeing his weird in the Backwoods. He had been no scholar; but a certain imagination marked all his doings, and of a Sunday night he would come and talk to me of the North. The Picts were his special subject, and his ideas were mad. "Listen to

me," he would say, when I had mixed him toddy and given him one of my cigars; "I believe there are traces—ay, and more than traces—of an old culture lurking in those hills and waiting to be discovered. We never hear of the Picts being driven from the hills. The Britons drove them from the lowlands, the Gaels from Ireland did the same for the Britons; but the hills were left unmolested. We hear of no one going near them except outlaws and tinklers. And in that very place you have the strangest mythology. Take the story of the Brownie. What is that but the story of a little swart man of uncommon strength and cleverness, who does good and ill indiscriminately, and then disappears. There are many scholars, as you yourself confess, who think that the origin of the Brownie was in some mad belief in the old race of the Picts, which still survived somewhere in the hills. And do we not hear of the Brownie in authentic records right down to the year 1756? After that, when people grew more incredulous, it is natural that the belief should have begun to die out; but I do not see why stray traces should not have survived till late."

"Do you not see what that means?" I had said in mock gravity. "Those same hills are, if anything, less known now than they were a hundred years ago. Why should not your Picts or Brownies be living to this day?"

"Why not, indeed?" he had rejoined, in all seriousness.

I laughed, and he went to his rooms and returned with a large leather-bound book. It was lettered, in the rococo style of a young man's taste, 'Glimpses of the Unknown,' and some of the said glimpses he proceeded to impart to me. It was not pleasant reading; indeed, I had rarely heard anything so well fitted to shatter sensitive nerves. The early part consisted of folk-tales and folk-sayings, some of them wholly obscure, some of them with a glint of meaning, but all of them with some hint of a mystery in the hills. I heard the Brownie story in countless versions. Now the thing was a friendly little man, who wore grey breeches and lived on brose; now he was a twisted being, the sight of which made the ewes miscarry in the lambing-time. But the second part was the stranger, for it was made up of actual tales, most of them with date and place appended. It was a most Bedlamite catalogue of horrors, which, if true, made the whole some moors a place instinct with tragedy. Some told of children carried away from villages, even from towns, on the verge of the uplands. In almost every case they were girls, and the strange fact was their utter disappearance. Two little girls would be coming home from school, would be seen last by a neighbour just where the road crossed a patch of heath or entered a wood, and then—no human eye ever saw them again. Children's cries had startled outlying shepherds in the night, and when they

had rushed to the door they could hear nothing but the night wind. The instances of such disappearances were not very common—perhaps once in twenty years—but they were confined to this one tract of country, and came in a sort of fixed progression from the middle of last century, when the record began. But this was only one side of the history. The latter part was all devoted to a chronicle of crimes which had gone unpunished, seeing that no hand had ever been traced. The list was fuller in last century; in the earlier years of the present it had dwindled; then came a revival about the 'fifties; and now again in our own time it had sunk low. At the little cottage of Auchterbreen, on the roadside in Glen Aller, a labourer's wife had been found pierced to the heart. It was thought to be a case of a woman's jealousy, and her neighbour was accused, convicted, and hanged. The woman, to be sure, denied the charge with her last breath; but circumstantial evidence seemed sufficiently strong against her. Yet some people in the glen believed her guiltless. In particular, the carrier who had found the dead woman declared that the way in which her neighbour received the news was a sufficient proof of innocence; and the doctor who was first summoned professed himself unable to tell with what instrument the wound had been given. But this was all before the days of expert evidence, so the woman had been hanged without scruple. Then there

had been another story of peculiar horror, telling of the death of an old man at some little lonely shieling called Carrickfey. But at this point I had risen in protest, and made to drive the young idiot from my room.

"It was my grandfather who collected most of them," he said. "He had theories,¹ but people called him mad, so he was wise enough to hold his tongue. My father declares the whole thing mania; but I rescued the book, had it bound, and added to the collection. It is a queer hobby; but, as I say, I have theories, and there are more things in heaven and earth——"

But at this he heard a friend's voice in the Quad., and dived out, leaving the *banal* quotation unfinished.

Strange though it may seem, this madness kept coming back to me as I crossed the last few miles of moor. I was now on a rough tableland, the watershed between two lochs, and beyond and above me rose the stony backs of the hills. The burns fell down in a chaos of granite boulders, and huge slabs of grey stone lay flat and tumbled in the heather. The full waters

looked prosperously for my fishing, and I began to forget all fancies in anticipation of sport.

Then suddenly in a hollow of land I came on a ruined cottage. It had been a very small place, but the walls were still half-erect, and the little moorland garden was outlined on the turf. A lonely apple-tree, twisted and gnarled with winds, stood in the midst.

From higher up on the hill I heard a loud roar, and I knew my excellent friend the shepherd of Farawa, who had come thus far to meet me. He greeted me with the boisterous embarrassment which was his way of prefacing hospitality. A grave reserved man at other times, on such occasions he thought it proper to relapse into hilarity. I fell into step with him, and we set off for his dwelling. But first I had the curiosity to look back to the tumble-down cottage and ask him its name.

A queer look came into his eyes. "They ca' the place Carrickfey," he said. "Naebody has daured to bide there this twenty year sin'—but I see ye ken the story." And, as if glad to leave the subject, he hastened to discourse on fishing.

¹ In the light of subsequent events I have jotted down the materials to which I refer. The last authentic record of the Brownie is in the narrative of the shepherd of Clachlands, taken down towards the close of last century by the Reverend Mr Gillespie, minister of Allerkirk, and included by him in his 'Songs and Legends of Glen Aller.' The authorities on the strange carrying-away of children are to be found in a series of articles in a local paper, the 'Allerfoot Advertiser,' September and October 1878, and a curious book published anonymously at Edinburgh in 1848, entitled 'The Weathergaw.' The records of the unexplained murders in the same neighbourhood are all contained in Mr Fordoun's 'Theory of Expert Evidence,' and an attack on the book in the 'Law Review' for June 1881. The Carrickfey case has a pamphlet to itself—now extremely rare—a copy of which was recently obtained in a bookseller's shop in Dumfries by a well-known antiquary, and presented to the library of the Supreme Court in Edinburgh.

CHAPTER II.—TELLS OF AN EVENING'S TALK.

The shepherd was a masterful man; tall, save for the stoop which belongs to all moorland folk, and active as a wild goat. He was not a new importation, nor did he belong to the place; for his people had lived in the remote Borders, and he had come as a boy to this shieling of Farawa. He was unmarried, but an elderly sister lived with him and cooked his meals. He was reputed to be extraordinarily skilful in his trade; I know for a fact that he was in his way a keen sportsman; and his few neighbours gave him credit for a sincere piety. Doubtless this last report was due in part to his silence, for after his first greeting he was wont to relapse into a singular taciturnity. As we strode across the heather he gave me a short outline of his year's lambing. "Five pair o' twins yestreen, twae this morn; that makes thirty-five yowes that hae lambed since the Sabbath. I'll dae weel if God's willin'." Then, as I looked towards the hill-tops whence the thin mist of morn was trailing, he followed my gaze. "See," he said with uplifted crook—"see that sicht. Is that no what is written of in the Bible when it says, 'The mountains do smoke.'"
And with this piece of apologetics he finished his talk, and in a little we were at the cottage.

It was a small enough dwelling in truth, and yet large for a moorland house, for it had a garret. below the thatch, which was given up to my sole enjoy-

ment. Below was the wide kitchen with box-beds, and next to it the inevitable second room, also with its cupboard sleeping-places. The interior was very clean, and yet I remember to have been struck with the faint musty smell which is inseparable from moorland dwellings. The kitchen pleased me best, for there the great rafters were black with peat-reek, and the uncovered stone floor, on which the fire gleamed dully, gave an air of primeval simplicity. But the walls spoiled all, for tawdry things of to-day had penetrated even there. Some grocers' almanacs—years old—hung in places of honour, and an extraordinary lithograph of the Royal Family in its youth. And this, mind you, between crooks and fishing-rods and old guns, and horns of sheep and deer.

The life for the first day or two was regular and placid. I was up early, breakfasted on porridge (a dish which I detest), and then off to the lochs and streams. At first my sport prospered mightily. With a drake-wing I killed a salmon of seventeen pounds, and the next day had a fine basket of trout from a hill-burn. Then for no earthly reason the weather changed. A bitter wind came out of the north-east, bringing showers of snow and stinging hail, and lashing the waters into storm. It was now farewell to fly-fishing. For a day or two I tried trolling with the minnow on the lochs, but it was poor sport, for I had no boat,

and the edges were soft and mossy. Then in disgust I gave up the attempt, went back to the cottage, lit my biggest pipe, and sat down with a book to await the turn of the weather.

The shepherd was out from morning till night at his work, and when he came in at last, dog-tired, his face would be set and hard, and his eyes heavy with sleep. The strangeness of the man grew upon me. He had a shrewd brain beneath his thatch of hair, for I had tried him once or twice, and found him abundantly intelligent. He had some smattering of an education, like all Scottish peasants, and, as I have said, he was deeply religious. I set him down as a fine type of his class, sober, serious, keenly critical, free from the bondage of superstition. But I rarely saw him, and our talk was chiefly in monosyllables—short interjected accounts of the number of lambs dead or alive on the hill. Then he would produce a pencil and notebook, and be immersed in some calculation; and finally he would be revealed sleeping heavily in his chair, till his sister wakened him, and he stumbled off to bed.

So much for the ordinary course of life; but one day—the second I think of the bad weather—the extraordinary happened. The storm had passed in the afternoon into a resolute and blinding snow, and the shepherd, finding it hopeless on the hill, came home about three o'clock. I could make out from his way of entering that he was in a great temper. He kicked his

feet savagely against the door-post. Then he swore at his dogs, a thing I had never heard him do before. "Hell!" he cried, "can ye no keep out o' my road, ye britts?" Then he came sullenly into the kitchen, thawed his numbed hands at the fire, and sat down to his meal.

I made some aimless remark about the weather.

"Death to man and beast," he grunted. "I hae got the sheep down frae the hill, but the lambs will never thole this. We maun pray that it will no last."

His sister came in with some dish. "Margit," he cried, "three lambs away this morning, and three deid wi' the hole in the throat."

The woman's face visibly paled. "Guid help us, Adam; that hasna happened this three year."

"It has happened noo," he said, surlily. "But, by God! if it happens again I'll gang mysel' to the Scarts o' the Muneraw."

"O Adam!" the woman cried shrilly, "haud your tongue. Ye kenna wha hears ye." And with a frightened glance at me she left the room.

I asked no questions, but waited till the shepherd's anger should cool. But the cloud did not pass so lightly. When he had finished his dinner he pulled his chair to the fire and sat staring moodily. He made some sort of apology to me for his conduct. "I'm sore troubled, sir; but I'm vexed ye should see me like this. Maybe things will be better the morn." And then, lighting his short black

pipe, he resigned himself to his meditations.

But he could not keep quiet. Some nervous unrest seemed to have possessed the man. He got up with a start and went to the window, where the snow was drifting unsteadily past. As he stared out into the storm I heard him mutter to himself, "Three away, God help me, and three wi' the hole in the throat."

Then he turned round to me abruptly. I was jotting down notes for an article I contemplated in the '*Revue Celtique*,' so my thoughts were far away from the present. The man recalled me by demanding fiercely, "Do ye believe in God?"

I gave him some sort of answer in the affirmative.

"Then do ye believe in the Devil?" he asked.

The reply must have been less satisfactory, for he came forward and flung himself violently into the chair before me.

"What do ye ken about it?" he cried. "You that bides in a southern toun, what can ye ken o' the God that works in thae hills and the Devil—ay, the manifold devils—that He suffers to bide here? I tell ye, man, that if ye had seen what I have seen ye wad be on your knees at this moment praying to God to pardon your unbelief. There are devils at the back o' every stane and hidin' in every cleuch, and it's by the grace o' God alone that a man is alive upon the earth." His voice had risen high and shrill, and then suddenly he cast a frightened glance towards the window and was silent.

I began to think that the man's wits were unhinged, and the thought did not give me satisfaction. I had no relish for the prospect of being left alone in this moorland dwelling with the cheerful company of a maniac. But his next movements reassured me. He was clearly only dead-tired, for he fell sound asleep in his chair, and by the time his sister brought tea and wakened him, he seemed to have got the better of his excitement.

When the window was shuttered and the lamp lit, I set myself again to the completion of my notes. The shepherd had got out his Bible, and was solemnly reading with one great finger travelling down the lines. He was smoking, and whenever some text came home to him with power he would make pretence to underline it with the end of the stem. Soon I had finished the work I desired, and, my mind being full of my pet hobby, I fell into an inquisitive frame of mind, and began to question the solemn man opposite on the antiquities of the place.

He stared stupidly at me when I asked him concerning monuments or ancient weapons.

"I kenna," said he. "There's a heap o' queer things in the hills."

"This place should be a centre for such relics. You know that the name of the hill behind the house, as far as I can make it out, means the '*Place of the Little Men*.' It is a good Gaelic word, though there is some doubt about its exact interpretation.

But clearly the Gaelic peoples did not speak of themselves when they gave the name; they must have referred to some older and stranger population."

The shepherd looked at me dully, as not understanding.

"It is partly this fact—besides the fishing, of course—which interests me in this countryside," said I, gaily.

Again he cast the same queer frightened glance towards the window. "If ye'll tak the advice of an aulder man," he said, slowly, "ye'll let well alane and no meddle wi' uncanny things."

I laughed pleasantly, for at last I had found out my hard-headed host in a piece of childishness. "Why, I thought that you of all men would be free from superstition."

"What do ye call superstition?" he asked.

"A belief in old wives' tales," said I, "a trust in the crude supernatural and the patently impossible."

He looked at me beneath his shaggy brows. "How do ye ken what is impossible? Mind ye, sir, ye're no in the toun just now, but in the thick of the wild hills."

"But, hang it all, man," I cried, "you don't mean to say that you believe in that sort of thing? I am prepared for many things up here, but not for the Brownie,—though, to be sure, if one could meet him in the flesh, it would be rather pleasant than otherwise, for he was a companionable sort of fellow."

"When a thing pits the fear

o' death on a man he aye speaks well of it."

It was true—the Eumenides and the Good Folk over again; and I awoke with interest to the fact that the conversation was getting into strange channels.

The shepherd moved uneasily in his chair. "I am a man that fears God, and has nae time for daft stories; but I havena traivelled the hills for twenty years wi' my een shut. If I say that I could tell ye stories o' faces seen in the mist, and queer things that have knocked against me in the snaw, wad ye believe me? I wager ye wadna. Ye wad say I had been drunk, and yet I am a God-fearing temperate man."

He rose and went to a cupboard, unlocked it, and brought out something in his hand, which he held out to me. I took it with some curiosity, and found that it was a flint arrow-head.

Clearly a flint arrow-head, and yet like none that I had ever seen in any collection. For one thing it was larger, and the barbless clumsily thick. More, the chipping was new, or comparatively so; this thing had not stood the wear of fifteen hundred years among the stones of the hillside. Now there are, I regret to say, institutions which manufacture primitive relics; but it is not hard for a practised eye to see the difference. The chipping has either a regularity and a balance which is unknown in the real thing, or the rudeness has been overdone, and the result is an implement incapable of harming a mortal creature. But this

was the real thing if it ever existed; and yet—I was prepared to swear on my reputation that it was not half a century old.

“Where did you get this?” I asked with some nervousness.

“I hae a story about that,” said the shepherd. “Outside the door there ye can see a muckle flat stane aside the buchts. One simmer nicht I was sitting there smoking till the dark, and I wager there was naething on the stane then. But that same nicht I awoke wi’ a queer thocht, as if there were folk moving around the hoose—folk that didna mak’ muckle noise. I mind o’ lookin’ out o’ the windy, and I could hae sworn I saw something black movin’ amang the heather and intil the buchts. Now I had maybe threescore o’ lambs there that nicht, for I had to tak’ them many miles off in the early morning. Weel, when I gets up about four o’clock and gangs out, as I am passing the muckle stane I finds this bit errow. ‘That’s come here in the nicht,’ says I, and I wunnered a wee and put it in my pouch. But when I came to my faulds what did I see? Five o’ my best hoggs were away, and three mair were lying deid wi’ a hole in their throat.”

“Who in the world——?” I began.

“Dinna ask,” said he. “If I aince sterted to speir about thae maitters, I wadna keep my reason.”

“Then that was what happened on the hill this morning?”

“Even sae, and it has happened mair than aince sin’ that

time. It’s the most uncanny slaughter, for sheep-stealing I can understand, but no this pricking o’ the puir beasts’ wizands. I kenna how they dae’t either, for it’s no wi’ a knife or ony common tool.”

“Have you never tried to follow the thieves?”

“Have I no?” he asked, grimly. “If it had been common sheep-stealers I wad hae had them by the heels, though I had followed them a hundred miles. But this is no common. I’ve tracked them, and it’s ill they are to track; but I never got beyond ae place, and that was the Scarts o’ the Muneraw that ye’ve heard me speak o’.”

“But who in Heaven’s name are the people? Tinklers or poachers or what?”

“Ay,” said he, drily. “Even so. Tinklers and poachers whae wark wi’ stane errows and kill sheep by a hole in their throat. Lord, I kenna what they are, unless the Muckle Deil himsel’.”

The conversation had passed beyond my comprehension. In this prosaic hard-headed man I had come on the dead-rock of superstition and blind fear.

“That is only the story of the Brownie over again, and he is an exploded myth,” I said, laughing.

“Are ye the man that exploded it?” said the shepherd, rudely. “I trow no, neither you nor ony ither. My bonny man, if ye lived a twalmonth in thae hills, ye wad sing safter about exploded myths, as ye call them.”

“I tell you what I would do,” said I. “If I lost sheep as you lose them, I would go up the

Scarts of the Muneraw and never rest till I had settled the question once and for all." I spoke hotly, for I was vexed by the man's childish fear.

"I daresay ye wad," he said, slowly. "But then I am no you, and maybe I ken mair o' what is in the Scarts o' the Muneraw. Maybe I ken that whilk, if ye kenned it, wad send ye back to the South Country wi' your hert in your mouth. But, as I say, I am no sae brave as you, for I saw something in the first year o' my herding here which put the terror o' God on

me, and makes me a fearfu' man to this day. Ye ken the story o' the gudeman o' Carrickfey?"

I nodded.

"Weel, I was the man that fand him. I had seen the deid afore and I've seen them since. But never have I seen aucht like the look in that man's een. What he saw at his death I may see the morn, so I walk before the Lord in fear."

Then he rose and stretched himself. "It's bedding-time, for I maun be up at three," and with a short good night he left the room.

CHAPTER III.—THE SCARTS OF THE MUNERAW.

The next morning was fine, for the snow had been intermittent, and had soon melted except in the high corries. True, it was deceptive weather, for the wind had gone to the rainy south-west, and the masses of cloud on that horizon boded ill for the afternoon. But some days' inaction had made me keen for a chance of sport, so I rose with the shepherd and set out for the day.

He asked me where I proposed to begin.

I told him the tarn called the Loch o' the Threshes, which lies over the back of the Muneraw on another watershed. It is on the ground of the Rhynns Forest, and I had fished it of old from the Forest House. I knew the merits of the trout, and I knew its virtues in a south-west wind, so I had resolved to go thus far afield.

The shepherd heard the name in silence. "Your best road

will be ower that rig, and syne on to the water o' Caulds. Keep abune the moss till ye come to the place they ca' the Nick o' the Threshes. That will take ye to the very loch-side, but it's a lang road and a sair."

The morning was breaking over the bleak hills. Little clouds drifted athwart the corries, and wisps of haze fluttered from the peaks. A great rosy flush lay over one side of the glen, which caught the edge of the sluggish bog-pools and turned them to fire. Never before had I seen the mountain-land so clear, for far back into the east and west I saw mountain-tops set as close as flowers in a border, black crags seamed with silver lines which I knew for mighty waterfalls, and below at my feet the lower slopes fresh with the dewy green of spring. A name stuck in my memory from the last night's talk.

"Where are the Scarts of the Muneraw?" I asked.

The shepherd pointed to the great hill which bears the name, and which lies, a huge mass, above the watershed.

"D'ye see yon corrie at the east that runs straucht up the side? It looks a bit scart, but it's sae deep that it's aye derk at the bottom o't. Weel, at the tap o' the rig it meets anither corrie that runs down the ither side, and that one they ca' the Scarts. There is a sort o' burn in it that flows intil the Dule and sae intil the Aller, and, indeed, if ye were gaun there it wad be from Aller Glen that your best road wad lie. But it's an ill bit, and ye'll be sair guidit if ye try't."

There he left me and went across the glen, while I struck upwards over the ridge. At the top I halted and looked down on the wide glen of the Caulds, which there is little better than a bog, but lower down grows into a green pastoral valley. The great Muneraw still dominated the landscape, and the black scaur on its side seemed blacker than before. The place fascinated me, for in that fresh morning air the shepherd's fears seemed monstrous. "Some day," said I to myself, "I will go and explore the whole of that mighty hill." Then I descended and struggled over the moss, found the Nick, and in two hours' time was on the loch's edge.

I have little in the way of good to report of the fishing. For perhaps one hour the trout took well; after that they sulked steadily for the day.

The promise, too, of fine weather had been deceptive. By mid-day the rain was falling in that soft soaking fashion which gives no hope of clearing. The mist was down to the edge of the water, and I cast my flies into a blind sea of white. It was hopeless work, and yet from a sort of ill-temper I stuck to it long after my better judgment had warned me of its folly. At last, about three in the afternoon, I struck my camp, and prepared myself for a long and toilsome retreat.

And long and toilsome it was beyond anything I had ever encountered. Had I had a vestige of sense I would have followed the burn from the loch down to the Forest House. The place was shut up, but the keeper would gladly have given me shelter for the night. But foolish pride was too strong in me. I had found my road in mist before, and could do it again.

Before I got to the top of the hill I had repented my decision; when I got there I repented it more. For below me was a dizzy chaos of grey; there was no landmark visible; and before me I knew was the bog through which the Caulds Water twined. I had crossed it with some trouble in the morning, but then I had light to pick my steps. Now I could only stumble on, and in five minutes I might be in a bog-hole, and in five more in a better world.

But there was no help to be got from hesitation, so with a rueful courage I set off. The place was if possible worse

than I had feared. Wading up to the knees with nothing before you but a blank wall of mist and the cheerful consciousness that your next step may be your last—such was my state for one weary mile. The stream itself was high, and rose to my armpits, and once and again I only saved myself by a violent leap backwards from a pitiless green slough. But at last it was past, and I was once more on the solid ground of the hillside.

Now, in the thick weather I had crossed the glen much lower down than in the morning, and the result was that the hill on which I stood was one of the giants which, with the Muneraw for centre, guard the watershed. Had I taken the proper way, the Nick o' the Threshes would have led me to the Caulds, and then once over the bog a little ridge was all that stood between me and the glen of Farawa. But instead I had come a wild cross-country road, and was now, though I did not know it, nearly as far from my destination as at the start.

Well for me that I did not know, for I was wet and dispirited, and had I not fancied myself all but home, I should scarcely have had the energy to make this last ascent. But soon I found it was not the little ridge I had expected. I looked at my watch and saw that it was five o'clock. When, after the weariest climb, I lay on a piece of level ground which seemed the top, I was not surprised to find that it was now seven. The darkening

must be at hand, and sure enough the mist seemed to be deepening into a greyish black. I began to grow desperate. Here was I on the summit of some infernal mountain, without any certainty where my road lay. I was lost with a vengeance, and at the thought I began to be acutely afraid.

I took what seemed to me the way I had come, and began to descend steeply. Then something made me halt, and the next instant I was lying on my face trying painfully to retrace my steps. For I had found myself slipping, and before I could stop, my feet were dangling over a precipice with Heaven alone knows how many yards of sheer mist between me and the bottom. Then I tried keeping the ridge, and took that to the right, which I thought would bring me nearer home. It was no good trying to think out a direction, for in the fog my brain was running round, and I seemed to stand on a pin-point of space where the laws of the compass had ceased to hold.

It was the roughest sort of walking, now stepping warily over acres of loose stones, now crawling down the face of some battered rock, and now wading in the long dripping heather. The soft rain had begun to fall again, which completed my discomfort. I was now seriously tired, and, like all men who in their day have bent too much over books, I began to feel it in my back. My spine ached, and my breath came in short broken pants. It was a pitiable state of affairs for an honest man who had never encountered much

grave discomfort. To ease myself I was compelled to leave my basket behind me, trusting to return and find it, if I should ever reach safety and discover on what pathless hill I had been strayed. My rod I used as a staff, but it was of little use, for my fingers were getting too numb to hold it.

Suddenly from the blankness I heard a sound as of human speech. At first I thought it mere craziness—the cry of a weasel or a hill-bird distorted by my ears. But again it came, thick and faint, as through acres of mist, and yet clearly the sound of “articulate-speaking men.” In a moment I lost my despair and cried out in answer. This was some forwandered traveller like myself, and between us we could surely find some road to safety. So I yelled back at the pitch of my voice and waited intently.

But the sound ceased, and there was utter silence again. Still I waited, and then from some place much nearer came the same soft mumbling speech. I could make nothing of it. Heard in that drear place it made the nerves tense and the heart timorous. It was the strangest jumble of vowels and consonants I had ever met.

A dozen solutions flashed through my brain. It was some maniac talking Jabberwock to himself. It was some belated traveller whose wits had given out in fear. Perhaps it was only some shepherd who was amusing himself thus, and whiling the way with nonsense. Once again I cried out and waited.

Then suddenly in the hollow trough of mist before me, where things could still be half discerned, there appeared a figure. It was little and squat and dark; naked, apparently, but so rough with hair that it wore the appearance of a skin-covered being. It crossed my line of vision, not staying for a moment, but in its face and eyes there seemed to lurk an elder world of mystery and barbarism, a troll-like life which was too horrible for words.

The shepherd's fear came back on me like a thunderclap. For one awful instant my legs failed me, and I had almost fallen. The next I had turned and ran shrieking up the hill.

If he who may read this narrative has never felt the force of an overmastering terror, then let him thank his Maker and pray that he never may. I am no weak child, but a strong grown man, accredited in general with sound sense and little suspected of hysterics. And yet I went up that brae-face with my heart fluttering like a bird and my throat aching with fear. I screamed in short dry gasps; involuntarily, for my mind was beyond any purpose. I felt that beast-like clutch at my throat; those red eyes seemed to be staring at me from the mist; I heard ever behind and before and on all sides the patter of those inhuman feet.

Before I knew I was down, slipping over a rock and falling some dozen feet into a soft marshy hollow. I was conscious of lying still for a second and whimpering like a child. But as I lay there I awoke to the

silence of the place. There was no sound of pursuit; perhaps they had lost my track and given up. My courage began to return, and from this it was an easy step to hope. Perhaps after all it had been merely an illusion, for folk do not see clearly in the mist, and I was already done with weariness.

But even as I lay in the green moss and began to hope, the faces of my pursuers grew up through the mist. I stumbled madly to my feet; but I was hemmed in, the rock behind and my enemies before. With a cry I rushed forward, and struck

wildly with my rod at the first dark body. It was as if I had struck an animal, and the next second the thing was wrenched from my grasp. But still they came no nearer. I stood trembling there in the centre of those malignant devils, my brain a mere weathercock, and my heart crushed shapeless with horror. At last the end came, for with the vigour of madness I flung myself on the nearest, and we rolled on the ground. Then the monstrous things seemed to close over me, and with a choking cry I passed into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DARKNESS THAT IS UNDER THE EARTH.

There is an unconsciousness that is not wholly dead, where a man feels numbly and the body lives without the brain. I was beyond speech or thought, and yet I felt the upward or downward motion as the way lay in hill or glen, and I most assuredly knew when the open air was changed for the close underground. I could feel dimly that lights were flared in my face, and that I was laid in some bed on the earth. Then with the stopping of movement the real sleep of weakness seized me, and for long I knew nothing of this mad world.

Morning came over the moors with bird-song and the glory of fine weather. The streams were still rolling in spate, but the hill-pastures were alight with dawn, and the little seams of snow glistened like white fire. A ray from the sunrise cleft its path

somehow into the abyss, and danced on the wall above my couch. It caught my eye as I wakened, and for long I lay crazily wondering what it meant. My head was splitting with pain, and in my heart was the same fluttering nameless fear. I did not wake to full consciousness; not till the twinkle of sun from the clean bright out-of-doors caught my senses did I realise that I lay in a great dark place with a glow of dull firelight in the middle.

In time things rose and moved around me, a few ragged shapes of men, without clothing, shambling with their huge feet and looking towards me with curved beast-like glances. I tried to marshal my thoughts, and slowly, bit by bit, I built up the present. There was no question to my mind of dreaming; the past hours had scored reality upon my brain. Yet I

cannot say that fear was my chief feeling. The first crazy terror had subsided, and now I felt mainly a sickened disgust with just a tinge of curiosity. I found that my knife, watch, flask, and money had gone, but they had left me a map of the countryside. It seemed strange to look at the calico, with the name of a London printer stamped on the back, and lines of railway and highroad running through every shire. Decent and comfortable civilisation! And here was I a prisoner in this den of nameless folk, and in the midst of a life which history knew not.

Courage is a virtue which grows with reflection and the absence of the immediate peril. I thought myself into some sort of resolution, and lo! when the Folk approached me and bound my feet I was back at once in the most miserable terror. They tied me all but my hands with some strong cord, and carried me to the centre, where the fire was glowing. Their soft touch was the acutest torture to my nerves, but I stifled my cries lest some one should lay his hand on my mouth. Had that happened, I am convinced my reason would have failed me.

So there I lay in the shine of the fire, with the circle of unknown things around me. There seemed but three or four, but I took no note of number. They talked huskily among themselves in a tongue which sounded all gutturals. Slowly my fear became less an emotion than a habit, and I had room for the smallest shade of

curiosity. I strained my ear to catch a word, but it was a mere chaos of sound. The thing ran and thundered in my brain as I stared dumbly into the vacant air. Then I thought that unless I spoke I should certainly go crazy, for my head was beginning to swim at the strange cooing noise.

I spoke a word or two in my best Gaelic, and they closed round me inquiringly. Then I was sorry I had spoken, for my words had brought them nearer, and I shrank at the thought. But as the faint echoes of my speech hummed in the rock-chamber, I was struck by a curious kinship of sound. Mine was sharper, more distinct, and staccato; theirs was blurred, formless, but still with a certain root-resemblance.

Then from the back there came an older being, who seemed to have heard my words. He was like some foul grey badger, his red eyes sightless, and his hands trembling on a stump of bog-oak. The others made way for him with such deference as they were capable of, and the thing squatted down by me and spoke.

To my amazement his words were familiar. It was some manner of speech akin to the Gaelic, but broadened, lengthened, coarsened. I remembered an old book-tongue, commonly supposed to be an impure dialect once used in Brittany, which I had met in the course of my researches. The words recalled it, and as far as I could remember the thing,

I asked him who he was and where the place might be.

He answered me in the same speech—still more broadened, lengthened, coarsened. I lay back with sheer amazement. I had found the key to this un-earthly life.

For a little an insatiable curiosity, the ardour of the scholar, prevailed. I forgot the horror of the place, and thought only of the fact that here before me was the greatest find that scholarship had ever made. I was precipitated into the heart of the past. Here must be the fountainhead of all legends, the chrysalis of all beliefs. I actually grew light-hearted. This strange folk around me were now no more shapeless things of terror, but objects of research and experiment. I almost came to think them not unfriendly.

For an hour I enjoyed the highest of earthly pleasures. In that strange conversation I heard—in fragments and suggestions—the history of the craziest survival the world has ever seen. I heard of the struggles with invaders, preserved as it were in a sort of shapeless poetry. There were bitter words against the Gaelic oppressor, bitterer words against the Saxon stranger, and for a moment ancient hatreds flared into life. Then there came the tale of the hill-refuge, the morbid hideous existence preserved for centuries amid a changing world. I heard fragments of old religions, primeval names of god and goddess, half-understood by the Folk, but to me the key to a hundred puzzles. Tales

which survive to us in broken disjointed riddles were intact here in living form. I lay on my elbow and questioned feverishly. At any moment they might become morose and refuse to speak. Clearly it was my duty to make the most of a brief good fortune.

And then the tale they told me grew more hideous. I heard of the circumstances of the life itself and their daily shifts for existence. It was a murderous chronicle—a history of lust and rapine and unmentionable deeds in the darkness. One thing they had early recognised—that the race could not be maintained within itself; so that ghoulish carrying away of little girls from the lowlands began, which I had heard of but never credited. Shut up in those dismal holes, the girls soon died, and when the new race had grown up the plunder had been repeated. Then there were bestial murders in lonely cottages, done for God knows what purpose. Sometimes the occupant had seen more than was safe, sometimes the deed was the mere exuberance of a lust of slaying. As they gabbled their tales my heart's blood froze, and I lay back in the agonies of fear. If they had used the others thus, what way of escape was open for myself? I had been brought to this place, and not murdered on the spot. Clearly there was torture before death in store for me, and I confess I quailed at the thought.

But none molested me. The elders continued to jabber out their stories, while I lay tense

and deaf. Then to my amazement food was brought and placed beside me—almost with respect. Clearly my murder was not a thing of the immediate future. The meal was some form of mutton—perhaps the shepherd's lost ewes—and a little smoking was all the cooking it had got. I strove to eat, but the tasteless morsels choked me. Then they set drink before me in a curious cup, which I seized on eagerly, for my mouth was dry with thirst. The vessel was of gold, rudely formed, but of the pure metal, and a coarse design in circles ran round the middle. This surprised me enough, but a greater wonder awaited me. The liquor was not water, as I had guessed, but a sort of sweet ale, a miracle of flavour. The taste was curious, but somehow familiar; it was like no wine I had ever drunk, and yet I had known that flavour all my life. I sniffed at the brim, and there rose a faint fragrance of thyme and heather honey and the sweet things of the moorland. I almost dropped the thing in my surprise; for here in this rude place I had stumbled upon that lost delicacy of the North, the heather ale.

For a second I was entranced with my discovery, and then the wonder of the cup claimed my attention. Was it a mere relic of pillage, or had this folk some hidden mine of the precious metal? Gold had once been common in these hills. There were the traces of mines on Cairnsmore; shepherds had found it in the gravel of the

Gled Water; and the name of a house at the head of the Clachlands meant the "Home of Gold."

Once more I began my questions, and they answered them willingly. There and then I heard that secret for which many had died in old time, the secret of the heather ale. They told of the gold in the hills, of corries where the sand gleamed and abysses where the rocks were veined. All this they told me, freely, without a scruple. And then, like a clap, came the awful thought that this, too, spelled death. These were secrets which this race aforetime had guarded with their lives; they told them generously to me because there was no fear of betrayal. I should go no more out from this place.

The thought put me into a new sweat of terror—not at death, mind you, but at the unknown horrors which might precede the final suffering. I lay silent, and after binding my hands they began to leave me and go off to other parts of the cave. I dozed in the horrible half-swoon of fear, conscious only of my shaking limbs, and the great dull glow of the fire in the centre. Then I became calmer. After all, they had treated me with tolerable kindness: I had spoken their language, which few of their victims could have done for many a century; it might be that I had found favour in their eyes. For a little I comforted myself with this delusion, till I caught sight of a wooden box in a corner. It was of

modern make, one such as grocers use to pack provisions in. It had some address nailed on it, and an aimless curiosity compelled me to creep thither and read it. A torn and weather-stained scrap of paper, with the nails at the corner rusty with age; but something of the address might still be made out. Amid the stains my feverish eyes read, "To Mr M——, Carrickfey, by Allerfoot Station."

The ruined cottage in the hollow of the waste with the single gnarled apple-tree was before me in a twinkling. I remembered the shepherd's shrinking from the place and the name, and his wild eyes when he told me of the thing that had happened there. I seemed to see the old man in his moorland cottage, thinking no evil; the sudden entry of the nameless things; and then the eyes glazed in unspeakable terror. I felt my lips dry and burning. Above me was the vault of rock; in the distance I saw the fire-glow and the shadows of shapes moving around it. My fright was too great for inaction, so I crept from the couch, and silently, stealthily, with tottering steps and bursting heart, I began to reconnoitre.

But I was still bound, my arms tightly, my legs more loosely, but yet firm enough to hinder flight. I could not get my hands at my leg-straps, still less could I undo the manacles. I rolled on the floor, seeking some sharp edge of rock, but all had been worn smooth by the use of centuries. Then suddenly an idea came upon me like an inspiration.

The sounds from the fire seemed to have ceased, and I could hear them repeated from another and more distant part of the cave. The Folk had left their orgy round the blaze, and at the end of the long tunnel I saw its glow fall unimpeded upon the floor. Once there, I might burn off my fetters and be free to turn my thoughts to escape.

I crawled a little way with much labour. Then suddenly I came abreast an opening in the wall, through which a path went. It was a long straight rock-cutting, and at the end I saw a gleam of pale light. It must be the open air; the way of escape was prepared for me; and with a prayer I made what speed I could towards the fire.

I rolled on the verge, but the fuel was peat, and the warm ashes would not burn the cords. In desperation I went farther, and my clothes began to singe, while my face ached beyond endurance. But yet I got no nearer my object. The strips of hide warped and cracked, but did not burn. Then in a last effort I thrust my wrists bodily into the glow and held them there. In an instant I drew them out with a groan of pain, scarred and sore, but to my joy with the band snapped in one place. Weak as I was, it was now easy to free myself, and then came the untying of my legs. My hands trembled, my eyes were dazed with hurry, and I was longer over the job than need have been. But at length I had loosed my cramped knees and stood on my feet, a free man once more.

I kicked off my boots, and fled noiselessly down the passage to the tunnel mouth. Apparently it was close on evening, for the white light had faded to a pale yellow. But it was daylight, and that was all I sought, and I ran for it as eagerly as ever runner ran to a goal. I came out on a rock-shelf, beneath which a moraine of boulders fell away in a chasm to a dark loch. It was all but night, but I could see the gnarled and fortified rocks rise in ramparts above, and below the unknown screes and cliffs which make the side of the Muneraw a place only for foxes and the fowls of the air.

The first taste of liberty is an intoxication, and assuredly I was mad when I leaped down among the boulders. Happily at the top of the gully the stones were large and stable, else the noise would certainly have discovered me. Down I went, slipping, praying, my charred wrists aching, and my stockinged feet wet with blood. Soon I was in the jaws of the cleft, and a pale star rose before me. I have always been timid in the face of great rocks, and now, had not an awful terror been dogging my footsteps, no power on earth could have driven me to that descent. Soon I left the boulders behind, and came to long spouts of little stones, which moved with me till the hillside seemed sinking under my feet. Sometimes I was face downwards, once and again I must have fallen for yards. Had there been a cliff at the foot, I should have gone over it without re-

sistance; but by the providence of God the spout ended in a long curve into the heather of the bog.

When I found my feet once more on soft boggy earth, my strength was renewed within me. A great hope of escape sprang up in my heart. For a second I looked back. There was a great line of shingle with the cliffs beyond, and above all the unknown blackness of the cleft. There lay my terror, and I set off running across the bog for dear life. My mind was clear enough to know my road. If I held round the loch in front I should come to a burn which fed the Farawa stream, on whose banks stood the shepherd's cottage. The loch could not be far; once at the Farawa I would have the light of the shieling clear before me.

Suddenly I heard behind me, as if coming from the hillside, the patter of feet. It was the sound which white hares make in the winter-time on a noiseless frosty day as they patter over the snow. I have heard the same soft noise from a herd of deer when they changed their pastures. Strange that so kindly a sound should put the very fear of death in my heart. I ran madly, blindly, yet thinking shrewdly. The loch was before me. Somewhere I had read or heard, I do not know where, that the brutish aboriginal races of the North could not swim. I myself swam powerfully; could I but cross the loch I should save two miles of a desperate country.

There was no time to lose, for

the patter was coming nearer, and I was almost at the loch's edge. I tore off my coat and rushed in. The bottom was mossy, and I had to struggle far before I found any depth. Something plashed in the water before me, and then something else a little behind. The thought that I was a mark for unknown missiles made me crazy with fright, and I struck fiercely out for the other shore. A gleam of moonlight was on the water at the burn's exit, and thither I guided myself. I found the thing difficult enough in itself, for my hands ached, and I was numb with my bonds. But my fancy raised a thousand phantoms to vex me. Swimming in that black bog water, pursued by those nameless things, I seemed to be in a world of horror far removed from the kindly world of men. My strength seemed inexhaustible from my terror. Monsters at the bottom of the water seemed to bite at my feet, and the pain of my wrists made me believe that the loch was boiling hot, and that I was in some hellish place of torment.

I came out on a spit of gravel above the burn mouth, and set off down the ravine of the burn. It was a strait place, strewn with rocks; but now and then the hill turf came in stretches, and eased my wounded feet. Soon the fall became more abrupt, and I was slipping down a hillside, with the water on my left making great cascades in the granite. And then I was out in the wider vale where the Farawa water flowed among links of moss.

Far in front, a speck in the blue darkness, shone the light of the cottage. I panted forward, my breath coming in gasps and my back shot with fiery pains. Happily the land was easier for the feet as long as I kept on the skirts of the bog. My ears were sharp as a wild beast's with fear, as I listened for the noise of pursuit. Nothing came but the rustle of the gentlest hill-wind and the chatter of the falling streams.

Then suddenly the light began to waver and move athwart the window. I knew what it meant. In a minute or two the household at the cottage would retire to rest, and the lamp would be put out. True, I might find the place in the dark, for there was a moon of sorts and the road was not desperate. But somehow in that hour the lamplight gave a promise of safety which I clung to despairingly.

And then the last straw was added to my misery. Behind me came the pad of feet, the pat-patter, soft, eerie, incredibly swift. I choked with fear, and flung myself forward in a last effort. I give my word it was sheer mechanical shrinking that drove me on. God knows I would have lain down to die in the heather, had the things behind me been a common terror of life.

I ran as man never ran before, leaping hags, scrambling through green well-heads, straining towards the fast-dying light. A quarter of a mile and the patter sounded nearer. Soon I was not two hundred yards off, and the noise seemed almost at my elbow. The light

went out, and the black mass of the cottage loomed in the dark.

Then, before I knew, I was at the door, battering it wearily and yelling for help. I heard steps within and a hand on the bolt. Then something shot past

me with lightning force and buried itself in the wood. The dreadful hands were almost at my throat, when the door was opened and I stumbled in, hearing with a gulp of joy the key turn and the bar fall behind me.

CHAPTER V.—THE TROUBLES OF A CONSCIENCE.

My body and senses slept, for I was utterly tired, but my brain all the night was on fire with horrid fancies. Again I was in that accursed cave; I was torturing my hands in the fire; I was slipping barefoot among jagged boulders; and then with bursting heart I was toiling the last mile with the cottage light—now grown to a great fire in the heavens—blazing before me.

It was broad daylight when I awoke, and I thanked God for the comfortable rays of the sun. I had been laid in a box-bed off the inner room, and my first sight was the shepherd sitting with folded arms in a chair regarding me solemnly. I rose and began to dress, feeling my legs and arms still tremble with weariness. The shepherd's sister bound up my scarred wrists and put an ointment on my burns; and, limping like an old man, I went into the kitchen.

I could eat little breakfast, for my throat seemed dry and narrow; but they gave me some brandy-and-milk, which put strength into my body. All the time the brother and sister sat in silence, regarding me with covert glances.

"Ye have been delivered from the jaws o' the Pit," said the man at length. "See that,"

and he held out to me a thin shaft of flint. "I fand that in the door this morning."

I took it, let it drop, and stared vacantly at the window. My nerves had been too much tried to be roused by any new terror. Out of doors it was fair weather, flying gleams of April sunlight and the soft colours of spring. I felt dazed, isolated, cut off from my easy past and pleasing future, a companion of horrors and the sport of nameless things. Then suddenly my eye fell on my books heaped on a table, and the old distant civilisation seemed for the moment inexpressibly dear.

"I must go—at once. And you must come too. You cannot stay here. I tell you it is death. If you knew what I know you would be crying out with fear. How far is it to Allermuir? Eight, fifteen miles; and then ten down Glen Aller to Allerfoot, and then the railway. We must go together while it is daylight, and perhaps we may be untouched. But quick, there is not a moment to lose." And I was on my shaky feet, and bustling among my possessions.

"I'll gang wi' ye to the station," said the shepherd, "for ye're clearly no fit to look after yourself. My sister will bide

and keep the house. If naething has touched us this ten year, naething will touch us the day."

"But you cannot stay. You are mad," I began; but he cut me short with the words, "I trust in God."

"In any case let your sister come with us. I dare not think of a woman alone in this place."

"I'll bide," said she. "I'm no feared as lang as I'm in-doors and there's steeks on the windies."

So I packed my few belongings as best I could, tumbled my books into a haversack, and, gripping the shepherd's arm nervously, crossed the threshold. The glen was full of sunlight. There lay the long shining links of the Farawa burn, the rough hills tumbled beyond, and far over all the scarred and distant forehead of the Muneraw. I had always looked on moorland country as the freshest on earth—clean, wholesome, and homely. But now the fresh uplands seemed like a horrible pit. When I looked to the hills my breath choked in my throat, and the feel of soft heather below my feet set my heart trembling.

It was a slow journey to the inn at Allermuir. For one thing, no power on earth would draw me within sight of the shieling of Carrickfey, so we had to cross a shoulder of hill and make our way down a difficult glen, and then over a treacherous moss. The lochs were now gleaming like fretted silver; but to me, in my dreadful knowledge, they seemed more eerie than on that grey day when I came. At last my

eyes were cheered by the sight of a meadow and a fence; then we were on a little byroad; and soon the fir-woods and corn-lands of Allercleuch were plain before us.

The shepherd came no farther, but with brief good-bye turned his solemn face hillwards. I hired a trap and a man to drive, and down the ten miles of Glen Aller I struggled to keep my thoughts from the past. I thought of the kindly South Country, of Oxford, of anything comfortable and civilised. My driver pointed out the objects of interest as in duty bound, but his words fell on unheeding ears. At last he said something which roused me indeed to interest—the interest of the man who hears the word he fears most in the world. On the left side of the river there suddenly sprang into view a long gloomy cleft in the hills, with a vista of dark mountains behind, down which a stream of considerable size poured its waters.

"That is the Water o' Dule," said the man in a reverent voice. "A graund water to fish, but dangerous to life, for it's a' linns. Awa' at the heid they say there's a terrible wild place called the Scarts o' Muneraw,—that's a shouther o' the muckle hill itsel' that ye see,—but I've never been there, and I never kent ony man that had either."

At the station, which is a mile from the village of Allercleuch, I found I had some hours to wait on my train for the south. I dared not trust myself for one moment alone, so I hung about the goods-shed,

talked vacantly to the porters, and when one went to the village for tea I accompanied him, and to his wonder entertained him at the inn. When I returned I found on the platform a stray bagman who was that evening going to London. If there is one class of men in the world which I heartily detest it is this; but such was my state that I hailed him as a brother, and besought his company. I paid the difference for a first-class fare, and had him in the carriage with me. He must have thought me an amiable maniac, for I talked in fits and starts, and when he fell asleep I would wake him up and beseech him to speak to me. At wayside stations I would pull down the blinds in case of recognition, for to my unquiet mind the world seemed full of spies sent by that terrible Folk of the Hills. When the train crossed a stretch of moor I would lie down on the seat in case of shafts fired from the heather. And then at last with utter weariness I fell asleep, and woke screaming about midnight to find myself well down in the cheerful English midlands, and red blast-furnaces blinking by the railway-side.

In the morning I breakfasted in my rooms at St Chad's with a dawning sense of safety. I was in a different and calmer world. The lawn-like quadrangles, the great trees, the cawing of rooks, and the homely twitter of sparrows—all seemed decent and settled and pleasing. Indoors the oak-panelled walls, the shelves of books, the pictures, the faint fragrance of

tobacco, were very different from the gimcrack adornments and the accursed smell of peat and heather in that deplorable cottage. It was still vacation-time, so most of my friends were down; but I spent the day hunting out the few cheerful pedants to whom term and vacation were the same. It delighted me to hear again their precise talk, to hear them make a boast of their work, and narrate the childish little accidents of their life. I yearned for the childish once more; I craved for women's drawing-rooms, and women's chatter, and everything which makes life an elegant game. God knows I had had enough of the other thing for a lifetime!

That night I shut myself in my rooms, barred my windows, drew my curtains, and made a great destruction. All books or pictures which recalled to me the moorlands were ruthlessly doomed. Novels, poems, treatises I flung into an old box, for sale to the second-hand bookseller. Some prints and water-colour sketches I tore to pieces with my own hands. I ransacked my fishing-book, and condemned all tackle for moorland waters to the flames. I wrote a letter to my solicitors, bidding them go no further in the purchase of a place in Lorne I had long been thinking of. Then, and not till then, did I feel the bondage of the past a little loosed from my shoulders. I made myself a night-cap of rum-punch instead of my usual whisky-toddy, that all associations with that dismal land might be forgotten, and to complete the renunciation I returned

to cigars and flung my pipe into a drawer.

But when I woke in the morning I found that it is hard to get rid of memories. My feet were still sore and wounded, and when I felt my arms cramped and reflected on the causes, there was that black memory always near to vex me.

In a little term began, and my duties—as deputy-professor of Northern Antiquities—were once more clamorous. I can well believe that my hearers found my lectures strange, for instead of dealing with my favourite subjects and matters, which I might modestly say I had made my own, I confined myself to recondite and distant themes, treating even these cursorily and dully. For the truth is, my heart was no more in my subject. I hated—or I thought that I hated—all things Northern with the virulence of utter fear. My reading was confined to science of the most recent kind, to abstruse philosophy, and to foreign classics. Anything which savoured of romance or mystery was abhorrent; I pined for sharp outlines and the tangibility of a high civilisation.

All the term I threw myself into the most frivolous life of the place. My Harrow school-days seemed to have come back to me. I had once been a fair cricketer, so I played again for my college, and made decent scores. I coached an indifferent crew on the river. I fell into the slang of the place, which I had hitherto detested. My former friends looked on me askance, as if some freakish changeling had possessed me.

Formerly I had been ready for pedantic discussion, I had been absorbed in my work, men had spoken of me as a rising scholar. Now I fled the very mention of things I had once delighted in. The Professor of Northern Antiquities, a scholar of European reputation, meeting me once in the parks, embarked on an account of certain novel rings recently found in Scotland, and to his horror found that, when he had got well under weigh, I had slipped off unnoticed. I heard afterwards that the good old man was found by a friend walking disconsolately with bowed head in the middle of the High Street. Being rescued from among the horses' feet, he could only murmur, "I am thinking of Graves, poor man! And a year ago he was as sane as I am!"

But a man may not long deceive himself. I kept up the illusion valiantly for the term; but I felt instinctively that the fresh schoolboy life, which seemed to me the extreme opposite to the ghoulish North, and as such the most desirable of things, was eternally cut off from me. No cunning affectation could ever dispel my real nature or efface the memory of a week. I realised miserably that sooner or later I must fight it out with my conscience. I began to call myself a coward. The chief thoughts of my mind began to centre themselves more and more round that unknown life waiting to be explored among the unfathomable wilds.

One day I met a friend—an official in the British Museum—who was full of some new theory

about primitive habitations. To me it seemed inconceivably absurd; but he was strong in his confidence, and without flaw in his evidence. The man irritated me, and I burned to prove him wrong, but I could think of no argument which was final against his. Then it flashed upon me that my own experience held the disproof; and without more words I left him, hot, angry with myself, and tantalised by the unattainable.

I might relate my *bona-fide* experience, but would men believe me? I must bring proofs, I must complete my researches, so as to make them incapable of disbelief. And there in those deserts was waiting the key. There lay the greatest discovery of the century—nay, of the millennium. There, too, lay the road to wealth such as I had never dreamed of. Could I succeed, I should be famous for ever. I would revolutionise history and anthropology; I would systematise folk-lore; I would show the world of men the pit whence they were digged and the rock whence they were hewn.

And then began a game of

battledore between myself and my conscience.

"You are a coward," said my conscience.

"I am sufficiently brave," I would answer. "I have seen things and yet lived. The terror is more than mortal, and I cannot face it."

"You are a coward," said my conscience.

"I am not bound to go there again. It would be purely for my own aggrandisement if I went, and not for any matter of duty."

"Nevertheless you are a coward," said my conscience.

"In any case the matter can wait."

"You are a coward."

Then came one awful mid-summer night, when I lay sleepless and fought the thing out with myself. I knew that the strife was hopeless, that I should have no peace in this world again unless I made the attempt. The dawn was breaking when I came to the final resolution; and when I rose and looked at my face in a mirror, lo! it was white and lined and drawn like a man of sixty.

CHAPTER VI.—SUMMER ON THE MOORS.

The next morning I packed a bag with some changes of clothing and a collection of notebooks, and went up to town. The first thing I did was to pay a visit to my solicitors. "I am about to travel," said I, "and I wish to have all things settled in case any accident should happen to me." So I arranged for the disposal of my property in case of

death, and added a codicil which puzzled the lawyers. If I did not return within six months, communications were to be entered into with the shepherd at the shieling of Farawa—post-town Allerfoot. If he could produce any papers, they were to be put into the hands of certain friends, published, and the cost charged to my estate. From

my solicitors I went to a gun-maker's in Regent Street and bought an ordinary six-chambered revolver, feeling much as a man must feel who proposed to cross the Atlantic in a skiff and purchased a small life-belt as a precaution.

I took the night express to the North, and, for a marvel, I slept. When I woke about four we were on the verge of Westmoreland, and stony hills blocked the horizon. At first I hailed the mountain-land gladly; sleep for the moment had caused forgetfulness of my terrors. But soon a turn of the line brought me in full view of a heathery moor, running far to a confusion of distant peaks. I remembered my mission and my fate, and if ever condemned criminal felt a more bitter regret I pity his case. Why should I alone among the millions of this happy isle be singled out as the repository of a ghastly secret, and be cursed by a conscience which would not let it rest?

I came to Allerfoot early in the forenoon, and got a trap to drive me up the valley. It was a lowering grey day, hot and yet sunless. A sort of heat-haze cloaked the hills, and every now and then a smurr of rain would meet us on the road, and in a minute be over. I felt wretchedly dispirited; and when at last the white-washed kirk of Allermuir came into sight and the broken-backed bridge of Aller, man's eyes seemed to have looked on no drearier scene since time began.

I ate what meal I could get, for, fears or no, I was voraciously hungry. Then I asked the landlord to find me some

man who would show me the road to Farawa. I demanded company, not for protection—for what could two men do against such brutish strength?—but to keep my mind from its own thoughts.

The man looked at me anxiously.

"Are ye acquaint wi' the folks, then?" he asked.

I said I was, that I had often stayed in the cottage.

"Ye ken that they've a name for being queer. The man never comes here forbye once or twice a-year, and he has few dealings wi' other herds. He's got an ill name, too, for losing sheep. I dinna like the country ava. Up by yon Muneraw—no that I've ever been there, but I've seen it afar off—is enough to put a man daft for the rest o' his days. What's taking ye thereaways? It's no the time for the fishing?"

I told him that I was a botanist going to explore certain hill-crevices for rare ferns. He shook his head, and then after some delay found me an ostler who would accompany me to the cottage.

The man was a shock-headed, long-limbed fellow, with fierce red hair and a humorous eye. He talked sociably about his life, answered my hasty questions with deftness, and beguiled me for the moment out of myself. I passed the melancholy lochs, and came in sight of the great stony hills without the trepidation I had expected. Here at my side was one who found some humour even in those uplands. But one thing I noted which brought back the old uneasiness. He took the road

which led us farthest from Car-rickfey, and when to try him I proposed the other, he vetoed it with emphasis.

After this his good spirits departed, and he grew distrustful.

"What mak's ye a freend o' the herd at Farawa?" he demanded a dozen times.

Finally, I asked him if he knew the man, and had seen him lately.

"I dinna ken him, and I hadna seen him for years till a fortnicht syne, when a' Allermuir saw him. He cam down one afternoon to the public-house, and begood to drink. He had aye been kenned for a terrible godly kind o' a man, so ye may believe folk wondered at this. But when he had stuck to the drink for twae days, and filled himsel' blind-fou half-a-dozen o' times, he took a fit o' repentance, and raved and blethered about siccan a life as he led in the muirs. There was some said he was speakin' serious, but maist thocht it was juist daftness."

"And what did he speak about?" I asked sharply.

"I canna verra weel tell ye. It was about some kind o' bogle that lived in the Mune-rar—that's the shouthers o't ye see yonder—and it seems that the bogle killed his sheep and frichted himsel'. He was aye bletherin', too, about something or somebody ca'd Grave; but oh! the man wasna wise." And my companion shook a contemptuous head.

And then below us in the valley we saw the shieling, with a thin shaft of smoke rising into the rainy grey weather.

The man left me, sturdily refusing any fee. "I wantit my legs stretched as weel as you. A walk in the hills is neither here nor there to a stoot man. When will ye be back, sir?"

The question was well-timed. "To-morrow fortnight," I said, "and I want somebody from Allermuir to come out here in the morning and carry some baggage. Will you see to that?"

He said "Ay," and went off, while I scrambled down the hill to the cottage. Nervousness possessed me, and though it was broad daylight and the whole place lay plain before me, I ran pell-mell, and did not stop till I reached the door.

The place was utterly empty. Unmade beds, unwashed dishes, a hearth strewn with the ashes of peat, and dust thick on everything, proclaimed the absence of inmates. I began to be horribly frightened. Had the shepherd and his sister, also, disappeared? Was I left alone in the bleak place, with a dozen lonely miles between me and human dwellings? I could not return alone; better this horrible place than the unknown perils of the out-of-doors. Hastily I barricaded the door, and to the best of my power shuttered the windows; and then with dreary forebodings I sat down to wait on fortune.

In a little I heard a long swinging step outside and the sound of dogs. Joyfully I opened the latch, and there was the shepherd's grim face waiting stolidly on what might appear.

At the sight of me he stepped back. "What in the

Lord's name are ye daein' here?" he asked. "Didna ye get enough afore?"

"Come in," I said, sharply. "I want to talk."

In he came with those blessed dogs,—what a comfort it was to look on their great honest faces! He sat down on the untidy bed and waited.

"I came because I could not stay away. I saw too much to give me any peace elsewhere. I must go back, even though I risk my life for it. The cause of scholarship demands it as well as the cause of humanity."

"Is that a' the news ye hae?" he said. "Weel, I've mair to tell ye. Three weeks syne my sister Margit was lost, and I've never seen her mair."

My jaw fell, and I could only stare at him.

"I cam hame from the hill at nightfa' and she was gone. I lookit for her up hill and down, but I couldna find her. Syne I think I went daft. I went to the Scarts and huntit them up and down, but no sign could I see. The folk can bide quiet enough when they want. Syne I went to Allermuir and drank mysel' blind,—me, that's a God-fearing man and a saved soul; but the Lord help me, I didna ken what I was at. That's my news, and day and night I wander thae hills, seekin' for what I canna find."

"But, man, are you mad?" I cried. "Surely there are neighbours to help you. There is a law in the land, and you had only to find the nearest police-office and compel them to assist you."

"What guid can man dae?" he asked. "An army o' sodgers

couldna find that hidy-hole. Forby, when I went into Allermuir wi' my story the folk thocht me daft. It was that set me drinking, for—the Lord forgive me!—I wasna my ain maister. I threepit till I was hairse, but the bodies just lauch'd." And he lay back on the bed like a man mortally tired.

Grim though the tidings were, I can only say that my chief feeling was of comfort. Pity for the new tragedy had swallowed up my fear. I had now a purpose, and a purpose, too, not of curiosity but of mercy.

"I go to-morrow morning to the Muneraw. But first I want to give you something to do." And I drew roughly a chart of the place on the back of a letter. "Go into Allermuir to-morrow, and give this paper to the landlord at the inn. The letter will tell him what to do. He is to raise at once all the men he can get, and come to the place on the chart marked with a cross. Tell him life depends on his hurry."

The shepherd nodded. "D'ye ken the Folk are watching for you? They let me pass without trouble, for they've nae use for me, but I see fine they're seeking you. Ye'll no gang half a mile the morn afore they grip ye."

"So much the better," I said. "That will take me quicker to the place I want to be at."

"And I'm to gang to Allermuir the morn," he repeated, with the air of a child conning a lesson. "But what if they'll no believe me?"

"They'll believe the letter."

"Maybe," he said, and relapsed into a doze.

I set myself to put that house in order, to rouse the fire, and prepare some food. It was dis-

mal work; and meantime outside the night darkened, and a great wind rose, which howled round the walls and lashed the rain on the windows.

CHAPTER VII.—*IN TUAS MANUS, DOMINE!*

I had not gone twenty yards from the cottage door ere I knew I was watched. I had left the shepherd still dozing, in the half-conscious state of a dazed and broken man. All night the wind had wakened me at intervals, and now in the half-light of morn the weather seemed more vicious than ever. The wind cut my ears, the whole firmament was full of the rendings and thunders of the storm. Rain fell in blinding sheets, the heath was a marsh, and it was the most I could do to struggle against the hurricane which stopped my breath. And all the while I knew I was not alone in the desert.

All men know—in imagination or in experience—the sensation of being spied on. The nerves tingle, the skin grows hot and prickly, and there is a queer sinking of the heart. Intensify this common feeling a hundredfold, and you get a tenth part of what I suffered. I am telling a plain tale, and record bare physical facts. My lips stood out from my teeth as I heard, or felt, a rustle in the heather, a scraping among stones. Some subtle magnetic link seemed established between my body and the mysterious world around. I became sick—acutely sick—with the ceaseless apprehension.

My fright became so com-

plete that when I turned a corner of rock, or stepped in deep heather, I seemed to feel a body rub against me. This continued all the way up the Farawa water, and then up its feeder to the little lonely loch. It kept me from looking forward; but it likewise kept me in such a sweat of fright that I was ready to faint. Then the notion came upon me to test this fancy of mine. If I was tracked thus closely, clearly the trackers would bar my way if I turned back. So I wheeled round and walked a dozen paces down the glen.

Nothing stopped me. I was about to turn again, when something made me take six more paces. At the fourth something rustled in the heather, and my neck was gripped as in a vice. I had already made up my mind on what I would do. I would be perfectly still, I would conquer my fear, and let them do as they pleased with me so long as they took me to their dwelling. But at the touch of the hands my resolutions fled. I struggled and screamed. Then something was clapped on my mouth, speech and strength went from me, and once more I was back in the maudlin childhood of terror.

In the cave it was always a dusky twilight. I seemed to be

lying in the same place, with the same dull glare of firelight far off, and the same close stupefying smell. One of the creatures was standing silently at my side, and I asked him some trivial question. He turned and shambled down the passage, leaving me alone.

Then he returned with another, and they talked their guttural talk to me. I scarcely listened till I remembered that in a sense I was here of my own accord, and on a definite mission. The purport of their speech seemed to be that, now I had returned, I must beware of a second flight. Once I had been spared; a second time I should be killed without mercy.

I assented gladly. The Folk, then, had some use for me. I felt my errand prospering.

Then the old creature which I had seen before crept out of some corner and squatted beside me. He put a claw on my shoulder, a horrible, corrugated, skeleton thing, hairy to the finger-tips and nailless. He grinned, too, with toothless gums, and his hideous old voice was like a file on sandstone.

I asked questions, but he would only grin and jabber, looking now and then furtively over his shoulder towards the fire.

I coaxed and humoured him, till he launched into a narrative of which I could make nothing. It seemed a mere string of names, with certain words repeated at fixed intervals. Then it flashed on me that this might be a religious incantation. I had discovered remnants of a ritual and a mythology among them. It was possible that

these were sacred days, and that I had stumbled upon some rude celebration.

I caught a word or two and repeated them. He looked at me curiously. Then I asked him some leading question, and he replied with clearness. My guess was right. The mid-summer week was the holy season of the year, when sacrifices were offered to the gods.

The notion of sacrifices disquieted me, and I would fain have asked further. But the creature would speak no more. He hobbled off, and left me alone in the rock-chamber to listen to a strange sound which hung ceaselessly about me. It must be the storm without, like a pack of artillery rattling among the crags. A storm of storms surely, for the place echoed and hummed, and to my unquiet eye the very rock of the roof seemed to shake!

Apparently my existence was forgotten, for I lay long before any one returned. Then it was merely one who brought food, the same strange meal as before, and left hastily. When I had eaten I rose and stretched myself. My hands and knees still quivered nervously; but I was strong and perfectly well in body. The empty, desolate, tomb-like place was eerie enough to scare any one; but its emptiness was comfort when I thought of its inmates. Then I wandered down the passage towards the fire which was burning in loneliness. Where had the Folk gone? I puzzled over their disappearance.

Suddenly sounds began to break on my ear, coming from some inner chamber at the end

of that in which the fire burned. I could scarcely see for the smoke; but I began to make my way towards the noise, feeling along the sides of rock. Then a second gleam of light seemed to rise before me, and I came to an aperture in the wall which gave entrance to another room.

This in turn was full of smoke and glow—a murky orange glow, as if from some strange flame of roots. There were the squat moving figures, running in wild antics round the fire. I crouched in the entrance, terrified and yet curious, till I saw something beyond the blaze which held me dumb. Apart from the others and tied to some stake in the wall was a woman's figure, and the face was the face of the shepherd's sister.

My first impulse was flight. I must get away and think,—plan, achieve some desperate way of escape. I sped back to the silent chamber as if the gang were at my heels. It was still empty, and I stood helplessly in the centre, looking at the impassable walls of rock as a wearied beast may look at the walls of its cage. I be-thought me of the way I had escaped before and rushed thither, only to find it blocked by a huge contrivance of stone. Yards and yards of solid rock were between me and the upper air, and yet through it all came the crash and whistle of the storm. If I were at my wits' end in this inner darkness, there was also high commotion among the powers of the air in that upper world.

As I stood I heard the soft steps of my tormentors. They seemed to think I was meditating escape, for they flung themselves on me and bore me to the ground. I did not struggle, and when they saw me quiet, they squatted round and began to speak. They told me of the holy season and its sacrifices. At first I could not follow them; then when I caught familiar words I found some clue, and they became intelligible. They spoke of a woman, and I asked, "What woman?" With all frankness they told me of the custom which prevailed—how every twentieth summer a woman was sacrificed to some devilish god, and by the hand of one of the stranger race. I said nothing, but my whitening face must have told them a tale, though I strove hard to keep my composure. I asked if they had found the victims. "She is in this place," they said; "and as for the man, thou art he." And with this they left me.

I had still some hours; so much I gathered from their talk, for the sacrifice was at sunset. Escape was cut off for ever. I have always been something of a fatalist, and at the prospect of the irrevocable end my cheerfulness returned. I had my pistol, for they had taken nothing from me. I took out the little weapon and fingered it lovingly. Hope of the lost, refuge of the vanquished, ease to the coward,—blessed be he who first conceived it!

The time dragged on, the minutes grew to hours, and

still I was left solitary. Only the mad violence of the storm broke the quiet. It had increased in violence, for the stones at the mouth of the exit by which I had formerly escaped seemed to rock with some external pressure, and cutting shafts of wind slipped past and cleft the heat of the passage. What a sight the ravine outside must be, I thought, set in the forehead of a great hill, and swept clean by every breeze! Then came a crashing, and the long hollow echo of a fall. The rocks are splitting, said I; the road down the corrie will be impassable now and for evermore.

I began to grow weak with the nervousness of the waiting, and by-and-by I lay down and fell into a sort of doze. When I next knew consciousness I was being roused by two of the Folk, and bidden get ready. I stumbled to my feet, felt for the pistol in the hollow of my sleeve, and prepared to follow.

When we came out into the wider chamber the noise of the storm was deafening. The roof rang like a shield which has been struck. I noticed, perturbed as I was, that my guards cast anxious eyes around them, alarmed, like myself, at the murderous din. Nor was the world quieter when we entered the last chamber, where the fire burned and the remnant of the Folk waited. Wind had found an entrance from somewhere or other, and the flames blew here and there, and the smoke gyrated in odd circles. At the back, and apart from the rest, I saw the dazed eyes and the white old drawn face of the woman.

They led me up beside her to a place where there was a rude flat stone, hollowed in the centre, and on it a rusty iron knife, which seemed once to have formed part of a scythe-blade. Then I saw the ceremonial which was marked out for me. It was the very rite which I had dimly figured as current among a rude people, and even in that moment I had something of the scholar's satisfaction.

The oldest of the Folk, who seemed to be a sort of priest, came to my side and mumbled a form of words. His fetid breath sickened me; his dull eyes, glassy like a brute's with age, brought my knees together. He put the knife in my hands, dragged the terror-stricken woman forward to the altar, and bade me begin.

I began by sawing her bonds through. When she felt herself free she would have fled back, but stopped when I bade her. At that moment there came a noise of rending and crashing as if the hills were falling, and for one second the eyes of the Folk were averted from the frustrated sacrifice.

Only for a moment. The next they saw what I had done, and with one impulse rushed towards me. Then began the last scene in the play. I sent a bullet through the right eye of the first thing that came on. The second shot went wide; but the third shattered the hand of an elderly ruffian with a cruel club. Never for an instant did they stop, and now they were clutching at me. I pushed the woman behind, and fired three

rapid shots in blind panic, and then, clutching the scythe, I struck right and left like a madman.

Suddenly I saw the foreground sink before my eyes. The roof sloped down, and with a sickening hiss a mountain of rock and earth seemed to precipitate itself on my assailants. One, nipped in the middle by a rock, caught my eye by his hideous writhings. Two only remained in what was now a little suffocating chamber, with embers from the fire still smoking on the floor.

The woman caught me by the hand and drew me with her, while the two seemed mute with fear. "There's a road at the back," she screamed. "I ken it. I fand it out." And she pulled me up a narrow hole in the rock.

How long we climbed I do not know. We were both fighting for air, with the tightness of throat and chest, and the craziness of limb which mean suffocation. I cannot tell when we first came to the surface, but I remember the woman, who seemed to have the strength of extreme terror, pulling me from the edge of a crevasse and laying me on a flat rock. It seemed to be the depth of winter, with sheer-falling rain and a wind that shook the hills.

Then I was once more myself and could look about me. From my feet yawned a sheer abyss, where once had been a hill-shoulder. Some great mass of rock on the brow of the mountain had been loosened by the storm, and in its fall had

caught the lips of the ravine and swept the nest of dwellings into a yawning pit. Beneath a mountain of rubble lay buried that life on which I had thought to build my fame.

My feeling — Heaven help me! — was not thankfulness for God's mercy and my escape, but a bitter mad regret. I rushed frantically to the edge, and when I saw only the blackness of darkness I wept weak tears. All the time the storm was tearing at my body, and I had to grip hard by hand and foot to keep my place.

Suddenly on the brink of the ravine I saw a third figure. We two were not the only fugitives. One of the Folk had escaped.

The thought put new life into me, for I had lost the first fresh consciousness of terror. There still remained a relic of the vanished life. Could I but make the thing my prisoner, there would be proof in my hands to overcome a sceptical world.

I ran to it, and to my surprise the thing as soon as it saw me rushed to meet me. At first I thought it was with some instinct of self-preservation, but when I saw its eyes I knew the purpose of flight. Clearly one or other should go no more from the place.

We were some ten yards from the brink when I grappled with it. Dimly I heard the woman scream with fright, and saw her scramble across the hillside. Then we were tugging in a death-throe, the hideous smell of the thing in my face, its red eyes burning into mine, and its hoarse voice muttering. Its

strength seemed incredible ; but I, too, am no weakling. We tugged and strained, its nails biting into my flesh, while I choked its throat unsparingly. Every second I dreaded lest we should plunge together over the ledge, for it was thither my adversary tried to draw me. I caught my heel in a nick of rock, and pulled madly against it.

And then, while I was beginning to glory with the pride of conquest, my hope was dashed in pieces. The thing seemed to break from my arms, and, as if in despair, cast itself headlong into the impenetrable darkness. I stumbled blindly after it, saved myself on the brink, and fell back, sick and ill, into a merciful swoon.

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CHAPTER VIII.—NOTE IN CONCLUSION BY THE EDITOR.

At this point the narrative of my unfortunate friend, Mr Graves of St Chad's, breaks off abruptly. He wrote it shortly before his death, and was prevented from completing it by the shock of apoplexy which carried him off. In accordance with the instructions in his will, I have prepared it for publication, and now in much fear and hesitation give it to the world. First, however, I must supplement it by such facts as fall within my knowledge.

The shepherd seems to have gone to Allermuir and by the help of the letter convinced the inhabitants. A body of men was collected under the landlord, and during the afternoon set out for the hills. But unfortunately the great midsummer storm — the most terrible of recent climatic disturbances — had filled the mosses and streams, and they found themselves unable to proceed by any direct road. Ultimately late in the evening they arrived at the cottage of Farawa, only to find there a raving woman, the shepherd's sister, who seemed crazy with brain-fever. She

told some rambling story about her escape, but her narrative said nothing of Mr Graves. So they treated her with what skill they possessed, and sheltered for the night in and around the cottage. Next morning the storm had abated a little, and the woman had recovered something of her wits. From her they learned that Mr Graves was lying in a ravine on the side of the Muneraw in imminent danger of his life. A body set out to find him ; but so immense was the landslip, and so dangerous the whole mountain, that it was nearly evening when they recovered him from the ledge of rock. He was alive, but unconscious, and on bringing him back to the cottage it was clear that he was, indeed, very ill. There he lay for three months, while the best skill that could be got was procured for him. By dint of an uncommon toughness of constitution he survived ; but it was an old and feeble man who returned to Oxford in the early winter.

The shepherd and his sister immediately left the countryside,

and were never more heard of, unless they are the pair of unfortunates who are at present in a Scottish pauper asylum, incapable of remembering even their names. The people who last spoke with them declared that their minds seemed weakened by a great shock, and that it was hopeless to try to get any connected or rational statement.

The career of my poor friend from that hour was little short of a tragedy. He awoke from his illness to find the world incredulous; even the country-folk of Allermuir set down the story to the shepherd's craziness and my friend's credulity. In Oxford his argument was received with polite scorn. An account of his experiences which he drew up for the 'Times' was refused by the editor; and an article on "Primitive Peoples of the North," embodying what he believed to be the result of his discoveries, was unanimously rejected by every responsible journal in Europe. Whether he was soured by such treatment, or whether his brain had already been weakened, he became a morose silent man, and for the two years before his death had few friends and no society. From the obituary notice in the 'Times' I take the following paragraph, which shows in what light the world had come to look upon him:—

"At the outset of his career he was regarded as a rising scholar in one department of archæology, and his Taffert lectures were a real contribution

to an obscure subject. But in after-life he was led into fantastic speculations; and when he found himself unable to convince his colleagues, he gradually retired into himself, and lived practically a hermit's life till his death. His career, thus broken short, is a sad instance of the fascination which the recondite and the quack can exercise even on men of improved ability."

And now his own narrative is published, and the world can judge as it pleases about the amazing romance. The view which will doubtless find general acceptance is that the whole is a figment of the brain, begotten of some harmless moorland adventure and the company of such religious maniacs as the shepherd and his sister. But some who knew the former sobriety and calmness of my friend's mind may be disposed timorously and with deep hesitation to another verdict. They may accept the narrative, and believe that somewhere in those moorlands he met with a horrible primitive survival, passed through the strangest adventure, and had his finger on an epoch-making discovery. In this case they will be inclined to sympathise with the loneliness and misunderstanding of his latter days. It is not for me to decide the question. That which alone could bring proof is buried beneath a thousand tons of rock in the midst of an untrodden desert.

JOHN BUCHAN.

ROMANCE OF THE FUR TRADE: THE MOUNTAIN MEN.

THE few survivors of the Red men who once ranged the territories of the Union from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Florida have been relegated to the reserves; but the mountain men, who were their inveterate enemies, are a vanished race. Those dare-devils, who feared neither God nor man, nor grizzlies, nevertheless did good work in their day and generation. They were the scouts who pushed ahead into the enemy's country, preceding the Western woodsmen and New England farmers, the hardy pioneers of advancing civilisation. Purveyors of the fur marts, it was their fortunate lot to combine business with recreation. They hunted and trapped for a livelihood, and fought for the sheer fun of it, as an Irishman at a wake, as much as in self-defence. Devoted to a life of perilous adventure, never daunted by the terrible privations on which they reckoned, they could indulge their somewhat eccentric tastes to the full. After all, they only carried to an extreme the passion which tempts delicately nurtured English sportsmen to stalk the *Ovis poli* of the Pamirs or to go tiger-shooting in the pestilential jungles of the Terai. If these men had gone westward from the settlements, not one in a hundred ever returned, and few of them ever slept in the rudest of cemeteries. Probably nineteen in twenty came to violent ends: their bones were left to bleach in the mountains,

or their scalps were hung in triumph to an Indian tent-pole. They took their revenge in full, and though they were but scattered handfuls compared to the hordes of the Indian braves, the balance stood on the credit-side of their account. On the whole, they rather preferred "raising hair" to trapping beaver, though the one meant profit and the other was mere pleasure. It was the pleasure that came of the spirit of rough chivalry and the rare conviction of a duty fulfilled. For the one redeeming quality of these reckless mountaineers, beyond the indomitable pluck which was their common characteristic, was the strong bond of brotherhood. If a man were known to have deserted a comrade, he was doomed to indelible disgrace. It was understood, of course, that in a surprise and a *sauve qui peut*, it was a case for the moment of each man for himself. They rallied afterwards to take their revenge. For besides the immemorial quarrel between the white man and the red, every trapper had sundry personal blood-feuds on his hands. Poor Bill or Rube had gone under in such and such circumstances. Wall! so many of the red skunks were bound to be rubbed out. The battered stock of the veteran's rifle was scored with notches, each indicating a death.

The Red Indians were not a pious race and practised few of the Christian virtues, but at

least they had a religion of a sort. They believed in the Great Spirit: they sought to propitiate malignant powers and the destructive forces of the elements. The trapper, as a rule, was absolutely irreligious and godless. The wildest storm that ever broke only suggested to him the necessity of kindling the camp-fire in some shelter where it was possible to keep it in, and the propriety of arranging his buffalo robe so that the water would easily run off. It is safe to say that before the New Englanders and the Kentucky or Ohio housewives plodded out into the prairies behind sluggish ox-teams, no Bible had ever been seen beyond the Mississippi; and a missionary would have made easier impression on a Jew or Chinese than on those children of the wilderness, absorbed in their devotion to materialism. But though careless or unconscious of celestial influences, they were not unsusceptible to the tender passion. They were always marrying in mountain fashion and getting divorced. Sometimes the squaws would be swapped for dollars. The confirmed celibates were very few. Many of the mountaineers had had as many wives as any Mormon elder; but they took the ladies in succession in place of simultaneously. Sometimes these fleeting unions had a dash of romance in them, as when an inflammable mountain boy was fired by the charms of some olive-complexioned beauty at a fandango, when he had been raiding down in New Mexico. More often, in the Wild West, as in Belgravia, practical con-

siderations suggested the match, and the Indian squaw was a serviceable drudge who cooked the deer-meat and mended the moccasins. Apropos to broidered moccasins, some of the trappers were dandies in their way. They must have carried razors, for they were clean-shaven; but the long hair that fell in luxuriance over their shoulders was carefully anointed with bear's-grease and buffalo-marrow. No wonder those flowing love-locks were tempting trophies for the Indians. Their ordinary wear was buckskin, and leggings often fringed with scalps; but when off duty and returning from a successful trip, they got themselves up in the height of sporting finery. There was the cap of foxskin or beaver-pelt, with the tail dangling behind the ear; the embroidered shirt of softly dressed deerskin; the fantastically fringed leggings and the ornamented moccasins. But unless they had a rare run of luck with the cards, the gay gala suit was sure soon to change owners. For all, without exception, were inveterate gamblers, and their idea of a happy holiday was to get quickly rid of their gains at poker or euchre. The camps and posts, where they mustered after the hunts, were infested by traders, who grew bloated as spiders, while their customers remained lean. No mountain man ever laid on flesh or went out of condition by indulging in a prolonged period of good living. Needless to say, they all drank deep; yet they appreciated coffee even more than whisky, and coffee, powder, and villanous

spirits changed hands through the trading at exorbitant prices. Between gambling and other dissipation they were speedily cleaned out, and had either to engage themselves anew to some trading company or borrow an outfit for the next free expedition on usurious terms. Yet, on second thoughts, considering the risks they ran, no terms could well be deemed excessive. So far as we remember, the only member of the fraternity who retired to die peaceably with a competence was the celebrated Kit Carson. For Bent, who made his pile, went under in the massacre at Taos. And Kit, who was as famous a guide as he was a fighter, was a man of altogether exceptional genius, and of still more exceptional strength of will. For few could refuse to drink or gamble when the discourtesy was taken as the challenge to a duel.

These trappers were the last men to be addicted to seeing visions or dreaming dreams. But could any one of them have projected his spirit into the future, seeking to emulate the wizards or medicine-men of the Sioux or Blackfeet, he would assuredly, in his own emphatic language, have declared that hell was full of such doings. What trapper of fifty years ago could have imagined a time when the countless herds of the buffalo would be exterminated; when the Indians who had subsisted on them would have followed in their tracks, transferring the chase to their happy hunting-grounds; when the

broad prairies between the Mississippi and the Black Hills would be waving in expanses of golden grain; when the shriek of the engine would replace the scream of the eagle in the cañons of the Rockies spanned by girder bridges; and when the mountain torrents of Nevada or Idaho would be dammed to drive stamping machinery among the shafts and adits of busy mining townships? The trappers have gone, and have been succeeded in their turn by gold-seekers, road agents, and cowboys almost as lawless. Were they to come back, they would be in a changed and uncongenial world; a world in which the liberty of the free and independent hunter would be perpetually in conflict with obnoxious and newfangled laws; a world where the wiping out of a red varmint, far from being as much a matter of merit as setting the heel on a rattlesnake's head, would lead to a trial that might end in a halter; a world where the friendly knife-thrust that clenched a heated argument might mean penal seclusion on the silent system. Nevertheless they would chiefly have themselves to thank, for they mainly contributed to changes they would have deplored.

We have told in a former article¹ how the fur trade of the North had been virtually monopolised by the rival Canadian Companies, till Astor pushed his enterprise by land and sea to the headquarters he established on the Columbia estuary. In the war between

¹ See 'Blackwood's Magazine' for October 1898.

Britain and America Fort Astor passed into English hands, and changed its name to Fort George. The North-West Company had raced him to his goal, and remained after his ejection to reap the fruits of his labours. They did not enjoy the lucrative monopoly for long. The Hudson Bay Company followed fast on their heels, and, after some years of ruinous competition, the impoverished partners of the North-West sued for peace, and the associations were amalgamated. The predominant partner gave the name to the new society; but though it traded under the title of Hudson Bay, it is noteworthy that its agents were always known to the mountain men as the North-Westerns. The Hudson Bayers were foreigners from the Far North; the North-Westerns were neighbours, so to speak, who had latterly enlisted their services. For the Hudson Bay Company had originally traded in regions studded with lakes or inland seas, and traversed in every direction by water-channels. Consequently their wares had been transported by boats, and for the most part their *employés* were Canadian *voyageurs*. These men were familiar with the paddle, and prided themselves on their skill in navigating broken water or shooting the rapids. But they never pretended to readiness with the rifle, and were little to be relied upon in a scrimmage with the savages. The North-Westerns, in extending their ventures to the south of the Great Lakes and the west of the Mississippi, struck

into regions where boats were to be abandoned, and where their mounted parties, surrounded by dangers and threatened by surprises, must depend entirely on themselves. Hence they had to engage men of a very different stamp, and recruits were to be found in abundance among the restless spirits of the frontier.

Henry of the Missouri Company had crossed the Rockies in 1808, and we have described the frightful sufferings and hardships endured by Astor's overland expedition to the mouth of the Columbia. When Astor's enterprise had come to grief, the experiences of his pioneering parties, notwithstanding the profitable trade they had opened, acted rather as a deterrent than as encouragement. The superstitions which had enhanced the terrors of the Rockies may have been dispelled, but the material obstacles seemed more formidable than before. For a dozen of years the American fur-traders confined their operations to the Eastern watershed; nor had they any immediate inducement to go farther. Their daring hunters were the first to explore the head waters of the Missouri, the Yellowstone, and the shallow Platte, with the innumerable tributaries of the streams flowing towards the Mississippi. It was the golden age of the trapper: he had dollars for the gathering, and as to profusion of game, he was in a paradise. Countless buffalo swarmed on the plains in the periodical migrations; he gorged himself on the choicest fresh meat when

the hunts were in full swing, and jerked strips of the flesh for future use. When the buffalo failed, there were antelope on the prairie, and black- or white-tailed deer in every wooded bottom. But the big game only supplied his larder, for he did not trouble himself to dress the bulky buffalo robes which afterwards became a profitable article of trade. His business was the trapping of the beaver, and in these days each beaver-plew of full-grown animal or "kitten" fetched six to eight dollars overhead. The beavers had multiplied undisturbed from time immemorial; indeed some of the Red men who believed in transmigration of souls claimed kindred with those solemn amphibious architects. Their dams were to be seen in every rivulet; they left their "sign" on the bank of each sandy creek; in some places there were populous settlements beneath lakes of their own formation. The beavers were plentiful enough; the trouble was to trap them. And nothing gives a better idea of the imperturbable coolness of the trappers. They had patiently to puzzle out the "sign," and note the spot where the animal took to treading the shallows. There the trap was to be set, and with every sort of deliberate precaution. No animal is more warily sagacious; his suspicion is instinctive, and his keenness of scent almost preternatural. Details had to be carefully attended to; and haste or carelessness was fatal to success. Yet all the time there was every chance that the trap-

per was being stalked by skulking enemies. If he were not transfixed when bending over his work by an arrow from an ambush, there was the probability that the trap for the beaver might prove a snare for himself. When he came back next morning to see what his luck was, the enemy might be lying in wait to take him un-awares.

The mystery is how any one of these men escaped. The country to the west of the Rockies was in possession of warlike tribes, who naturally resented intrusion on their hunting-grounds. Sioux, Blackfeet, and the sneaking Crows, who had an exceptional reputation as thieves and horse-stealers, were always at feud among themselves, and consequently ever on the alert. They threw out mounted pickets in all directions from their villages and encampments, whose business it was to observe and report any signs of hostile movement. A thread of smoke seen in the distance attracted attention at once, and a startled deer or a fluttered water-fowl was enough to invite close investigation. It was impossible that a troop of white men, careless about the trail they left, which indeed they could in no case cover, should elude observation. The rather that, while the Indians smothered their fires, or dispensed with them altogether, when within possible touch of an enemy, the trappers would bivouac round a blazing pile when fuel in sufficient quantity was forthcoming. The pillar of fiery cloud flashing far and

near was a sort of contemptuous challenge to the Redskins to come on. It seldom pleased them to come on in these circumstances. The Indian had a superstition against attacks in the dark. Moreover, he knew that the whites kept their eyes skinned. The men lay around with feet radiating to the fire, each with his rifle ready to his hand. A guard was told off to look after the horses, and sentinels were regularly, though irregularly, set. For it need hardly be said they did not stand at attention to be shot at, or pace to and fro with disciplined precision. They were anywhere or everywhere: they were lying flat on their bellies, with eyes peering keenly out into the darkness; or they were crawling and taking advantage of each scrap of cover, pausing from time to time to listen with ears pricked like the coyote's. The first intimation the prowling marauder might have of their proximity would probably be the gun-flash that heralded a bullet in the body. If anything could screw up the Indians' courage to a nocturnal onset, it was the irresistible temptation of a haul of horse-flesh. The animals were secured and picketed somewhat apart from the fire and the main body; and if there were an attack, it was sure to be delivered in storm or rain and fitful moonlight, when the howling of the wind drowned other sounds, and the rain might have disarmed the vigilance of the guard or soaked the priming of the rifles. Then the slumbering camp was roused by the

war-whoop; the picket-ropes were cut, the beasts were stampeded, and the baffled hunters were left to go afoot. Such mishaps were at first exceptional: when they did happen, the assailants were generally out of temper and reckless on returning discomfited from some unsuccessful raid. Besides, the trappers were for the most part accompanied by traders, and the Indians let the cavalcade go by as much from policy as from prudence. They had no desire to scare away the men who brought them powder and fire-water for barter. But when those flying expeditions began to cross the mountains, and to open markets on the Pacific slope, the tribes who held the passes saw matters in a different light. Now that there was competition, it struck them it was cheaper to plunder the caravan than to trade with it, and, ambushed among the rocks of gorges and cañons, they could shoot down their embarrassed victims with small personal risk. It was only after a few surprises of the kind that the partisans, as they were called, who led the trapping bands, began to learn some rude principles of military strategy. They threw out advance-guards, they crowned the heights with scouts, and threaded the defiles in relative security.

But it was when the band broke up, and the members were detached to hunt in couples, that the danger and romance of desperate adventure really began. Often absolutely ignorant of the country, armed only with the long single barrel and a knife, bound to bring back a

certain quantity of fur or to be beggared and discredited, they were left entirely to their own devices. Weighted with traps and ammunition, they went mounted, and had led horses or pack-mules to carry their peltries. Their animals were of course an encumbrance and additional source of danger. They had sometimes to pick their way among precipices where the mountain sheep could scarcely find a footing, and to forage as they could on stony wastes, which towards winter were buried deep in the snow-drifts. If the horses came to grief the furs must be abandoned, and all the trapper's sufferings were bootless. Had he gone afoot he might have skulked in the thickets and hoped to elude the savages. With a train of beasts his trail was conspicuous, and we repeat that it is a matter of marvel how any of those adventurers escaped.

Even had those regions been unpeopled, the rugged character of the country and the cruel severity of the winters would have made existence impossible to ordinary men. The trappers have left no written reminiscences, but one who shared their perils as an amateur has described a scene he witnessed, in an interlude between storms of snow and sleet, when crossing the high dividing ridge between the valleys of the Rio del Norte and the Arkansas. He had picked himself up after being fairly knocked off his feet by a blast that met him on the crest. He had scrambled up, leading his horse, with the pack-mules trailing behind:—

"The view was wild and dismal in the extreme. Looking back, the whole country was covered with a thick carpet of snow, but eastward it was seen only in patches here and there. Before me lay the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, Pike's Peak lifting its head far above the rest. . . . Rugged peaks and ridges, snow-clad and covered with pine, and deep gorges filled with broken rocks, everywhere met the eye. To the eastward the mountains gradually smoothed away into detached spurs and broken spurs, until they met the vast prairies, which stretched far as the eye could reach, and far beyond,—a sea of seeming barrenness, vast and dismal. A hurricane of wind was blowing at the time, and clouds of dust swept along the sandy prairies like the smoke of a million bonfires. On the mountain-top it roared and raved through the pines, filling the air with snow and broken branches, and piling it in huge drifts against the trees. The perfect solitude of this vast wildness was appalling. . . . On all sides of me, broken ridges and chasms and ravines, with masses of piled-up rock and uprooted trees, with clouds of drifting snow flying through the air, and the hurricane's roar battling through the forest at my feet, added to the wildness of the scene, which was unrelieved by the slightest vestige of animal or human life."

The allusion to the absence of animal life is suggestive. The trapper and the trader—who had loaded up, perhaps, with a little maize—lived mainly by their guns. Before such a storm as is described, the game would desert a district and shift to more sheltered retreats. Then it was a case of absolute starvation, unless the wanderer had an unexpected stroke of luck. We may imagine the solitary wayfarer staggering forward with failing strength, his head bowed to the blast which pierced his very marrow, ravenous with hunger,

and knowing all the time that it was doubtful whether he would have another meal on earth. Naturally he had learned to eat anything. When even a Digger Indian could have found no roots, for the plants and the beetles were buried deep in the snow, he had supported nature for days on the carrion of the coyote or the foul flesh of the vulture. The rattle of the rattlesnake had been music in his ears, for that was comparatively a dainty, if he could only find fuel to cook it. However, he was never fastidious, and was content to devour it raw. Perhaps the nerves were never more sorely tried than when he sighted a black-tailed buck, or an outlying buffalo bull—some venerable patriarch worn to skin and bone, feeble but yet more vigorous than himself. Life and the square meal that would make him forget his troubles were hanging on the stalk and shot. His nerves might be good, but his fingers were frozen, and his arms shook involuntarily with the cold. If the bullet flew wide, as was more than likely, philosophy or fatalism came to his help, and he still plodded doggedly onward. For his motto was, "Never say die!" and he knew nothing of despair. Or if he ever resigned himself to the inevitable, it was when caught in a blizzard on the plains. The dangers of mountain travel were bad—when he might have to take a perpendicular plunge into a cañon bottom in the darkness, with the chance of bringing a landslide or a snow avalanche along with him. But

the passage of a broad prairie in doubtful weather was like crossing the *Jornado del Muerto* in New Mexico, where there is not one drop of water in sixty miles of desert. If the blizzard broke, there was no shelter unless he could reach some clump of cotton-wood in a ravine. When the darkening scowl of the heavens brought premature night, he drifted aimlessly without guidance of any kind, for his brain was dazed and his instincts failed him. When he went through the mockery of camping, more from force of habit than anything else, to turn in fireless and supperless under his buffalo robe, it was by a miracle of hardihood he woke at all, to extricate himself from the drifts of snow and hailstones. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he dropped off into the sleep of death.

It was in 1822 that General Ashley, an enterprising Missourian, resolved to follow up the enterprise of Astor, and organise fur-hunting expeditions beyond the Rockies. Availing himself of the experience of Mr Henry, he established a post on the upper waters of the Yellowstone, whence his trappers pushed on to the Colorado of the West. His example animated others, and in a very few years there was keen competition among American adventurers on the Pacific slopes. They were encouraged by the fact that Ashley rapidly made a modest fortune. He sold his interest, and was succeeded by Sublette, renowned in frontier trading and fighting, who may

be said to have founded the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. The new association was not left long without a rival, for its success brought the old America Fur Company into the field again. There was no lack of able partners to direct the trading operations, and of daring partisans to head their bands. Very soon, as they pushed westward down the Columbia, they came in contact with the agents of the Hudson Bay Company; and smaller syndicates from time to time tried their fortunes in that boundless field of adventure. It was a good time for the roving mountain men, always ready to hire themselves to the highest bidder, and seldom overscrupulous as to keeping their engagements. The partners, on whose dash and resource depended their Company's dividends, prided themselves as much on their craft as their courage. All methods which meant money-making were regarded as legitimate. They had learned their lessons of subtlety in the school of the Red men. It was natural that they should race for the best hunting and trading grounds, and many a clever trick was devised to steal a march upon watchful competitors. Two parties would meet around adjacent camp-fires, and, keeping up a friendly carouse into the small hours, exchange all manner of civilities. One of them, in the meantime, would be loading up the pack-mules, and would have marched many miles while the others were still slumbering. The free trappers who had provisionally at-

tached themselves to one side were lured to desertion by bribes and promises. Occasionally, rather than share prospective gains, one band would renounce the season's harvest, and lead another following jealously on their trail into some wilderness where furs were scarce, and both were confronted with starvation.

There was ample scope for that crafty strategy. On the Atlantic side of the mountains the trade was conducted with a certain system. It radiated from posts which were the local headquarters—whither the *employés* repaired with the products of the hunt, and where the Indians yearly brought their furs for barter. At the post of a Company there would be no competition, and unless excess in fiery spirits bred a riot, everything went off tolerably smoothly. But there were no regular forts between the Rockies and the Pacific, except the southerly outposts of the Hudson Bay Company; the natives were thievish, but not unfriendly on the whole, and they were widely scattered. There were no consolidated tribes of well-armed warriors like Sioux or Blackfeet. They seldom attacked a well-equipped party, though the lives of the trappers who went singly or in pairs were none the safer on that account. So it was the custom for each Company to arrange a rendezvous in the summer months, where a market was opened for the Indians in the vicinity. As much mystery as might be was made of the place of meeting;

but it was impossible to keep the secret when the object was to advertise. The market-stance in the wilderness was free to all comers; tents and wigwams would spring up like mushrooms, and rival bands would make their unwelcome appearance. The grand object was to be first on the ground, and to wheedle the aborigines out of their furs before prices ran up with competition. These Indians were shrewd hands at a bargain. Tempted as they were by the treasures displayed, they could have held on indefinitely in hope of better terms. But the sight and smell of the fire-water were irresistible, and when the kegs were broached the peltries were given away. There was little to be picked up by belated arrivals; they had but the choice of carrying back their goods or of caching them. Consequently, as we said, all devices were resorted to, and the rival partisans stuck at nothing.

Two of the most picturesque of American writers have described the methods and habits of those mountain men. Washington Irving, in 'The Adventures of Captain Bonneville,' goes into details, personally gathered from the captain's fresh recollections, of the desperate scramble of the Companies on the Pacific side. Years afterwards Parkman, the great historian of the French in Canada, went as a mere lad "on the Oregon trail," sharing the dangers and hardships of roving bands of the Indians, by way of strengthening a delicate constitution. Irving met Bonneville at dinner-tables in

New York, and industriously pumped the veteran explorer, who was as willing to talk as Irving was to listen. Bonneville, who had served previously in the frontier fighting, engaged with the American Fur Company. As to outfit and all the arrangements, he seems to have been given a free hand. It was he who originated the bold idea of taking waggons across the plains and the hills. Hitherto all goods had been carried on pack-saddles. Those waggons of his in no way resembled the ponderous "prairie schooners," which afterwards took to the Santa Fé trail, carrying valuable cargoes to the New Mexican markets, and paving the way for American annexation. Still less were they modelled on the waggon of South Africa, dragged by a score or so of sluggish oxen, which tumbles to pieces with a capsizing, and is as easily put together again. They were light, and built of tough hickory, and were drawn by a four-in-hand of mules or horses. Assuming that they could scale the passes and thread the rocky gorges, the old soldier's idea was evidently admirable. He could load up heavily with goods and supplies. Besides, he took an ambulant fort along with him, for when his waggons were formed up in a square, enclosing a hundred rifles more or less reliable, the boldest chief of Sioux or Blackfeet would shrink from breaking his teeth on the intrenchment. On dark nights and when the Indians were on the prowl, the animals were picketed under cover of the guns. His plan worked

well upon the whole, but the journey was a wonderful record of resolute struggles with difficulties. On the prairies, flooded by rain, the wheels stuck in the mud, and the mules were well-nigh strained to pieces. Then the weather changed, and in the intense heat the woodwork shrank and the tyres 'dropped off. Across the Black Hills and up the Rocky slopes he threaded his way in a labyrinth of riverbeds, among rocks fallen from above, and boulders brought down by the torrents. But it was only on the summit of the mountains that the waggons were abandoned; for if the ascent had been dangerous, the descent was impossible. Then the goods were transferred to the backs of the unharnessed teams, and the train stumbled downwards in single file.

The inhospitable wilds had been solitary enough, and yet not altogether so solitary as he would have desired. He was overtaken by bands of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, of other associations, and by parties of free-trappers, all pressing forward to the general goal, though as to exact destinations all would be guided by circumstances. Among the men with whose experience and ingenuity he had to contend were names of renown in the romance of the fur trade—Sublette and Fitzpatrick, for example—who were never daunted by danger, and seldom at the end of their resources. The great thing was to arrange an efficient intelligence department, with capable scouts to report the movements of other adventurers. Not that

the rivals ever actually came to blows, as in the bloody feuds between Hudson Bayers and North - Westers. Sometimes, indeed, parties would unite in a common peril, and there is an animated account of storming a natural stronghold, where a swampy covert was held in force by a body of Blackfeet. Sometimes a partisan chief, to secure the season's trade, would risk an almost desperate enterprise, as when Fitzpatrick rode out alone to look for a lagging convoy, was tracked and followed up by the Indians, to reappear after days of lurking in the mountains, when he had been given up for dead. In avoiding pursuit he had nearly perished of cold and hunger, for he dared neither discharge his rifle nor kindle a fire. That, indeed, was a common experience when a man was lying close, with the scalp-hunters on his trail. But even at headquarters, in a winter camp, short commons might be confidently reckoned with. The fall of the snow suspended trapping; the passes were blocked and the waters frozen. Bonneville camped his first season on the banks of the Salmon River, where game and fish are abundant in the summer, but where even the natives are invariably in straits before spring raises the blockade. His party soon felt the pressure of hunger, and neither Nez Percés nor Flatheads were in a position to help them. Yet others of the band were worse off than himself, for a party of his belated trappers were unaccounted for. There is nothing more thrilling in the sensational narrative than

the story of suffering and stern endurance when he went out with a search expedition. Savages were manœuvring to cut them off, and every night, exhausted as they were, they had to improvise a rude breastwork of fallen trees and vegetable rubbish. When the provisions finally gave out they were saved almost by a miracle, driving some half-starved buffalo on to the ice, where they slipped, fell, and were slaughtered. They could scarcely make head against the blasts of icy wind, yet that wind proved their salvation, for their lives depended on their horses, and the only grazing the poor animals could find was where some scrap of coarse pasturage had been swept by the blizzard. But those brave fellows felt amply rewarded for their sufferings when they happily lighted on the missing men. Bonneville returned to civilisation after a three years' absence. He seems to have come back with the conviction that beyond certain limits it was hopeless to contend with the Hudson Bay Company. Organisation, discipline, ample capital, above all, established posts, and an effective chain of communications with Canada, gave the great association an unassailable superiority.

Parkman went "on the Oregon trail" in 1846. In a preface to the fourth edition, published nearly thirty years afterwards, he says, "The mountain trapper is no more, and the grim romance of his wild, hard life is a memory of the past." Even in 1846 the survivors of the race had been

changing their habits, and, like the stage-coachman when run off their boxes by the rail, had been betaking themselves to other pursuits more or less congenial. The hatters of St James's and the Rue St Honoré had taken to using silk instead of beaver. The United States had been garrisoning forts in the wilderness, and many of the mountain boys attached themselves to these as hunters, guides, and scouts. In rare cases they had softened their manners without losing anything of their dash and courage. Parkman placed himself in the hands of Henry Châtillon, famous among frontier men for his shooting and scouting. He found him a staunch comrade, a chivalrous gentleman, and a devoted husband and father to boot, though he had sought a wife in a wigwam. But the old types of rugged and undaunted brutality were by no means extinct—men who were doggedly fearless because absolutely unimaginative. Adroit tacticians, they were careless of strategy; they scanned the ground at their feet for "sign" and never looked abroad. Parkman met two of them at Fort Laramie, and their conduct was so characteristic of the old breed that it is worth noting. The Arapahoes having refused to give up a murderer, had gone out on the war-path and were circumventing the fort. Each outlet was watched by eager eyes, and the smoke from the Indian fires went up from all directions. But a couple of trappers—Rouleau and Seraphin—had arranged for a start, and would not be

deterred. Vain were the warnings of friendly Indians; they laughed at the danger and went on with their preparations. Parkman paints them to the life:—

“Seraphin was a tall, powerful fellow, with a sullen and sinister countenance. His rifle had very probably drawn other blood than that of buffalo or Indians. Rouleau had a broad, ruddy face, marked with as few traces of thought or care as a child’s. His figure was square and strong, but the first joints of both his feet were frozen off, and his horse had lately thrown and trampled on him, by which he was severely injured in the chest. But nothing could subdue his gaiety, and he had an unlucky partiality for squaws. . . . Like other trappers, his life was one of contrast and variety; but when once in pursuit of the beaver, he was involved in extreme privations and perils. Hand and foot, eye and ear, must be always alert. Frequently he must content himself with devouring his evening meal uncooked, lest the light of his fire should attract some wandering Indian; and sometimes, having made the rude repast, he must leave his fire still blazing, and withdraw to a distance, under cover of the darkness, that his disappointed enemy, drawn thither by the light, may find his victim gone, and be unable to trace his footsteps in the gloom. This is the life led by scores of trappers in the Rocky Mountains. I once met a man whose breast was marked with the scars of six bullets and arrows, one of his arms broken by a shot, and one of his knees shattered; yet still, with the mettle of New England, he continued to follow his perilous calling.”

Rouleau and Seraphin would go out, and “that,” says Parkman, “was the last I saw of them.” His volume has a great charm, as he eloquently describes from personal observation all that Irving had gathered from Bonneville’s report.

He paints the red braves in their white buffalo robes, with their gaily bedizened squaws, as they stalked about the precincts of the forts; he blends sentiment with romance, as he recalls his impressions of blizzards and thunderstorms, and of lonely night quarters, when bivouacking on the plains, serenaded by owls and coyotes. He passed the mountains in company of a band of Sioux warriors, and “one morning’s march was not to be forgotten. It led us through a sublime waste, a wilderness of mountains and pine-forests, over which the spirit of loneliness and silence seemed brooding. Above and below, little could be seen but the same dark green foliage. It overspread the valleys and enveloped the mountains, from the black rocks that crowned their summits to the streams that circled round their bases.” Such vivid sketches present us with the surroundings in which the trapper passed his existence. And we see him at home—if he had a home—in his hours of idleness at St Louis, when getting rid of his dollars or looking out for a new engagement. There he was cock of the walk in the motley multitude, walking arsenals of rifle, pistol, and bowie-knife, the floating population of that base of operations for prairie traders and pioneers of agriculture. He had his favourite houses of call among the drinking and gambling saloons, where night and day, over the decks of cards, he fraternised or quarrelled in chronic intoxication. There have been more

refined societies, but none more exclusive, for the outsider would be a bold man who dared intrude upon the unhallowed revels.

If St Louis was the prairie capital, Independence sprang up, some sixty miles to the westward, as St Louis's prairie port. Thence trains of the heavy waggons, called prairie schooners, carried on the lucrative trade opened up with the Mexican settlements. They ran extraordinary risks, and required strong convoys. The country was perpetually raided by Indians, who had safe retreats in the western mountains. As the valuable cargoes were passing in transit, the Indians had no inducement to let them go by. They missed no opportunity of making captures, and massacres were of frequent occurrence. Moreover, capable guides were indispensable, for there were no regular tracks across the stony deserts, and in the dry season water was scarce. The waggons were in charge of Missouri teamsters, stout men of their hands, but unskilled as children in prairie navigation and frontier fighting. So, just when the trapping business had gone to the bad, the trappers came into request as hunters and guards to the caravans. The services of such a man as Kit Carson were invaluable; he made money fast, and had the wisdom to invest it. Another famous band of brothers took to speculating as traders and employers of trappers with great success. William, familiarly known as Bill Bent, gave his name to two forts he built on the Arkansas,

650 miles west of Leavenworth in Kansas. There he ruled as a sort of warden of the marches, and those outworks of civilisation, resorted to by mountain men and Indians, were resting-places where the caravans broke their journeys. Parkman went as far south in the course of his wanderings. He gives a graphic idea of the rude manner of living, and of the utter absence of discipline and precautions in what was regarded as an irregular military post. In fact, the occupants trusted to their rifles, their scouts, and their luck. "The Pueblo was a wretched species of fort of most primitive construction." The slender stockades were breached or broken down, and the gate dangled loosely on its wooden hinges. "We saw the large Santa Fé waggons standing together. . . . Richard conducted us to the state apartment, a small mud room. . . . There were no chairs, but instead of them a number of chests and boxes ranged round the walls." Other writers have described the scenes there. When the trappers were away on their hunts it was often dull enough. When they rallied for the autumn rendezvous there was incessant gambling, brawling, and fighting. In the palmy days, when "beaver was up," they would sometimes bring in a thousand dollars' worth of peltries. They never carried away a cent—all had passed into the hands of the traders. Not a few of those trapping worthies were illustrious in their generation, and have left their memorials on the Western maps,

standing sponsors to streams, bluffs, and cañons. Perhaps the most celebrated of those who had little more than the instinct of the sagacious brute was old Bill Williams. As the veteran mountaineer, he was painted to the life in Ruxton's 'Far West.' Familiar with every rood of ground, he could have threaded any of the passes blindfold. A misanthrope, he preferred to hunt alone; yet when the fancy took him to head a party, his followers confided themselves blindly to his guidance. Bill in his younger days had been a Methodist preacher in Missouri; latterly he believed firmly in the transmigration of souls. After innumerable, almost miraculous escapes, the pitcher was broken that had gone so often to the well, and the old man went under. An even more remarkable career was that of Rube Stevens. Rube's family had been massacred by Indians. They spared the boy, but cut out his tongue. He escaped to swear undying vengeance, and well he kept his vow. On one occasion, in a fight, three against thirty, after killing the chief of the savages in a desperate rough-and-tumble grapple, Rube fell into their hands. Tied to a pine-stem and confronted by a gigantic Indian with a scalp-

ing-knife, his friends, who were looking on helplessly from their lurking-place, could not detect a quiver in his muscles. Of similar stuff were Uncle John Smith, Uncle Dick Wooton, Kit Carson, and many another. They played their lives as they staked their dollars, and it was their pride not to flinch when the game went against them. The chief characteristic of the trapper was the iron nerve that never failed, the presence of mind that never deserted him. Such as he was, he was always equal to himself, and was at his best in moments of imminent peril. What gave him his superiority over the Indian was his swift determination in extreme difficulties, which seemed indeed to sharpen his faculties to the utmost. Absolutely indifferent to paralysing superstitions, he doubled the Indian sagacity and craft, with infinitely greater dash and daring. He was prompt to seize opportunities which the Red braves let slip. Embodying the hardihood and dauntless perseverance of the American character, these trappers constituted themselves into a faculty of State surveyors, and were the veritable makers of the empire of the West. The last of them had gone some thirty years ago, having pioneered the way for the gold-seekers and the ranchers.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD.¹

CHAPTER XV.—AN EXILE IN REVOLT.

WHAT surprises me most when I recall those days is my own rapid development. The tiny inarticulate pensive creature of Ireland is, as if by magic, turned into a turbulent adventurer, quick with initiation, with a ready and violent word for my enemies, whom I regarded as many, with a force of character that compelled children older than myself to follow me; imperious, passionate, and reckless. How did it come about? It needed long months of unhappiness at home to make me revolt against the most drastic rule, and here it sufficed that a nun should doubt my word to turn me into a glorified outlaw.

I confess that whatever the deficiencies of my home training, I had not been brought up to think that anybody lied. My mother never seemed to think it possible that any of her children could lie. In fact, lying was the last vice of childhood I was acquainted with. You told the truth as you breathed, without thinking of it, for the simple reason that it could not possibly occur to you not to tell the truth. This was, I know, how I took it, though I did not reason so. I believe it was that villain Frank who broke a statue of an angel, and behind my back asserted that he had seen me do it. I had no objection in the world to break forty

statues if it came in the day's work, and so far from concealing my misdeeds, I was safe to glory in any iniquity I could accomplish. So when charged with the broken angel, I said, saucily enough I have no doubt—oh! I have no wish to make light of the provocations of my enemies—that “I hadn't done it.”

The Grand Inquisitor was a lovely slim young nun, with a dainty gipsy face, all brown and golden, full-cheeked, pink-lipped, black-browed. I see her still, the exquisite monster, with her long slim fingers, as delicate as ivory, and the perfidious witchery of her radiant dark smile.

“You mustn't tell lies, Angela. You were seen to break the statue.”

I stood up in vehement protest, words poured from me in a flood; they gushed from me like life-blood flowing from my heart, and in my passion I flung my books on the floor, and vowed I would never eat again, but that I'd die first, to make them all feel miserable because they had murdered me. And then the pretty Inquisitor carried me off, dragging me after her with that veiled brutality of gesture that marks your refined tyrant. I was locked up in the old community-room, then reserved for guests, a big white

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chamber, with a good deal of heavy furniture in it.

"You'll stay here, Angela, until I come to let you out," she hissed at me.

I heard the key turn in the lock, and my heart was full of savage hate. I sat and brooded long on the vengeance I desired to wreak. Sister Esmeralda had said she would come at her good will to let me out. "Very well," thought I, wickedly; "when she comes she'll not find it so easy to get in."

My desire was to thwart her in her design to free me when she had a mind to. My object was to die of hunger alone and forsaken in that big white chamber, and so bring remorse and shame upon my tyrants. So, with laboured breath and slow impassioned movements, I dragged over to the door all the furniture I could move. In my ardour I accomplished feats I could never have aspired to in saner moments. A frail child of eight, I nevertheless wheeled armchairs, a sofa, a heavy writing-table, every seat except a small stool, and even a cupboard, and these I massed carefully at the door as an obstruction against the entrance of my enemy.

And then I sat down on the stool in the middle of the chamber, and tore into shreds with hands and teeth a new holland overall. Evening began to fall, and the light was dim. My passion had exhausted itself, and I was hungry and tired and miserable. Had any one else except Sister Esmeralda come to the door, I should have behaved differently, for I was a

most manageable little creature when not under the influence of the terrible exasperation injustice always provoked in me. But there she stood, after the repeated efforts of the gardener called up to force open my prison door, haughty, contemptuous, and triumphant, with me, poor miserable little me, surrounded by the shreds of my holland pinafore, in her ruthless power.

A blur of light, the anger of madness, the dreadful tense sensation of my helplessness, and before I knew what I had done I had caught up the stool and wildly hurled it at her triumphant visage. Oh, how I hated Sister Esmeralda! how I hated her!

The moment was one of exceptional solemnity. I was not scolded, or slapped, or roughly treated. My crime was too appalling for such habitual treatment. One would think I already wore the black shroud of death, that the gallows stood in front of me, and beside it the coffin and the yawning grave, as my enemy, holding my feeble child's hand in a vice, marched me down the corridor into the dormitory, where a lay sister was commanded to fetch my strong boots, my hat and cloak.

The children were going joyously off to supper, with here and there, I can imagine, an awed whisper in my concern, as the lay sister took my hand in hers; and in silence by her side, in the grey twilight, I walked from the Ivies beyond the common down to the town convent, where only the mothers dwelt. I knew something dreadful was going to happen to me,

and being tired of suffering and tired of my short troubled life, I hoped even then that it would prove death. I did not care. It was so long since I had thought it worth while caring!

And so I missed the lovely charm of that silent walk through the unaccustomed twilight, with quaint little shops getting ready their evening illumination, and free and happy persons walking to and fro, full of the joy of being, full of the bliss of freedom. My heart was dead to hope, my intelligence, weary from excess of excitement and pain, was dull to novelty.

In the town convent I was left awhile in aching solitude in the brown parlour, with its pious pictures and big crucifix. I strained eye and ear through the silent dusk, and was relieved when the superioress—a sort of female pontiff, whom we children saw in reverential stupefaction on scarce feast-

days, when she addressed us from such heights as Moses on the mountain might have addressed a group of sparrows—with two other nuns entered. It looked like death, and already the heart within me was dead. I know so well now how I looked: white, blue-veined, blue-lipped, sullen, and indifferent.

My wickedness was past sermonising. I was simply led up-stairs to a brown cell, and here the red-cheeked lay sister, a big brawny creature, stripped me naked. Naked, mind, though convent rules forbid the whipping of girls. I was eight, exceedingly frail and delicate. The superioress took my head tightly under her arm, and the brawny red-cheeked lay sister scourged my back with a three-pointed whip till the blood gushed from the long stripes, and I fainted. I never uttered a groan, such were my pride and resolute spirit of endurance.

CHAPTER XVI.—MY FIRST CONFESSION.

The sequel is enfolded in mystery. Was I long unconscious? Was I long ill? Was there any voice among the alarmed nuns lifted in my favour? Or was the secret kept among the superioress, the lay sister who thrashed me, and the doctor? As a Catholic in a strong and bigoted Protestant centre, in the pay of a Catholic community, it is not unreasonable to suppose him anxious to avoid a scandal. For outside there was the roaring lion, the terrible member for Lysterby,

seeking the Catholics he might devour! That satanic creature who dreamed at night of Tyburn, and, if he could, would have proscribed every priest and nun of the realm! Picture the hue and cry in Parliament and out of it, if it were known that a baby girl had been thrashed by strong, virile hands, as with a Russian knout, with the ferocity of bloodthirsty jailers instead of the gentleness of holy women striving to inculcate precepts of virtue and Christian charity

in the breast of a tiny reprobate! And ladies, too, devoted to the worship of mercy and of Mary, the maiden of sorrow, the mild mother of humanity.

I know I lay long in bed,—that my wounds, deep red open stripes, were dressed into scars by lint and sweet oil and herbs. The doctor, a cheery fellow with a Scottish name, came and sat by my bedside, and gave me almond-drops, and begged me repeatedly “to look up.” The pavement outside was rough, the little city street was narrow, and the flies rumbling past from the station to the Craven Arms shook my bed. The noise was novel, and excited me. I thought of my imaginary friend of the Ivies, the white lady, and wondered if any one had ever thrashed her. The cook, Sister Joseph, from time to time stole up-stairs and offered me, by way of consolation, maybe a bribe, a Shrewsbury biscuit, a jam-tart, a piece of seed-cake.

Once the pain of my lacerated back subsided I was not at all bored. It was good to lie in a fresh white bed and listen dreamily to the discreet murmurs of a provincial town in the quiet convent-house, have nothing to do, no scrapes to get into, hear no scolding voices, and have plenty of nice things to eat, after the long famine of nine interminable months.

I do not remember when it was she first came to me. She was a slim, oldish nun, with a white delicate visage and eyes full of a wistful sadness, neither blue nor grey. Her voice was very low, and gave me the same intense pleasure that the soft

touch of her thin small hands thrilled me with. She was called Mother Aloysius, and painted pictures for the chapel and for the convent. Did she know what had happened, and had she taken the community's debt to me upon her lean shoulders? Or was I merely for her a sick and naughty little girl, to whom she was drawn by sympathy?

She never spoke of my whipping, nor did I. Perhaps with the unconscious delicacy of sensitive childhood I divined that it would pain her. More probably still, I was only too glad to be enfolded in the mild warmth of her unquestioning tenderness. Wickedness dropped from me as a wearisome garment, and, divested of its weight, I trotted after her heels like a little lapdog. She took me with her everywhere: into the big garden where she tended the flowers, and where she allowed me to water and dig myself out of breath, fondly persuaded that the fate of the flowers next year depended upon my exertions; to her work-room, where in awed admiration I watched her paint, and held her brushes and colours for her; to the chapel where she changed the flowers, and where I gathered the stalks into little hills and swept them into my pinafore. And all the time I talked, ceaselessly, volubly,—not of past sufferings, nor of present pain, but of the things that surprised and perplexed me, of the countless things I wanted to do, of the tales of Tyburn and the white lady.

When I was well enough to

go back to daily woe and insufficient food, I was dressed in hat and jacket and strong boots, and while I stood in the hall the awful superioress issued from the community-room and looked at me coldly.

"You have had your lesson, Angela. You will be a good child in future, I hope," she said, and touched my shoulder with a lifeless gesture.

The mischievous impulse of saucy speech and wicked glance died when I encountered the gentle prayer of my new friend's faded eyes. I was only a baby, but I understood as well as if I had been a hundred what those kind and troubled eyes said, glancing at me behind the woman she must have known I hated. "Be good, dear child; be silent, be respectful. Forgive, forget, for my sake." I swallowed the angry words I longed to utter on the top of a sob, and went and held up my cheek to Mother Aloysius.

"You're a brave little girl, Angela," she said, softly. "You'll see, if you are good, that reverend mother will let you come down and spend a nice long day with me soon again; and I'll take you to water the flowers and fill the vases in the chapel, and watch me paint up-stairs. Good-bye."

She kissed me on both cheeks, not in the fleshless kiss of the nun, but with dear human warmth of lips, and her fingers lingered tenderly about my head. Did she suspect the sacrifice I had made to her kindness?—the fierce and wrathful words I had projected to hurl at the head of the superioress,

and that I had kept back to please her?

At the Ivies I maintained a steadfast silence upon what had happened. I cannot now trace the obscure reasons of my silence, which must have pleased the nuns, for nobody ever knew about my severe whipping. Thanks to the beneficent influences of my new friend, I was for a while a model of all the virtues. I studied hard, absorbed pages of useful knowledge in the 'Child's Guide,' and mastered the abstruse contents of Cardinal Wiseman's 'History of England.' At the end of a month, to the amazement of everybody and to my own dismay, I was rewarded with a medal of good conduct, and formally enrolled in that virtuous body, the Children of the Angels, and wore a medal attached to a brilliant green ribbon.

This transient period of virtue, felt no doubt by all around me to be precarious and unstable, was deemed the fitting moment for my first confession. What a baby of eight can have to confess I know not. The value of such an institution for the infantine conscience escapes me. But there can be no question of its enormous sensational interest for us all. Two new children had made their appearance since my tempestuous arrival. They belonged to the band, as well as an idiot girl two years older than I, and now deemed wise enough to crave pardon for sins she could not possibly commit. We carefully studied the 'Examination of Conscience,' and spelt out the particularly

big words with a thrill: they looked nice mysterious sins, the sort of crimes we felt we would gladly commit if we had the chance.

I went about sombre and dejected, under the conviction that I must have sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost, and Polly Evans wondered if adultery figured upon the list of her misdoings. She was sure, however, that she had not defrauded the labourer of his daily wage, whatever that might be, for the simple reason that she had never met a labourer. I was tortured with a fresh sensational doubt. My foster-mother's cousin at Kildare was a very nice labourer, who often had given me sweets. Could I, in a moment of temporary aberration, have defrauded him of his wage? And then adultery! If Polly was sure she had committed adultery, might I not also have so deeply offended against heaven? I had not precisely killed anybody, but had I not desired to kill Sister Esmeralda the day I threw the stool at her?

And so we travelled conscientiously, like humble, but, in the very secret depths of our being, self-admiring pilgrims, over the weary and profitless road of self-examination, and assured ourselves with a fervent thrill that we were indeed miserable sinners. "I'll never get into a passion again," I swore to Polly Evans, like a monstrous little Puritan, and before an hour had passed was thirsting for the blood of some offender.

I even went so far as to include Sister Esmeralda and

Frank in my offer of general amnesty to humanity; and indited at some nun's suggestion a queer epistle to my mother, something in the tone the prodigal son from afar might have used writing to his father when he first decided to abandon the husks and swine, &c. I boldly announced my intention of forsaking the path of wickedness, with a humble confession of hitherto having achieved supremacy in that nefarious kingdom, and of walking henceforth with the saints.

I added a practical postscript, that I was always very hungry, and stated with charming candour that I did not like any of the nuns except Mother Aloysius, which was rather a modification of the exuberant burst of virtue expressed on the first page. This postscript was judiciously altered past recognition, and I was ordered to copy it out: "I am very happy at Lysterby. All the dear nuns are so kind to me. We shall have a little feast soon. Please, dear mamma, send me some money."

If the money ever came, it was naturally confiscated by the dear nuns. It was not money we mites needed, but bread-and-butter and a cup of good milk, or a plate of simple sustaining porridge. However, for the moment the excitement of confession sustained us. Having communicated to each other the solemn impression that we had broken all the Commandments, committed the seven deadly sins, and made mockery of the four cardinal virtues, the next thing to decide was to what length of

repentance we were bound to go. Polly Evans' enthusiasm was so exalted that she yearned to follow the example of the German emperor we had read of who walked, or crawled on his knees, I forget which, to Rome, and made a public confession to the Pope. But this we felt to be an immodest flight of fancy in a little girl who had done nothing worth speaking of. She was like my Kildare companion Mary Jane, who constantly saw herself in a personal scuffle with Queen Victoria.

When the great day came we were bidden to stay in the chapel after the rest, and then were taken down to the town convent, with instructions to keep our minds fixed upon the awful sacrament of confession as we walked two and two through the streets.

"Remember, children," said that infamous Sister Esmeralda, prettier than ever, as she fixed me with a deadly glance, "to tell a lie in the confessional box is to tell a lie to the Holy Ghost. You may be struck dead for it."

Did she mean that for me? Oh, why had I so rashly vowed myself to a life of virtue? Why had I so precipitously chosen the companionship and example of the saints? Why had I read the lives of St Louis of Gonzago, St Stanislaus of Kotska, and other lamb-like creatures, and in a fit of admiration sworn to resemble them?—since all these good resolutions debarred me from flinging another stool at that lovely hostile visage. But having elected momentarily to

play the part of a shocking little prig, I swallowed my wrath, with a compunctious sensation, and felt a glow all over to think I was already so much of a saint.

In the convent chapel, with our throbbing hearts in our mouths, we knelt, a diminutive row, in our Sunday uniform (I have worn so many convent uniforms that I am rather mixed about them, and cannot remember which was blue on Sunday and which was black, but the Lysterby Sunday uniform I know was black). Polly Evans was the first to disappear, swallowed up in the awful box. She issued forth, tremulous and wide-eyed, and I followed her, pallid and quaking. The square grating was closed, and the green curtain enfolded me in a terrific dusk. I felt sick and cold with fright. What was going to happen? Could something spring suddenly out and clutch me? Was the devil behind me? Had my guardian angel forsaken me? I had read a great deal of late about "a yawning abyss," "a black pit," a "bottomless hole." Was I going to tell a lie to the Holy Ghost unknowing, and so be struck dead like, like——?

The square slid swiftly back, and I saw a dim man's profile through the grating. Had I seen Father More clear before me, my fears would instantly have been quelled, for he was a graceful, aristocratic, soft-voiced man, quick to captivate little children by his winning smile. But that dim formless thing behind the grating, what was it? They told me the

priest in the confessional was God. The statement was not such that any childish imagination could grasp. The sickness of terror overcame me, and

I, whom the rough sea of the Irish Channel had not harmed, fell down in an abject fit of nausea that left me prostrate for days.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE CHRISTMAS HAMPERS.

Nobody but a hungry and excitable child, exiled from home and happiness, bereft of toys and kisses, can conceive the mad delight of receiving a Christmas hamper at school. Picture, if you can, a minute regiment with eager faces pasted against the frost-embroidered window-panes, watching a van drive up the Ivies' path, knowing that a hamper is coming for some fortunate creature—but for whom?

Outside the land is all bridal white, and the lovely snow looks like deep-piled white velvet upon the lawn, and like the most delicate lace upon the branches. We see distinctly the driver, with a big good-humoured face of the hue of cochineal under his snow-covered hat, and he nods cheerfully to his enthusiastic admirers. He would be a churl indeed to remain unmoved by our vociferous salutations, as we stamp our feet, and clap our hands, and shout with all the force of our infant lungs.

For the Christmas hamper, announced by letter from my stepfather, meant for me the unknown. But every Christmas afterwards I was wiser, and not for that less glad. A hamper meant a turkey, a goose, a large plum-cake with Angela in beautiful pink letters

upon the snow-frost ground. It meant boxes of prunes, of sweets, of figs, lots of oranges and apples, hot sherry and water, hot port and water in the dormitory of a cold night, all sorts of surprising toys and picture-books. But it did not imply by any means as much of those good things (I speak of the eatables) for me as my parents fancied. The nuns generously helped themselves to the lion's share of fruit and wine and fowls.

But the cake, best joy of all, was left to us untouched, and also the sweets. The big round beauty was placed in front of me; with a huge knife, a lay sister sliced it up, and I, with a proud, important air, sent round the plate among hungry and breathless infants, who had each one already devoured her slice with her eyes before touching it with her lips.

And at night in the dormitory, all those bright eyes and flushed little faces, as we laughed and shouted and danced, disgraceful small toppers that we were, drinking my stepfather's sherry and port—drinking ourselves into rosy paradises, where children lived upon plum-cake and hot negus.

Oh, the joy of those Christmas excesses, after the compulsory sobriety of long ascetic

months! As each child received a hamper, not quite so brilliantly and curiously filled as mine, for my stepfather was a typical Irishman—in the matter of hospitality, of generosity, he always erred on the right side for others, and was as popular as a prince of legend,—for a fortnight we revelled in a land of toffee and turkey, of sugared cakes and plum-pudding, of crackers and sweets, and apples and oranges and bewitching toys. Like heroes refreshed, we were then able to return to the frugality of daily fare—though, alas! I fear this fugitive plenty and bliss made us early acquainted with the poet's suffering in days of misery by the remembering of happier things. This was my candid epistle, soon after Christmas, despatched to Kildare:—

“MY DERE EVERYDAY MAMA,
—i dont like skule a bit. i cant
du wat i like. i dont have enuf
tu et. Nun of us have enuf tu
et. We had enuf at crismas
when everyboddy sent us lots
of things. We were very glad
i had luvly things it was so
nice but i dont like skule, its
horid, theres a horid boy here.
i bet him when he called me a
savage. Sister Esmeralda said
it first i dont like her. She
teches me. tell Mary Jane to
give my black dog 6 kisses. i
want to go home i like yu and
Louie and Mary Jane and Bessy
the apel woman i want to clim
tres like Johny Burke your
affeshunat little girl

“ANGELA.”

When this frank outpouring

was subjected to revision, it ran:—

“MY DEAR FOSTER-MAMMA,
—I am very happy here with
the dear nuns. I hope I shall
remain with them a long while.
We have such fun always. We
learn ever so many nice things.
We love our dear mistress,
Sister Esmeralda. Reverend
Mother had a cold, and we all
prayed so hard for her, and now
she is better. I want some
money for her feast-day. We
are going to give her a nice
present. We had a play and a
tea-party. Lady Wilhelmina
Osborne's little girl come over
from the Abbey. I hope you
are quite well. With love,
your affectionate

“ANGELA.”

All our mistresses were not like Sister Esmeralda, a Spanish inquisitor in a shape of insidious charm, nor a burly brute like the lay sister, who had so piously welted my naked back, nor a chill and frozen despot like the pallid superioress. Mother Aloysius was, of course, a far-off stained-glass vision, a superlative rapture in devotion, not suitable for daily wear,—a recompense after the prolonged austerities of virtue and self-denial, a soaring acquaintance with ecstatic admiration. But on a lower plane there were some younger nuns we found tolerable and sympathetic. There was Sister Anne, who taught us to play at snowballs, and took a ball on her nose with companionable humour in the midst of our shrieking approbation. There was

Sister Ignatius, who inspired us with terpsichorean ambition by dancing a polka with one of the big girls down the long study hall, to the amiable murmur of—

“Can you dance a polka? Yes, I can. Up and down the room with a nice young man”;

or upon a more imaginative flight—

“My mother said that I never should Play with the gypsies in the wood; If I did, she would say, Naughty girl to disobey.”

Her great feat was, however, the Varsovienne, which she told us was a Polish dance, and that Poland was a bleak and unfortunate country on the confines of Russia. Ever afterwards I associated the sprightly Sister Ignatius with a polar bear,

especially when I watched her dance the “Varsovienne,” and fling her head over her shoulders in a most laughable way, just as I imagined a bear would do if he took to dancing the dance of Poland.

Mother Catherine is a less agreeable memory. I see her still, a tall gaunt woman in coif and black veil, with austere grey eyes. She used to watch us in the refectory, and whenever a greedy infant kept a rare toothsome morsel for the wind-up of a frugal meal, Mother Catherine would sweep down and confiscate the reserved luxury. “My child, you will make an act of mortification for the good of your soul.” I leave you to imagine the child’s dislike of her immortal soul, as the goody was carried off.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MR PARKER THE DANCING-MASTER.

The joy of my second year at Lysterby was Mr Parker the dancing-master. Was he evoked from pantomime and grotesque legend by the sympathetic genius of Sister Ignatius? We were all solemnly convened, in our best shoes and frocks, to a great meeting in the big hall to make the acquaintance of our dancing-master, and learn the polite steps of society. A wizen cross-looking little creature stood at the top of the long room, and as we entered in file, all agog, and ready enough, heaven knows, to shriek for nothing, from sheer animal spirits, he bowed to us, as I suppose they bowed in the good old days of Queen Anne. For

Queen Anne was his weakness. I wonder why, since she was neither the queen of grace nor of beauty.

I recall the gist of his first speech: “We are now, young ladies, about to study one of the most necessary and the most serious of arts, the art of dancing. It is the art of dancing that makes ladies and gentlemen of us all. In a ball-room the awkward, those who cannot dance, are in disgrace. Nobody minds them, nobody admires them. They have not the tone of society. They are poor creatures, who, for all society cares, might never have been born. What it behoves you, young ladies, is to acquire

the tone of society from your earliest years, and it is only by a steady practice of the art of dancing that you may hope to acquire it. Practice, young ladies, makes perfect—remember that.”

Ever afterwards, his first question, before beginning each week's lesson, was: “What does practice do, young ladies?” and we were all expected to reply in a single ringing voice: “Makes perfect, Mr Parker.” Children are heartless satirists, and the follies of poor little Mr Parker filled us with wicked glee.

I see him still, unconscious tiny clown, gathering up in a delicate grasp the tails of his black coat to show us how a lady curtsied in the remote days of Queen Anne. And mincing across the polished floor, he would say, as he daintily picked his steps: “The lady enters the ball-room on the tip of her toes—so!” Picture, I pray you, the comic appearance of any woman who dared to enter a ball-room as Mr Parker walked across our dancing-hall! Society would stand still to gape. He minced to right, he minced to left, he minced in and out of the five positions, and then with eyes ecstatically closed, he would seize his violin, and play the homely air of “Nora Creina,” as he *chasséed* up and down the floor for our delectation, singing the while—

“Bend and rise-a—Nora Creina,
Rise on your toes-a—Nora Creina,
Chassez to the right-a—Nora Creina,
And then to the left-a—Nora Creina.”

In his least inspired moments, he addressed us in the first posi-

tion; but whenever he soared aloft on the wings of imagination, he stood in the glory of the fifth. In that position he never failed to recite to us the imposing tale of his successes in the “reception halls” of the Duchess of Leamington and the Marchioness of Stoke. Once he went so far as to exhibit to us a new dance he had composed expressly for his illustrious friend the duchess.

“My dears, that dance will be all the rage next spring in London, you will see.”

He was quite aware that we never would see, having nothing on earth to do with the London season. But the assertion mystified us, and enchanted him.

“Thus my hand lightly poses on the waist of her Grace, her fingers just touch my shoulders, and, one, two, three—boom!” he was gliding round the room, clasping lightly an imaginary duchess in his arms, in beatific unconsciousness of the exquisite absurdity of his appearance and action, and we children followed his circumvolutions with glances magnified and brightened by mirth and wonderment.

The irresistible Mr Parker had a knavish trick of keeping us on our good behaviour by a delusive promise persistently unfulfilled. Every Tuesday, after saluting us in the fashion of the eighteenth century and demanding from us an immense simultaneous curtsy of Queen Anne, holding our skirts in an extravagant semicircle and trailing our little bent bodies backward and upward upon the most pointed of toes, he would rap the

table with his bow, clear his throat, adjust his white tie, straighten himself, and, with a hideous grin he doubtless deemed captivating, he would address us inclusively—

“Young ladies, it is my intention to bring you a little confectionery next Tuesday; and now, if you please, attention! and answer. What does practice do?”

In vain we shouted our customary response with more than our customary conviction; the confectionery was always for next Tuesday, and never, alas! for to-day. With longing eyes we watched the slightest movement of the master towards his pocket. He never produced anything but his handkerchief, and when he doubled in two to wish us “O reevoyer,” he never omitted to say—

“To-day I did not pass by the confectioner’s shop; but it will certainly be for next Tuesday.”

For a long time he took us in, as other so-called magicians have taken in simpletons as great as we. We believed he had a secret understanding with the devil, for only to the power of evil could we attribute a quickness of apprehension such as he boasted. He would stand with his back to us, playing away at his violin, while we *chasséed* and *croiséed* and heaven knows what else—

“Now, my senses are so acutely alive to the impropriety of a false step, young ladies, that even with my back turned to you, I shall be able to tell which of you has erred without seeing her.”

Sure enough he always pounced on the bungler, and never failed to switch round his bow violently and hit her toes. How was it done? Simply enough, one of us discovered quite by accident. There was a big mahogany press, as finely polished as a mirror, and in front of this the master planted himself. The rows of dancers, from crown to heel, were as clear to him as in a glass. By such simple means may a terrible reputation be acquired. For months had Mr Parker shabbily usurped the fame of a magician.

In his quality of master he could permit himself a brutality of candour not usually shown by his sex to us without the strictest limits of intimacy. There was a big girl of sixteen, very stout, very tall, squarely built, with poultry-yard writ in broad letters over her whole dull and earthy form. An excellent creature, I have no doubt, though I knew nothing whatever about her, being half her age, which in school constitutes a difference of something approaching half-a-century. Her name was Margaret Twycross, and she came from Shakespeare’s town. As befits a master of the graceful art, Mr Parker’s preference was given to the slim and lovely nymph, and such a square emblem of the soil as Margaret Twycross would naturally provoke his impatient contempt. Possibly she merited all the vicious rage he showered on her poor big feet, pathetically evident, emerging from skirts that just reached her ankles.

But with my larger experience and knowledge of his sex, I am inclined to doubt it, and attribute his vindictiveness to a mere masculine hatred of ugliness in woman rather than to the teacher's legitimate wrath. Hardly a Tuesday went by but he sent the inoffensive, great, meek creature into floods of tears; and while she wept and sobbed, looking less lovely than ever in her sorrow, he would snarl and snicker at her, imitate her jeeringly, and cast obloquy on her unshapely feet.

"A ploughboy would be disgraced by such feet as Miss Twycross's," he would hiss across at her, and then rap them wickedly with his bow.

The art of dancing, Mr Parker proved to us, is insufficient to make a gentleman of its adept. Once his unsleeping fury against the unhappy girl carried him to singular lengths. He bade us all be seated, and then, with his customary inflated and foolish air, began to address us upon the power of art. With art you can achieve anything, you can even lend grace to the ungraceful.

"I will now choose from your ranks the most awkward, the most pitiable and clumsy of her sex. The young lady unassisted cannot dance a single step; but such is my consummate skill, so finished is my art, that I shall actually succeed in bestowing some of my own grace as a dancer upon her. Advance, Miss Twycross."

I leave you to picture the sensations of the unfortunate so addressed and so described. She advanced slowly, square and sod-

den, but with an unmistakable look of anguish in her poor harassed eyes, of a blue as dull and troubled as her complexion; and a certain twitching of her thin tight lips was eloquent enough of her unprovoked hurt.

Mr Parker, with his simpering disgusted air of ill-natured little dandy, flourished a perfumed handkerchief about his face, to sustain his affronted nerves, no doubt, placed an arm gingerly about the flat square waist, clasped her outer hand in evident revulsion, and began to scamper and drag her round the room in the steps of a wild schotische. Most of us tittered—could we be expected to measure the misery of the girl, while nature made us excruciatingly alive to the absurdity of her tormentor?

As a girl myself I have often laughed in recalling the incident; but I own that the brute should have been kicked out of the establishment for such an object-lesson in the art of communicating grace. As for his boasted achievement, even we babies could perfectly understand that there was not much to choose between his jerky waxwork steps and the heavy stamp of his partner. She at least was true to nature and moved as she looked, an honest cow-like creature, whom you were at liberty not to admire, but who offered you no reason to despise her. While he, her vindictive enemy, mean unnatural little body, sheathing a base, affected, silly little soul, fiddling and scraping away his days which were neither digni-

fied nor manly, he offered himself to the unlimited contempt of even such microscopic humanity as ours. We felt he was not a man with the large capacity of manhood, but a disgraced and laughable thing, a puppet moving upon springs and speaking artificially, manufactured as dolls are, for the delectation of little folk.

We enjoyed Mr Parker, but we never regarded him as more human than the clown or the

harlequin of the pantomime. We imitated him together; we played *at him*, as we played at soldiers or fairies or social entertainment. Had we learnt that he was dead or ill, or driven to the poorhouse, it would have been just as if we had heard such news of harlequin, or heard that Peeping Tom had fallen from his window and smashed his head. Mr Parker was not a person at the Ivies; he was a capital joke.

CHAPTER XIX.—EPISCOPAL PROTECTION.

The succeeding years in Lys-terby are blurred. Here and there I recall a vivid episode, an abiding impression. Papa came over with one of my elder sisters. They arrived at night, and I, half asleep, was dressed hurriedly and taken down to the parlour. A big warm wave of delight overwhelmed me as my stepfather caught me in his arms and whisked me up above his fair head. It was heaven to meet his affectionate blue eyes dancing so blithely to the joy of my own. Seated upon his shoulder, I touched a mole on his broad forehead, and cried, as if I had made a discovery—

“You’ve got the same little ball on your forehead, papa, that you had when you used to come down to Kildare.”

Bidding me good-night, he promised to come for me early next day, and told me I should sleep in the Craven Arms, and spend two whole days driving about the country with him. How comforting the well-filled

table, the cold ham, the bacon and eggs at breakfast, the bread and marmalade, all served on a spotless table-cloth, and outside the smell of the roses and honeysuckle, and the exciting rumble of flies up and down the narrow street! I was so happy that I quite forgot my woes, and did not remember to complain of my enemies. There was so much to eat, to see, to think of, to feel, to say! I not only wanted to know all about everybody at home, but I wanted to see and understand all about me.

In the Abbey we saw Vandyke’s melancholy Charles, and it was a rare satisfaction for me to be able to tell how he had been beheaded. At the great Castle we saw Queen Elizabeth’s bed with the jewel-wrought quilt, and my romantic elder sister, fresh from reading ‘The Last of the Barons,’ passionately kissed the King-maker’s armour. She told us the thrilling tale as we sat in the famous cedar avenue, when the earl’s daughter, all sum-

mery in white muslin and Leghorn hat, passed us with her governess, and although she was a fresh slip of a girl just like my sister, because of her name we felt that a living breath of history had brushed us. She was not for us an insignificant girl of our own century, but something belonging to the King-maker, a breathing memory of the Wars of the Roses, the sort of creature the dreadful Richard might have wooed in his hideous youth.

And then at night, in the old inn, we discovered two big illustrated volumes about Josephine and Napoleon. I had not got so far in history as Napoleon, and here was an unexplored world, whose fairy was my voluble and imaginative sister. With a touch of her wand she unrolled before my enthralled vision scenes of the French Revolution and the passionate loves of Bonaparte and the young Viscountess de Beauharnais. I wish every child I know two such nights as I passed, listening to this evocative creature revive so vividly one of the intensest and most dramatic hours of history. Thanks to her eloquence, to her genius, Napoleon, vile monster, became one of my gods. I think the thrilling tale she read me was by Miss Mulock. Impossible now to recall the incidents that sufficed to turn succeeding weeks into an exquisite dream. Who, for instance, was the beauteous creature in amber and purple velvet, with glittering diamonds, that usurped such a fantastic place in the vague aspirations of those days? And the lovely

Polish countess Napoleon loved? And those letters from Egypt to Josephine, and Josephine's shawls and flowers, and the ghost-stories of Malmaison, and the last adieu the night before the divorce. Hard would it be to say whom I most loved and deeply pitied, the unadmirable Josephine or the admirable queen of Prussia. My sister read aloud, as we sat up in bed together, I holding the candle, and gazing in awe and delight, wet-eyed, at the coarse engravings.

Other sisters came in quick succession, but they remained strangers to me. They fawned on Sister Esmeralda, whom I hated: they were older and wiser than I; they aspired to the ribbon of the Children of Mary, and walked submissively with the authorities of Church and State. They played "Il Baccio" on the piano, and a mysterious duet called the "Duet in D." The only sister I remember of those days as an individual was Pauline, who had opened to me a world of treasures. At school, she naturally forsook me for girls of her own age; but on play-days, when we were free to do as we liked all day, she sometimes condescended to recall my existence, and told me with an extraordinary vivacity of recital the stories of 'East Lynne,' 'The Black Dwarf,' 'Rob Roy,' and 'Kenilworth.'

But for the rest she was a great and glorious creature who dwelt aloft, and possessed the golden key of the chambers of fiction. My immediate friend was Polly Evans, whose mamma once took me to tea in an

old farmhouse along the Kenilworth road.

There were strawberries and cream on the table; and delicious little balls of butter in blue-and-white dishes, and radishes, which I had never before eaten; and the air was dense with the smell of the flowers on table, sideboard, mantel-piece, and brackets. Polly and I, with her brother Leonard, played all the long afternoon in the hay-field, drunk with the odour, the sunny stillness, the hum of the bees—drunk, above all, with this transient bliss of freedom and high living.

Another time Mrs Evans took me with Polly and Leonard to Kenilworth Castle, where we dined among the ruins on ham, cold chicken, fruit, and lemonade. Yet she herself is no remembered personality: I cannot recall a single feature of hers, and even Polly herself is less clear in memory than Mary Jane of Kildare, than the abominable Frank.

Years after, in womanhood, Polly and her brother visited Ireland as tourists, and having all that time treasured my parents' address, called to see me. But I was abroad, a hopeless wanderer. Leonard, I learnt, was quite a fine young fellow, with a romantic attachment to me. Polly was sprightly and pretty, it seems, engaged too. But I never saw them again.

An eminent bishop came to confirm us, and we were taken down to town church, where, to our infinite amusement, we occupied several rows of benches opposite a boys' school, also brought hither for the same

ceremony, each with a white rosette in his button-hole. None of us took the rite very seriously. We found it droll to be tapped on the cheek by a white episcopal hand and told that we were soldiers, and we watched the boys to see if their bearing were more martial than ours. They seemed equally preoccupied with us, and looked as if they felt themselves fools, awkward and shamefaced. They stared hard at our noble youth, Frank, in his eternal skirts—his curls had recently been clipped—and nudged and giggled. Much of a soldier looked Frank! Heaven help the religion of Christ or the Constitution if either reposed faith in his prowess!

Whither has he drifted, and what has life made of the meanest little rascal I ever knew? Has he learnt to tell the truth at least? Has some public school licked him into shape, and kicked the cowardice and spitefulness out of him? When I became acquainted with Barnes Newcome afterwards, I always thought of that boy Frank. "Sister So-and-so, that nasty Angela is teasing me." "Mother This, I can't eat my bread-and-milk; that horrid Angela has put salt into it." And then, when no one was looking, and a child weaker than himself was at hand, what sly pinches, and kicks, and vicious tugs at her hair. Noble youth, future pillar of the British empire, I picture you an admirable hypocrite and bully!

I wonder why the bishop singled me out of all that small crowd for a stupendous honour. He had asked my name, and

after a luxurious lunch with a few privileged mothers in the convent, he requested somebody to fetch me. The nuns did not fail to impress the full measure of this honour upon me, and when I came into the refectory, where the bishop was enthroned like a prince, I caught a reassuring beam from my dear friend, Mother Aloysius!

The bishop pushed back his chair and held out both arms to me. I was a singularly pretty child, I know. My enemy, Sister Esmeralda, had even said that I was like an angel with the heart of a fiend. A delicate, proud, and serious little visage, with the finish, the fairness, the transparency of a golden-haired doll, meant to take the prize in an exhibition. But this would hardly explain the extraordinary distinction conferred on me by a man who has passed into history,—a grave and noble nature, with as many cares as a Prime Minister, a man who saw men and women in daily battalions, and to whom a strange little girl of nine he had never spoken to, could scarcely seem a more serious creature in life than a rabbit or a squirrel.

He had a kind and thoughtful face, deeply lined and striking. I liked his smile at once, and went up to him without any feeling of shyness.

He lifted me on to his knee, kissed my forehead, and looked steadily and long into my steady eyes. Then he kissed me again, and called for a big slice of plum-cake, which Mother Aloysius, smiling delightedly at me, was quick to hand him. He

took it from the plate, and placed it in my willing grasp.

"A fine and most promising little face," I distinctly heard him say to the superioress. "But be careful of her. A difficult and dangerous temperament. All nerves and active brain, and a fearful suffering little heart within. Manage her, manage her. I tell you there's the stuff of a great saint or a great sinner here, if she should see twenty-one, which I doubt."

Alas! I have passed twenty-one years and years ago, with difficulty, it is true, with ever the haunting shadow of death about me, and time has revealed me neither the saint nor the sinner, just a creature of ordinary frailty and our common level of virtue. If I have not exactly gone to perdition—an uncheerful proceeding my sense of humour would always guard me from—I have not scaled the heights. I have lived my life, by no means as well as I had hoped in the days we are privileged to hope and to dream, not as loftily, neither with distinction nor success; but I have not accomplished any particular villany, or scandal, or crime that would justify my claiming an important place in the rank of sinners. I have had a good deal more innocent fun, and known a great deal more suffering, than fall to the common lot; and I have enjoyed the fun with all the intensity of the mercurial Irish temperament, and endured the other with what I think I may proudly call the courage of my race. I have not injured or cheated a human being, though I have

been greatly injured and cheated by more than I could now enumerate. There ends my scaling of the hill of virtues.

Of my sins it behoves me not to speak, lest I should fall into the grotesque and delightful attitude of the sailor I once heard in London make his public confession to a Salvation Army circle.

"My brothers, I am a miserable sinner. In Australia I murdered a man; I drank continually, I thieved, I ran after harlots, and led the life of debauchery. Oh, my friends, pray for me, for now I am converted and know Jesus. I am one of the just, may I remain so. But wicked and debauched and drunken as I was, there were lots more out there much worse than I." In summing up our errors and frailties, it is always a kindly comfort offered our conceit to think that there are on all sides of us "lots more much worse than we." Unless our pride chooses to take refuge in the opposite reflection, so we prefer to glory in being much worse than others.

And so ends my single interview with an eminent ecclesiastic. He kissed me repeatedly, and stroked my hair while I munched my plum-cake on his knee. He questioned me, and discovered my passionate interest in Napoleon and Josephine

and the Queen of Prussia, the King-maker and the children in the Tower. And then, having prophesied my early death and luminous or lurid career, he filled my two small hands with almond-drops and toffee, and sent me away, a being henceforth of something more than common clay.

From that hour my position in Lysterby was improved. I was never even slapped again, though I had had the stupendous good luck to see, unseen myself, the lay sister who had flogged me go into a cupboard on the staircase, whose door, with the key on the outside, opened outward, and crawling along on hands and knees, reached the door in time to lock her in. I was also known to have climbed fruit-trees, when I robbed enough unripe fruit to make all the little ones ill. Yet nobody beat me, and I was let off with a sharp admonishment. I went my unruly way, secretly protected by the bishop's admiration.

If I did not amend, and loved none the more my tyrants, their rule being less drastic, I had less occasion to fly out at them. Besides, semi-starvation had subdued me for the while. I suffered continually from abscesses and earache, and spent most of my time in the infirmary, dreaming and reading.

(To be continued.)

MEN WHO HAVE KEPT A DIARY.

"Velut minuta magno
Deprensa navis in mari vesaniente vento."

"THERE is nothing, sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible." This pronouncement by the most complete hero of the most complete diarist known strikes the keynote of all memorable diaries. "The great thing to be recorded," observes Dr Johnson on another occasion, "is the state of your own mind, and you should write down everything that you remember, for you cannot judge at first what is good and bad." These unpremeditated self-confidences—the confessions of individuality—form the charm of "men who have kept a diary,"—the spell of

"The little great, the infinite small thing"—

the appeal of Truth *en déshabillé*. "In this glass," preached Atterbury of Lady Cutt's Diary, "she every day dressed her mind." It is just this "dressing of the mind" that makes diaries such interesting human documents. But, when we particularise, we find that very few surviving publications wholly fulfil these conditions of privacy and candour. Boswell himself was recommended by his dictator to retain some posthumous friend for the cremation of his own diary. There are diarists

who, during their daily toilet before the glass, are more concerned with the reflections of the room than of themselves. There are, again, set diarists who masquerade in domino. There are diarists for a purpose, and diarists for no purpose. There are diarists, once more, of "*Mémoires à servir*," mainly interesting from their opportunities. In perusing such we may well remember the saying of George Eliot that "curiosity becomes the more eager from the incompleteness of the first information." To such curiosity anecdotal remembrancers, from the weightier type of armchair historian to the lighter specimens of after-dinner *raconteur*, inherently respond. For good anecdote is to good literature what wit is to wisdom, repartee to conversation, and bouquet to wine. It is at once condensed and indicative. It interprets life while it exhibits the bric-à-brac of mannerism and manners. The main qualification for every diarist none the less remains that of the legal witness. His evidence must be first-hand and absolutely sincere. And through all the varieties of tendency and form runs, even if subconsciously, the psychological thread. For us the workings of the diarist's own mind exercise a paramount fascination and restrict our choice, so that in this regard we shall

afterwards instance two collections of correspondence which signally reveal character,—informal diaries before whose “glass” the letter-writer truly “dresses” his own soul. Did space permit, we might have mounted higher. For all analysts and essayists are born diarists or the reverse. Herodotus is a diarist by nature; so, if less primitively, is Tacitus; so eminently are Froissart and Burnet; so, after his manner, is Macaulay. Not so are Thucydides or Clarendon or Gibbon. Montaigne is a diarist; Bacon, the opposite. It is a difference of temperaments—the difference between the authors of the ‘Spectator’ and the author of the ‘Rambler,’ between Goldsmith and Smollett, Sterne and Fielding. Rousseau is a diarist even in his so-called ‘Philosophy’; Voltaire, a “Philosopher” even in his ‘Notes sur les Anglois.’

If ever a man was designed to keep a diary, it was Pepys. He is naïve and communicative to a fault. Seated in his own confessional, he unbosoms his memory and absolves his conscience. The journal was composed in cipher. Mrs Pepys could have made nothing of it; it was never apparently meant for perusal. This typical *bourgeois* of his day, fussy and pompous, petty and busybodying, regular in his irregularities as in his expenditure, thrifty, vain, and passionately inquisitive, would retire into his sanctum, produce the treasured pages, and find his relief in the truthful industry of his chronicle. For truth and industry

are among his redeeming features. “With my eyes mighty weary and my head full of care how to get my accounts and business settled against my journey, home to supper and bed,” he writes in the face of his infirmity. So is fortitude. There is a genuine pathos in the words which close the diary when blindness was threatening the little Secretary to the Admiralty with its terrors. From henceforth he “must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be anything, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add here and there a note in shorthand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!” Sturdy, stoical—nay, in a sense pious—*petit maître*, for all his foibles and frailties! His periodical headache of repentance is followed by the periodical draught of peccadillo. Though he has no deep sense of life’s mystery, he does realise his accountability to God—a prosaic accountability like those official audits that so taxed his diligence. He never whimpers or makes excuse. Nor does he brave it out, like that German colonel whom Königsmarck suborned to stab Mr Thynne, and who averred, as he marched to execution, that he did not care for death a rush, and that he hoped “God would treat him like a gentleman.” No, Pepys only regrets

an error in the accounts of conduct. The recording angel must needs pause with a smile, and condone so comical a penitent. It is pleasant to discover the mannikin hale and hearty after all in his age, finely housed at Clapham, exchanging letters with wise Evelyn or smoothing down the huffy Kneller, after Queen Anne had come into her own. With what squirrel-alacrity does he climb the tangled tree of preferment, darting the quick, sly glances from his merry eyes, crunching the nut of office with elfish self-complacency, and exulting in the growing bushiness of his fur; a child, rather than a man, of the world, and a greedy child too! What a good fellow in company; how proud of his mediocre music, of his wife, of the pies she bakes, of the mantuas she wears, of all that is his! How fond, too, of a lord, and of his dear disdainful Lady Castlemaine! How calculating, how parsimonious, how observant, how limited, how accommodating! Had he served Oliver, he had assuredly been a Puritan—until he sat down to the tell-tale journal. His sympathies appear to have been with the Puritan party. "To the fair to see the play of 'Bartholomew Fair' with puppets. And it is an excellent play; the more I see it, the more I love the wit of it; only the business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale and of no use, they being the people that at last will be found the wisest." And all this unconscious humour without a suspicion of self-ridicule.

Molière could not have moulded a more humorous figure than this demure, droll, shrewd, irrepressible, indefatigable gossip of a Philistine solemnly draws of himself amid the slatternly splendours of Charles II. "Met with Sir James Bunch; 'this is the time for you,' says he, 'that were for Oliver heretofore; you are full of employment, and we poor Cavaliers sit still and can get nothing,' which was a pretty reproach I thought, but answered nothing, for fear of making it worse." Of course he did not. Only a few days afterwards he is casting accounts as usual: "And there find myself, to my great joy, a great deal worth above 4000*l*. For which the Lord be praised! And is principally occasioned by my getting 500*l*. of Cocke for my profit in his bargains of prize goods, and from Mr Gauden's making me a present of 500*l*. more when I paid him 800*l*. for Tangier." Well done, Mr Worldly-Wise-man! And considering the standard of the times, it was honestly - gotten wealth. A few perquisites were but requisites. No wonder that on seeing 'Henry the Fourth' he was, "contrary to expectation, pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's speaking of Falstaffe's speech about 'What is Honour?'" And Pepys was a staunch friend, unlike that "Captain Holmes"—"one (by his own confessions to me) that can put on two several faces, and look his enemies in the face with as much love as his friends. But, good God! what an age is this, and what a world is this, that a man cannot live

without playing the knave and dissimulation!" He would never certainly have agreed with Carlyle respecting giggers: "Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach [1668], which do make my heart rejoice, and praise God and pray Him to bless it to me and continue it." Here once more is a fine touch: "To the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr Battersby; and we, falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called 'Hudebras,' I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2s. 6d. But, when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter knight going to the warre that I am ashamed of it; and by-and-by, meeting at Mr Townsend's at dinner, I sold it him for 18d." This passage catches Pepys at more oddities than one. His infinite curiosity is an attractive point. My Lord Brouncker takes a watch to pieces for his instruction, and amuses him mightily; he is privileged to see the king's collection, and is quite "confounded" with the medley. He is so readily impressed, when he beholds Charles in his barge going to meet the Queen, it "lessens his esteem of him" "that he should not be able to command the rain"; and, again, he is hardly a sound judge of literature. He thinks much more of his "new summer black bombazine" than of Shakespeare. "Macbeth" is "a pretty good play"; the "Midsummer Night's Dream" "the most insipid, ridiculous play." But if these opinions had been

then out of vogue he would have recanted them quickly enough; his ubiquitous self-importance was very sensitive—"My wife and I to Polichinelly, but were there horribly frightened to see young Killigrew come in with a great many more young sparks; but we hid ourselves, so as we think they did not see us." Cannot we imagine him peering from his ambush at these "sons of Belial"? One last word about Pepys. In the pathos of his affections is the strangest admixture of selfishness. "My whole family hath been well all this while, and all my friends I know of, saving my aunt Bell, who is dead, and some children of my cosen Sarah, of the plague. But many of such as I know very well, dead. Yet, to our great joy, the town fills apace, and shops begin to be open again." But the man wrote exactly as he felt, nor must the touching mention of his mother be overlooked: "Received from by brother the news of my mother's dying on Monday, . . . and the last time she spoke of her children was on Friday last, and her last words were, 'God bless my poor Sam.' The reading whereof set me weeping heartily." Let us take leave of Pepys in his own summary of Sir Ellis Leyton, "whom I find a wonderful witty ready man for sudden answers and little tales, and sayings very extraordinary witty." Or in Evelyn's epitome of him as "a very worthy, industrious, and curious person."

Over Evelyn's own diary we shall not linger. It is a most valuable repository of sights

and things at home and abroad; but it is photographic, it lacks distinction and temperament. Evelyn himself may be well portrayed by his own account of his younger brother, — "A sober, prudent, worthy gentleman." A country magnate who survived terrible crises, travelled much when travel was a rarity, he always preserved an open heart and an open mind as well as an open house. He maps out rather than paints his stormy, stirring periods. His own individuality does not modify or tinge his theme. One phase of his, however, we feel constrained to rescue: "This day I paid all my debts to a farthing, O blessed day!"

Some seven years only divide the close of his almanac and the threshold of 'The Journal to Stella,' but the gulf between them in attraction is immeasurable. Swift's diary of two worlds — his own and hers whose letters have unfortunately perished — stands out unique, the most entrancing and the most tragic of all extant journals. It haunts one like a refrain. The mere step in style from the quaint affectations of Pepys and the colourless gravity of Evelyn to Swift's nervous diction, his terse impetuosity, his repressed fondness, his emphasised hardness, his little pathetic language, his large indignant irony, is the step from still life to breathing, from lecture to literature, from what must always remain ancient to what will never cease to be modern. Yet we owe its preservation to a double accident. Had the Irish bishops never

despatched his Reverence of Laracor to obtain remission of the First Fruits, had Swift never penned his history of the Last Four Years of Queen Anne, for which purpose he reclaimed the Journal, we should have lost at once the miniatures and the picture — the miniatures of his own soul and Stella's, the picture of those two turbid years and nine months, the quintessence of its trifles alike and its tremendous issues, its cabals, its inner and outer life, all rendered with a faithfulness born of yearning and a force native to that self-torturing genius. He shuts the door of his London, Chelsea, or Kensington lodging after his restless day of dictatorial business; he dismisses the drunken Patrick. At once, as by enchantment, the willows, the canal, the cherry-trees, above all, the two ladies of Laracor, arise before him. He listens to them; he answers them with abrupt ejaculations, with soft whispers; he invests their merest *bagatelles* with actuality and importance, just as long afterwards in his "Gulliver." We are as deeply concerned to know if that box reached Stella as we are to learn the last disclosure of the wonderful Mr St John which the masterful Presto imparts to his "State-girls." He will assert himself even here and outdo them; he will write "five for two" of theirs; he dashes it all off uncorrected at red-hot speed. He "cannot put out the candle till he has bid them good-night." He "must always be in conversation with M. D., and M. D. with Presto."

"As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any dream of happiness but a letter now and then from his dearest M. D." "Yes, faith and when I write to M. D. I am happy too; it is just as if methinks you were here and I prating to you and telling you where I have been. 'Well,' says you, 'Presto come, where have you been to-day? Come let's hear now.' And so then I answer." He peeps over their hand at cards; he toasts them both at coxcomb. "Jemmy Leigh's." Is Stella jealous of his present to Dingley? Dingley is buxom and healthy, and must care for Stella. He takes a fancy to Lady Ashburnham because she resembles Stella. Of Stella he dreams over and over again. "God Almighty bless her for her kindness to poor Presto: a merry Christmas and a happy New Year; and pray God we may never keep them asunder again." "God Almighty bless poor dear Stella and send her a great many birthdays, all happy and healthy, wealthy and with me ever together." "When I find you are happy and merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter or writing to you. No, faith you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly." "M. D.'s felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits." He supervises her exercise, her spelling, her books. He is anxious about her eyes and her horse. He will become a china-maniac for her sake. Has she received the

palsy water her mother left for her yet? Presto in one brief fortnight shoots up into a great man on whom Harley and St John and the Tory wits have fastened; ay, and he has fastened them too! But, "Believe me, no man breathing at present has less share of happiness in life than I. I do not say I am unhappy at all, but that everything here is tasteless to me for want of being where I would be. And so a short sigh and no more of this." "Yet the day came when he returned as Dean to the place 'where he would be' without exultation, and with a long pang far more piteous than this short sigh." "Miss Hessy" had already in that first year entered on the scene. We have taken the trouble to count how many times Presto dined at Mrs Vanhomrigh's till the beginning of 1712. There are over fifty occasions of those five o'clock dinners, usually with an avowed and uneasy excuse. It was so rainy; he had hurt his shin and must eat at a neighbour's; he only dined "gravely" with the extravagant widow and her smart set.

But afterwards the pretexts end and the dinners are unconfessed. During the initial period his very excuses plead for Swift. His association with the susceptible Vanessa resembled Goethe's with Bettina; and the pupil would, like Bettina, have receded, a childlike episode, had not Vanessa proved of another mould. The clue, on the other hand, to Swift's association with Stella is the analogy of Goethe's with Mina

Herzlieb. The same conflict of passion with duty, of platonic friendship with stifling prudence, that is mirrored in "Die Wahlverwandschaften" distracts and distorts the lacerated being of Swift. His character was not unlike his own portrait of the ill-starred Duchess of Hamilton, who "seldom spared anybody that gave her the least provocation, by which she had many enemies and few friends." To these few he clung violently and intensely. Does any one doubt Swift's unfeigned and radical tenderness of heart? Let him read in these pages of his kindness to Mrs Long, the poor bankrupt beauty; of his dutiful attendance on the old, bedridden Mrs Wesley; of his fatherly goodness to young Harrison; of his devotion to Harley, Peterborough, Atterbury, Lewis, Arbuthnot; of his eager offices for his political enemies Addison, Steele, Phillips, and Rowe; of his methodical almsgiving; of his resolve "in honour and conscience to use all my little credit towards helping forward men of worth in the world." That resolve hindered his own advancement; it helped Pope, Gay, and Diaper; it made Parnell and Bishop Berkeley. He was no sentimentalist, but under the fountain of bitterness welled something sweet and delicious. Beneath that savage ambition throbbed a poet's heart. Thackeray, unjust to Swift and over-generous to Addison, never excerpted that passage about the linnet: "I went last night to put

some coals on my fire, after Patrick was gone to bed; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to Dingley: it cost him sixpence, and is as tame as a dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird. Where you put him there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear." Nor does he relate how Swift turned aside that the proud, heartbroken Duke of Ormond might wipe the tears for his daughter from his eyes. Nor the following about the Duchess of Hamilton after her husband's fatal duel with Lord Mohun: "I have been with her two hours and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for anybody to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul." Nor how he played with Lady Masham's children. Yet this extraordinary man is, like Hamlet, "very proud, revengeful, ambitious." For those who affront himself, the Church, or his friends, he will have no mercy. Like Tarquin, he knocks off the tallest heads with his implacable stick. When Lady Masham's attendance at Court was imperative for the Cause, he blames her for sitting by the sick-bedside of the very child with whom he had romped. This is how he mentions his only sister, who had long before displeased him by her marriage: "Mrs Fenton writes to me as one dying, and desires I would think of her son; I have not

answered her letter." When Swift was very ill, and that same sister called to see him, he denied her admittance, but nevertheless he stinted himself to make her an allowance.

The severe illness of Swift is the dividing line of the Journal. Before it, all is high hope, excited elasticity, intermeddling triumph, and confiding affection. After it, comes a listless and saturnine depression. It was not all Miss Hussy. The great men who court him put him off. He is weary of disregarded counsel and society's school for scandal. Now and again the old burst of love and loyalty struggles through the gloom. But gradually the stern melancholy settles on him. He neglects Stella's birthday congratulations; he becomes more and more suspicious and reticent. And what a world is that which he subdues! The prodigy Bolingbroke manœuvring and misunderstood. Intrepid Oxford loitering through crisis to catastrophe. The dilatory Queen, emancipated from Whig tutelage, but under the thumb of orthodox Archbishop of York and homely Mrs Masham — "extremely like one Mrs Malloy that was once my landlady in Trim"; under the sinister thumbscrew, further, of the haughty Duchess of Somerset, who will not be shaken off. Manipulating Prior's "lean carcase." Accomplished, prim, spotless Addison condescending to tope with his unroystered circle of obsequious Bohemians, and "fair sexing" it in the 'Spectator.' Even after their

cleavage Swift would fain be friends, and gets him to dine with Mrs Secretary St John. Discarded Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, vowing vengeance and clutching gold. Witty, versatile Lady Orkney. Pert, flirting Lady Betty Germaine. Sweet, weeping Mrs St John. Swaggering, raking Sir Andrew Fountaine. Rich, stingy Sir Thomas Mansel. Sanguine, stock-jobbing Stratford. The gallants strut and chatter in the Mall. The news-mongering busybodies flit from coffee-house to coffee-house. The very footmen hold their own Parliament outside Westminster Hall and elect their Speaker. Calmly in the background sit Somers, Halifax, and Walpole, concocting their revenge and awaiting their success. Guiscard stabs Harley, and ensures Oxford's popularity. The magnifico-Ambassador Monteleon scrapes and bows to the great Doctor Swift. Prince Eugene comes in to trouble the land. The "expensive" Duc D'Aumont hurries over from France, and has his ambassadorial house burned over him. It is a Whig plot. So is the disturbance on Queen Elizabeth's birthday. The town takes its cue from the men of letters. Everybody is inventing conspiracies or unearthing them. Spying Abbés Gautier and Dubois confabulate at Windsor over the treaty of Utrecht with its formulating genius. A bishop goes to preside over the congress that is to kill the war. Oxford and Bolingbroke refuse mutual quarter. The Government are "driv-

ing it to an inch" and skating on thin ice. "Succession in danger" shout the Whigs; "Church in danger," the Tories. It is a jostling phantasmagoria of England while she makes the famous peace that chicened the Dutch and contented the great Monarch. And meanwhile Vanessa fans her flame with the classics and arranges her "spark's" Sunday periwig. Stella and Dingley are wearied of expecting the letter that shall herald Presto's return. And Presto himself domineers and despairs; sits up four nights a-week making believe to crack bottles with Lord Treasurer or Bolingbroke, and jests with all that brilliant throng of sixteen "Brothers" whose master-spirit he was. In rushes "Mordanto" Peterborough, fresh from his diplomatic wanderings, and warm-heartedly embraces the imperious parson, who is powerful without place. Outside rage and brawl the Mohocks. The watch cries "Twelve of the clock," and still Swift dallies. It is "twelvepenny weather," and the thrifty economist will trudge it home. He creates Sterne Bishop of Dromore, and accepts his deanery with disgust. And then succeeds the home-coming, with Vanessa in his wake. Fled is the rapture of the deferred meeting. That brief spell of dictatorship has ruined his life. Ambition has murdered sleep. He has drunk of those troubled waters, and obeys the summons of their spell: he hastens back—only to be in at the death. Ah, if but the queen had lived! "*Fui-mus Tores!*" as delightful Dr

Arbuthnot lamented. And henceforth there is no more journal, no more peace. The fine friends fade away into exile or dependence or death. Walpole mounts the throne. He cares no more for the "Scriblerus Club" than his two august servants did for letters. And, despite more fame and more wretchedness, Swift, after Stella's death, retires in haggard mockery till he dies "like a poisoned rat in a hole." The brave vessel with its jolly crew has made shipwreck. All that sparkling company is dispersed. It has become a phantom ship of immortal but ghostly fable.

And this naturally brings us to Horace Walpole. Men of letters are no longer men of affairs. The former yield the latter homage in exchange for patronage, or defiance as the badge of disappointment. The age of pasteboard classicality has begun—of industrious trifles and elaborate impromptu. Walpole may be called the founder of "anecdotage," just as Spence inaugurated the literary curiosity-shop. The former was the precursor of Greville, the latter of Isaac Disraeli. Walpole styles himself a "garrulous Brantôme." In his "Reminiscences of the Courts of George the First and Second," compiled for the inquisitive Misses Berry, we find him at his best. Macaulay has unduly belittled Walpole. His trifling is not trivial; he is a dilettante, but in the grand style. From that style Thackeray himself borrowed, as witness the subjoined extract from Walpole concerning George II.: "The King's

last years passed as regularly as clockwork. At nine at night he had cards in the apartment of his daughters . . . with Lady Yarmouth, two or three of the late queen's ladies, and as many of the most favoured officers of his own household. Every Saturday in summer he carried that uniform party, but without his daughters, to dine at Richmond. They went in coaches and six in the middle of the day, with the heavy horseguards kicking up the dust before them—dined, walked an hour in the garden, returned in the same dusty parade, and his majesty fancied himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe." Every one remembers his *dramatis personæ*. What a galaxy of shabby state and magnificent meanness! There are the princesses Amelia and Caroline in two camps with their two heartless and titled lovers orientally cooped up in that royal seraglio; there are royalties enthusiastic for the deposed family; there is the royal father always hating the royal son, and, by a transference of the wars of succession to the cabals of the successor, ensuring the peace of England. There is dark-eyed insolent Anne Brett, the late King's English mistress, whose mother was Savage's. "Abishag was lodged in the palace under the eyes of Bathsheba." There is aging Duchess Sarah, still rapacious and still revengeful; and there is cool, dogged Sir Robert, who buys boroughs as a grazier buys oxen, and who with his matter-of-pocket masterfulness annihilates the old

Marlborough Junto. "When a reconciliation had been patched up between the two courts, and my father became First Lord of the Treasury a second time, Lord Sunderland in a *tête-à-tête* with him said, 'Well, Mr Walpole, we have settled matters for the present, but we must think whom we will have next.' Walpole said, 'Your lordship may think as you please, but my part is taken.'" We gain a pleasant glimpse of the clever, stoical Queen Caroline, who on the accession of her husband undid his rash choice of the zany Sir Spencer Compton for minister. The crowd of turncoat courtiers flocked to Leicester House and fought studiously shy of the favourite, whom they deemed rejected. "Mr Walpole being descried by the queen, 'There I am sure I see a friend,' she cried." And in Horace Walpole himself runs an unsuspected vein of his father's patriotic fibre. In 1745, when the national horizon was threatening, he thus writes to Sir Horace Mann: ". . . How much I wish myself with you! anywhere where I could have my thoughts detached in some degree by distance and length of time from England. With all the reasons that I have for not loving great part of it, it is impossible not to feel the shock of living at the period of all its greatness. To be one of the *Ultimi Romanorum*." One can scarcely check a smile at the affectation of Horace Walpole as "Last of the Romans." No better commentary could be instanced than the description of the frontis-

piece to his 'Memories of George the Second': "The author leaning on a globe of the world, between Heracleitus and Democritus, presents his book to the latter. In the landscape is a view of the author's villa at Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, where the memoirs were chiefly written. At the bottom is the date of the year, with emblems and the author's arms and motto. . . ." To complete the contrast we append the following "short notes" of his diary for 1754: "*June 25.*—I erected a printing-press at my house in Strawberry Hill. *August 8.*—I published two odes by Mr Gray, the first production of my press. In September I erected a tomb in St Anne's churchyard, Soho, for Theodore King of Corsica." Could forcible feebleness further go?

It is refreshing to turn to Boswell. We shall confine ourselves to Boswell's character, which has been little studied. If the 'Journal to Stella' is a diary of two worlds, Boswell's 'Life' is an atmosphere of one—that of his hero. Yet through this atmosphere his own personality emerges clear and palpable. Rogers (also a diarist) instances in his commonplace-book "Boswell drunk at Lord Falmouth's in Cornwall, kicking about his bed at midnight, swearing at the house, in which he said there was no bed to lie on and no wine to drink." Macaulay, in his famous essay, brands him *more suo* as "vile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot, bloated with family pride, . . . yet stooping

to be a talebearer, an eavesdropper, a common butt in the taverns of London." Dickens calls him "an unconscious coxcomb." It was Carlyle who first drew attention to Boswell's higher nature. But Carlyle, with his love of exaggerated alternative, and his fatal incapacity for thinking out things thoroughly, delineates Johnson as a sort of practical Don Quixote, with Boswell as Sancho Panza. Johnson sallies forth with the broadsword of truth to slay giants; the sensual, ignorant Boswell has yet the saving instinct of hero-worship, and chooses and serves valiantly a spiritual master.

All this is hyperbole. It is true that Boswell drank deep, but then so on occasion did Johnson: it was a drinking age. The question is not whether he drank, but what he did while drinking. Boswell loved to listen to wisdom—a gift almost as rare as wisdom itself—and port stimulated the wisdom and kindled the conversation. At their opening rendezvous in the Mitre Tavern each finished a bottle, and, among other things, discussed orthodoxy. It was on this that Johnson, with the genial glow around him, exclaimed, "Give me your hand—I have taken a liking to you." It is true that Boswell, before he met Johnson first at Davies's shop in 1763, had been in search of a celebrity, but when one comes close up to him one discerns the reason. He had coquetted with Romanism. He was a man of weak will but good instincts, who had hitherto seen the better and followed the

worse; he searched for a Mentor to brace his resolutions—for a tonic. There is something touching and not ridiculous in his early perseverance to propitiate the oracle. He will take no rebuff. He calls on him in the Temple. He waylays him at one o'clock in the morning. This is no Silenus approaching Socrates. As he himself remarks of Goldsmith: "He had sagacity enough to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged. . . ." It was idleness in painful earnest, sympathy eager for support. It is true, again, that Boswell "blustered about the dignity of a born gentleman." But what does the Doctor observe on this very subject: "To be sure, sir, if you were only to dine once, and it were never to be known where you dined, you would choose rather to dine with the first man for genius, but to gain most respect you should dine with the first duke in England." It is true, further, that Boswell was a bore: "I wonder, sir, that you have not more pleasure in writing than in not writing." *Johnson*: "Sir, you may wonder." But for this *grande curiosité* he would never have been snubbed, nor we enlightened. At any rate, Johnson gave him a handsome testimonial on their Scotch journey for "acuteness," gaiety of conversation, and civility of manners. And Boswell, be it remembered, served his bustling apprenticeship against the wishes of the family he so much revered. His old Whig father regarded Johnson as a dangerous Tory "Dominie."

His wife—who afterwards reconciled herself by a pot of her own marmalade—remarked caustically that she had seen many a bear led by a man, but never before a man led by a bear. The bore as martyr is surely a *rara avis*. Two considerations must also be borne in mind. One, that Boswell was hypochondriacal—a touch of nature that made them kin. The other, that he rejoiced in a faculty in which Johnson was deficient—an extreme patience—perhaps inherited from that Dutch ancestress of whom he was so proud. The microscopic finish of his detail was not obtained during the 276 days only of actual association without immense effort. "The stretch of mind," he naïvely asserts, "and prompt assiduity by which so many conversations were preserved, I myself, at some distance of time, contemplate with wonder." A man inspired with one idea is usually either a genius or a madman. Boswell was certainly no madman; we are persuaded that he was a genius. If we except Spence, Boswell was the first who substituted the *oratio recta* for the *obliqua*—who made a drama of a diary. This practice afterwards became common. Hazlitt interspersed it in his "Conversations with Northcote"; Medwin employed it in those with Byron; Trelawny in those with Shelley. As individuality, fostered by English freedom and sociability, multiplied, these diaries increased. Their name is now legion. "D-me, sir, they breed," as the old Duke of Cumberland remarked of the

papers. The consequence has been a vast number of second-hand platitudes and ineptitudes. "Un sot a toujours un plus sot qui l'admire."

The diaries that enthral—that present great actors off the stage, and commanders at ease—have been comparatively few. One such diary was destroyed—Byron's. But portions of his journals are embalmed in Moore's *Life*, and agree so closely with the spirit of his letters that some mention of them must here be made. No one in perusing them can fail to be struck with their predominant, even violent, sincerity. Byron's writing was mainly a vent for his impetuous feelings. In all his compositions, public as well as private, a sense of lurid smoke from the flame of passion is manifest; they are the craters of his heart. His emphasis and directness of expression, the shrewd common-sense imputed to him by Disraeli, his vivid intuitions of men, things, and scenery, his moody sense of doom—originally implanted by the Calvinist superstitions of his nurse, and apparent in his very scepticism—his thirst for action, his untamable genius for rebellion, his proud intensity in collision with the filmed hollowness of fashionable life,—all these forces are welded together, not in chaos, as might have been supposed, but in a weird creative harmony. Let us cull one example from his *Ravenna diary*: "Hear the carriage—order pistols and great-coat as usual—necessary articles—weather cold—carriage open

and inhabitants somewhat savage, rather treacherous and highly inflamed by politics. Fine fellows, though, good material for a nation. Out of chaos God made a world, and out of high passions comes a people." And out of high passions came Byron. If only he had oftener transcended the domain of the merely passionate! The Swiss diary—a fragment—contains an episode of characteristic scorn about the English lady who exclaimed of Mont Blanc, "Did you ever see anything more rural?"—"as if it was Highgate or Hampton or Brompton or Haye's!" while his earliest diary of all shows a specimen of quite "*Don Juan*" calibre: "Went to bed and slept dreamlessly, but not refreshingly: awoke and up an hour before being called, but dawdled three hours in dressing. When one subtracts from life infancy (which is vegetation), sleep, eating and swilling—buttoning and unbuttoning—how much remains of down right existence?—the summer of a dormouse."

But the most methodical diary of any, one beginning while Byron was a boy and lasting till 1867, is that of Henry Crabb Robinson—a man whose elevation of spirit, alertness of mind, and volatile salt companioned him with the most various intellects of his protracted life. The intimate of the Clarksons and Mrs. Barbauld, the comrade of Hazlitt, the friend and correspondent of Goethe and his court, of Tieck and Schelling, the acquaintance of Schiller and Madame de

Staël, the cherished associate of the whole Lake school of poets, he had seen Shelley and Mrs Siddons, travelled with Southey to Paris and Wordsworth to Italy, conversed with Coleridge, supped and walked often with Charles Lamb, watched the rhapsodies of Blake, breakfasted with Rogers, chatted with Sydney Smith and Lady Blessington (at whose house he met the young Disraeli), discoursed with Bunsen, and vied with "Conversation" Sharpe; a philosopher and unitarian, a philanthropist on principle, almost the first foreign correspondent of the 'Times,' and, later, a practising barrister, sprung from a lower middle-class that has now nearly evaporated—a class with temperament as well as character, with refinement as well as determination—he impressed his virtues on the most illustrious. He seldom soars, but he never grovels; he rarely startles, but he never intrudes. The want of "liberality" in his boyish education was atoned for by the unchecked originality of his character and by his visits to Germany in her golden age. There, besides being a deep student, he opened the gates of cultivated aristocracy and aristocratic culture. He was told how, at the outset, he had only to assert that he was "English" to be treated as a "nobleman." His chief interest throughout the journal is for "characters." "The half-literary conversations of half-learned people, the commonplaces of politics and religious dispute, are to me intolerable." This is the canon of his

diary. Of Wordsworth's depth and difficulty of expression, of Coleridge's eloquent mysticism, of Lamb's "antic disposition," of Goethe's clear-cut serenity, his pages are among the most authentic exponents. But they are also dedicated to the goodness of smaller men. Above all things Robinson possessed the "many-travelled heart." His patient sympathy with loftiness of mind is evinced by his late correspondence with Lady Byron. To him Wordsworth addressed the lines beginning with "Companion, by whose buoyant spirit cheered." With some faculty of imagination, however, he lacked fancy and feeling for the picturesque. Venice, in Wordsworth's own company, leaves him untouched; and the whole world is to him rather a panorama of excellence than a landscape of light and shade.

Space presses, and we must glance at two recent diaries, not omitting the familiar Greville by the way. But first a glimpse must be given of two diaries in the form of letters which have been, we think, too little in public prominence. We allude to the correspondence of Felix Mendelssohn, and of Charles Dickens. Of the former it may well be said that they are "words without songs." The same pure feeling and exalted ideals, affectionate humility, conscientious aspiration, and pathetic playfulness that pervade the music are the qualities of the Letters. We must reluctantly be content with two examples: "So I am said to have become a saint! If this

is intended to convey what I conceive to be the meaning of the word, and what your expressions lead me to think you also understand by it, then I can only say that, alas! I am not so, though every day of my life I strive with greater earnestness according to my ability more and more to resemble this character. If people, however, understand by the word 'saint' a 'Pietist,' one of those who lay their hands on their laps and expect Providence to do their work for them, talk of the incompatibility of the heavenly calling with the earthly, and are incapable of loving with their whole hearts any human being or anything on earth, then, God be praised! such an one I am not, and hope never to become." And the second is like unto it: "I well know that for thorough self-cultivation the whole of a man's life is required, and often does not suffice."

Dickens throughout the whole range of his writings "Travels for the great firm of Human Interest Brothers." His unapproached spirits and sense of humour, his rollicking self-confidence and lovable humanity, distinguish his letters also. "Lord, what a blessed thing it is," he ejaculates in one of them, "to read a man who can write!" The Salon-satellites must have been shocked at his first impression of George Sand as of "the Queen's monthly nurse." How good, too, is that description of the Paris drama on English life, whose villain was "Meester Corn'ill"; and of London in the dead season, with his tailor playing the piano in

private! But we would fain dwell on a softer phase. "When I came in from seeing poor, dear Watson's grave, Mrs Watson asked me to go up into the gallery, which I had last seen in the days of our merry play. We went up and walked into the very part he made and was so fond of, and she looked out of one window and I looked out of another, and for the life of me I could not decide in my own heart whether I should console or distress her by going and taking her hand and saying something of what was naturally in my mind. So I said nothing and came out again."

"I am going," remarks Greville, in his matter-of-fact way, "if not too lazy, to note down the everyday nothings of my life, and see what it looks like." The "everyday nothings" comprise some of the most serious events in English history. Greville's prosaic *nonchalance* belongs to the Whigs of George the Fourth and Worst. His diary is rich in green-room gossip of politics and society; but his jottings are dusty with Whig exclusiveness and official red-tape. As we read them, we discern a wooden man of the world, frivolous upon caste-compulsion, self-complacent even while he deplores the unintellectuality of his routine, a precise, prudent, punctilious failure, abounding in cautious insight but bare of generous impulse. There is nothing spontaneous about him. One of the newspapers has indiscriminately termed Mr George Russell "a modern Greville." That may serve as a popular label, but as

a cap it will not fit. Mr Russell is, on the contrary, a witty enthusiast, a rare modern combination. Under the Georgian rhetoric of his style, the occasional bitterness of his innuendo, his digressive airiness, burns an ardour for losing causes, a zeal for high standards, a glow of loyalty and friendship. An after-dinner fanatic, at once fervent and humorous, he is the antipodes of Greville, who is dry and unreciprocal. Greville was never a brilliant talker. Mr Russell is the last of the old conversationalists. Greville misses the literary touch. Mr Russell is essentially a man of letters. Greville is most discreet. Mr Russell is perhaps sometimes defective in this regard; but his satire of contemporaries is the sort that

"just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts
with wit."

Mr Russell, like Lord Granville, is "un radical qui aime la bonne société." His 'Recollections' group reflections round personalities and subjects—distinct but not ordered in rotation, scarcely even in sequence. The *menu* is inviting. The *hors d'œuvres* of "Links with the Past" precede the *pièces de résistance* of "Religion and Morality," "Social Equalisation and Amelioration," "The Evangelical Influence," and Politics. Here as with a *sorbet* the banquet simulates a close, to recommence with the *relevés* of "Oratory and Conversation." The *chaudfroid* of "Clergymen" is followed by the *gibier* of "Titles" and the salad of "Re-

partee." Royalties and Princdoms compose the *entremets*, and Lord Beaconsfield, the *savoury*—a relish, as we shall point out, overseasoned. "Flatterers" and "Bores," "Epitaphs" and "Advertisements," stand for ices and liqueurs, topped by the dessert of "Parodies," "Children," and the like; and, last not least—the roses of the repast—"An old Photograph-Book." "Links with the Past" are by no means conventional. There is old-world Lady Robert Seymour, who "used the potticary" whenever she sent for the doctor; there is the Earl of Bathurst, whose private school reserved a bench for the little sons of peers; there is ancient "Polly Arnold" of Harrow, who had sold "cribs" to Byron. And there is Mr Russell's father, page at George IV.'s coronation, who discussed the 'Bride of Lammermoor' with Scott before its authorship was divulged. We may be allowed in this connection to pay our own tribute to the memory of Lord Charles James Fox Russell, whose very names perpetuate history, and whose kindness, enthusiasm, and simplicity we remember and revere. We miss Mrs Norton in the gallery; perhaps this omission may be remedied hereafter. The "*Pièces de Résistance*" chapters afford a genuine contribution to solid history. First-rate, worthy of Thackeray or of Disraeli, is the figure of that Marquis of Abercorn who always went out shooting in his blue ribbon, and required his housemaids to wear white kid gloves when they made his bed, and his wife to use the family

coach when she eloped. 1818 is far from 1718, but this ornament of his order is in close likeness to that immortal Duke of Somerset—the feeble terror of three successive Courts—who ordered his daughters to be standing sentinels of his siesta, and, on awaking to find one of them dropped into a chair from sheer fatigue, curtailed her inheritance. Mr Russell's favourites in "Conversation" are chiefly of the Holland House School. We could have wished for more of Lord Granville—the British Talleyrand. Again, of Lord Bowen we should like to have found the dulcet reply to the question whether a successful prig was not becoming "almost interesting"—"I think that perhaps when I have the pleasure of meeting him in another world, he may just begin to be interesting"; and of Lowe, that retort about the excellent "organ" for the articles of public men—"Organ, yes; but you must take the monkey with it." Among "Clergymen" he oddly enough omits Dr Magee; while in "Repartee" we miss that of Jowett to his secretary exploding into fits of officious laughter at an anecdote of the Master's—"Don't do that, Knight; you are not my wife." But these are our own recollections. Manning's medieval presence and Cæsarism, Lord Houghton, with the subacidity of his old age amiably erased, are speaking portraits. But the "Lord Shaftesbury" who, as patrician, scholar, and polished host, surrendered a career, dedicated privilege to humanity, and consecrated it to God, is a real

revelation. Lord Beaconsfield is handled by Mr Russell with a perverse mixture of sympathy and suspicion, applause and apology. Throughout he quotes him with evident delight even oftener than Dickens; and if *morale* be at stake, he protests a "sneaking sympathy" for the genius who penned that inspiring passage concerning Youth in 'Coningsby.' Yet he dwells with deliberate satire on his alleged arts as courtier, and ostentation as host. Had we room we could answer exhaustively. We might have enlarged on the ethics of anecdote. Disraeli was a dreamer and a poet. Imagination coloured his thoughts and actions. Like Canning, he was early misnamed "Adventurer" by the jealousy and prejudice of a *Dunciad*. Like Canning, he will be justified by history. Throughout his career the suffering million appealed to him with increasing power, but the shrieks of paid agitation were never "vox Dei" in his ears. No more than Carlyle could he tolerate the material creed of Utilitarianism. Like Gladstone himself, he sought to acclimatise the germs of inevitable democracy in the native air and soil of the constitution. His ideas are already triumphing. To quote his "diabolical cleverness" at the time when an imperious tribune was out of place, is as out of place as was then the imperious tribune. To bear out his pretentious hospitality by a story about ices at Hughenden, which is in fact a *mot* long before of Sir David Dundas; to substantiate the

"grotesque performances of his middle life" by a passage about "riding an Arabian mare across country," which, unless we mistake, occurs in the 'Home Letters,' and refers to his fantastic youth, is, to say the least, unconvincing. Nor can we admit the myth of his demand for non-existent tenants as pallbearers for his wife. He was surely too shrewd for the parade of territoriality at the expense of being made ridiculous at home. But this is a digression. Touching "An old Photograph-Book" it would ill become the present writer to speak. He recalls the glamour of those days with gratitude and regret. As we bid the volume farewell we re-echo Cicero,—*"Departing like a guest who has well dined."*

If Mr Russell's conversation-
alists hail from Holland House, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's are akin to Madame Mohl and the Seniors. We could desire larger limits to saunter through the severer Academe of the 'Notes from a Diary.' For academical Sir Mountstuart remains, despite his exceptional gifts and opportunities, and his long conversance with affairs. Nor is this disparagement. The outlook of Balliol at its zenith is one of delicate gravity—of culture applied to career. If its fastidiousness of tread be now and then somewhat the daintiness of Agag, if its omniscient studies and studied omniscience recall the palmy commencements of the 'Saturday Review,' they are none the less definite and active. Sir Mountstuart was from the first a scholar, a traveller, a politician,

a historian, and a lover of science. Long before his official eminence he moved among the best in Germany and France. He is always perceptive. His style is full of nicety and suggestion. And yet it seems to us there is a want of elasticity. The passages have been retouched. They lose some of their freshness by the subsequent glosses. They are in fact Commentaries rather than Diaries. College essays are quoted, and many of the 'Notes' resemble them. There is also a want of selection. The register is blent with the recital. We are told, for instance, of a consultation with a German oculist just after a lecture on Austria in 1851. We cannot be interested in the author's eyes as we are in Stella's. He dances from disquisition to personality. There are too many figureheads among the figures. But here criticism must end. Like the late Lord Houghton, a patriotic cosmopolitan with an abnormal memory, our author gazes at once on Europe and England with a keen eye for movements and an enthusiasm for every noble effort. How fine is that phrase of his about Maurice's sermons—"spiritual champagne"! How interesting his glimpses of Disraeli "in the faint dawn discoursing of Lord John Russell"! And he owns the saving grace of humour. Excellent is the description of Carlyle trotting Emerson round London and vainly endeavouring to make him believe in "the Deil." Admirable, too, is his account of Wilkes's dream, where Lord

Sandwich, "on the other side of the Styx," is made to swear because the champagne was not iced, and the ghostly innkeeper "shook his head very sadly and said, 'No ices here, no ices here.'" Nor should we neglect his faculty for landscape painting: "Great banks of cloud lying along the south-west; all the rest clear. Not even the highest leaves of the trees moving. Snowberries seen against the azaleas with their leaves all red. Hill of Stonyley under the sunset. Song of the redbreast reminding us of Cornish's lines, quoted in the 'Christian Year' for the twenty-first Sunday after Trinity."

From Pepys to Grant-Duff what a distance! yet these diaries bridge it over. Our cursory pictures have been only vignettes, and we have perforce omitted many—Defoe's 'Tour,' Speaker Onslow, Eckermann,

Lockhart, Moore, Hawthorne, and Boyle; the Letters of Thackeray and Disraeli, among the number; and there are countless "women who have kept a diary." Has not Mark Twain insisted on "The Diary of Adam and Eve"?

To "men who have kept a diary" we owe a deep debt of gratitude. They take us behind the scenes of character and achievement. They carry on the apostolic succession of experience. Pepys was the friend of Evelyn. Swift in his youth might have seen Evelyn in his age; Walpole in his boyhood might have beheld Swift. Walpole wrote for the Berrys. The Berrys lived to know both Johnson and Robinson. Grant-Duff records his meeting with the latter. The continuity of life thus popularises the uniformity of nature,—"*Vitai lampada tradunt.*"

W. SICHEL.

THE PRESERVATION OF AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

FROM time to time during the last few years there have appeared in the 'Times' and other English papers letters dealing with the subject of the probable eventual extinction of the African elephant. Most of these urge that some steps should be taken to prevent it, but scarcely any practical suggestions have been made. Some propose that "sanctuaries" should be formed, in Somaliland or elsewhere, with the object of preserving elephants. All unite in deploring the fact that the African elephant is being killed for its ivory, and seem to be of opinion that its slaughter can be prevented by legislation in England.

There is evident in most of such correspondence a certain want of knowledge on the part of the writers as to the real state of the case. In some instances it is apparently assumed that the elephant is being directly exterminated by Europeans, and that heavy licences and fees would secure the desired object.

The actual fact is, that the African native throughout the continent, since the introduction of firearms, urged on by the high value of ivory in European markets, has slaughtered elephants wherever he could find them, regardless of size or of sex; and so long as ivory of all descriptions is a valuable trade article, elephants will continue to be indiscriminately killed,

until, in many portions of Africa, they will be totally exterminated.

In South Africa the case was somewhat different. Almost up to the Zambesi may be called a white man's country, and south of that river Europeans are to a great extent directly responsible for the extermination of elephants. North of the Zambesi, the number shot by Europeans is trifling when compared with the quantities destroyed by natives.

To prevent wholesale slaughter, in the present condition of affairs in tropical Africa, is impossible, except in extremely restricted districts. There is probably no portion of the country which we have a better hold upon, and in which natives are more under control, than the British Central Africa Protectorate. Yet even within this comparatively small area it is found difficult to prevent the indiscriminate killing of elephants by natives. Africans seldom inform against one another in matters of this kind, and in spite of all regulations and precautions it not unfrequently happens that elephants are killed even close to Government stations without knowledge of the fact reaching official ears till long afterwards, if at all.

When, therefore, it is found so difficult to take this matter in hand, in a portion of Africa which is now comparatively full

of Government stations, it may readily be surmised that there is a very poor chance of our being able to protect in any way elephants throughout thousands of square miles which are practically free from control.

With regard to sanctuaries, Nature has provided, in certain parts of Africa, sanctuaries better than any we could form in Somaliland, which accomplish more than any artificial sanctuary could do. Vast portions of the Congo basin, dense forest country, are practically a natural sanctuary, and elephants will, no doubt, continue to be fairly plentiful in that part of Africa long after they have been exterminated from more healthy and open parts.

There would be no great difficulty experienced in forming sanctuaries of quite limited areas, — dots on the map of Africa, — provided funds were forthcoming for the necessary (heavy) expenditure. There is, indeed, such a sanctuary within a few miles of Port Elizabeth in South Africa, in the Knysna forest, where a large herd of elephants are protected and roam unmolested, 1500 miles distant from the nearest spot where any other wild elephants are found. In the British Central Africa Protectorate there is a district, on the Shiré river, known as the "Elephant Marsh," which up to 1889 was frequented by large numbers of elephants. This has now been formed into a game sanctuary; the elephants which left it in 1889 (or the remnants of the herds) are now again commencing to return, and it is hoped

that before long a large herd will become established there. While, however, such preserves are interesting, it would be futile to suppose that they can have any appreciable effect with regard to the main question of preventing the wholesale slaughter of elephants in Africa.

"Sanctuaries" of reasonable extent, moreover, are very expensive affairs—that is, if game within their limits is to be thoroughly protected. To proclaim a district a sanctuary is of no avail unless the necessary measures are taken to effectually guard against molestation by natives or Europeans.

Now that the recent successful campaign on the Nile has assured the speedy development of the Sudan, Khartoum will doubtless become before long a market for large quantities of ivory from the Equatorial provinces, Bahr el Ghazal, Wadai, Darfur, and the regions west and south of Abyssinia; and it becomes increasingly necessary that some practical steps be taken throughout Africa with a view to a proper system for the protection of small elephants, and especially of the females. If we really wish honestly to take in hand this question, some course must be adopted more far-reaching in its effects than the establishment of a few small preserves, or parks, here and there in the more civilised parts of the continent. We must, in fact, go to the root of the matter. It would not be possible, nor would it be at all desirable, to do away with the value of

ivory throughout the world, to make it worthless. The making of the ivory trade a Government monopoly, moreover, in this or that portion of the continent, in itself has little or no effect on the general question. Any country to be newly developed must have exports—and there are very few ready-made articles of export in Central Africa. Ivory is the chief of these, and upon this alone many districts have for generations past depended for their imports. West Africa has palm-oil, rubber, and other staple products. South and North Africa have many exports, but ivory has hitherto been almost the only export of Central Africa. It would therefore not be advisable to put an end to that trade or to make it a worthless one until, at any rate, there is something to take its place. If possible, it would obviously be far better to so regulate it that it may become a permanent trade. There is, I think, a way in which it would be possible to prevent the slaughter of small elephants, and to regulate the ivory trade in such a manner that it will not eventually become extinct.

If all the Powers and States holding territory in Africa would agree to strictly prohibit the export of tusks under a certain weight—say 14 lb.—(or portions of such tusks), and would faithfully carry out such agreement, all small ivory would become valueless to the owners. The African does not like to waste his powder—he would soon cease slaughtering the small and undersized elephants. Not

many cow tusks exceed 12 lb. in weight; and one result of this prohibition would be, that in course of time, as soon as the news had spread throughout tropical Africa that small tusks were no longer of any value, neither cow elephants nor undersized beasts would be shot for their ivory. It might be expedient even to go a step further,—to make it a criminal offence to be in possession of tusks under 14 lb. in weight.

There can, I think, be little doubt that if such a course were agreed upon and carried out, the result would be that the present indiscriminate slaughter of small elephants and cows would before long cease.

Unanimous agreement would be necessary. It would have little effect for only one or two Powers to prohibit the export of small ivory: the inevitable result would be, that small tusks, which at present reach a market through such territories, would find a new channel through territories of other Powers who might have no prohibition in force, and thus the trade of the prohibiting Powers would suffer to the gain of others. It would be essential that such agreement should be universal throughout the continent of Africa.

Whether it will ever be found possible to catch and tame African elephants and to make them of practical use, as in India, seems doubtful: not that the African elephant, when caught, would prove more difficult to tame than the Indian, but because, owing to the very different conditions prevailing in Africa, it would probably be

found impossible to obtain them in any quantities; and, when obtained, the nature of the African native unfits him for work requiring steady care and patience. The habits of African elephants are not altogether similar to those of the Indian. Whereas in India elephants are found in thick jungle, in the greater part of the eastern portion of Central Africa there is very little of what could be called jungle, and elephants are found in much more open country,—sometimes in swamps and plains; at others, in the park-like, somewhat sparsely wooded country which covers such vast areas north of the Zambesi. Through all this bush country annual fires run, with the result that there is no thick jungle. Elephants in this country are so constantly harassed by native hunters that they never remain in one locality for more than a few hours, and a day later are perhaps twenty miles away. Thus keddahs would be out of the

question. With an Indian population in Africa, possibly the elephant might be tamed and used.

At the present date various regulations dealing with elephants and the ivory question are in force in different territories of Central, West, and East Africa. In most cases licences, involving the payment of fees of varying amounts, have to be taken out by those wishing to shoot elephants. To all intents and purposes, however, all these regulations when in operation only affect Europeans. In the British Central Africa Protectorate, during a period of seven years not half-a-dozen licences have been taken out. What is wanted, therefore, is some method of dealing with the elephant question which will affect the African native. And any measures taken which do not reach the native himself throughout all the limits of Central Africa will fail to have much effect.

ALFRED SHARPE.

MONTROSE AND ARGYLL IN FICTION.

THE uncompromising student of history is seldom interested in historical romances unless he adventure among them with the intention of pulling them to pieces. And it will hardly be denied that he may spend a busy holiday in the pastime. The ignorance which the general reader is not ashamed to confess may not be the reason why so many authors are so eager to parade their historical acquirements; but at least it promises them immunity from the hostile criticism of those more ignorant than themselves. There are some who maintain that in historical romances the accuracy of the author is of very secondary importance, and that no story should be condemned for its historical deficiencies, if in other respects it fulfils the requirements of the best fiction. This is as much as to say that an author may re-create the historic dead in any guise he may choose, so long as he gives them the similitude of life, and makes them consistent with themselves and their surroundings. You are reminded of certain historical romances wherein the details are a miracle of research and industry, but the romance lifeless, colourless, and unreadable. By the intuition of genius many an author has persuaded himself that he can catch the spirit of past ages without being careful that his puppets should wear the costumes or exhibit the habits proper to their time and

country, or that they should even correspond in character with their original prototypes. But why should such romances be called historical; or why should the authors of them make any pretence at historical verisimilitude when they have no intention to attain it? Sir Walter Scott was not an accurate historian, as some men count accuracy; but he generally knew so much more than his critics, and so great was his common-sense and sane his judgment, that his inaccuracies were seldom of much account. He wrote in the first place for the amusement of those who read him; but he was intimately acquainted with the history and the colour of the times of which he treated. His knowledge was so curious and so wide, that with perfect ease he re-created the past with what brilliant colouring and spacious humour his genius was capable. Naturally, where Scott has left his mark few have cared to enter into competition with him. Comparisons are unjust, but they are sure to be drawn between authors who select the same subjects. Lately there have been published two books which treat more or less of the times and scenes depicted in 'A Legend of Montrose.' Mr Neil Munro in his 'John Splendid,' and Mr MacLaren Cobban in his 'Angel of the Covenant,' deal with different periods of that stupendous struggle between Montrose and Argyll which

makes the history of the times a romance in itself. Neither author need fear any comparison with Sir Walter in the matter of their historical proficiency. Mr Munro's book is in some respects a quite unique contribution to our knowledge of the Highlands of Scotland at that period, a brilliant interpretation of the Highland character; while Mr Cobban's book, from the merely historical point of view, is a careful and lucid presentation of the times and men of which he treats.

In his life of Montrose, Mark Napier has drawn a portrait of the Great Marquis which certainly does not err through any lack of appreciation. It is an enthusiastic eulogy, yet its honesty has never been seriously impugned nor its essential accuracy denied. But no historian who is obviously so much in love with his hero could be trusted to give an impartial account of his character and achievements, and at the same time deal justly with the enemies of that hero. To Napier, Montrose was the almost divine hero, and Argyll the villain, mean, treacherous, and contemptible. It is said that the devil is not so black as he is painted; and even Argyll, you may be sure, had some good points. You need not, however, look for them in Napier's life of Montrose. But if you must not go to Napier for an impartial picture of Argyll, you may well be satisfied with his portrait of Montrose. There is not a more winsome and brilliant figure in history. A poet, a statesman,

a soldier, and a martyr: the combination is so all-embracing as to suggest exaggeration. And yet it is the plain truth. Not a great poet, he is yet among the immortals, because in a happy moment he succeeded in putting himself into a ballad which must always be quoted as the lyric of the very Lancelot of Cavaliers. As a statesman he had foresight, judgment, and prudence, although for one so intrepid in action, Montrose was curiously temperate in council. He was simple and sincere. The happy faculty was his to give a clear and straight answer to the questions put to him by fate and circumstance; and there you have the admission that he was not subtle—something even wanting, perhaps, in diplomacy. In this Argyll had him at advantage, and pinned him fast. But was the loss with Montrose in the end? Had he been other than he was, would he at this distance of time be the gracious figure he is? For he stands out from among his contemporaries by reason of this simplicity and honesty, quite as much as by his brilliant fame as a soldier. Charles I. could not have had a better counsellor than Montrose; but Charles, though he came to recognise before the end the greatness of this Bayard of the North, with his usual bad luck did not do so in time. Had it been otherwise, the history of England and Scotland might read very differently to-day. For he was a great soldier as well as a statesman. His campaigns

against the successive armies raised against him by the Covenant have gained for him a unique place in the history of warfare. Reading of them, you are reminded on a small scale of the achievements of Alexander and Napoleon. In all three there was genius, combined with physical energy nothing less than dæmonic, which by a miracle they transmitted to their followers. The forced marches of Montrose will compare with anything of the kind in history. With a handful of Highland caterans and wild Irishmen, whose weapons included bows and arrows, and flinty stones picked from the hillside, he fought and won six battles, against a foe in each instance superior in numbers, cavalry, and artillery. But it was a cruel fortune that fought against Montrose and ruined him in the end. Had not MacDonald and Aboyne forsaken him after the battle of Kilsyth, he must have brought the Covenant to its knees. But it was not to be; and Fate, not Corydon, vanquished him at Philiphaugh. But even had he been able to join forces with the king, it was too late for him then to have rolled back the tide of victory that was carrying Cromwell to supreme power. One thing alone is certain, that of all his generals Charles had but one who was Cromwell's match, and they never met. Of his appearance, the various chroniclers are agreed that he was of middle height, and well-proportioned, fair, and with grey eyes. Of his manner, a

hostile scribe noted that it was stately to affectation. And what if it were? From his boyhood he dreamed of doing great deeds, and was a man in everything but years when he was seventeen. He paid fastidious attention to his dress, so that his appearance should always be worthy of himself and of the occasion. Even on the morning of his execution he did not forget what was due to the head which should shortly adorn the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Such trifles are eloquent of the type of man. He loved women, and art, and flowers: that did not prevent him from being the most brilliant soldier of his time, and a pattern to posterity.

Argyll was not only the enemy, he was the antithesis, of Montrose. His appearance was repellent, and his disposition reserved and furtive. He was of a scholarly habit of mind, and, like many another statesman, his books were his dearest companions, and often his sole consolation. But his party in the State set no store by such literary attainments as he could boast, and posterity knows only by hearsay that Gillespie Gruamach was a student of men and books. His statesmanship has been as bitterly condemned as at one time it was praised. In private life he may have been a paragon of virtue, but as a statesman he was absolutely unscrupulous. His supporters forgave him everything; his enemies forgave him nothing. He did not invent the Covenant, but he used it to further his own ends.

Doubtless he believed his policy was the best that could be devised for Scotland, but it got mixed up with his own personal ambition. It would be unjust to call him a hypocrite; for under the cloak of religion in those days, and even now, men thought they were justified in avenging their own wrongs. The deception was gross enough to permit them to commit murder in the name of the Lord. Argyll's religion was not a very beautiful thing; but that was no reason why it should not have suited him, and held him tight as in a vice. It is quite certain that, like the skilful politician he was, he saw the trend of Scottish opinion, and shaped his policy accordingly. Such are not the great men of the world, but they make history all the same. Montrose was a greater statesman than Argyll, because his mind was less trammelled; he had a more manly ideal—that is to say, a more healthy conception of what men's lives on the earth should be. This is evident enough if you consider that we of the nineteenth century could have lived and enjoyed liberty of thought and action under Montrose; but to be subservient to the policy of Argyll, and his black-hatted, black-coated mob, would be so intolerable that death were not so hideous an alternative.

'A Legend of Montrose,' though a favourite with all lovers of Scott, is not one of his masterpieces. It contains one of the happiest creations of his genius; but, superb as he is, Dugald Dalgetty cannot carry

the 'Legend' into the first rank of his creator's works. Certainly the manner in which you are introduced to Montrose is not very happy. It is true that he escaped out of England into Scotland disguised as a groom. But when he joined MacDonald and the Chiefs at Blair Athole and unfurled the Royal Standard, he appeared without disguise, accompanied by a single attendant and dressed in kilts. The scene is well described by Mark Napier. But Scott preferred to introduce him as a groom named Anderson, in attendance on his cousin Lord Kilpont. Although you are aware that the somewhat forward servant of the young lord is the Marquis of Montrose, yet, to all intents and purposes, he is Anderson until he discloses himself to the Chiefs, and the whole effect is somewhat disappointing. The scene between Montrose and Sir Duncan Campbell is excellent; and it is the only one where Montrose is put on his mettle. He is not one of Sir Walter's great historical portraits; and it is in the purely explanatory parts of the narrative that you get a glimpse of Scott's estimate of him. The common charge brought against Montrose is that he joined the Covenant because he had been slighted at Court; and that he deserted the Covenant because Argyll, and not himself, was given the chief place in council and command. Yet the date of his reception by Charles and that of his signing the Covenant cannot be made to agree; and he parted with the Covenanters

because they and not he had been false to the true conception of the Covenant. Yet Scott seems to have accepted the view of him that was entertained by his enemies. His portrait of Argyll is on the whole better than that of Montrose. You are confronted with Argyll in his own castle, surrounded with flatterers, and with the great Dalgetty as a foil. For one whose sympathies were always strongly enlisted on the side which he espoused, Scott is wonderfully impartial—so much so, that his treatment of Argyll is even more considerate than his treatment of Montrose. He will not allow that the chief who ran away at Inverlochy was a coward, because when he was led to execution he behaved with becoming firmness. But he regrets the devastation made by the bands whom Montrose led through the country of Argyll, and says it has been “repeatedly and justly quoted as a blot on his actions and character.” It was an essential point in Montrose’s scheme that the military power of Argyll in Scotland, and especially in the Highlands, should be destroyed. Argyll had turned him out of house and home, and there would undoubtedly be the satisfaction of revenge in paying MacCallum More back in his own coin. But it was never the practice of Montrose to visit the horrors of war on the helpless and innocent. For any excesses of this kind that occurred in the Campbell country blame must not be attached to Montrose, whose character and reputation in this

respect need no vindication. He was simply unable to prevent the wild savages whom he led from obeying their instincts. Most of the chiefs with him had wrongs to avenge, and they took their own way of doing it. He had divided his force into three bands, one of which he led himself. The other two bands had leaders from whom the enemies of their clans need expect no quarter. The charge of wanton cruelty could with much greater justice be brought against him who burned to the ground the bonnie house o’ Airlie.

But the interest of ‘A Legend of Montrose’ has very little to do either with Montrose or Argyll. Dugald Dalgetty is the hero of the romance. There are some who are not ashamed to confess that they find Dalgetty wearisome. He is said to be monotonous. As a companion on a campaign it is just possible that the famous Rittmaster might prove himself an intolerable bore. He would hardly be described as a boon companion. But the charm of Dalgetty is the delightfully fresh and naïve way he behaves in the different scenes which he has made immortal. He is always Dalgetty, and yet quite different with Montrose, with Argyll, with Sir Duncan Campbell, and above all with his *protégé*, the unfortunate Ranald of the Mist. In this respect he has the variety of all the great humorous creations in literature. And not only is he immortal himself. He has extended the immortality of another. How many thousands would have gone to their

graves unconscious of the very existence of the invincible Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North and the bulwark of Protestantism, had it not been for his faithful Rittmaster, Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket?

In 'John Splendid'¹ Mr Neil Munro has drawn a vivid picture of the scenes which were once familiar to Dalgetty, but which had not previously been described with any degree of intimacy. Mr Munro's previous book, 'The Lost Pibroch,' not only was evidence of an author who must henceforth be reckoned with as something new and strong in contemporary literature; it was a revelation of the Highlands and of the Highland character as fascinating as it was authentic. The mystery of the mountains; the gloom and terror they provoke, not less than the joy and buoyancy; the colour and witchery of Nature,—all these were expressed with the unfaltering touch of the artist who is sure of himself. The effect of their surroundings on the men who live among the hills; their savage instincts, superstitions, poetry,—these also were expressed adequately for the first time in the language of the despised Sassenach. It was evident that the author knew his Celt from the inside; that he sympathised with him as only he can who is blood of his blood. The artist likewise had a style of his own that commanded admiration. Although

it was the author's first book, it was the work of no tyro, but of one who could stand on his own merit, and abide judgment without favour. It was inevitable, therefore, that Mr Munro's next book should be kindly welcomed and keenly scrutinised.

It is impossible to compare a romance with a volume of short stories, except in so far as they have something in common. And 'John Splendid' has a great deal in common with 'The Lost Pibroch.' For both deal with Highland places and Highland hearts. In this respect Mr Munro's new book amply fulfils the promise of the earlier one. There is no falling away, and in several instances a marked advance. As a descriptive writer, it would be difficult to name his rival. Those who have many novels to read are generally shy of descriptions of natural scenery. It is so easy to do it badly. Mr Munro describes Nature well because he loves it, because it is an essential point in his story, and because he is a consummate artist. The minor characters in 'John Splendid' are as well done as those in the 'Lost Pibroch,' which is as much as to say that they are as well done as they need ever be. John Lom, the bard of Keppoch, with his ridiculous conceit, his childish and insatiable love of praise, his gift of song, and the high sense of responsibility with which he avowed it, is just such a sketch as Mr Munro has taught us to

¹ John Splendid: The Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Lorn. By Neil Munro. Fifth edition. William Blackwood & Sons.

expect from him. The humour of it is so refreshing, the reality so convincing. Or take the scene with the widow of Glencoe, so exquisite in its blending of pathos and grim humour. Rob Stewart of Appin, too, who had lost his ears, and covered the loss with his bonnet, is he not a humorous dog, though as wanting in every Christian virtue as a Highland stot! There is not a character in the book, however briefly described, but is done to the life. They step across the heather, strong-limbed and full-blooded, lusty with life, and full of Highland pride and cunning: no phantoms of the brain, but living men.

As a romance 'John Splendid' is a distinct success. It is brilliantly written, and presents a picture of the Highlands of Scotland in the middle of the seventeenth century absolutely unique. All the characters are true to life and race, and two of them, John Splendid and Argyll, must take a very high place in literature. The book is full of episodes and adventures, which are connected with each other by the presence in all of them of young Elrigmore, who tells the story, and the interest never wanes through a single page. If there is a fault at all, it is that Elrigmore's love-affair leaves you cold, and Betty has so much spirit apparently that she makes even the author a little shy of her. It is impossible to resist the impression that Betty loved John; and although she denounced him in her heart for a deed that was not his, still her interest in the child of the

dead girl seems to have had some nameless motive not unconnected with John Splendid behind it. It is certain that John was of opinion that he could have won Betty had he tried; but he played the hero, and sacrificed himself for his friend.

John Splendid is a really masterly creation. Before he made his bow to the world, if you had been asked to name the typical Highlander of fiction, you would hardly have gone to Scott to find him, because Scott's Highlandmen are a trifle conventional, though he himself created the convention. The Dougal Cratur and the old Highland servant in the 'Legend' are very amusing, with their shes and shentlemens, which is still supposed in certain quarters to be the way in which the English language is spoken in the Highlands. Scott created a Highlandman to suit his purpose whenever it was necessary; and, like most of his creations, it was good. But it is recognised that Stevenson came nearer the truth in Alan Breck Stewart; and John Splendid is a more subtle psychological study than Alan Breck. This is undoubtedly high praise. For Alan is a favourite, and one of the happiest of Stevenson's creations. Comparisons are generally misleading and tend to misconceptions; but here it is inevitable that the comparison should be made. The difference between the two men, however, is so marked that the comparison should only serve to throw both into greater relief. What they

have in common are their Highland pride, their personal prowess, and something magnetic in their personality.

But John Splendid is altogether a bigger man than Alan Breck. He has more brains and a broader character. In the Highlands caste is a very real thing; and Alan would not have hesitated to let the Splendid take the lead. John Splendid is a gentleman with a weakness; for a man of his temperament he is wonderfully tolerant; his vices are of a generous quality. He refrains from speaking the truth to his friends lest he should hurt them, not from any personal fear of the consequences. He has a mistaken sense of courtesy, which even with the humblest leads him into the most awkward predicaments. The man is consistent with himself. His aim is to please, whenever he is not confronted with an enemy. He flatters Argyll and speaks the sweet lie to him, for the same reason that he must needs tickle the ears of the blind widow of Glencoe. But he is no traducer. He will not praise a man to his face and say the bitter thing behind his back. Now, Alan Breck had the same desire to be admired by all and sundry; but he had not the same tact. His conceit took offence so easily that he had generally to fall back on his praise of himself for adequate appreciation. John Splendid, again, has a much more severe ordeal to pass through than ever Alan had. In the person of the Rev. Mr Gordon, chaplain to the Mar-

quis of Argyll, John Splendid, the trimmer, met the uncompromising apostle of truth; and Mr Gordon generally managed to make the truth as unpleasant as possible. The conflicts between the two are excellent reading; and on the whole John behaves very well, save on one occasion. The clergyman at last succeeded in goading him into an act unworthy of himself, whereby the godly Master Gordon came very near to suffocation. Thereafter John was at a sore disadvantage,—and it was Mr Gordon who played the gentleman. It was a happy inspiration to confront those two men with each other: by no other test could the Splendid's moral weakness have been so effectually proved. The reader would have been taken in as easily as most of the people that John met; but there was no deceiving Mr Gordon. It is not for nothing that Mr Gordon, unamiable though he be, is the one person in the book who commands your entire respect. He was narrow and bigoted; and his highest conception of his duty was the denunciation of sin without fear or favour. Yet he was sincere and honest and, of a most valiant heart. It was a great pity he could not have given his patron the Marquis of Argyll some of his courage and honesty, instead of those moral scourgings which probably caused the squint-eyed chief of Diarmid much less searching of heart than he ever let his worthy chaplain know.

Mr Munro's portrait of Ar-

gyll is a fine bit of work. He presents him as a statesman who had the welfare of his country and his clan at heart; a bookish man who, had it not been for an uncomfortable ambition, would have preferred the study to the Senate or the field; and finally, as the disciple of Master Gordon could not fail to be, a sincerely religious man. At the same time, he is represented as ambitious, crafty, selfish, flattered out of all true knowledge of himself, and probably a coward. On this last point Mr Munro is a trifle ambiguous. He seems to admit all that can be said in proof of Argyll's pusillanimity, and yet maintain that the man was not a coward but vacillating to a degree. You are confronted with his cowardice, and yet asked to believe that when put to the test Argyll was as bold of heart as any. The excuses which he himself gives for his flight from Inverlochy and Inverary are those of a man driven hard in self-defence, who would fain keep his self-esteem, and yet knows that he has lost the esteem of his fellows. He claims boldly enough that he is no poltroon; and would even have you believe that his irresolution in the face of danger is due to some dubiety as to whether he has really right on his side. Did the same Marquis know the same irresolution when he plotted in safety? In any case, Archibald Marquis of Argyll cuts but a sorry figure in Mr Munro's pages. And yet you have a kindlier notion of Argyll after reading 'John

Splendid' than ever you had before. The man is revealed to you in his weakness, and an appeal with great skill is made direct to your pity. This is certainly true of the last scene in which Argyll figures. After the flight from Inverlochy you are introduced to the unhappy man lying ill of a fever in his bed at Inverary, with the faithful Master Gordon at his side, rubbing in the truth, you may be sure, where the skin was tenderest. Mr Munro in this scene—and for vivid realisation it is a powerful piece of writing—lets the dignity of Argyll go by the board. You are confronted with a soul in agony, who in the very attitude he assumes would make himself ridiculous, were it not for his painful earnestness. Mr Munro is quite conscious of this; for John Splendid afterwards remarks that "the man was in his bed, and his position as he cocked up there on his knees was not the most dignified I have seen." With his dignity gone, his pride broken, his heart bitter to sickness with its own shame, Argyll disarms you of resentment, and you must be very hard of heart if you do not leave his bed-chamber with a more tender notion of the man.

Of Montrose Mr Munro gives you only a glimpse, and that anything but flattering to the Great Marquis. And here this article would necessarily end, were it not that Mr MacLaren Cobban in 'The Angel of the Covenant'¹ has essayed to do for

¹ The Angel of the Covenant. By J. MacLaren Cobban. Methuen.

Montrose what Mr Munro has achieved in the case of Argyll. Here, for the first time in fiction, have Montrose and Argyll been confronted with each other—a big undertaking, but accomplished with success. The story covers a period of twelve years, from 1629 to 1641, and consequently does not touch upon those events in the lives of Montrose and Argyll which have most largely contributed to render them famous in history. The Covenant is the theme; and to right and left of it stand these two, at first in apparent amity, which in due time gives place to unconcealed hatred. In order that the reader might clearly understand the true purport of the Covenant, that remarkable event in Scottish history, and the different attitudes adopted towards it by Montrose and Argyll, it was necessary that the condition of Scotland at that period should be adequately set forth. It is the background of the romance, and the danger was that the author should give it undue prominence. Mr Cobban has steered clear of this pitfall, into which so many conscientious historical romancists have fallen to their own hurt. The story and the history are so interwoven that you are never impressed with the difference. Nor does the author take any violent liberties with history, in order that the gentle reader may not be unduly perturbed in spirit; as did Sir Walter, for example, when he made young Kilpont recover from the fatal blow dealt him by Allan M'Aulay,

in order that he might wed Annot Lyle. Into a firm and accurate framework of history Mr Cobban has worked his romance, and the result is an admirable picture of Scotland and her most famous sons during that seething period of discontent and bigotry which heralded the civil war. Montrose is the hero, in all the vigour of his splendid youth. You are introduced to him at the age of seventeen on his way to visit Jameson, the Scottish Vandyck, and have his portrait painted—the portrait that shows even at that early age all the sweetness and strength that were as noticeable in the great Marquis of Montrose as in the boy James Grahame.

The opening chapters of the tale introduce to each other, to their ultimate sorrow, Montrose and Alec Burnet, and Mistress Magdalen Keith—afterwards the Angel of the Covenant, but then little more than a child. Maudlin is a frank, daring, beautiful child, worshipful of heroes, and even then unconsciously challenging them to love: she grows into a brilliant, unhappy woman, whose heart must have broken but for her beauty and her pride. Montrose in these early scenes bears himself with all the dignity and affability which seemed to come naturally to one who, as a boy, believed himself born to do great deeds. But it is not until Argyll comes on the scene that he shows himself in his real strength. Ten years older than Montrose, he is a much abler diplomatist than the young Earl, and in these first months

of their intimacy gives you almost the impression of having the finer brain of the two. Argyll helps Montrose to know himself, to realise himself and his own gifts of mind and body. No sooner is that accomplished than he takes the first place, and Argyll falls into the second. The greatness of his fate seems only to dawn upon Montrose when he is confronted with the man who, beginning as his rival, soon became his foe, and was in the end his murderer. There is humour in the scene in which Argyll first figures. His craftiness, no less than the power of the man, is admirably presented. He has the most perfect control of himself, and there is a patient watchfulness in his manner that holds your attention. Admirers of Argyle, and even those who insist that there are good qualities in all men, will not admit that Mr Cobban has done Gillespie Gruamach justice. Certainly, if he had any kindly virtues in his disposition—as to which there is undoubtedly some scepticism—they are sternly repressed in Mr Cobban's portrayal of him. And yet he is not described as altogether mean, cowardly, and treacherous. Until he discloses his settled enmity to Montrose, he is cheerful and even winning,—a soother of strife. And although, of course, all this but serves to convince you of his guile, yet it wins your admiration. The contest between Montrose and Argyll, though not apparent at first, becomes gradually inevitable; and when at last they face each other with nothing to veil the issue between them, the

climax is reached and sustained. Although Argyll is foiled, he covers his retreat so skilfully as to shield Mr Cobban from the charge of injustice. There is only one scene where King Campbell completely gives himself away, and then he is not confronted with Montrose, but with the Angel of the Covenant. This is where Argyll is caught in a trap, and is in imminent danger of his life if he refuses to purchase it by signing the release of Montrose from prison. The passionate anger of Maudlin at Argyll's taunt, the terror and rage of Argyll, the resentment of a quick wit in thrall to brute force,—it is all very natural. But somehow it leaves a doubt in the mind whether the constitutional timidity of Argyll would degenerate into such abject terror at the touch of the cold muzzle of a pistol, which his quick brain might have told him would discharge no bullet at his head.

Montrose triumphs over Argyll by force of character, not by superior wit. It seems to have been Mr Cobban's intention to vindicate his hero, not at the expense of any one else, but simply by the presentation of his transparent honesty and sweetness. As the story progresses and the real issue opens out to him, Montrose takes on a sterner mood. You meet him as a boy; you take leave of him a man fully equipped for the splendid achievements which were to make his name illustrious. He is every inch a hero, without a shadow of abatement; and they say that no man is altogether

so. The portrait is without doubt idealised; but you are convinced of its essential truth. The charm of his manner; his gaiety and wit; the proud valour of his heart,—you are confronted with them. Thus the artist is justified, though the historian may be convicted of prejudice. Montrose's relations with Magdalen Keith is a delicate subject, and Mr Cobban has handled it with tact. This young creature, so beautiful, daring, and witty, loves Montrose with a passionate intensity that could have but one result unless you have implicit confidence in the honour of the hero. That of course you take for granted; and so Maudlin, with her exquisite beauty and aching heart, becomes more and more tragic as the tale draws to an end. With nothing to aid her but the truth, the truth that would be shameful but for her great love and her pride in it, she defies the world and is victorious. But she passes before you as one who is wounded to death, and yet will put a brave face on it, because it is better to be proud and brave than abject and tearful. The Lady Balgownie, her mother, is a stout-hearted, merry dame, with a good supply of wholesome Scots humour and a shrewd wit: the same type of woman as her daughter, but better balanced and with a larger share of common-sense. But the difference is sufficient to fit the one for comedy, the other for tragedy, in the play of life.

It was surely a happy coincidence that 'John Splendid'

and 'The Angel of the Covenant' should have appeared in the same year, the one with Argyll as the great historical figure, the other with Montrose. Sir Walter, with his large impartiality and supreme indifference, presents both men in a somewhat casual manner to his readers. His heart was with Dalgetty, and where his heart was, there his genius was sure to be brightest. But his swift sketches of Montrose and Argyll catch with unerring instinct those tricks of expression and traits of character which have become traditional. What a source of tradition was this great magician! We talk of the romance of Scottish history as though it existed of itself, and was not the offspring of his genius, whose creative power, imaginative force, and buoyant humour cannot be equalled outside the works of Shakespeare. No one but Mr Crockett, we think, would dare to make a story of the Covenanters whom Claverhouse hunted about the hills. 'Old Mortality' commands a pass that none can force. But Scott left Montrose and Argyll to those who should come after him. Mr Cobban deals with an earlier period than that covered by 'A Legend of Montrose.' But Mr Monro, daring much, but with brilliant success, selects the same year and covers the same ground that beheld Dalgetty. He knows these West Highland hills and dales with a lover's intimacy. The Scottish Highlands and the men who live there have at last found their artist.

If Montrose receives but scant courtesy in the pages of 'John Splendid,' you have the record of "The Miraculous Journey" for compensation. It is a happy phrase, "The Miraculous Journey," and it will live with the chapter that describes it so long as men love to read of great deeds and heroic endurance. The cold and the darkness; the hunger, the weariness, and the pain; the impassable mountains to be overcome, the icy rivers to be forded with limbs that shrink from the ordeal, — the whole journey passes before you, and grips you like a nightmare. And although young Elrignmore will have it that Alasdair MacDonald was the moving spirit of that triumphant progress, you have only to remember that Montrose was there, and where the king is, there can be no second. If Argyll has to bear the burden of a somewhat unenviable reputation in history, in fiction he has attracted more notice than Montrose. Argyll has been presented with three full-length portraits of himself,

while Montrose has only two. Which of the three Gillespie Gruamach would prefer is a delicate question to decide. Mr Munro describes him, as it were, in undress, and it is the most human portrait of Argyll that has yet been done. Mr Cobban presents him to you as the crafty politician; and Sir Walter as the great noble. Mr Cobban dwells so insistently on his cowardice, that the tribute, handsome and unhesitating as it is, to Argyll's intellect would scarce conciliate him to the likeness. You begin to think that perhaps Sir Walter's portrait would be the least unpleasant to the victim, until you remember the terrible indignity put upon him by the redoubtable Dalgetty in the cell in Inverary Castle. After all, it is Mr Munro who has painted the portrait of Argyll which is fairest to the man. As for Montrose, Mr Cobban's portrait of him is the beginning of that rehabilitation in fiction which has long since been finished in history.

THE CARLISTS : THEIR CASE, THEIR CAUSE,
THEIR CHIEFS.

ABOUT the end of last year—*i.e.*, of 1897—the writer of these words asked a priest of the very clerical town of Vich, in the hill-country of Catalonia, whether a revival of the Carlist cause was not to be expected in the troubles of Spain. The answer was an emphatic and even derisive negative. “*Carlistas, Señor,*” said he; “no, indeed, all that is ancient history—*ha pasado á la historia*—we suffered too much from the last war, and will not go out again. We are too tired of everything.” The priest may have said what he really thought, or may have exercised a strict economy of truth, holding it better only to say what was safe. Yet the truth of his answer was “probal to thinking,” and his judgment was largely in harmony with that of men of very different types. Lawyers and men of business also refused to believe in a Carlist rising as an immediate serious danger. It was not that they thought the thing quite impossible, but only most improbable, unless a certain antecedent condition were first supplied. The reappearance of the Carlist bands, in their opinion, was a disaster which would follow others, but not come spontaneously of itself. Still, to some minds, the supposition that the old cry of *Dios, Patria, y Rey*—God, Country, and King—might be heard once more, was serious. The question asked of the priest in Vich was put to the curator

of the monastery of Poblet near Tarragona—the old burial-place of the Kings of Aragon, a vast combination of religious house, palace, and fortress, which may well have given Philip II., who once visited it, the idea of the Escorial. He was an old man, whose memory went back to the thirties, when the abbot of Poblet was still a prince, and when 700 Cistercian monks, lay-brothers, foresters, huntsmen, and workmen lived within the walls. He had seen the country-people break in and burn the title-deeds, and could remember how a “Liberal” rabble from Tarragona followed soon after, tore the embalmed body of James the Conqueror from his tomb, and propped it up at the door with a musket in its arms. They played skittles in the cloister with the bones and skulls of the princes of the house of Aragon. This, and the vengeance for this, were vivid in the old man’s mind, and he answered one’s light inquiry whether the Carlists might not come again by drawing himself together, with a look of suspicion and fear, and the words, “I hope not, *Señor*; I have seen them three times, and trust not to see them again in the days of my life.” Yet even to him a recrudescence of the Carlist cause was a misfortune rather to be dreaded than expected.

Catalonia was a great headquarters of the party, and if it does not move, little can be

done for Don Carlos. Nevertheless, we have heard a great deal of late of agitations, of significant movements on the part of the Pretender, of committees at work in the towns to collect recruits, and of what, if true, is serious—namely, of attempts, more or less successful, to debauch the troops. At the lowest there is something in all this, even if it be only a Stock Exchange manœuvre meant to frighten the public and affect the market. People would not be frightened by what they know to be a mere scarecrow of rags and patches. Therefore it is not superfluous to take a look once more at the Carlists, their chiefs, their real cause, and their technical case.

A few words—very few will suffice—may be given to the last-named. The Carlist case is not what it professes to be, and what the rather comic *poseurs* of the White Rose League, who perform private theatricals in the streets round the statues of Charles I. and James II., emphatically tell us that it is—namely, a legitimist case. Even comparatively sober people talk about “the undoubted right of Don Carlos.” There is no such thing. The theorists of the party maintain, since there is rooted desire in human nature for a legal excuse of some kind, that the descent of the crown in Spain was to heirs-male only, and that Ferdinand VII. had no authority to set aside his brother, the first Don Carlos, in favour of his daughter, Isabel II., grandmother of the present sovereign, who in her early years was

pathetically called La Inocente—the Innocent. But their contention is in direct contradiction both to the written law and the uniform practice of all the states of the Peninsula. We will not oppress our readers with a display of what is, after all, sufficiently easy learning. It is enough to say that two things are certain in Spanish history. One is, that the right of the king’s daughter to succeed when he left no son was beyond dispute. It is affirmed in the code of laws called the *Siete Partidas*. It was acted on when Urraca succeeded her father Alfonso VI. in Castile, and Petronilla succeeded her father Ramiro, the ex-claustrated monk, in Aragon. Isabel la Católica succeeded her brother Henry in Castile. Her right was only contested by Henry’s putative daughter, Juana la Belibaneja, who was set aside by the Cortes because it was not humanly possible to believe her legitimate. Observe the contest here was between two ladies, and the right of La Belibaneja (in which name there is concealed an old scandal) was clear, if certain notorious transactions, ignominious to human nature, had allowed the Prelates, Ricos-hombres—i.e., the barons—and good towns of Castile to accept her as the daughter of King Henry. The Catholic sovereigns were succeeded by their daughter, Juana la Loca—the Mad. During all the poor lady’s long life of melancholy insanity her name appeared in public Acts as Queen of Castile. The second point is, that in disputed cases the Cortes decided. There is

a famous example in the choice of Ferdinand, surnamed of Antequera, of the House of Castile, to succeed to the crown of Aragon on the death of Martin the Humane. He was preferred for his known wisdom and sufficiency ; but he claimed through his mother, a princess of Aragon. The Hapsburgs did indeed make a family compact by which the Spanish and Austrian branches were to be heirs of one another, on the failure of heirs-male in either. This family compact was never law, and was disregarded by Carlos II., the Bewitched, who made his will in favour of his sister, the wife of Lewis XIV., and her heirs. Philip V., the first of the Bourbon kings, did indeed establish the Salic line in Spain, for reasons of his own, by "pragmatic sanction," and against the will of his Spanish subjects. This pragmatic sanction was revoked by his grandson, Charles IV., in a Cortes assembled for the purpose. The revocation was not promulgated till his son, Ferdinand VII., found himself dying with no male heir. Ferdinand was a miserable creature, mean and cunning, cowardly and cruel. He behaved wretchedly — deciding and revoking his decisions to the last moment. Yet his final word was for his daughter; and if he had never spoken, the Cortes would have been entitled to disregard the "pragmatic sanction" of Philip V. as a mere arbitrary and temporary interference with the old-established law of succession. When the heralds stood in front of the great white Palace at Madrid

and cried, "Oye, Castilla, por la reina Isabel"—Hear, Castile, for Queen Isabel—they were proclaiming the "legitimate sovereign of Spain." And so much for the pedantry of the story.

If, then, the Carlists do not stand on a clear legal right, as the French Legitimists can, on what do they stand? On the ambitions of the male line of the Spanish Bourbons, to which the passions, the fears, the faults, the virtues, the local patriotisms, and the fanaticisms of certain portions of the Spanish peoples have given validity. As these qualities have really made the Carlist cause, which owes little indeed to its princes, let us look at them first.

The whole Iliad in a nutshell of modern Spanish history is the reaction of the old bottles against the invasion of the new wine. It is the Carlists who have conducted the fight on the side of the resistance, and what they opposed was everything in politics, religion, or irreligion, which first produced the French Revolution, and then by means of it recast all Europe. They may be said to have begun before the armies of Napoleon had been driven out of the country. There were already men who said that the expulsion of the French was not enough. It was also necessary to expel the Afrancesados, the Frenchified Spaniards, by which name was meant all who were known, or even suspected, to be touched by "Liberalism." The conflict fills the whole reign of Ferdinand, and it is this clash of principles which alone gives some measure of interest—and in-

telligibility—to a long, most brainless, and always sanguinary welter. The immediate ancestors of the Carlists were the organisers of the so-called war of the “Agraviados,” which blazed up among the mountains of Catalonia in 1827. The Agraviados, or aggrieved persons, were in fact the extreme churchmen and their lay supporters, who thought the king too lenient to “Freemasons” and suchlike. They had for motto “Religion, King, and Inquisition,” and for chief The Trappist, who again had for his Egeria a lady of mixed Spanish and Irish blood, by name Josefina Comerford—of whom one would like to know more. The Agraviados were partly suppressed, partly soothed down, but from them came the Carlists. It is necessary to compress, but the reader will understand that there was an extreme bigot party, for which the despotism of Ferdinand VII. was not despotic enough. It looked to Don Carlos, the king’s next brother, as chief, and would probably have risen before Ferdinand’s death if its princely figurehead (for he was really little more) had not shown an invincible reluctance to take arms against his lord and sovereign. This being the situation, we can easily understand how it came to pass that men who professed above all things to be resolute in standing on the old ways were found to declare that the pragmatic sanction of Philip V. was too sacred to be revoked. “*Allá van leyes do quieren Reyes*,” says the Spanish proverb—Laws go as

kings please—and the saying is no less true of parties. The Carlists adhered to the innovation of the first Bourbon king, though it had been formally revoked, because they thought it would enable them to resist other innovations which they regarded with active hate.

The Carlists militant and the Carlists in sympathy were certainly the majority of the population of Spain in 1833, when Ferdinand died. Why, then, did they not win? Firstly, because the king had been forced in his later years to propitiate the Liberals in order that they might support his daughter. The Liberals were strong in the towns, and numerous among the army officers. Secondly, because Ferdinand put the whole machinery of Government into the hands of his wife Cristina before he died, and the Carlists had to fight whatever organised force there was in the country. Thirdly, because their princely chiefs were but Spanish Bourbons, which means persons of very little courage and conduct. Fourthly, and mainly, because of the essentially anarchical character of the Spaniard. This it was which, in the long-run, and though it has helped them to many successes, has proved their ruin. The same thing was working on the other side; but there, at any rate, it was found in combination with some machinery of Government.

It is very necessary to distinguish between what may be called the sentimental and the effective Carlists. Under the first were and are to be put

many of the clergy, and knots of clerically minded persons found in most Spanish towns, together with many of the peasantry. You will be told, and with truth, that Toledo for instance is a nest of Carlists. So it may be, and so there were nests of Jacobites in England who drank the health of the king over the water, and would even now and then send him a little money, but who stayed at home in the '45. Such supporters are a broken reed, and of themselves can do no more against the Government at Madrid than the French Legitimists can do against the Third Republic. As for the peasantry, they are too docile, too unorganised, too much under the hand of the tax-collector and the civil governor, to be dangerous. If Don Carlos can win by other means, they will be his loyal subjects; but he will never win by their help. Moreover, it must be remembered that they are less numerous than they were. The effective Carlists must be looked for where the fighting Jacobites were to be found during the '45—in the hills of the north and east.

Let the reader take his map of Spain, and put his finger on the province of Santander, which lies in the middle of the northern coast facing the Bay of Biscay. Then let him draw his finger eastward across the Basque Provinces, Navarre, the hill-country of Upper Aragon to the mountains of Catalonia, which look down on the Mediterranean. Having now reached the sea, he must turn south, and

follow the spurs of the Pyrenees, which stretch to the valley of the Ebro. Beyond the river is another block of rocky country—the mountain region of Valencia. This also he must include, and he will now have run over all that part of Spain which is Carlist in the serious sense of the word. Gentlemen of blue blood, more or less authentic, who meet in the *Círculo Tradicionalista* at Madrid (of which a word hereafter), canons of Toledo, and pious ladies ready with their prayers, and a modicum of money, ready also to intrigue and use influence with official persons, peasants of central and southern Spain, who listen devoutly to the parish priest,—are good. But the pith and substance of the Carlist cause has been, and is, in the “clans” of the great angle of hills which holds the north and east of Spain. When they move, and have attained some success, bands may appear anywhere. Till they have acted nothing can be done.

We hasten to add that the word clan is used wholly and solely for purposes of illustration, and as giving some sort of approximate idea of what it is that supplies the fighting rank and file of a Carlist army. There are no clans proper in Spain—only peasant proprietors tilling their own land, small landowners with their *métayer* tenants, great estates, which the landlord may never visit in all his life, and where he is represented by his *intendant*, labourers, and shepherds. It follows that there are no

chiefs—no Cameron of Lochiel, no Cluny. Indeed the aristocracy may be left out of the account in Spanish politics, whether peaceful or pugnacious. "We grandees of Spain," said the Duke of Wellington, "are very well-bred, agreeable people, but also very childish, fit only to hold offices about the Court." None of the notable Carlist leaders of the first war—neither Tomas Zumalacárregui, the most considerable man of action Spain has produced since her great days, nor Ramon Cabrera, nor any other—came of aristocratic houses. Army officers of clerical opinions, or merely of adventurous ambition, priests, and "cabecillas," have been the real chiefs of the cause of "God, King, and Country."

The first need not detain us, being very intelligible. They were more conspicuous in the first war than they have been since, for obvious reasons. The priest again explains himself. Nothing is more easy to understand than that he should have been to the front in a cause which was first and foremost clerical, and which supported the claim of one branch of the royal family because it could be trusted to repay the Church by absolute obedience. But the Cabecilla is very much a *cosa de España*. The word is a diminutive of *cabo*, a chief; but that is no explanation. As for what constitutes any given man a "cabecilla," it is difficult to say. He is the fighting equivalent of the "cacique," the local bigwig, jobber, and wire-puller of Spanish parliamentary poli-

tics; and he is, by the way, often called a "caudillo." We must be content to know that throughout the Carlist country, and on the outskirts of it, there are men, often the sons of leaders in the first war, the grandsons of *guerrilleros* of the Napoleonic days, who are marked out as leaders. The continued existence of these stocks of potential insurrectionary chiefs may be accounted for by the fact that none of the Carlist wars has ended in clear victory for the Government. They have been closed by compromises in which the *caracterizados*, the marked men, have been bought off, and bribed to keep quiet, by pensions, half pays, and small places. These sources of income, together with the help afforded by the sentimental Carlists, and the patronage of the clergy, have kept them alive. There are differences among them. Some have always been the handy men of the dethroned Bourbons everywhere. Others have served the established Government, with a mental reservation of their right to take to the hills for Don Carlos as occasion offered.

One specimen of each kind may be quoted by way of example. Tristany (a name which no Englishman can pronounce till a Catalan teaches him, and often not even then, so hard is it to master the peculiar liquid "ny") is a type of the handy man. To be quite candid, the difference between him and a bravo, or brigand, was not great. Tristany having, we believe, served under Ramon Cabrera between 1833 and 1840,

continued afterwards to be at the service of the exiled pretender. Whenever a *coup de main* was required, there was he, and he served the House elsewhere than in Spain. He was one of the brigands (for that is the proper name) who were let loose in Naples after 1860. As he was not caught and shot by the Bersaglieri, he escaped to do a great deal of the same kind of work in the hills of Catalonia between 1872 and 1876. The man was only a *guerrillero*, and his chief merit is fairly enough shown by his favourite boast. He was wont to say that if Catalonia were occupied by sixty thousand soldiers, he would undertake to carry two thousand men from one end of the Principality to the other without allowing the regulars a chance of stopping him. In other words, he knew every inch of the hills, every hiding-place, every mountain path, and every spring. With that knowledge he could wear the troops down and keep up a partisan war till the exhaustion of his party compelled peace. Then he could save himself by some goat's path across the Pyrenees. The most effectual answer to Tristany was the formation of contra-guerillas, irregular corps such as we have used in India. One body of that kind was formed during the last war, under the command of an officer named Camprodon, who picked likely men out of the regular army, and with them made a band which beat the Carlists at their own game.

Another and more honourable

type of chief was the Dorregaray, who commanded for Don Carlos in Biscay after 1873. He had fought as a lad in the first war, and was included in the convention of Vergara, which gave him a right to a small pension. Dorregaray retired to his native village in Navarre. But a life of idleness was not to his taste, and he soon found an opportunity for activity. The war had left behind it a class of broken men who took to living by brigandage. Now Spaniards of the north and the centre have never been tolerant of the brigand from the moment he extends his operations beyond Government couriers and the tax collector. When, then, a band of this kind began to infest Dorregaray's country, he made an offer to the Government to destroy it, provided a sum of money were given him and he was put on the active list of the army as officer. The Civil Guard not having been organised as yet, the authorities were glad to make the bargain. Dorregaray raised a small corps of men like-minded with himself, and mostly old soldiers of Don Carlos. As they knew the country just as well as the brigands, were hardy fellows, and good shots, it was not long before the last of the *bandoleros* had his deserts. Then Dorregaray passed into the army, and was a colonel when the Republic was proclaimed. Being a strong Monarchist, he thereupon went back to his old master. His fellow-general, Lizarraga, was much of the same stamp.

These, it will be seen, were more serious persons than Tris-

tany; and it was natural that they should, since the three Basque provinces of Viscaya (pronounced Biscaya, with a slight *v* sound in the *b*), Guipuzcoa, and Alava, together with the kindred country of Navarre, form the main strength of the Carlist cause. So long as they do not move, the Alta Aragon, the Catalanian, and Valencian hills will hardly do more than contribute "quadrillas," wandering gangs of partisans. It is when Biscaya is up in arms, and troops have to be concentrated to subdue it, that a Carlist rising becomes dangerous elsewhere. For this there are two reasons. The first is, that the Basques and Navarrese are, take them for all in all, the best fighting men in Spain by land or sea. The second is, that under their ancient *fueros* the Basque provinces enjoyed almost absolute self-government. They formed rather a protected state than a province. Therefore when they rose they could form a government able to levy taxes and organise a regular commissariat. Speaking generally, it may be said that the Carlist cause has been supported in the north by an army, and elsewhere only by more or less numerous and well-led *guerrillero* bands. The privileges of the Basques have been lost, till they retain much of the machinery of local government, and all the spirit. One example will show how this works. Before the last war the Provincias Vascongadas were exempt from the conscription, and were only bound to supply the king with a corps,

which they raised themselves, in time of war. Now they are supposed to pay the "blood-tax" like others. As a matter of fact, what happens is that the "depucationes," or local councils, pay the exemption for all who are drawn, and the provinces therefore escape military service. It is necessary to note, by the way, that the Basque country contains one *enclave* of strong "liberalism," and that is the town of Bilbao, which has twice stood a long siege by the Carlists with success.

Things move even in Spain, and neither the Carlist resources nor the Carlist cause are what they were in 1833-1840. Then the Serviles, Apostólicos, Agraviados of Ferdinand's reign were relatively more numerous, and were unbroken. Therefore they were able to make head against a Government which had no other enemy, and could use the services of some eighty or ninety thousand well-appointed troops. The second Carlist rising, in the middle of Queen Isabel's reign, was a much smaller business, and ended in complete surrender. It is chiefly worth noting because the uncle of the present Don Carlos, who was taken prisoner, saved himself from the fate of his generals, who were shot, by renouncing his rights. Once safe on the other side of the frontier, he renounced his renunciation, on the ground that it had been extorted from him by fear—which was true, but ignominious. The most notable fact about the third war was that it did not become formidable till the Government had

been utterly disorganised by the resignation of Don Amadeo in 1873, and the establishment of the anarchical Republic.

It is well to keep this truth in mind when we hear that the Don Carlos of to-day is issuing manifestoes, and that preparations for a rising are being made. Talk to this effect is exceedingly easy; but what prospect is there of another civil war on a serious scale, after twenty years of peace, if the last failed? The history of that venture of itself is sufficient answer. Queen Isabel was driven out by a military revolt in September 1868, and the Carlist did not move. While Prim lived they were hardly ever heard of. A few sporadic outbreaks took place in Catalonia, and were instantly suppressed. After his murder, and during the brief so-called reign of Amadeo of Savoy, there was a movement in Biscay, and therefore in other regions. The intrusive king belonged to a family odious to the Papacy and to the Church; so clerical influence was on the Carlist side, or was, at any rate, nowhere vigorously used against it. Yet it was not till King Amadeo resigned, and the Republic was proclaimed, that the Carlists became really dangerous. Then the way was cleared for them by the utter collapse of Government. The Republicans had promised to abolish the conscription, and one of the first results of their insane engagement was to cause the mutiny and dissolution of the army of Catalonia. The soldiers took the politicians at

their word, disbanded, and went home. Then came the "cantonalist" outbreak—which was a mere explosion of anarchy by agitators who took the communards of Paris for their model. During this interval of confusion, and of the paralysis of Government, the Carlist army in Biscay was regularly organised by Dorregaray and Lizarraga; while the *guerrillero* bands of the Alta Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia gained in numbers and solidity. They were in their height during the protectorate of Serrano, which lasted from the suppression of the Republic by Pavia in the beginning of 1874 to the restoration of Don Alfonso XII. by the *pronunciamiento* of Murviedro in December. Yet even during this period they never succeeded in occupying any considerable town, and were forced to raise the siege of Bilbao. From the day of the restoration of Doña Isabel's son their cause steadily declined. They were first swept out of Valencia and Catalonia, and then broken up in Biscay. Disgusted as the vast majority of Spaniards were with the follies of the Republic and the incompetence of Ferrero, it was never to the Carlists that they looked for a remedy, but to the restoration of the family of Doña Isabel.

The explanation of the Carlist failure to profit by the apparently magnificent opportunity offered them is not very far to seek. They were strong enough to take advantage of the collapse of Government, and were strong for defence. They

could worry regular troops when invaded in their hills, or even fight respectable pitched battles in Biscay, but they were not strong enough to overrun the rest of Spain. They were affected, too, by various causes of weakness. One of these lay in the change which had come over the spirit of the Church. Queen Isabel, whatever her other faults may have been, was in a way pious, and had done much to propitiate the clergy. Therefore they were bound to her son, who was also, by the way, godson of Pio Nono. With his restoration, the chief reason they had for favouring the Carlist cause disappeared. Another reason was that, after all, the Spain of 1873 was not the Spain of 1833. It was far more populous, and better supplied with means of communication, which brought with them internal trade. It was no longer possible for Spaniards to live in the old barbarous isolation. Both these influences, the clerical and the commercial, tell more strongly against the Carlists to-day than they did twenty-four years ago. The upper clergy are nominated by the Government, and therefore cannot well be hostile to it. The Pope is known not to be favourable to the Carlists. Even among the lower clergy the feeling is not what it was. The Queen Regent is a good churchwoman, though nowise clerical in the bad political sense of the word; and it is tolerably certain that the priests will not act against her. Besides, they have done very well for the last

twenty years, and are, partly on their own account, partly on behalf of parishioners, large holders of Government stock. The commercial influence against Carlists is even more formidable than the clerical. The Spain of 1833-1840 was a country of provinces living apart from one another on their own resources, with a total population of some twelve millions. This state of things was modified largely by 1873. Within the last twenty-four years it has changed altogether. The population of Spain cannot now be much, if at all, under twenty millions. Hundreds of miles of railway have been made, and not less than thousands of highroad. There goes on an intercourse between the provinces which was impossible in former times. To take a single example, a gardener of Barcelona can now drive a flourishing trade by sending cut flowers to Madrid by the night-mail. The market of the capital and the other considerable towns is now valuable to the fishermen of the Basque coast and the Mediterranean, to the market-gardener of Valencia, to the corn-grower of the Tierra de Campos in Leon, to the wine-grower of the Rioja and La Mancha. In Biscay itself the immense development of the mining industry, and the establishment of iron foundries, has wrought a great change. The country can no longer afford to give itself to civil war as it once could. What was possible when Spain still deserved Adam Smith's description of the most beggarly country in Europe is

not possible to comparative prosperity.

Yet a revival of the Carlists has been allowed to be possible—in certain contingencies. They may again come to the front if the way is prepared for them, as it was between 1868 and 1872, by military rebellions, *pronunciamientos*, and the collapse of Government. Whether these old evils will revive is beside the present question. What concerns us is the fact that the present Don Carlos no longer appeals for support on the same grounds as his grandfather. He no longer defies the army, and relies on his faithful and religious Basques, Aragonese, and Catalans. They get compliments from time to time; but he directs himself to the mass of Spaniards, and, above all, to the army, and that with pleas which amount to a surrender of all the principles of his family. When the first Don Carlos stood forth to vindicate his right to the crown, he also declared that he fought for *la monarquía pura*—for pure monarchy. A despotic king united to an intolerant Church were the advantages he offered his country, and it was because he did that he had the support of the Spaniards who valued these things. The Don Carlos of to-day talks in a very different tone. His representatives in Spain, who meet at the *Círculo Tradicionalista*, and whose chief is the Marquis of Zerralbo, are authorised to declare that his Majesty is no enemy to representative institutions. Far from it. He is much in favour of the

“traditional liberties” of Spain, hence the name of the club. What this means is that he will consent to restore the Cortes of Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia as they were before his ancestor, Philip V., put them down with the strong hand, because those parts of Spain fought for the Hapsburg line. It may be said, by the way, that the rest of the country was represented *taliter qualiter* by the nobles, and the sixteen good towns which formed the Cortes of Castile. This traditionalism, in fact, shows its fidelity to principles by throwing over the whole tradition of the Bourbon dynasty more completely than the female line now on the throne. Such is the political consistency of the *flor y nata*—the flower and cream—of the sentimental Carlism of Spain, which meets in the *Círculo Tradicionalista*, and talks politics of this force in the intervals of looking out of window at the Calle de Alcalá, and playing *tresillo*. The cause of the *monarquía pura* has been wondrously translated, if they are to be trusted.

No doubt there is more in the manifestoes of Don Carlos and the speeches of his representatives. There are promises that the rightful king will give Spain a far better Government than it has had before, and will do great things for its interest and its honour. Poor Spain might do worse than take him at his word, if there were the slightest chance it would be kept. But is there? all depends on the personal qualities of the Pretender. We have left the

Carlist princes to the end, because they are the least part of their own cause. Of the gentleman who renounced his cause to save his life, who brought his vassals to die on the field, and was not man enough to die with them, nothing need be said. The first Don Carlos may have been what Ford calls him—an honest man. He was also what Ford has elsewhere to acknowledge that he was—a narrow-minded bigot. He was a mere puppet in the hands of his domestic priests, till he became a prisoner to his own general Maroto, who, after preparing the way by shooting his Majesty's confidential advisers, betrayed the cause at Vergara. As regards the present Don Carlos, what is certain is that scandal has been very busy with his name. It asserts, for instance, that he helped to supply Daudet with material for 'Les Rois en Exil.' It says also that when he was in Spain during the last war, his attention was chiefly devoted to the cider of the Basque country, and to a certain lady abbess. Not dissimilar tales were told of his brother, Don Alfonso, who appeared (one cannot say who commanded) in Catalonia. This gentleman was accompanied by his wife—a lady of the exiled Portuguese house of Braganza, with whom scandal was also busy. The best it had to say of her was that she caused a woman who had used disrespectful language concerning herself to be whipped in her chemise all round one of the Catalan towns. We hope the story is not true. That sort of

thing was done on both sides—by the Carlists often, by troops now and then, by the Republican volunteers continually.

Scandal is not to be trusted; but it is a fact that in regard to these two gentlemen there is no evidence on the other side. There is a good deal of declamation about his Majesty's rights and the fine things he will do, but nobody ever hears of anything he has done. Yet in the last hour he came to Biscay as soon as an army was organised, and remained there till further stay became manifestly dangerous. During this period he was, for all that appeared to the contrary, with the army as a baggage-waggon might have been—to use M'Clellan's excessive jibe at Grant. As much may be said about his brother, Don Alfonso, who was never taken seriously by anybody. That this was not mere prejudice may be concluded from the fact that a very different tone was taken in speaking of his wife, Doña Blanca. Even those who spoke most evil of her never denied her spirit.

Now, it will hardly be disputed that this absence of any evidence to the possession of positive merit is very ominous for a prince who has to fight his way to the throne against all the difficulties indicated above. Indeed, we understate the case. It is not one throne Don Carlos claims but two. As he asserts his right to be King of Spain by virtue of the "pragmatic sanction" of Philip V., so he claims to be King of France and Navarre, as the

representative of the elder line of the house of Bourbon. On this ground, at least, he occupies an impregnable position. Since the death of the Comte de Chambord he is the head of the house by descent, for he comes direct from Lewis XIV., whereas the Duke of Orleans only comes from the Grand Monarch's brother. It is true that Philip V. of Spain solemnly renounced all claim to succeed to the French throne for himself and for his descendants; but he never meant to keep his word, and his promise was not worth the paper it was written on. Nothing is more certain in Legitimist law than that no personal renunciation can deprive the descendants of any prince of their divine right. He may abdicate for himself, but not for others. So, the word of honour of Philip V. and the Treaty of Utrecht to the contrary notwithstanding, Don Carlos is King of France if everybody had his rights, and is so considered by those stern and unbending Legitimists who go by the name of the Blancs d'Espagne. If any one does not at once understand the insolence, possible only in a time debauched by the vilest revolutionary poison, which is implied in this name, let him ask any lady of his acquaintance whom he does not suspect of improving her face by the help of art. So, in spite of delusive appearances to the contrary, Don Carlos has abolished the Pyrenees. He has united the crowns of France, Navarre, and Spain, and he was perfectly right when he forbade the Duke of Orleans

to use the arms of France without the "brisure" or difference of the younger line. His Highness of Orleans has paid no attention to the injunction, and, as the *jeunesse Royaliste* supports him, it is to be feared that the true Legitimists are now but a scattered remnant.

His inheritance of the crown of France has also added something to the difficulties which beset Don Carlos. During the last war, when the septennate of Marshal MacMahon was still running its course in France, the Carlists were treated with extreme tenderness all along the frontier. They were allowed to use French territory as a basis of operations, and their uniform was commonly seen at Biarritz. In no case could he rely on the same toleration and assistance again; but since he has become pretender to France as well as to Spain, his case is even worse.

On the whole, one is strongly tempted to advise Don Carlos, since he has inherited the rights of Henri V., to take also the pathetically dignified attitude which that very real gentleman maintained to the end. It is not only the most becoming but the most practical course to follow. The genuine Carlists are not those Spaniards who feel disposed to seek a remedy for the ills of their country in "Home Rule all round." They are the believers in "the pure monarchy" and the extreme Churchmen. It is not by concessions to Liberalism and to religious toleration that they will ever be brought into the field. If they

are not strong enough to vindicate his right, his cause is hopeless. Something may be done by promising to restore the *fueros* of Biscay; but even that is doubtful, for the Basques have a lively recollection of the evils brought on them by the last war. And they—indeed they as much as any Spaniards—have been affected by the Zeitgeist. Four - and - twenty years of peace, during which French capital has poured in to make railways and English to develop mines, have wrought a great change. There has been a break in the tradition which made the old Carlist wars possible. First came Napoleon's invasion, which covered Spain with *guerrilleros*. The revolutionary Cortes at Cadiz offended and frightened the mass of the people. The troubles of Ferdinand's reign kept the organisation of civil war alive, and it was ready to fight for the first Don Carlos. Isabel's reign brought no settled

peace, and a great rally of old Spanish lawlessness was possible between 1868 and 1874. Since then there has been a solution of continuity. The *cabecilla* race is not extinct. Churchmen can still be found who regret the Inquisition. Given another military revolution, another outbreak of Republican folly, another collapse of Government, and the "men of the mountains" may again fly to arms to protect themselves. They will hardly "take to the Sierra" again, out of mere enthusiasm for a claimant to the throne who has even given up pretending that he will restore the absolutism and the authority of the Church, which were once loved as a protection against hated innovations. As for mere promises of better government, the answer to them is like to be in the words of our friend the priest, "*Estamos muy cansado de todo*,"—We are sick of all that, having heard it too often.

LORD LYONS.

IN the December number of 'Blackwood' there appeared a brilliant article from the pen of Sir Henry Brackenbury, himself a soldier of no mean eminence, setting forth the soldierly virtues and heroic deeds of Stonewall Jackson. The book that was the subject of Sir Henry's review was not only the biography of a soldier, but was written by a colonel in the army, who is at the same time a Professor of Military Art and History at the Staff College. In such matters the army is far ahead of the navy. It is not so much that there are numbers of men in the army who can wield the pen with a grace and facility that few naval men possess; but the navy itself scarcely recognises yet that there is such a thing as naval history, or that the art of naval war needs close and earnest study by those who hope to shine in their country's service. But in these last days a change is becoming apparent. Not only has that brilliant luminary Captain Mahan lightened the darkness with his clear and terse writings, which even the man in the street reads with interest, and enters into the spirit of; but many others are following in his footsteps, and the book¹ now before me is quite as much a contribution to naval

history as it is a tribute to the memory of one who, like Henry Lawrence, was essentially a man who "tried to do his duty." Writing as I do, as a naval officer and not as a professional critic, I cannot undertake to lay down the law as to whether Captain Eardley-Wilmot's book is a literary success; but this I would say to all those who are interested in the sea-power of our empire, read the book, and you will get a clearer idea of the kind of men upon whom under God the wealth, peace, and safety of our empire does mainly depend. For it has been well said that amidst the extraordinary changes which fighting ships and their weapons have undergone within the last half-century, it is a most remarkable fact that the men remain in all essentials much what they were. It is true that the modern seaman knows more about hydraulic buffers, and the latest dodge in cam-levers, than he does of reefing a topsail or furling a topgallant sail in a breeze; but at bottom he is much the same man,—more self-controlled certainly, but the same cheerful, tireless, intrepid, resourceful Jack Tar that he was of old.

Before opening the book I have a word to say to Captain

¹ Life of Vice-Admiral Edmund, Lord Lyons, G.C.B., &c., with an Account of Naval Operations in the Black Sea and Sea of Azoff, 1854-56. By Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot, R.N. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

Eardley-Wilmot or his publisher. Why make the book so heavy? It surely is not necessary that every naval book should come up to the weight of a 3-pounder shell! I know that there is good, or shall I say weighty, precedent for this procedure; am I not myself the happy possessor of a volume of Colomb's 'Naval Warfare,' which was considered by its purchaser too ponderous for a sea-going bookshelf? But surely it should be possible to cut down the displacement of an interesting book like this, so that it can be read with comfort when resting in an arm-chair during the watch below. Captain Eardley-Wilmot does not profess to find anything of the genius or of the hero in Lord Lyons; his book is rather the plain narrative of the life of a man who was born in stirring times, and who lived to be Naval Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean in time of war, and though never called upon for great deeds, showed readiness and capacity in all that he undertook.

Lyons was born in 1790, of a good stock; his father owned property both in Antigua and in Hampshire, and had lived in both places. It was at the home in England that Lyons was born. Being the fifth of sixteen children, he had to push his own way without much help from home: he was, however, the fortunate possessor of a childless godfather in Admiral—then Captain—Sir Richard Bickerton, who gave the lad

his first start in the Service, and had him entered in his cousin's ship, the Maidstone frigate, at eleven years of age, just after the peace of Amiens was signed. The Maidstone lay at Portsmouth for three months getting her crew on board, and we gain a little insight into the kind of training that turned out the gallant and talented officer and accomplished diplomatist that Lyons afterwards became. Captain Moubray, besides being captain of a frigate, was also practically the head-master of a school for young officers, his under-masters being the gunner, the carpenter, besides the clerk, who, young Lyons writes, "teaches us to read, write, sum, and spell." The boy's letters are naïve:—

"Captain Moubray intends taking me and some more of the youngers in his cabin to teach us arithmetic till he gets a schoolmaster. There were four more men hung on board some of the ships here yesterday."

The "four more" corpses dangling at the yard-arm, and this at home in time of peace, was a stern object-lesson for the youngster, demonstrating forcibly that discipline must be maintained. Before starting for the Mediterranean the little boy of eleven writes, "I beg you will send me some money, as I have a great many things to buy." How far his bear-leader the gunner, with whom he was "as happy as a king," helped him in these purchases we are not told. He has, too, to exercise discrimination as to his messmates, for in those days

the youngsters were commonly in separate messes, not, as now, all messing together in the gun-room. So young Lyons writes to his mother:—

“There are a great many wicked boys in this ship, but I do not associate with them. There is one little boy about my age, who is a very good-natured gentlemanly lad. There are likewise two or three young men who I associate with and like very much.”

The boy was anything but a prig, and he was doubtless laying the foundation of a high character in keeping clear of the “wicked boys.”

Later on, when Lyons is a mid. of sixteen, we get another glimpse of a man-of-war as a training-school for young gentlemen. This time it is the line-of-battle ship *Ajax*, under Nelson's celebrated frigate captain, Blackwood. The ship was unfortunately burnt at anchor off the Dardanelles, the fire spreading with such rapidity that in a few minutes, almost before the boats from other ships could reach her, she was a mass of flames fore and aft. No less than 270 men perished. Lyons tells his mother: “Captain Blackwood had thirty little mids. under his care, from the age of eleven to fifteen years. Many of them, not being able to swim, were lost.” Indeed Blackwood himself had to jump overboard, and was picked up by a boat; so it is not to be wondered at that so many poor little lads went down with the ship. Fire was a terrible enemy in the ships of a hundred years ago, and many a mother who

intrusted her boy to some captain's care never saw him again.

On arriving in the Mediterranean Lyons found the station temporarily in command of his godfather, Bickerton, and the lad fared well and made friends. When he had been afloat some eighteen months war broke out again, and the crew of the *Maidstone* were turned over to the *Active*, a larger frigate, which ship was sent to watch Toulon under Nelson's orders, he having come out as commander-in-chief. Most unfortunately, no letters are extant to tell us of the next two years, which were spent at sea, always at sea, in fair weather or foul, watching first *Latouche-Tréville* and then *Villeneuve* with his growing force which never would put to sea. Captain Eardley-Wilmot speaks of “the excitement of blockading work.” As a matter of fact, there was little more excitement about it than there is in a long and dreary night-watch. The weather was often terrible, the ships old and rotten, with crazy masts, threadbare sails, and no supplies of spare gear to fall back upon. The *Active*, *Phoebe*, and *Seahorse* were the only frigates which could be spared to watch Toulon; and this, too, when Nelson himself was writing: “I am kept in great distress for frigates and smaller vessels at this critical moment. I want ten more than I have.” But Nelson did not get his frigates. Our commerce cried out aloud for protection, and though we had some 400 frigates and smaller craft actually in com-

mission, no more could be spared from their work of commerce protection. If this was the case with our limited trade of a hundred years ago, what would happen now, when our commerce has increased tenfold?

But to return to the *Active*. Captain Moubray having Nelson's written directions to perform the service of watching Toulon "with due caution," we can well imagine young Lyons as signal midshipman watching the enemy's frigates "cutting capers off Cape Sepet," and longing to have a go at them—but no, the Commander-in-Chief's orders are clear, due caution *must* be exercised, and there is nothing to do but obey.

At last, after eighteen months of weary watch, on January 18, 1805, the word is passed from mouth to mouth, the French are coming out. These weather-worn frigates were prepared for action always: there was little to do, but a great exultation in every heart, and high hopes that through their untiring watchfulness Nelson and his fleet would speedily be warned, and the day of action would come at last.

As night fell the wind rose, until it was blowing a hard gale. On went the heavy French liners, and after them in the darkness tore the two British frigates *Active* and *Seahorse*, risking their shaky spars in the rising gale. Before morning broke the two frigates hauled their wind, with their lee guns tearing through the water at every roll, and at their best speed made for Maddalena to

meet Nelson, with the signal flying, "The enemy is at sea." Immediately the frigates appeared, up anchor was the order; but what of the falling darkness and the dangerous channel to be traversed? This was nothing to those well-tried seamen. Safely and swiftly the whole of the fleet passed through the rock-bound straits between Biche and Sardinia, and by 7 P.M. all were clear. But now came bitter disappointment. Oh for more frigates to scour the seas, for no trace of the French fleet could anywhere be found. For the whole of the next month Nelson, in an agony of mind, was searching, searching, searching,—now off Messina, Palermo, Naples, then to Greece and even Egypt, but no news of the French anywhere. At last, on February 19, on returning to Malta, he learnt that the French had put back to Toulon. Once more, then, the frigates were left to their weary watch, and the ships of the line snatched a little repose in Palmas Bay, Sardinia.

But the French really mean business now, so that, on March 31 the dreary monotony of the never-ending watch was broken, and the *Phoebe* and *Active* are again following the French fleet. As night falls the *Phoebe* is detached by the *Active* to carry the news to Nelson, and the *Active* follows through the night. Alas! when day breaks the French have disappeared. No one has been blamed for this, so we may be sure that Moubray did his best, and that it was impossible,

owing to the activity of the French frigates, to follow more closely; but we can well imagine the dismay on board, in which young Lyons, as signal mid., must doubtless have shared. Once more the search for the French is resumed, and for sixteen days no news of them is obtained. Then it is discovered that they made for Gibraltar, which they passed eight days before. Nelson is now terribly delayed by foul winds, and does not reach the Straits of Gibraltar till May 7, by which time the French, with nearly a month's start, are three-quarters of the way across the Atlantic. How Nelson finally brought the French to book on the 21st October in Trafalgar Bay all the world knows; but the *Active* took no part in this glorious work,—she was so weather-worn that it was necessary to send her home for repairs. When she returned to the Mediterranean she was relegated to the humdrum duties of commerce protection. In 1807 young Lyons, still in the *Active*, was in Duckworth's expedition, which made a naval demonstration off Constantinople. This was a failure, and simply resulted in our ships being severely handled by the Dardanelles forts as they returned. The *Active* had eight men wounded—the first casualties that had happened on board that ship during four years of war. Bickerton was now at the Admiralty, and young Lyons was sent home at the age of seventeen, after some six years' knocking about in frigates, during which time he

was constantly at sea, so that, though young in years, he was already a thorough seaman, and passed satisfactorily for lieutenant. His next service was in the East Indies, where he was at first employed in commerce protection in the *Caroline* frigate. This was varied by attacks on the Dutch settlements in Malay waters. Here the garrisons were generally living quiet and secure, with no thought of danger, when our expeditions swooped down upon them. Not that the ships carrying the attacking forces made rapid passages—far from it; the voyage from Madras to Banda Neera, which a cruiser could now make in a fortnight, took three months. The attack was, however, a complete surprise, the place being successfully assailed by night immediately the expedition made the coast. A force of 400 left the ship at 11 P.M.; but, as so often happens in boat-expeditions, half the boats lost their way, and only 180 seamen and soldiers reached the beach. Nothing daunted, this little force advanced against a garrison of 1500. Two forts, including the principal work, were carried by surprise with scarcely any loss, and the following morning the Dutch, finding the key of the position in the hands of the enemy, surrendered. The stealthy approach by night, and the final rush upon the works, were excellently planned and successfully carried out, Lieutenant Lyons being amongst the foremost of the stormers.

Lyons was presently to take

the lead in a most gallant exploit of the same character, carried out too, not only on his own initiative, but contrary to the orders which his senior officer had given; for the fort in question was considered too strong to be assailed by the small numbers available. Being detached with two boats' crews, numbering 35 officers and men, he decided to attack Fort Mar-rack, which mounted 54 guns, and had a garrison of 180 men, besides two gunboats' crews.

The result had better be given in his own words :—

"Having made every necessary arrangement during the day, I placed the boats at sunset behind a point which sheltered them from the view of the enemy's sentinels. At half-past twelve, the moon sinking in the horizon, we proceeded to the attack, and were challenged by the sentinels on opening the point. At this instant a volley of musketry from the enemy precluded all hope of surprise; I therefore ran the boats aground, in a heavy surf, under the lower tier of guns, and placed the ladders in the embrasures, which were mounted with that bravery inherent in British seamen; whilst a few men, placed for the purpose, killed three of the enemy in the act of putting matches to the guns.

"A few minutes put us in possession of the lower battery, where I formed the men, and we stormed the upper one. On reaching the summit of the hill we perceived the garrison drawn up to receive us. They sustained our fire, but fled from the charge on my calling to them that we had 400 men and would give no quarter."

Lyons found it impossible to hold the fort so gallantly won, as it was at once fired upon by another battery and two gunboats. After disabling the

guns he therefore retired to the boats, one of which he found stove. He made good his retreat to the ship in the remaining boat, not having lost a man, and with but four wounded.

Lyons also took part in the successful attack by a joint naval and military expedition on Java. This enterprise was mainly carried out by a military force of 8000 men furnished from Madras. So excellent were all the arrangements for landing that, although the squadron did not arrive until the afternoon of the day of attack, all the troops were on shore before nightfall. After a three weeks' siege the place fell. In this instance the dominant sea-power of the British navy enabled the troops to be spared from India, and also ensured them a safe passage. In certain eventualities this type of expedition might well be repeated in the present day. A powerful navy in the East will always safeguard the shores of India, thus setting free a mobile military force, without which no conquest can be made.

Invalided home from the East Indies, Lyons was promoted to commander at the age of twenty-one, and, after rather more than a year on half-pay, was given the command of a sloop in the Channel in 1813. There was but little active service in home waters in those days; for though the war dragged on, the sea-power of France was completely crushed. But even here Lyons pushed his way to the front, and obtained a warm commendation from that excel-

lent officer, Admiral Foley—one of Nelson's captains at the Nile—for his intelligence, zeal, and activity. Peace brought promotion to post-captain's rank, mainly in recognition of the approval of the Court, and of various magnates, whom he was directed to carry to France for the peace negotiations.

But peace also meant utter stagnation in the navy. Nine-tenths of the ships were paid off, and nine-tenths of the officers were relegated to half-pay. It was hopeless to get employment afloat without the most powerful interest. So for fourteen years Lyons was left on shore, and only got a ship then owing to the fact that his younger brother lost his life at the battle of Navarino. Thus it was not till he was thirty-seven that he was once more at sea, in command of the *Blonde*, a 46-gun frigate, destined for the Mediterranean. The ship very quickly made her name for smartness and efficiency, and a number of mids. were confided to his care, for though it was long since he had been afloat, his capacity was well known in the service. He was fortunate in coming in for a little piece of active service in co-operating with the French in the siege of Morea Castle, which was held by the Turks, who were being expelled from Greece. Lyons also subsequently managed matters so well, when senior officer of a small British squadron on the coast of Greece, as to win the hearty goodwill of the French officers with whom he was associated; and he also

ingratiated himself with the President of Greece.

The state of affairs in those days on the coast of Greece was very similar to the present position in Crete; and then, as now, the final satisfactory settlement was more due to the exertions and good sense of the officers on the spot than to the protocols of the Concert of Europe. Russia, however, having declared war against Turkey, and having advanced as far as Adrianople, it was now necessary to support the Turks. Lyons' ship was selected to take a special envoy to Constantinople, the result of the mission being the establishment of peace. Lyons then seized the opportunity to carry out a winter cruise in the Black Sea, and thus gained some most useful experience of those waters, which then, as now, were entirely unknown to all naval officers except the Russians themselves.

For seven years in all Lyons commanded frigates in the Mediterranean—first the *Blonde* and then the *Madagascar*. During this time he was almost continually in the East. It was his ship that was chosen to convey King Otho, the young Bavarian prince, selected by the Powers as first King of Greece, to his unruly kingdom. His duties at Constantinople had introduced him to a number of diplomatists, and wherever he went he won golden opinions by his tact and good sense. It was not, therefore, surprising that when his service in the Mediterranean was over,

and the opportunity offered of his being appointed British Minister at the Court of Greece, he accepted it rather than the alternative of going as flag-captain to the South American station, which was also offered him.

In the year 1835 an active-minded man might well consider it desirable to abandon the navy. Lyons had been twenty-one years a captain, and, notwithstanding his abilities and his many friends, he had been fourteen years on half-pay. His continuous employment for seven years had aroused jealousy, as to get even three years' employment out of twenty was what many a man failed to do. If he was fortunate enough to put in another three years' service in South America, there would still be a dozen years to wait for his flag, most of which time would of necessity be spent in inaction on half-pay. There seemed no chance whatever of active service, and the ordinary peace service under venerable admirals and white-haired captains was not by any means stirring work. It was in the early years of the Queen's reign that our fleet had fallen into such a low state that M. Thiers, confident that it was within the power of the French fleet to destroy it out of hand, was seeking a *casus belli* in order to put his plan into execution. Most mercifully those optimists who thought that there could by no possibility be any more European wars were right on this occasion, for we were undoubtedly on the verge of the

gravest disaster. Preparation for war was the last thing thought of. The few appointments vacant went to men with interest, either family or political, and the very fact that the navy was the safeguard of the country passed entirely into oblivion.

There is little to say from the naval point of view of Lyons' services to diplomacy. He showed the sense of duty acquired in the navy by remaining fourteen years at his post in Athens without once coming home. Whilst there he secured the approval of various Administrations, and carried out the policy of Lord Palmerston with that great Minister's approbation, receiving a baronetcy in reward of his services.

From Athens he was transferred to Berne and thence to Stockholm, and it was here, in October 1853, in anticipation of the war with Russia, that he received his appointment as second in command of the Mediterranean station. It seems very strange that a diplomatist, who had practically left the service for more than eighteen years, should be specially selected for such an appointment. Under the present regulations, which very properly lay down that a captain who has not served for seven years should be compulsorily retired, Lyons would long before have been placed on the Retired List. As it was, he had received his promotion to rear-admiral when Minister at Berne, having gone up the Active List at exactly the same

rate as if continuously afloat. His age on promotion was fifty-nine, and he found himself one of 75 rear-admirals, many if not most of whom were more than seventy years of age, and none at all under fifty-five, which is the maximum age under present regulations for a rear-admiral on promotion. Of the 75 only 2 were actively employed afloat, and 6 others in various harbour or shore appointments. It was not therefore remarkable that when three years afterwards, in 1853, Sir James Graham, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was looking out for an active rear-admiral for the Mediterranean, his choice fell upon Sir Edmund Lyons. His commander-in-chief, Vice-Admiral Dundas, though one of the youngest vice-admirals, was sixty-eight years of age: his service during the last forty years had been mainly political; he was a sound Whig and an ex-Lord of the Admiralty, but of sea experience he had very little.¹ Dundas's flag-captain was over sixty-five, and there were other captains in the squadron who were well beyond the present retiring age of fifty-five; others again owed their appointments to political interest. Sir James Graham informed Lyons that he was to be ready to supply Dundas's place "in case of accident." That the best and most

straightforward course would have been to relieve Dundas at once few will deny. But this Sir James was not apparently strong enough to do. He continued to correspond privately with the rear-admiral when in the presence of his commander-in-chief, saying for example in one letter, dated September 1854, just before the departure of the expedition to the Crimea—

"You are the life and soul of this great enterprise. Long ago you have declared that all is ready at Malta and at Constantinople. . . . Your part has been well performed: I hope that others will now proceed to rival you. It is not the wish of Admiral Dundas to remain much longer on foreign service. His health is failing, and he wishes to be relieved as soon as it can be done consistently with his honour. My intention is that you should be his successor."

And yet Dundas was kept for three months longer commander-in-chief. Sir Edmund Lyons was second in command for no less than fourteen months in all. That the navy did well all that it undertook in the Crimea was in no sense due to the wisdom of the Admiralty administration. Lyons would have been more than human if he had not, under these circumstances, given vent on one or two occasions to impatient expressions concerning his commander-in-chief; and it is exceedingly creditable to him that there was no open rupture.

¹ Kinglake tells us that the command in the Mediterranean had been granted as a pleasant marine retirement, which a good faithful Whig had earned by toil at the Board in Whitehall, by toil in the lobbies of the House of Commons, by long and enduring patience on the cushions of the Treasury Bench.

But to return to affairs in the autumn of 1853, after which period Captain Eardley-Wilmot's book becomes more of a naval history than a biography. He gives us no further light on the so-called "massacre of Sinope." Why the Turkish ships were kept at Sinope, courting certain destruction, is one of those mysteries which will probably be never solved. Lyons had arrived at Constantinople a week before the disaster; but even if he or the other admirals had pointed out to the Turks the fatuity of their conduct, it scarcely seems likely that they would have been listened to.

At this time there was not only a council of ambassadors at Constantinople, but a council of admirals as well. As usual, the multitude of counsellors did not tend to action, and for a long time nothing was done. Public opinion at home calling loudly for some kind of demonstration, the combined French and English fleets entered the Black Sea on January 3, 1854, with the object, so the Russians were informed, "of protecting the Sultan's dominions from hostile aggressions." Although war was not yet actually declared, this was virtually an act of war.

The author thus describes Sir Edmund Lyons at this time:—

"Though Sir Edmund Lyons had entered upon his sixty-fourth year, he possessed at this period great activity of mind and body. . . . The expression of his countenance denoted a sanguine temperament, with much decision of character."

Though nominally only second in command, he henceforward practically took the lead in the British fleet.

Captain Eardley-Wilmot never mentions the force which the Russians had in the Black Sea, nor does it appear to have much concerned the allied fleet, since no attempt was made to ascertain either its strength or position. At the same time, comparatively weak squadrons of English and French steamships were detached from the main fleets to patrol the Turkish coast. Sinope was made the headquarters of the Allies. It is interesting to note that Lyons, writing from this place, speaks of the "late attack of the Russians." There is no indication that the officers on the spot regarded the Sinope affair as other than a most legitimate operation of war. As a matter of fact, it much resembled the recent destruction of the Spanish squadron at Manila. The cruise of the allied fleets only lasted three weeks, when they returned to Constantinople. Captain Eardley-Wilmot gives some interesting letters that passed between Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and the admirals on the strategical situation. Neither the ambassador nor the admirals appeared to grasp the fact that to prevent the Russians from doing mischief their fleet should be blockaded or masked, and in any case a close watch should be kept upon them. This was not done, but Turkish troops and stores were conveyed into the

Black Sea by a few steamers, almost as if courting a Russian attack; but the Russians refused to come out. War did not actually break out till April 9, 1854, more than three months after the allied squadrons had been acting together; but they were still unprepared for combined action. The writer remarks—

“Plans for sailing and navigation, to bring different methods of signalling and tactics into harmony, had to be organised; and though much had been done towards this end during the time the two squadrons lay together in the Bosphorus, it required a few days after war had been declared to complete them. When people talk glibly about the strength conferred by an alliance, they little knew how difficult it is to make things go smoothly, especially when the forces are acting side by side.”

For ten days the fleets did nothing. It was then decided to bombard Odessa. For this purpose seven steamers and one sailing frigate were detached, and threw a number of shells into the storehouses and shore-batteries of Odessa, and then drew off. The effect does not seem to have been great. The fleets remained doing nothing off Odessa for another week, and then blockaded Sevastopol for six days, after which they returned to Varna. In the meantime a small squadron under Lyons, comprising both British and French steamers, raided the coast of Circassia. The Russians most wisely evacuated the smaller ports, and concentrated 8000 men at Anapa, which was therefore far too strong for the squadron to deal

with. One little place—Redoute Kaleh—was taken with the help of a Turkish force landed for the purpose. Lyons here showed his diplomatic capacity by his success in keeping on cordial terms with the French.

During the months of May, June, and the early part of July, the twenty line-of-battle ships composing the main body of the allied fleets lay at Varna, with little or nothing to occupy them save assisting in the landing of the troops and their stores. The Russian fleet of fifteen sail-of-the-line lay unwatched 250 miles off at Sevastopol. On July 19 a council met, and decided to attack Sevastopol. It was only then discovered that nothing was known of the place, and the combined fleet stood across to the Crimea to reconnoitre. The reconnaissance was, however, most cursory; no soundings were taken, and the mouth of the Katscha river, which as a result of this reconnaissance was agreed on as the best place for landing an expedition, afterwards proved unsuitable. Lyons was now given definite charge of all the transport arrangements; and as the home authorities when providing transports had taken no thought as to how the men, horses, and guns were to be landed, the work of providing the necessary boats and pontoons had to be done by the officers of the fleet. The country was fortunate in having under Lyons a young and energetic set of officers. His flag-

captain, Mends, especially distinguished himself by the ability with which he arranged the details of the scheme for landing a large number of men, horses, and guns at one and the same time on an open beach.

In the middle of these preparations came the cholera. The French army lost 4000 men, and in one of their line-of-battle ships 140 men died in three days. The mortality amongst the British did not amount to more than one-fifth of the above, but still it was most severe and discouraging. It was at this trying time that Sir Edmund's cheerfulness and determination to go on was most useful in supporting the waverers. At last, on August 20, it was finally decided that the expedition was to go at once, and September 2 was fixed for the start. Varna was a nasty place for an embarkation, with a heavy swell breaking on an open beach; but the seamen did marvels. Captain Eardley-Wilmot quotes a "staff-officer's letter":—

"The sea was very rough, and it took us some time to get alongside, and then no little difficulty in putting the things on to the already frightened horses. I never saw anything like the pluck of the bluejackets. . . . One horse would not allow the slings to be put under him, and kept on lashing out with one hind-leg in a most furious manner (it was too rough to kick with both, or he would have fallen). This beast was delaying the embarkation of the other horses, so one sailor called out to his messmate, 'Jack, next time he kicks lay hold of his leg,' which Jack very coolly did, and to our utter astonishment the horse stood perfectly still

and only snorted. In another second he was swinging in the air half-way up the ship's side."

But work as they would, the British transports were not ready quite as soon as the French, for we had far more cavalry and artillery than they. Under these circumstances the French sailed on September 5, and the British two days afterwards, on the 7th. On the 8th the fleets united. Before this junction the Russians had a splendid opportunity for attack. They were stronger than the French, and were quite unwatched at Sevastopol only 200 miles off; and, as Captain Eardley-Wilmot points out, even if beaten they might have broken up the expedition and defeated its purpose, for that year at any rate.

Now came more delays: the French were not satisfied with the Katscha, and asked for a conference, and a fresh reconnaissance had to be made. This took two days, during which time the expedition anchored in an entirely unprotected anchorage, where bad weather would have been most serious. When the landing-place was decided upon the flotilla weighed, and proceeded to a point some thirty miles or so from the landing-place. Next day they made only a dozen miles or so, and again anchored—this time at Eupatoria. Finally, they arrived at "Old Fort," nine days after the French had started, and seven days after the sailing of the British portion of the flotilla—the distance traversed being about 250 miles.

As Captain Eardley-Wilmot points out, during all this time either bad weather or the Russians might have completely broken up the expedition. And though the landing began in such fine weather that more than half the army was landed in twelve hours, bad weather then set in, and no less than three days were taken in landing the remainder, so that it took four days to put some 50,000 men on shore. This, too, with no opposition whatever, either afloat or ashore, and with the boats of a large fleet to assist. The author does well to point out that an invasion is not quite such an easy operation as some would have us believe. Even after the successful battle of the Alma, the armies were still entirely dependent on the fleets for food and stores, as, indeed, they remained all through the war; and if the command of the Black Sea had at any time passed into the hands of the enemy, the expeditionary force must have surrendered.

Captain Eardley-Wilmot throws no light on the question as to who it was that first mooted the idea of the flank-march and the change of direction of the operations; and he is unable to find any papers to corroborate Sir E. Hamley's view that Sir E. Lyons urged Lord Raglan to attack the North Side.

When once the expedition was landed, and the Russians had crippled their fleet by sinking seven ships across the mouth of the harbour, the main work of the allied fleets was done:

still, without the assistance of the men and guns from the ships, it is probable that the siege would have failed. Altogether, from first to last, 4500 men were landed from the fleet, about 1200 being usually on shore at the same time. Their losses in killed and wounded amounted to 575. About half the guns for the siege batteries were also supplied from the ships.

The one operation in the Crimea in which the navy failed to satisfy those who believe that ships can go anywhere and do anything was the attack on the sea-front of Sevastopol. Captain Eardley-Wilmot devotes some space to considering the reasons for the attack, and falls foul of Sir E. Hamley because that officer ascribes to Sir E. Lyons' influence over Lord Raglan the very strongly worded request made by the general that the navy should assail the forts. There is no doubt that Sir E. Hamley writes strongly, and in styling Lyons "Lord Raglan's evil genius," or in stigmatising his zeal as "his rash desire to do something effective," he is probably taking an extreme view. On the other hand, as Captain Eardley-Wilmot himself points out, it is clear that Lyons was constantly with Lord Raglan, and that his advice had great influence. Moreover, Hamley was on the spot, and had good opportunities of gauging the effect of Lyons' advice, and Captain Eardley-Wilmot's evidence is mainly of a negative character. Nor was

this advice always confined to matters maritime. For example, after the battle of the Inkerman — “Sir Edmund recommended, however, that our batteries [*i.e.*, the siege-batteries] should reopen fire the next day as if nothing unusual had occurred, and this view prevailed.”

Though there is no evidence as to Lyons' opinion of the flank-march, it is plain that he thought well of Balaclava, in which, as Captain Eardley-Wilmot makes clear, he was fully justified, for that insignificant little harbour held 200 vessels safely. The length of road between Balaclava and the British lines was not Lyons' business; but on Lord Raglan must rest the responsibility for the final decision as to the base for supplies. Lyons was also in favour of an attack on the forts by the navy. He writes when at Balaclava, “I am naturally very anxious to rejoin the fleet and take part in the attack on the batteries, which should of course take place simultaneously with the assault on Sevastopol by the army.” And again his biographer records, “Sir Edmund anticipated the fleet would join in the attack, and no doubt he so expressed himself to Lord Raglan.” Sir E. Hamley may have used the epithet “rash” rather unguardedly, but otherwise I agree with him, especially that Lyons learnt by experience how fruitless such an attack must be. The biographer well points out the conditions necessary for success when ships are pitted against

sea-forts, the most important being that the works should be engaged at close range. This was impossible at Sevastopol, where, moreover, the works were exceptionally strong. To have materially assisted the army in the assault, the ships should have been in a position to enfilade or take in reverse the works to be attacked by the army. To do this it was necessary to go a mile or so *past* the outer forts and well into the harbour, — an impossible achievement, owing to the sunken ships, which, moreover, equally prevented our vessels from coming to close quarters with the inner forts. The only thing left for the fleet to do was to attack the sea-faces of the outer forts; but, had every gun here been silenced, it would still have been almost as difficult as before to get into the harbour. Whether either the admirals or the generals realised this at the time is extremely doubtful. Lyons himself was so hard at work at Balaclava that it is probable he did not get time to thoroughly reconnoitre the forts, — indeed, there never seems to have been overmuch reconnoitring in the Crimea at any time. Kinglake, whose detailed account of the attack remains the best that we have, and who is practically uncontradicted so far as the part assigned to the British ships is concerned, supposes that the power of the works was well known, and that the navy generally fully appreciated the difficulty of doing anything really effective.

Captain Eardley-Wilmot reproduces a plan made after the attack by Cowper Coles, Lyons' flag-lieutenant, representing the position taken up by the ships. In this plan the power of the forts, so far from being underestimated, is considerably exaggerated. For example, the cliff batteries are credited with three times the number of guns that they really possessed, and at least 300 guns in the outer forts are depicted as bearing on the ships, whilst Todleben gives the number as only 152. The number of guns in the second line of forts is also overestimated, and it is scarcely conceivable that Lyons could have been at all sanguine of success if this plan had been before him previous to his leaving Balaclava. There is nothing, indeed, in what is brought forward by Captain Eardley-Wilmot to show that Hamley and Kinglake are not correct in making it appear that Lyons only learnt by bitter experience that nothing could be done by the ships which would be of material assistance to the army. The skill and gallantry with which the *Agamemnon* was anchored exactly in the position assigned to her has been already made clear by Kinglake. It is not astonishing that the landsman gives all the credit for the expert handling of the ship to the admiral, and ignores the captain of the *Agamemnon*, Mends, who was really responsible for the working of the ship. But in this book, which is in great measure a popular naval history written

by a naval officer for the general public, the omission of Mends' name is somewhat ungracious. The handling of the *Agamemnon* is frequently alluded to by Captain Eardley-Wilmot, especially in connection with the weighing of the flotilla of transports and the entry into Balaclava harbour; but in each instance the credit is given to Lyons, without any mention or explanation that even a flag-ship is always handled entirely by her captain.

Owing mainly to the fact that the French insisted on carrying out their part of the attack at very long ranges, the much-talked-of naval attack was really only a reconnaissance in force. The fleets carried about 12,000 men, and the total loss in killed and wounded amounted to only 450. Not a single ship was disabled, though the *Albion* was a good deal damaged. More than a third of this loss was borne by the *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, and *Albion*, which were the only three ships really warmly engaged for any time. The *London*, *Rodney*, and *Arethusa* also assisted this inshore squadron; but the combined fire of the six ships, although it produced some temporary effect, failed to silence the guns which they engaged. These guns, according to Todleben, did not number much more than twenty or thirty. The gallant attack of the inshore squadron, therefore, went quite far enough to make it clear that it was hopeless for the fleets to break their way into the harbour, whilst outside

they could do nothing to assist the assault. Lyons' gallantry, however, had an excellent moral effect, and prevented the fleet being over depressed at their failure.

At last, in December 1854, eight months after war was declared, Dundas was relieved. This officer's popularity had been rapidly on the wane, and when Lyons on his departure ordered the signal to be made, "May happiness await you!" the fleet was quite entranced when a blundering signal-officer substituted for "happiness" the next word on the list, so that the signal appeared, "May hanging await you"! Dundas, however, was not nearly so much to blame as the Administration which kept him in command: he ought to have been relieved a year before. When Lyons became commander-in-chief there was not much for him to do. He gathered round him a younger and more energetic set of officers than his late chief, and tried for some time in vain to get the French to agree to more active measures. The great difficulty was, that to operate on the line of communication in the Sea of Azoff it was necessary to force the Straits of Kertch. These were defended by powerful batteries, and a land force was required to assault them.

The navy now understood most thoroughly that it was no use to make an attack from the sea on forts without a landing force to occupy the batteries when silenced. But for many months not a man could be

spared from the lines before Sevastopol, and it was not until the middle of May that the men were available. The Kertch forts then fell without a blow, the Russians retiring when they saw that resistance was hopeless. Lyons had organised a light squadron of small craft under young and dashing officers, which he sent into the Sea of Azoff, his son, Captain Lyons of the *Miranda*, being in command. The operations which ensued were not of great importance, for though the supplies of the Russian army were somewhat interfered with, the garrison of Sevastopol still received sufficient for their needs. The officers and men employed on this service, however, showed much resource and enterprise, young Lyons especially distinguishing himself. His career was but a short one, for scarcely had he returned to his father before Sevastopol than a chance shell gave him his mortal wound. The loss of such a promising son was a great blow to the father, and one from which he never entirely recovered. He remained in command of the Mediterranean fleet two years after the conclusion of the war; but the comparative rest and ease came too late to enable him to recruit his shattered health. He came home in 1858, and quietly passed away in November from rapid consumption, brought on by the heavy strain that the war entailed.

In summing up the qualities and services of Lord Lyons, his biographer more than once

compares him to Nelson. This, in my opinion, is a mistake. Nelson was a genius and a hero; Lyons was neither. Nelson was raised up at a time when not only the fate of Great Britain but that of the liberties of Europe depended upon the upholding of the sea-power of our nation. Great as were the sacrifices willingly borne by our people, our fleets were constantly outnumbered at the scene of action by those of our antagonists, and genius was needed in order to ensure victory. Lyons was never tried in this way. Like many another gallant seaman, his foresight was not always clear; he was never called upon for a great decision; he never led a fleet in search of the enemy. His merit consists in his doing well what came to his hand; his energy was untiring; he won the confidence of his inferiors; and by his winning manners and high character secured the respect and cordial co-operation of our somewhat difficult allies, the French. There have been, and there will be, many a Lyons in the navy, but only one Nelson. But Captain Eardley-Wilmot's book is not the less valuable for this reason, for it does not hold up an unapproachable standard, but rather shows how a man who is not a genius may still by devotion to duty live and die honourably in his country's service.

FROM FOREIGN PARTS: A SONG OF DEVON.

I WAS wanderin' dro' the thicket, hot and wet, and night a-comin':

All to once I yeard a cricket set to drummin', drummin', drummin'.

Her buzzed so gude and neighbourly I laughed aloud to hear,
I zimm'd 'twas engine dreshin' wheat to home in Devon-sheer.

Here us has no ice nor snow,

Like in purty Devon.

Oh, to hear the cattle low,

Winter nights in Devon!

"Hark the herald angels sing"—

Mother with her Christmasing,

Boys all slidin' ring-a-ring

On our pond in Devon.

Now the winter days be come, you beside the barn,
Fill the dresher, make her hum, fed with yellow corn.
Red the field, and green the bank, sun in mist a-settin',
Frost in air and smoke lieth low,—and I lies here a-sweatin'.

Shorter grow the afternoons

(Ricks beside the linhay).

Early shine the winter moons

(Ricks beside the linhay).

Far along the howlets whoopin',

Milkmaid calleth *coop, coop, coopin'*,

Sweet red cows to farmyard troopin'

(Ricks beside the linhay).

Home-brew zider soft as cream, blaze of ashen logs,
Our little maids like cherubim round the fire-dogs:
But hereaway—I could ha' cried, 'twas just a goin' home,
I seed un so distinckly when I yeard yon cricket drum.

Here there be no winter days,

Same as home to Devon.

Never see the wood-fire blaze

(Jolly land of Devon!).

Here the niggers call me "Zir,"—

Oh, to be a labourer,

Back again amid good cheer—

Back to jolly Devon!

EDWARD A. IRVING.

THE REBEL KING.

It is agreed on all hands that Mr Parnell played one of the most important parts in the political drama of his age. Men of every shade of opinion are prepared to concur in that view. "Parnell was the most remarkable man I ever met," was Mr Gladstone's mature verdict; "I do not say the ablest man; I say the most remarkable and the most interesting. He was an intellectual phenomenon." Lord Rosebery expressed his assent to this judgment the other day in Edinburgh. "I thought him very remarkable," says Mr Chamberlain; "a great man. I have often thought Parnell was like Napoleon. He allowed nothing to stand in his way. He stopped at nothing to gain his end." Sir Charles Dilke (who, it is to be observed, had at least one thing in common with the Irish leader) attributes to him "inexorable tenacity, sound judgment, knowledge of his own mind at all times, dauntless courage, an iron will, and the faculty of controlling himself and others." These are not the qualities of mediocrity, and we make no apology for calling attention to the life of a man who unquestionably possessed them.¹ But let there be no misunderstanding. We purpose to employ very plain language in dealing with our subject. We are not to mince mat-

ters; we are to make no lavish use of periphrasis. We shall take the liberty of calling treason and murder by their proper names, and of applying the terms "traitor" and "murderer" to any instigator, as well as to any perpetrator, of those crimes. For the truth is, that Mr Parnell was nothing if not the inveterate and implacable enemy of England. It was a character in which he gloried, and which, to do him justice, he would have scorned to repudiate. We shall, accordingly, endeavour to discuss his career in precisely the same spirit in which we should seek to comment upon that of the great Captain to whom Mr Chamberlain not inaptly compares him. But we cannot be answerable for it—nor, in truth, shall we be either surprised or ashamed—if we are unable to preserve a uniform composure of mood and imperturbability of temper. It is one thing to review perils from the menace of which we are separated by the space of three generations. It is quite another to recall dangers which ceased to be desperately formidable only a very few years ago, and with which the course of events or the exigencies of party warfare may once again confront us. The reader, when he has refreshed his memory with the tale, will not, we are persuaded, be slow to pardon

¹ *The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell.* By R. Barry O'Brien, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1898.

the occasional ebullition of an irresistible and righteous indignation.

Charles Stewart Parnell was born at Avondale, county Wicklow, on the 27th day of June 1846. On the father's side he came of an English family which had been settled in Ireland since the Restoration. He had as little of the Celt in him as Swift. His mother was the daughter of an American naval officer, of Ulster descent; and from her he imbibed that rooted animosity towards England which was the motive-power of his public action. That the English were "simply thieves" was the sum and substance of Mrs Parnell's political belief. The poor woman could not refrain from giving vent to her crazy views even at the table of the Lord Lieutenant; and she transmitted her peculiar form of monomania to more than one of her offspring. Charles, strangely enough, received his whole education in the detested country, showing himself at once idle and insubordinate. But he regarded both his school and college days "with peculiar aversion." "These English despise us," so the unhappy creature told his brother John, "because we are Irish"; and he seems to have kept harping on that string. A more foolish notion never entered a disordered brain. Any one who knows the English Universities must be aware how ridiculous the idea is. Were it not superfluous to cite instances, the mere mention of the name of King-Harman, so familiar and

so dear to Oxford men of twelve or fifteen years ago, would be sufficient to demonstrate its absurdity. An Irishman of the right sort will be welcomed as warmly and as heartily received as any Englishman or Scot. It is highly probable, we admit, that the "aversion" nourished by Mr Parnell was entirely reciprocated by its objects,—his schoolfellows, and his contemporaries at Cambridge. But the idiosyncrasy, and not the nationality, of the man was what provoked it. Englishmen, "thieves" though they may be, have a large share of those generous feelings with which that class of persons is proverbially credited. The undergraduates of the college which Mr Pepys once adorned were probably as fond of cricket as the future Irish leader. But when they discovered the spirit in which he engaged in that pastime — when they proved him ill-tempered, and "ever ready to take advantage of every chance to outwit his opponents" — they doubtless preferred his room to his company, and told him so. Small blame to them if they did. Whatever else he may have been, Mr Parnell was no sportsman.

His interest in politics was first aroused by the Fenian movement: and the significance of the fact becomes obvious when it is remembered, first, that Fenianism was a political, not an agrarian, propaganda; and, secondly, that it derived its momentum from acts of lawlessness and violence. Mr O'Brien (need we say?) treats us to a good

deal of the usual casuistry about the Fenian convicts. Courage, honesty, a keen point of honour, high-mindedness, truthfulness, punctilio, sensitiveness—such, it seems, were a few of their salient characteristics. Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien intend to kill Sergeant Brett? Oh, *dear*, no! Nothing was further from their thoughts, poor fellows! "Their sole object was to rescue their comrades." To all which beautiful reasoning—so creditable to the forensic acumen of Mr Barry O'Brien, and to the fostering care of his *alma mater*, the Middle Temple—we can only reply by strongly recommending Irish patriots in the rescuing line of business to leave such dangerous playthings as loaded firearms at home, unless they have a fancy for a hempen cravat. We are quite willing to take it that the Fenians were the most virtuous and excellent fellows in the world. But we are perfectly sure that they were "nane the waur of a hanging." Mr Parnell, for one, made no mistake about them. "From the moment he first thought seriously of politics, he saw, as if by instinct, that Fenianism was the key of Irish nationality," and that without the help of the Fenians no man could lead the Home Rule movement. In them, to use his biographer's phrase, he found the lever on which his power turned. "I do not want," said Mr Parnell, when invited to join the I.R.B., which he declined to do—"I do not want to break up your movement. *On the contrary, I wish it to go on.* Collect arms, do everything that you

are doing, but let the open movement have a chance too. *We can both help each other.*" In that last sentence rings the key-note of Mr Parnell's policy. Physical force by itself would come to grief, as it always had done. On the other hand, a genuinely constitutional agitation would be merely futile. The true means to the end was a Parliamentary campaign, *with the Revolutionists massed behind the Parliamentary forces.* There must always be a body of men willing and able, upon his instructions, to sound a rousing peal in the chapel-belfry. We congratulate the Gladstonians upon their quondam ally.

In 1875, when Mr Parnell entered the House of Commons for the first time as member for Meath, the Irish party was led by Mr Isaac Butt, a man of considerable humour and of many agreeable gifts, but a man for whom it is scarcely possible to entertain very much respect. To him belongs such credit as is due for inventing the plausible expression "Home Rule." As Mr O'Brien discloses in one of those bursts of candour which give his work its principal value, "he thought the old cry of 'Repeal' would frighten the English, but that the phrase 'Home Rule' would commend itself to every one as reasonable and innocent." Truly there is much in a name! Mr Butt had not made much progress with his cause in the House of Commons, and Mr Parnell resolved upon a complete change of method. The concessions which could not be extracted from the good nature of Great

Britain should be wrung from her fears. The conception was not wholly original. "Butt's a fool, too gentlemanly; we're all too gentlemanly," had been the terse and sweeping commentary of a member of the Irish party, the exceptional baseness of whose mind was only equalled by the exceptional deformity of his person. This being combined the moral and physical peculiarities inseparably associated with the fictitious character of Mr Daniel Quilp; and he it was to whom first occurred the brilliant idea of making our representative institutions ridiculous by deliberately obstructing every species of public business. When Mr Parnell, however, appeared upon the scene, Quilp yielded precedence to the genius of a superior strategist. The new-comer was not hasty, but proceeded by degrees. He acquired an unrivalled knowledge of the rules of the House by gradually breaking them. He learned how to keep his finger on the pulse of that singular assembly, and to gauge the limits of its patience and toleration to a nicety. But he rarely dropped the mask. The amendments which he brought forward in such profusion were drawn with consummate care and skill. He hoodwinked the occupants of the Government and the Opposition benches alike. The Radicals fondly believed that something other than pure obstruction was his aim, and that he was as genuinely solicitous as themselves to subvert the discipline of the army, for example, without

having any more sinister object beyond. Mr Gladstone, it will be remembered, was busily engaged during those momentous years in promoting the interests of Russia and thwarting the policy of Great Britain in the near East. Sir Stafford Northcote, for all his amiable qualities and sterling ability, was not the man to grasp the true character of the conspiracy thus set on foot to destroy the constitution. Before very long, Mr Parnell ousted Mr Butt from the leadership of the Irish parliamentary party. This was his first great and palpable triumph. Butt had steadfastly refused to abandon the arts of conciliation and persuasion. He was consequently displaced by a vote of the "Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain," which was largely under the control of the Fenians. The year 1877 marks the formal adoption of the new policy: the policy of badgering, wearying, and threatening the British Parliament on the one hand, and of simultaneously backing-up parliamentary proceedings by violence in Ireland on the other.

Let us for a moment recapitulate Mr Parnell's sentiments, as discovered by his faithful and admiring biographer:—

"He resolved to wring justice from England, and to *humiliate her in the process. He wanted not only reparation but vengeance as well*" (i. 98). "He regarded Englishmen as enemies, and he would treat them as enemies. He did not believe in negotiations. He believed in fighting. The fighting force in Ireland was the Fenians" (i. 103). "Had he attempted to break up Fenianism, he would have gone to pieces. He therefore leant on it; he *walked on the verge of treason-felony,*

and so won the hearts of many of the rank and file" (i. 157).

This was his frame of mind, this his position, when the agrarian agitation of 1879 was started under the auspices of the ticket-of-leave man, Davitt, among others of his kind. The Fenians rallied in large numbers to what Mr Barry O'Brien justly describes as "one of the most lawless movements which had ever convulsed any country." Mr Parnell contributed not a little to foment the turmoil. He advocated "boycotting" in terms absolutely unmistakable. He made the celebrated "bread-and-lead" speech, for much less than which many a rogue has been deservedly hanged. But he was always a little nervous of agrarian agitations. Not that he had a weak and childish antipathy to murder, mutilation, or any species of cruelty when applied to other people. He had all a great man's superb contempt for other people's sufferings. "An outburst of lawlessness in Ireland was regarded by Parnell simply with a view to its effect on the national 'movement'" (i. 375). What he dreaded was lest the peasantry, having secured the coveted portion of plunder, should settle down into a quiet and peaceable mode of life. He cared not two straws whether his countrymen were poverty-stricken or prosperous, miserable or happy. He cared a very great deal about the humiliation of England. The end to which the Land League was to serve as a means was

not the reform of the land-laws, but separation from Great Britain. "I would not have taken off my coat," he declared at Galway, "and gone to this work if I had not known that we were laying the foundation in this movement for the regeneration of our legislative independence." The vast majority of English politicians chose to turn a blind eye to his real aims. But one great intellect there was, impenetrable to sophistry or self-delusion:—

"My Lord Duke," wrote Lord Beaconsfield to the Duke of Marlborough in the spring of 1880, "a danger in its ultimate results scarcely less disastrous than pestilence and famine, and which now engages your Excellency's anxious attention, distracts Ireland. A portion of its population is attempting to sever the constitutional tie which unites it to Great Britain in that bond which has favoured the power and prosperity of both."

What a torrent of derision this celebrated letter elicited from all the superior and thoughtful persons! Many weak-kneed Conservatives, with the pusillanimity which has too often disgraced their party, would have disowned it if they decently could. But wisdom is justified of her children; and subsequent events (to say nothing of Mr Parnell's biography) have conclusively shown that Lord Beaconsfield's view of the situation and his statement of the issue at stake were the true ones.

The general election of 1880 sent Mr Parnell back to Westminster with a "tail" of rapscallions and ruffians, the like of whom had never sate in a

British Parliament. Next year brought forth a Coercion Bill, calculated to produce the maximum of irritation with the minimum of effect, and also a Land Act which no words can adequately condemn. Of all Mr Gladstone's attempts at constructive legislation, none have turned out such shameful failures as his abortive efforts to settle the Irish land question. Many systems of land tenure may be found in the world, some good, some bad, and some indifferent; but not one is so demonstrably imbecile—not one is so illogical in theory and so inequitable in practice—as that set up by the Irish Land Acts of 1870 and 1881. True, it broke faith with the landlords and robbed their pockets, and that in the eyes of certain persons is of the essence of land-law reform. But it communicated the benefit of the spoil not to the community at large, nor yet to succeeding generations of occupiers, but to a strictly limited class,—to the present tenants, and to the present tenants alone. Nay more, it practically secured a recurrence of those very evils which it was meant to cure; for when an occupier has to pay a large sum of money every year, it matters not whether that sum represent rent paid to a landlord, or interest on the purchase-price of the outgoing tenant's interest in the holding. Consider, too, the administration of the statute of 1881. It has been violently attacked by the landlord party. Let us hear what the ingenuous Mr O'Brien has to tell us about it:—

"Parnell had little faith in the Land Court *per se*. He believed that the reduction of rents would be in exact proportion to the pressure which the League could bring to bear upon the commissioners. 'By what rule,' I once asked an Irish official, 'do the Land Courts fix the rents?' 'By the rule of funk,' was the answer. Parnell resolved that the 'rule of funk' should be rigidly enforced. By the 'rule of funk' he had got the Land Act. By the 'rule of funk' he was determined it should be administered" (i. 302).

Was there ever a more infamous travesty of justice?

At the very moment when Mr Parnell was meditating how most effectually to prevent the Act of 1881 from benefiting anybody, it pleased Mr Gladstone, with much pomp of oratory, to lay him by the heels. The Premier's victim and the Premier's enemies—for enemies he had, like a certain eminent architect and land-surveyor—did not scruple to attribute this act to personal pique,—as who should say that Mr Parnell was not giving the Land Act a fair chance. We know now that Mr Gladstone was much too good to have been actuated by that sort of motive. Indeed, no one but a *very* good man would have ventured to do many of the things he did. As for Mr Parnell, he went off to prison with the prophecy on his lips that Captain Moonlight would reign in his stead: which, curiously enough, proved a true word. Outrages increased in number, audacity, and horror, as Mr O'Brien relates with calm satisfaction and complacency. To be sure, they were agrarian, which makes a world

of difference to your properly trained conscience. The Prime Minister became restive. An influence hostile to the Chief Secretary's became paramount in the Cabinet. With characteristic loyalty, Mr Gladstone threw over his subordinate. To make a long story short, Lord Cowper and Mr Forster were got rid of, and their places were filled by Lord Spencer and Lord Frederick Cavendish. Thanks to the skilful diplomacy of Captain O'Shea, the Kilmainham treaty became an accomplished fact. Its terms were—(1) that Mr Parnell should be set at liberty; (2) that the Government should introduce a satisfactory Arrears Bill; and (3) *that Mr Parnell should "slow down" the agitation* (i. 350). The Kilmainham treaty was the second great palpable triumph in Mr Parnell's career.

Scarcely had he scaled this lofty pinnacle when a most distressing and regrettable occurrence threatened to dash him to the very ground. Certain ill-advised and hasty persons ("criminal lunatics" Mr Barry O'Brien severely calls them) actually presumed ultroneously, at their own hand, and without Mr Parnell's sanction, express or implied, to assassinate the new Chief Secretary, along with Mr Burke, a permanent official of the Castle. The news of the crime, says Mr O'Brien, "sent a thrill through the land. Agrarian outrages were common enough. But political crime was something new." At the same time, "candour compels" the worthy biographer to own that "it was

the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish which produced a real feeling of sorrow and of shame among the people." Mr Burke did not matter. But the chivalrous instincts of a generous race were cut to the quick by such unpardonable rudeness being offered to a comparatively harmless stranger. Mr Parnell was seriously annoyed about the unfortunate affair. It quite upset his calculations. On the morning after, he looked very much cut up: a highly appropriate and delicate little attention on his part. He must have been genuinely alarmed to think that British patience was perchance exhausted, and that his little game was up:—

"An outburst of agrarianism would probably have produced no effect upon him. The reports which he had received in prison rather prepared him for that. Here, however, was a new development for which he was not prepared, and the exact meaning and extent of which he did not on the instant grasp" (i. 356).

Presently, in concert with Mr John Dillon and the felon Davitt (whose composition the precious document was), he conceived the happy thought—full of tact and consideration—of signing and issuing a manifesto "to the Irish people," wherein the murders were condemned, and a hope was expressed that the assassins might be brought to justice. The sincerity of this pious aspiration was amply attested by the impotent rage and the undisguised uneasiness with which the condemnation and punishment of the murderers were subsequently received in Nationalist circles. But Mr

Parnell's well-meant efforts at conciliation were in vain. The Phoenix Park murders had brought the most shocking consequences in their train. A certain weighty and important member of the Cabinet was seized with a violent attack of physical apprehension. What if Whitehall, what if Westminster, should witness the most appalling crime of all the ages? A new Coercion Bill was the only cure; and a new Coercion Bill speedily passed into law.

It was immediately after the publication of the manifesto just referred to that Mr Parnell did NOT address the following letter to anybody:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am not surprised at your friend's anger; but he and you should know that to denounce the murders was the only course open to us. To do that promptly was plainly our best policy. But you can tell him and all others concerned that, though I regret the accident of Lord F. Cavendish's death, I cannot refuse to admit that Burke got no more than his deserts. You are at liberty to show him this, and others whom you can trust also, but let not my address be known. He can write to the House of Commons. —Yours very truly,

"CHARLES S. PARNELL."

Pigott was neither an adroit nor a successful spy. He was not a master of the art of forgery. He inserted in the letter a sort of *S* which Mr Parnell had not made since 1878. But Pigott builded better than he knew. If he could not reproduce Mr Parnell's handwriting, he could at least reproduce his sentiments with literal accuracy. In a dozen lines he puts with point and terseness what Mr

O'Brien takes several pages to express. But the sense is exactly identical. That and no other (as we have seen) was Mr Parnell's attitude to Fenianism in all its branches. Only, an "agrarian" outrage in County Kerry or County Cork required no such pretence or affectation of regret for the benefit of the English public as a murder in the heart of the Irish capital. How pleased Lord Spencer must be to reflect that seven years later he shook Mr Parnell by the hand *coram publico*! How proud Lord Rosebery must feel to remember that it was across his upright and not prostrate body that this amazing act took place!

For the next three years obstruction inside and crime outside the House of Commons went merrily on without much intermission. The two departments of Nationalist activity "helped each other," to use Mr Parnell's memorable phrase. The "messages of peace" despatched by Mr Gladstone were as futile as they had ever been. The agitation was not "slowed down." Perhaps the "bhoys"—the village ruffians, the cattle-maimers, the women-torturers—had got the least little bit out of hand. A "constitutional agitation" of this sort is always more easy to accelerate than to retard when the steam is fairly up. In any event, as a general election drew near, Mr Parnell became intent upon the parliamentary portion of his duties,—the playing off of English politicians and English parties one against another. He assisted in the

overthrow of the Liberal Administration in the early summer of 1885. The Conservatives came into power, and he straightway assailed their political virtue through the all too good-natured and complaisant offices of the new Lord Lieutenant. We can never, we confess, look back upon that period in the history of the party without a sense of humiliation. The rank and file were staunch and true as steel. The bulk of the Ministry were proof against the insidious and corrupting taint. We have Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's word for that. But it was melancholy to see a statesman so amiable and so respected as the late Lord Carnarvon proceeding so far upon the road that leads to perdition. We doubt if his lordship realised the nature of the predicament in which he had placed himself, or the gravity of the suspicions to which he became of necessity exposed. But we are satisfied that the "sough" to which his communings with the rebel chief gave rise, coupled with the culpable failure of the Government to renew the expiring Coercion Act, produced a far from pleasant or favourable impression on the mind of the country. It was fated, however, that neither Lord Randolph Churchill nor Mr Chamberlain should be guilty of the great betrayal. That enviable distinction was reserved for Mr Gladstone, on whom, in addition to the two statesmen just named, Mr Parnell had been keeping a specially watchful eye. We shall not pause

to inquire into Mr Gladstone's motives. We observe that the late Lord Selborne saw his way to place a charitable construction upon his old friend's conduct; and, after all, it is of little consequence. It is enough to note the fact that, not very long after delivering a speech in Edinburgh, which, alike to those who heard and to those who read it, could seem nothing save a passionate appeal to the country against Home Rule, he ignominiously capitulated. The Home Rule Bill of 1886 was the third great palpable triumph of Mr Parnell's career.

Times were now changed with a vengeance for the Home Rule members. Instead of being treated as pariahs, they were welcomed by the Gladstonian Liberals, if not always to their hearths and homes, at least to their platforms. The "Union of Hearts" (such was the cant expression) was cemented at public banquets amid much enthusiasm and many libations; while the more impudent and pushing of the crew had no difficulty in effecting an entrance to those capacious houses where a new lion is always welcome, no matter how mangy his hide or how excruciating his roar. Mr Parnell was to be tempted into no such genteel and fashionable diversions. What relaxation he required he found in the society of Mrs O'Shea; and he continued to keep his followers in their proper places. Scarce one of them whom he did not treat "like a dog," as the saying goes; not one but came crouching to his

heel with the most admirable and affecting obedience. The general election of 1886 resulted in a large majority adverse to Home Rule; and Mr Parnell knew that, immensely as his forces had been increased, the day was not yet his. Mr Gladstone, indeed, had brought to the struggle an energy and an unscrupulousness which even he had never contributed to the cause of any other enemy of England. It was his part of the business to parade before the country the "thoroughly constitutional demand for a subordinate Parliament." It was Mr Parnell's share to see that the chapel-bell was kept a-ringing. They both "helped each other." But presently a new Chief Secretary arose of a vastly different stamp from poor Sir George Trevelyan: a Chief Secretary whom Nationalist sarcasm could not wound, nor Nationalist calumny reduce to tears; a Chief Secretary who desired to attain no end but the discharge of his duty, by vindicating the law of the land, and by assisting to the utmost those officers of the law and that loyal remnant who alone stood between two-thirds of Ireland and anarchy. He carried the most sensible and effective Crimes Act ever passed,—an Act which did not disdain to borrow many a valuable hint from the criminal procedure of North Britain; and he entered with a firm heart upon that desperate and protracted battle against sedition and lawlessness which he carried to so glorious an issue, and which forms by far the most creditable

and satisfactory episode in the domestic history of the last half-century. It is not to be supposed that a man of Mr Parnell's shrewdness and decision was slow to perceive the true quality of the adversary now pitted against him.

At one point in this bitter contest it seemed to the supporters of the Union as though all were lost. It would be vain to deny that the most sensational part of the proceedings before the Parnell Commission, and, in a less degree, the report of that respectable and august tribunal, were a severe shock to the expectations of all loyal Englishmen. The affair was incredibly mismanaged by the prosecution. The 'Times' people were outwitted and outmanœuvred. It is quite true that, in the words of a great poet, the incriminated Irish members were found to have been "traitors to the Queen and rebels to the Crown." But popular interest and attention had been concentrated on the forged letter; and the determination of the Commission was regarded, however illogically, as a verdict of acquittal. The exultation of the disaffected knew no bounds. Mr Parnell was the hero of the hour. Then took place the "historic handshake" to which we have alluded. It was the very zenith of the rebel's influence and achievement. No surer proof of the predominance of his lucky star could be adduced than the fact that the Radical majority of the Edinburgh Corporation dared to confer upon him the freedom of that city.

Some pressure was probably required to screw their courage to the sticking-point. "A bit of paper signed Schnadhorst" was supposed, rightly or wrongly, to have infused the requisite quantity of hardihood. Well do we recollect Mr Parnell's arrival in the Scottish metropolis. A few seedy carriages led the way, containing the scum of the Parliament House and the scum of the Town Council. The vehicle which contained the new burgess himself was followed by the scum of the Grassmarket and the Cowgate: a filthy rabble of his own compatriots. The Lord Provost—a man of character and probity—declined to be present at the ceremony proper. Some methodistical bailie or other played the chief part on that shameful occasion. We are much mistaken if certain notorious Free Kirk divines did not hallow the function with their presence. Two years had not elapsed ere the methodistical bailie and his Radical fellow-councillors were tumbling over one another in their haste to move that the name of Charles Stewart Parnell should be expunged from the roll.

The crash came in November 1890. We need not record in detail what followed. Mr O'Brien has dealt very thoroughly with this part of his subject; and it is unnecessary for us to do more than guarantee to the Unionist who "prees" the fare a banquet of the purest delight, of the most opulent enjoyment. Never have we retraced the particulars of any episode with more exquisite pleasure, with more solid

satisfaction. The antics of the Nonconformist conscience were in themselves the richest of treats. Murder, robbery, and false-witness might be ignored, condoned, or applauded; but a breach of the seventh commandment—never! The shuffling of Mr Gladstone was indescribably nimble: a perfect gymnastic exhibition in itself. He wrote that Mr Parnell's continuance in the leadership "would render my continuance of the leadership of the Liberal party, based as it has been mainly upon the presentation of the Irish cause, almost a nullity"; and he flatly declined, when appealed to, to explain what on earth he meant by this wonderful sentence. There was also, apparently, a letter of his addressed to Mr M'Carthy, but really intended for Mr Parnell's eye, which it never reached. We should like uncommonly to see its terms. Mr John Morley, too, was engaged in observing the proverbial jumping cat. He seems to have distrusted his ability to convince the public in Mr Parnell's case of the soundness of those elegant excuses for adultery which he had advanced in the case of Diderot. Besides, Mr Parnell had once disrespectfully referred to his principal English ally as a "Grand Old Spider." But the cream of the dish was indubitably supplied by Mr Parnell's parliamentary followers. They instantly took a firm tone. "We'll teach these d—d Nonconformists to mind their own business," blustered Mr Healy. They trooped over to Dublin, and with loud pro-

testations swore eternal loyalty to their chief. The next thing they did was to desert him almost to a man. What their motive was, we cannot altogether guess. Probably they felt that Mr Parnell's power was broken, and were minded to make a return for years of slavery and insult. Nor can we attempt to apportion among them the many various qualities which they collectively displayed. Yet, perhaps, the palm may be justly awarded to Mr Dillon for lachrymose incapacity; to Mr William O'Brien for neurotic fatuity; and to Mr T. P. O'Connor for the prompt and unswerving determination to be on the winning side at all hazards. We cannot repress a feeling of admiration, and almost of respect, when we think of this Parnell-Actæon set upon by his pack of hounds, of this indomitable man wounded in the house of his friends.

We do not profess to have laid any very startling or novel information before our readers. We are very sensible that in one point of view our words have been but "cauld kail het again,"—an old story retold. We have stated nothing—Mr Parnell's biographer has stated nothing—which was not already matter either of certain knowledge or of legitimate inference for every intelligent and patriotic citizen. But our story will bear more than one telling, and there are two particular reasons which have induced us thus to trespass upon the indulgence of the public. In the first place, it is a striking, though by no means a surpris-

ing, circumstance that what we may call the "stalwart" Conservative or Unionist view of Mr Parnell has turned out to be the true one. We alleged that he was the inexorable enemy of England, and the proposition was hotly contradicted. No attempt can now be made to deny it. We maintained that he pulled the strings of crime to suit his policy, and the contention was vehemently disputed. Its soundness cannot now be seriously questioned. We asserted that he aimed not at some glorified form of local self-government, but at the practical independence of Ireland. No one would now think it worth his while to challenge so well-worn a commonplace. The moral is, that Tories ought to have the courage of their opinions. In the second place, it is very desirable to prevent the Gladstonian Liberals from quietly forgetting certain disagreeable and inconvenient facts. At the present time, they are displaying an unaffected willingness to let the question of Home Rule sink into the background. But there is no knowing when it may come to the front again; and nothing will be more apt to confirm them in their resolutions of amendment than an occasional reminder of the bitter humiliations which an alliance with rebels and law-breakers has entailed upon them. No one can doubt that many Gladstonians are genuinely patriotic at heart, and that they have little relish for the company of politicians who wish nothing but ill to this country. But

they succumbed to temptation in the past, and the only safe course for the future is to keep rubbing their noses (as the homely phrase has it) in the Parnellite juice. They may depend upon it that this necessary though painful operation will ever be performed by their best friend, 'Maga,' with exemplary vigour and goodwill.

The last year of Parnell's life was one of desperate and futile effort to retrieve his position. His health broke down; he was tortured by the pangs of dis-

appointment; the cup of victory had been dashed from his lips at the very instant at which he was about to drain it. There was no rest or repose for him. From London to Ireland, from Ireland back again to London — thus the ceaseless, weary round went on. Racked by disease, blighted in his fondest hopes, baffled in his most cherished designs, he perished, solitary, unpitied, and betrayed, like a wild beast in his den. Even so, and not otherwise, may they all perish who shall seek to compass the ruin and degradation of England!

THE LOOKER-ON.

THE RADICAL SPLIT: HOW PLEASING TO OUR FRIENDS ABROAD—THE SECRET OF SIR EDMUND MONSON'S SPEECH—THE BETTER WAY WITH MR GLADSTONE'S BIOGRAPHY: TWO HARMONIOUS CONTRIBUTIONS THERETO—BROWNING'S OWN STORY ABOUT MR DISRAELI.

PREPARATION for Christmas festivities includes the sending of magazines to press before the usual time—a disadvantage to writers therein, when great surprises may not have exhausted their developments. Yet there is nothing mysterious in the withdrawal of Sir William Harcourt from the Liberal leadership in the House of Commons, nor should there be any more doubt of what is intended by it than of what occasioned it. But these are points that will be commonly agreed upon, I think, before 'Maga' makes her curtesy to the new year.

Personal considerations cannot be kept out of party politics, and never are kept out. Though the courteous assumption is that they have little to do with the politics of to-day, retrospect invariably discovers that they had much to do with the politics of yesterday. On the occasion of Sir William Harcourt's retirement they were for once avowed, as the determining motive of a decision which must have large consequences. The avowal is made in Sir William's letter to Mr Morley, and in Mr Morley's hot reply; and this is what it comes to. Sir William Harcourt and Lord Rosebery cannot

work together in the same Government; and as often as not the blame for so unfortunate an incompatibility is thrown upon Sir William Harcourt, being explained by the "personal proscription" demanded by his views, ambitions, antagonisms. But he repudiates the blame altogether, casting it upon Lord Rosebery; and when the divided, discontented, enfeebled rank and file of Liberalism begin to think of ending so unpromising a state of things by definitely settling its leadership, Sir William declares that he "will not consent to be a candidate for any contested position"; nor, further, "to lead a party rent by sectional disputes and personal interests." He resigns a "disputed leadership," and will henceforth do his duty to the Liberal party from an independent position in the House of Commons. Mr Morley agrees with and companions him.

"Personal proscription" being the charge aimed from either side at the other, Lord Rosebery would have nothing to fear were evidence taken from the beginning of a long game of cross-purposes. It would then appear that years before Mr Gladstone resigned the Liberal leadership, his more powerful colleagues in the House of Commons had al-

ready decided against Lord Rosebery as his successor. All just means were to be taken to exclude him from the command of the party whenever the occasion might arise ; and that was a matter agreed upon. I dare say it might be argued that personal proscription was not intended—that the proscribers had none but political motives for their determination. Perhaps they thought him too moderate in his Radicalism—some of them did, indeed ; while to all it was already known that he gave as much importance to the watchful conduct of foreign affairs as to legislation, and was deeply imbued with the continuity-of-foreign-policy principle. How soon he was to be justified they could not foresee, and meanwhile these were Tory ideas, Tory principles, to them. Therefore, of course they were objectionable ; but that he was a member of the House of Lords was a stronger reason still. Concentration of ministerial authority in the House of Commons, and particularly the presence there of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, were greatly desired by the Gladstonian captains in that House. A peer might be Prime Minister, but on one condition only—the figurehead or dummy condition. There was no likelihood, however, that Lord Rosebery would consent to it, and that completed the case against him. He was to be excluded.

His opponents may call that personal proscription ; but if so, what proscription more personal, or less truly the dictate of lawful political differences, has been attempted against any

of themselves ? It will be surprising, indeed, if anything of the kind can be alleged, or if the one party can deny the influence of personal ambition, the hope of personal advancement, more veraciously than the other.

Probably because he was aware of the feeling against him, Lord Rosebery declined to take office on a certain occasion, and did so over and over again ; at length submitted to persuasion ; did afterwards accept the post of Prime Minister ; believes, rightly or wrongly, that the feeling against him as a man in the wrong place amongst his colleagues was excessive ; and presently resigned the leadership altogether. From that hour there were two factions in the Liberal party on this same question of leadership—a Rosebery faction and a Harcourt faction ; and it happens that the whole drift of affairs since then has carried the Liberal party over toward the leader in exile, and away from the leader in office. The spirit which the one would call national and the other would call jingo is not a thing of spontaneous generation. It has been borne in upon the country from abroad—we all know how. Liberals no more than other sorts of Englishmen can resist its appeal. Unwillingly (for what provokes it was quite out of their calculations) some of their leaders have given way to it. But Sir William Harcourt and Mr Morley will not give way.

To find sufficient reason for what they have done, therefore, it is enough to consider what their position in the House of

Commons would have been, next session, seated in the forefront of the Liberal party. They must have sat there dumb. Domestic legislation? With his usual providence in such matters, Mr Chamberlain has looked to that, persuading his colleagues to force the Opposition into acquiescent silence or else into grateful praise. Behold the programme. State aid to working men to buy their dwelling-houses; measure for local government in Scotland; a bill for London government that will please all the parishes and trouble nobody out of them; secondary education; provision for the safety and health of persons engaged in dangerous trades,—how much there is here for generous acceptance, and how little promise of anything to bite upon! While as to the more pressing question of foreign affairs, Sir William Harcourt knows not what might happen to embarrass him yet more as Liberal leader, but does know of votes and things under which he would have to remain speechless, or else speak and give violent offence to the greater number of Liberals in the country.

Resignation, therefore. Independence. Freedom to resist the spirit of imperialism, freedom to urge his own old views of foreign policy, which are the Manchester views, and of course orthodox where he sits in the House of Commons. He probably believes, as others do, that reaction against the detested imperial spirit is not far off, and, so believing, looks for the gratification of heading it, speeding

it, triumphing with it over the "faction" before which he now retires. Since he holds his Manchester creed sincerely, this is for him the most conscientious course, no doubt; since, as he stands, he is a beaten man, he chooses the most lively and promising tactics open to him as a fighter; and inasmuch as he succeeds his conscience and his pride will rejoice together. How many eggs may go to the omelette is, of course, a question apart. Yet by how much, while he does his duty to his party in this way, he will exasperate the "sectional disputes" and sharpen the "personal interests" which he complains of as distracting and degrading it, should be considered; and also what likelihood there is that some of the stronger and worthier spirits amongst Liberal leading men may be driven by these disputes into a retirement more complete than his own.

That alone would be a large price to pay for reconverting the country to Manchester principles in foreign policy, proved failures as they must be wherever they are tried. At present, however, the hopes of the reactionists seem to depend almost entirely on the Law of the Pendulum; but they are not favoured by that alone. Most of the greater Continental Governments will be only too delighted to assist the efforts of any English party desirous of winning the country from all suspicion of the foreigner, and from these extravagant preparations of defence against enmity and rivalry. He, too, finds the suspicion objectionable, believes these excessive

armaments nothing but danger, and deprecates the use of menacing naval squadrons in support of what should, he thinks, be a peaceful diplomacy. Brought to a check by our preparations of defence and a manifest readiness to put them in operation, the Continental Governments really are much more amiable in their relations with this country than they were in the heyday of the Squeeze. But they are quite ready to be more so, to have a friendlier press, to abstain more obviously from adventures and designs for which, after all, money is running short, if by doing so they may accelerate the backward swing of the pendulum whereon Sir William Harcourt sits, like Cupid in a French clock. This, indeed, is the only right way of working the Squeeze—the cheap and scientific way. You put on the pressure (Lord Salisbury knows the trick), and increase and increase it till you find that it will yield no more without danger of resistance. You then lift your hands, fold them, explain that your action has been entirely misinterpreted, and, to prove it, offer your most considerate friendship and co-operation. Why should we not be comrades? you ask; and still fold your hands and remain peaceable, awaiting your next opportunity. This is the present phase of the matter; and of course the cooler and most long-headed of our rivals abroad must have been delighted to read the correspondence between Sir William Harcourt and Mr Morley. Little

could have been expected from the Czar's disarmament proposal, so much respected for its intrinsic goodness, and so entirely shut out from consideration as a serious proposal. But it may help—it may help in England, now that, as we all understand, a regular campaign is to be opened, under redoubtable generalship, against the pestilent imperialism which has planted England on the Nile and stopped the Squeeze. Very promising that, our good friends abroad will think, and to be encouraged by every possible show of amicability and humble-mindedness.

* * *

For days after the delivery of Sir Edmund Monson's speech at the banquet of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, it still remained a matter of wondering speculation. In itself, what he had to say was not remarkable; but that it should be said by the British ambassador, in France and to France, seemed very strange indeed. Sir Edmund Monson is of the old school; earnest in his profession, but deliberate, circumspect, punctilious; a man unlikely to forget in any circumstances that ambassadors are not sent by one country to another, but by one Government to another. The ambassador's business is solely with the rulers of the nation to which he is accredited; and to go past them in order to address his "representations" and his intimations of reprisal to the people themselves is on the

face of it an improper thing to do. But yet it is an offence with many degrees of blackness, and Sir Edmund Monson's descent into them was by one step only.

He began his speech by declaring a general dislike of the "new diplomacy," saying that it was "not without anxiety that he had decided to depart somewhat from the traditional limits by which the diplomatist is hampered" in what he was about to say. Then followed an ingeniously slighting reference to "the large increase, during November, in the coruscation of eloquence which has been flashed upon appreciative audiences throughout the provinces of our native land";—a by-stroke at our noble selves, carefully meant to soothe French ears and smooth the way for what was to come. What was to come was the real purpose of the speech—a double purpose, expressed in the following sentences, which are here put together with intent to bring out more distinctly what that same purpose was.

"This outburst of British eloquence," he said, "has been considered in France to have been rather a display of fireworks, artificially designed and exploded, than the natural product of an atmosphere highly and dangerously charged with electricity, the result of friction systematically and injudiciously applied." But nothing could be more mistaken. Those autumn speeches and the comments thereupon may not have been entirely discreet, but "they served the useful purpose of

impressing all the world with the conviction that the advisers of the Crown represented at that critical period the sentiment of a united people." And "I hold that it is essential to leave no doubt in the minds of those with whom we have to deal as to the unanimity of Great Britain, and as to the depth of feeling which recent events provoked." That is an imperative duty; and "while it is true that no other attitude could have been taken by the British Government, there has never been from the outset the slightest reason why doubt should have existed in any quarter of what that attitude should be." Therefore "I venture to hope that by this time the idea of our being unduly squeezable and prone to make graceful but impolitic concessions has been thoroughly exploded." He *hopes* so, does Sir Edmund Monson, and so proceeds to a conclusion:—

"England, while jealously guarding her own interests, and steadfastly determined not to permit any encroachment upon her rights, has no aggressive designs which need inspire anxiety in those who will deal honestly and justly with her. . . . We ask France to disabuse herself of all suspicion of unfair intention on our part, and to meet us on every question at issue with an honest desire for equitable arrangement, and with no afterthought towards scoring a diplomatic triumph or driving a one-sided bargain. . . . I should like to think that the ideas I have so imperfectly expressed may find acceptance with those who are directly or indirectly responsible for the direction of the national policy. I would earnestly ask them to discountenance and refrain from a continuation of that policy of pin-pricks which, while it can only procure an ephemeral grati-

fication to a short-lived Ministry, must inevitably perpetuate across the Channel an irritation which a high-spirited nation must eventually feel to be intolerable. I would entreat them——”

(It is here that the second purpose of the speech came out)—

“I would entreat them to resist the temptation to try to thwart British enterprise by petty manœuvres such as I grieve to see suggested by the proposal to set up educational establishments as rivals to our own in the newly conquered provinces of the Soudan. Such an ill-considered provocation, to which I confidently trust no official countenance will be given, might well have the effect of converting that policy of forbearance from taking the full advantage of our recent victories and our present position which has been enunciated by our highest authority into the adoption of measures which, though they evidently find favour with no inconsiderable party in England, are not, I presume, the object at which French sentiment is aiming.”

Published at length next day, this carefully prepared speech had in both countries a great and the same effect,—surprise. Its meaning? its object? The French found little difficulty in interpreting either its spirit or its intention: its spirit was the spirit of cold-blooded aggression; its purpose, to extort submission from the fears of France, or (as alternative) to force on the war which is so likely to be the worse for England the longer it is put off. That was the French reading: in England we were more puzzled. The sincerity of the speaker's appeal for peace and fair dealing was obvious to us, if not to the French. Yet we could see that he had put himself out of order; one or two sentences in

his speech seemed to most of us injudicious, though not without defence; and so grave and threatening a reference to M. Deloncle's school-plans for the Soudan was barely intelligible. Though we could not accept the French interpretations of a surprising departure from diplomatic custom, we had no confident explanation of our own.

All the while, however, it could be accounted for by a very simple though very troublesome reason. It all arose from the inveterate difficulty of convincing the French Government that our Foreign Office really means to stand by its determinations. Whether unbelief on this point was more obdurate in Paris than at Petersburg or Peking may be doubtful. Perhaps not. But though the unhappy prepossession must be giving way by this time, one would think, it was still the despair of our diplomats in the French capital when Sir Edmund Monson tried a new way of destroying it. Look again to the passages here gathered from his speech, and mark how closely they are addressed to one and the same end. The Fashoda affair had been settled, as if by persuasion of England's inflexibility in that matter; nevertheless, it still remained an anxious duty to persuade France, or “those who are directly or indirectly responsible for the direction of the national policy,” that the British Government is resolved to put an end to the idea of it as illimitably squeezable. Naturally, it has been the business of Lord Salisbury in his intercourse with the French

ambassador in London, of Sir Edmund Monson in converse with the French Government, to convey that resolution and establish it on a firm understanding. We may be sure that neither the Foreign Secretary nor the ambassador has been slack in the attempt. Yet how imperfect their success may be judged from this speech of the ambassador's, without going further. What could excuse its irregularities if the representations he enforced upon the French people had not been exhausted hopelessly upon the Government? Only their manifest failure when addressed to the Government of the country could justify his turning with them so emphatically to the country itself. Even then, in such a case, they should be of the highest moment : but that they were. The settlement of the Fashoda affair counts for little in the reckoning which France and England must come to without further delay. The Bahr-el-Ghazal presents one troublesome question ; not less imperative is the Newfoundland question, which must be resettled almost immediately. If, with these and other matters in dispute, they who are directly or indirectly responsible for the conduct of French affairs are still in the illusions lamented by Sir Edmund Monson, his appeal to France, which with less excuse would not fall short of impropriety, takes another shape, and becomes an obligation. Yet of course it could not but be felt as a mortification by the French people, who even insist upon it as a mortification

maliciously contrived. And indeed we are deeply to blame in the matter ; but our fault lies in permitting the growth of a belief that England's fighting days are over, not in warning the French nation, at a critical moment, that its Government is acting on the mistake perilously long.

And there may be found the moral of the whole story. The Monson speech calls for record and remembrance as illustrative of the danger that lurks in the habit of giving in—of giving in to wrongful claims and slighting injuries. The times change, but the consequences of that mistake are still what they ever were. And so we see an ambassador confronted by so rooted a doubt that his country will ever fight again, that he must needs slap the doubter's face to convince him of his error.

The startlingly emphatic passage in Sir Edmund's speech which relates to M. Deloncle and the Soudan schools has its own explanation. Lord Kitchener's proposal to establish a college at Khartoum forthwith had many recommendations. The most important are those which have all to do with tranquillising the Soudan and redeeming the people from their wildness ; but these the ordinary considerations are fortified by others. In Egypt itself there is a good deal of French school-teaching ; the most useful language in Cairo, for example, when it is not the native Arabic, being French. This teaching and this second

language have been made a means of communicating to the native population the bitterest animosity that England is anywhere subject to—the hostility of the French in Egypt. The teaching is so used notoriously, and with great success, as M. Deloncle and the French Government are of course aware. Therefore it should be no surprise if a wish to forestall similar operations at Khartoum entered into Lord Kitchener's plans; neither should it be any surprise that a French design to undermine and counteract them was instantly started. Sir Edmund Monson was supposed to have made too much of the Deloncle scheme—exaggerating its importance, making a great grievance of a trivial and fantastic suggestion. But it was not too trivial to miss the approval of the Government, and with this explanation its significance will be better understood perhaps.

* * *

Going one day, by favour, into the studio of the greatest painter in England—would that we could say with a clear conscience the greatest of English painters—I saw there a fine new canvas set up. Four feet long it was or thereabout, and more than two feet high—larger, perhaps; and all untouched except in a little space no broader than the painter's hand. But there in that small space was a most brilliant and perfect piece of work. It lay to the left of the canvas, at no great depth in the foreground, and

was this: a golden dish, and in it a load of fruit—figs, grapes, peaches—a splendid patch of ripe harmonious colour, with the finish of miniature painting; the dish resting on a low pedestal of white marble, such as might buttress the foot of a marble stair. It was an astonishing thing to see amidst the grey expectant vacancy that surrounded it. And the wherefore?—the explanation of it? The look of expectancy that ran toward the picture-piece from all parts of the canvas would have given the answer to a man of imagination; me the painter had to inform. The [purpose of that patch of colours, first painted in, was to govern the colour-composition of the whole picture. Everything, neighbouring or distant, was to be referred to it—everything determined by it.

It is a common practice, no doubt; but I being quite ignorant felt much enlightened, and that on things far beyond the composition of pictures. Here was a helpful rule adjustable to other employments than painting, but even more to the conduct of life, the government of our endeavours, aspirations, even our affections. The resemblance of the infant mind to a blank sheet of paper, so acceptable for its simplicity and so perfectly inept—what mischief it has carried into nursery and school! Try to replace it by the more true idea of palimpsest, and you will not succeed. Try again with the idea of a fair fresh canvas, which you are to treat in Mr Tadema's way—choosing the spot where

conscience lies, and painting in their own lovely colours the kindnesses, simplicities, veracities, fidelities, that everything in life may be referred to them by the inner eye, and you *will* succeed; for that is a more fascinating idea than writing on a blank sheet of paper, besides being much more scientific and promising. But isn't it an old way, the mother's way? It is, I think. There is nothing new under the sun.

It is in many ways serviceable. At one of those moments when we think of twenty things in thinking of nothing, I even drew from it what seemed a useful suggestion for Mr Morley, now employed in laying the foundations of Mr Gladstone's best monument. (*Circumspice?* Ah, no!) But, we have said it—there is nothing new; and Mr Morley's mind is a mind that naturally grows every sort of useful suggestion in a business of this kind. He has all the bettermost at choice in his own garden. But what *did* occur to me was—the job being a rather troublesome one—that the painter's plan might be imitated to advantage by setting up a phrase which should stand ever in view from the first lifting of the pen. That is already done, sometimes, by careful and definite choice of a title—a capital expedient in certain kinds of literature, but difficult in this. It is not easy to cast into the title of a biography the author's ideal of what the book should be. Yet it can be done; and to show that it can be done, I may mention that I have my

own idea for a Life of Mr Gladstone, and believe it to be precisely the right one. It is the most simple, the most reconciling, the most gracious, the one that, carried out in Mr Morley's perfect way, would satisfy most hearts and minds. And my title-page, with its guiding phrase, is ready for nailing to the desk. It goes thus:—

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE:

APOLOGIA PRO VITÂ EJUS.

The keyword is recognisable at once—apology; the beauty of it for this purpose being that it has a double signification, which in one part or the other, or in both, should shine out from every page of a “life” of Mr Gladstone. To be the most original, most agreeable, and improving of Gladstone biographies, the warp of it should be true exposition, and the woof righteous excuse. There are fifty “lives” of Mr Gladstone, but not one that does him the justice of simple, discriminating, uniform apology. Yet no other treatment is suited to his character and career, and no other will make out for him so fair a history.

One of the most pleasant because faithful and yet kindly of the fifty memoirs of Mr Gladstone is that published the other day by Sir Edward Hamilton, who worked with him for years as his private secretary. And this little monograph—unambitious, unpretentious, and sincere—has much of the apologetic character, and on that account is of

far greater worth than the "argle-bargle" Vindications of less judicious admirers. Sometimes, indeed, Sir Edward deviates from judicial into mere friendly excuse, as when he says of Mr Gladstone: "It is true that his party fell to pieces more than once in his hands; but every leader, however adroit he may be, has to reckon with causes beyond his control."

Fell to pieces in his hands? No, but in each case was broken to pieces by his hands; and never was his party in so many bits, or more hopeless of coming together again in an effective whole, than when Sir Edward Hamilton's book was written. "The evil that men do lives after them"—in many a case growing to greater and greater heights when they are gone; and so it is that the ruin in which the Liberal party stands now resembles the ruin of a town ten years after the ravager has passed that way to dispeople and unroof it. This Sir Edward Hamilton must feel like other folk. Not often, however, does he excuse so badly as on this occasion: it is, indeed, his only considerable aberration from the straight path marked out for himself. Elsewhere he makes no secret of Mr Gladstone's faults. Feeling, no doubt, that acknowledgment of imperfections can be afforded, he brings them forth freely enough; and only does what a declared friend is entitled to do in putting them in the kindest light. "So I see them," he seems to say, "and so I would have you view them; but there they are,

for as generous a judgment as can be accorded."

And curious it is to mark, on turning to the lately published volumes of Lord Selborne's 'Memorials,' how closely two very different, very intimate, observers agree upon the more distinguishing points of Mr Gladstone's character. The same discoveries are made by his friend who had to part from him as colleague, and by his friend who could abide by him as secretary—there being no responsibility in that vocation. The only difference between the two honest witnesses is that the secretary, being free to speak the truth in friendship and nothing else, does so; the Chancellor, a public man with a client in the public good, had to tell the truth under that obligation as well as the other, and was obedient to both.

"He preferred misconstruction to missing opportunities of doing good," said Lord Selborne. Says Sir Edward Hamilton, "When once he had brought his resolution into harmony with his conscience, he never paused to consider how far his action would be liable to be misunderstood." If after the word "conscience" Sir Edward had added, "or his conscience into harmony with his resolution," agreement would be complete. "There was hardly anything of which he could not persuade himself," says Lord Selborne, "when the current of his thoughts and feelings set in a particular direction." Something to the same effect peeps out in Sir Edward Hamilton's saying, that, "When

he had once made up his mind after due deliberation, he was convinced that he had made it up the right way," and no doubt on the subject ever afterwards found access to his mind. We read in Lord Selborne's portrait - sketch, that "public opinion had the effect not of making him more circumspect but of stirring him up like a war-horse to battle. Of this there were many instances throughout his career, and as he grew older and more powerful the habit became inveterate." Elsewhere, and in the less restrained language of intimate correspondence, Lord Selborne says, "It is impossible to describe the reckless (if it had been anybody else I should have said the unscrupulous and unprincipled) way in which Gladstone has carried on this, the Home Rule contest. The best word I can think of is plunging, in the sense in which I have known the word used by gamblers on the turf." Compare with these judgments the following passages in Sir Edward Hamilton's *apologia*: "If he had once convinced himself [or persuaded himself, as above] of the rectitude and justice of a particular course, his intrepidity knew no bounds. He became recklessly regardless of consequences," even when he foresaw the alienation of friends, disruption amongst his colleagues and followers, and "the risk of banishing his party from office for years to come." And "when he was conscious that time with him was short, he was apt to be less scrupulous than he usually

was about the means to which he had resort, if the particular end in view seemed to him to be thereby better promoted."

- To descend again to smaller things, but yet most important in the case of a statesman so powerful and so reckless in action, Lord Selborne says of him that "he had no consistent or settled respect for law"; though that, perhaps, is *not* a small thing. "He had a propensity towards intellectual subtlety and casuistry which was apt to mislead him as to the proportion of things; and he was not a good judge of the characters of men. He was too readily influenced by opinions which fell in with his own wishes or feelings, and by the men who held them." The secretary's testimony is that "he was endowed with a limited stock of what is commonly called knowledge of the world: was not gifted with intuitive perception of individual character' (as it might be Mr Parnell's).

"He was apt to be somewhat easily imposed upon and taken in. He unduly appraised the worth of some men, and unduly depreciated the value of others; this deficiency being in great part due to an almost child-like simplicity." "He was apt to see everything through one pair of spectacles—the pair which he happened to be wearing at the moment. . . . Closely connected with his want of discrimination was his credulity and his inability to suspect mischief. His credulity was unbounded."

Lord Selborne's account of Mr Gladstone's character has been cited amongst Gladstonians as illiberal and unfriendly. No one can describe Sir Edward Hamilton as biassed against the

man whom he served so faithfully and affectionately; and yet we might go on to other and equally striking resemblances between their testimony as to Mr Gladstone's determining characteristics as statesman and minister. On nearly every point these witnesses say the same thing, though in the different language of their different positions. Their praise, too, is alike; wherefore all that remains for us to do is to speak the thought that has been gathering in the reader's mind as he followed their friendly analysis of Mr Gladstone's character: it justifies the conclusions of those who deny that this great personage was a great statesman, or that he was much more than a vast disturbing and destructive force though a well-intentioned man. Lord Selborne's last word upon him was—

"The fascination of his conversation and personal character is sufficient to account for the fact that there are men well worthy of respect who followed his guidance with an implicit trust which asks no questions even beyond the border-line which, to minds constituted like my own, appears to separate moral evil from good. I was too long under the master's spell not to have some fellow-feeling with them, for I know how impossible it is not to admire and how very easy to love him."

Yes. But so it becomes true, as we also read in Lord Selborne's pages, that the judgment of posterity on Mr Gladstone may possibly agree with what Valerius Maximus says of Alcibiades: "It is hard to say whether his good qualities or

his faults were the most pernicious to his country; for by the former he misled and by the latter he brought calamities upon his fellow-citizens."

It is not often that 'Memoirs, Personal and Political,' published years after the close of a long life, bear so strongly upon current events as do those of the first Lord Selborne. Interesting historically, and of sterling worth as proceeding from one of the soundest, most scrupulous, and most lofty minds of the time, these volumes have an unexpected value in bringing light and counsel to the dubieties and troubles of to-day. The light is a reflected light, the suggestion accidental, the counsel indirect; but they often make themselves felt very forcibly, so that, whoever he may be, no one can read these pages without new and profitable thought upon the projects and "problems" of the hour. For those who, for example, expect new heavens and a new earth from the principle of arbitration, study of Lord Selborne's chapters on the Alabama case (in which he was employed) is a duty—a duty to themselves first of all. The same chapters furnish some extremely useful aids to reflection on the probabilities of the Anglo-American future. Lord Selborne's personal sketches are usually slight, but there are many of them, and all that may be spoken of with confidence are remarkably accurate and lifelike.

In the 'Spectator' a few weeks ago there was a sharp controversy, in which Mr Disraeli's immorality, Mr Gladstone's morality, humour, tolerance, Mr Browning's memory, or perhaps his good faith, were all brought into debate over a dinner-table story. The grand question was: Did Mr Browning tell a certain story about Mr Disraeli and Mr Gladstone in a certain way? He did, said Mr Lionel Tolle-mache, according to credible information to me imparted. Impossible, replied Canon MacColl (outraged, one perceives, by the word "devilish," fastened on Mr G.) — Impossible, unless by some strange lapse of memory "Browning reversed his own and Mr Gladstone's parts respectively."

Now, though Mr Browning is dead and Canon MacColl is alive, I'd as soon believe the Canon's memory the sinner; firstly, because I do not know why not, and secondly, because I myself happen to have heard Mr Browning tell this story, in circumstances and with particulars that would make "reversal of parts" very remarkable indeed in so just a man.

But what was the story, and what the circumstances of its relation in the hearing of a presumably veracious and trustworthy Looker-on?

At dinner in the house of one of Browning's dearest friends. Browning there, the sound and sincere mind going in him with the beat of a ship's chronometer. After dinner, the ladies of the party having left the table, conversation turns upon public affairs and public men. Mr

Gladstone was then the most public of men; and amongst other things said of him, it was said that whereas most things may be taken up by either of two handles — the humorous and the solemn — Mr Gladstone rarely saw the one and always seized the other. That was the sense of the remark. Mr Browning assented, and by way of illustration, *as he said*, told the much-canvassed story as follows:—

Mr Disraeli presided at a Royal Academy dinner whereat Browning was a guest. After dinner Mr Disraeli made the customary "speech of the evening," in the course of which he held forth in this wise: "When I look upon these walls, nothing strikes me more than the abounding invention, the copious imagination, displayed in the works that adorn them." Browning thought that pretty good. "Twenty minutes afterwards," he went on to say, "we were on our legs and going about the rooms in the usual way to view these fine works. Presently, some one hooked his arm in mine from behind. It was Disraeli, who immediately said, 'When I look upon these walls, Mr Browning, nothing strikes me more than the paucity of invention, the barrenness of fancy——' There!"

From the laughter that followed — none of us taking up the tale by the solemn handle — I fancy we must all have thought the story ended, as I myself did. But no: the promised illustration was to come. "Now some time afterwards,"

said Browning, proceeding as the singer does whose song has been applauded too soon, "I told that story to Mr Gladstone. As I went on I noticed that his face gradually darkened, and when I got to the end he said, 'Mr Browning, I call that *hellish*!'"

("Hellish," dear Canon, not your mere "devilish," on my word of honour. And I say that it is as good a Gladstonian word as ever bounded from the lips of the great Minister.)

Coming to a finish, Browning added that of course he had no idea of bringing out that sort of remark, and his audience agreed that his illustration was very illustrative.

As round a tale and as *vraisemblable* as was ever told. But Canon MacColl declares that the precious second part of it is all wrong; and in put-

ting it right he takes out the verisimilitude and substitutes the other thing. He was present when Mr Browning told the story to Mr Gladstone, and remembers all about it. It was not Mr Gladstone that spoke wicked words, but the poet himself: "greatest liar living," he said of Mr Disraeli. It "was Browning who was exceedingly indignant, and Mr Gladstone who was greatly amused" at such toying with veracity. "We all laughed *except* Browning — none more than Mr Gladstone," who "was greatly tickled by Browning's vehemence."

How strange! How strange that the author of "The Ring and the Book" should go about to fasten a particular weakness of his own upon one of his friends, as an illustration of character!

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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OUR FATHERS.

NOT "better than our Fathers," we
Can wisely boast ourselves to be;
And evil may the scribbler speed
Who vaunts the vaunt of Diomede!

Our Fathers! eighty years ago,
From Princes Street amazed the Row.
From his far castle upon Tweed
The Great Magician came at need,
And every woman, man, and child
Was gladder when the Shirra smiled,—
Nay, every tyke about the place
Took pleasure in the Shirra's face!

He, too, was here, the Giant Child,
Tender, magniloquent, and wild,
Whose lure lay light on lochs and streams;
Whose prose or weeps, or glooms, or gleams,
As shower and shadow flit in turn
O'er moor and tarn and benn and burn;

Whose Crutch fell heavier than he knew
On laurelled crest or Cockney crew,—
The mighty Christopher: beside him,
He that “fules feared” whene’er they spied him,

*John Lockhart
to Darwin, 1881*

The Scorpion of the loyal heart,
Who saw youth, love, and friends depart,
Bearing dark sorrows in his breast,
Yet held his own and broke his jest,—
Crowned, as I deem, all men above,
At once with Scott’s and Carlyle’s love!

John Hogg

With them The Shepherd: never plaid
Of shepherd wrapped so strange a lad.
Second alone was he to him
Who turns all peasant glories dim.
Oh kindly heart and random tongue!
That erst of fair Kilmeny sung,
And taught how dreadfully he died,
The Sinner, Lost and Justified,
And tuned to rhyme and told in prose
The fortunes of the Fallen Rose,—

These were our Fathers: truly we
Scarce better men may boast to be!

A. LANG.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LXXII.

XPH Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΔΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]*

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

*Scene—The Blue Parlour, Gabriel's Road, Elysium. Time—Eight
o'clock. Tea, coffee, and "the materials" on the table.*

NORTH. THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD. TICKLER.

SHEPHERD.

I'll thank ye, Mr North, to rax us ower the *Scotsman* whenever
ye're dune wi' it.

NORTH.

Take it, James ; take it. You'll not find much news in it to-
day. "Tuberculosis and Milk," h'm, h'm. "The Crisis in the
Whisky Trade," h'm, h'm. But have the London papers not
come in yet ?

SHEPHERD (*politely*).

Alloo me, sir, if ye please. [*Jumps up and pulls bell vigorously.*]

*Enter TAPPYTOORY with a large bundle of newspapers which
he deposits on the table, and exit.*

NORTH.

Here they are at last. Well, well, James, they may talk of the
improvements of civilisation and the progress of the age, but I
gravely doubt if Charon, Limited, be half as punctual as the old
boy used to be before his conversion—into a company. Of all the
infernal——

SHEPHERD.

Hooly an' fairly, Mr North, hooly an' fairly. Ye suldna use
sic awfu' language.

NORTH (*rising solemnly and shaking his crutch for five
minutes by the clock at the* SHEPHERD).

If I thought, James, that the pun was intentional, your pow
and this stick would soon become better acquainted.

SHEPHERD (*with an air of innocence*).

Me mak' a pun, Mr North? H'ard onybody iver the like o' that!

NORTH (*resuming seat*).

Take warning, O presumptuous Shepherd, and let me continue. Where was I? Ah! those infernal companies. Since the promotion of the Glenmutchkin Railway there has been no such fever of speculation as in the last few years; though I question if there is much which your modern promoter could have taught to Bob M'Corkindale and Augustus Reginald Dunshunner. They knew most of the moves on the board half a century ago; for people forgot then as they forget now that, after all, what counts in a business is the personal element. Personal energy and personal interest are half the battle. Thank heaven, Picardy still keeps his tavern in his own hands. Confound your "managing directors," say I. Give me mine host, and let him strive by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of that esteemed patronage which——

SHEPHERD.

A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. There's no' twa ways about it. As for me, I didna mak' verra muckle o' the fairming up-bye thonder, but gif I had been working no' for my ain gudewife an' bairns, but for a wheen ither fouk wha caredna twa straes about hillside or headrigg, plough or pasture, an' were aye jist wantin' "oot" theirsels at a primmium an' to lat in some ither buddy in their place—think ye, Mr North, I wad hae wrocht my hardest? Think ye I wad hae risen airly an' lain doon late for the likes o' thon? Na, na, sir; deil the fears o't.

NORTH.

Conceive, James, of *Maga* as a company, limited!

SHEPHERD.

Wi' Maister Weel'um "to jine the brodd after allotment"! Haw! haw! haw!

NORTH.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

SHEPHERD.

Ay, an' aiblins sell'n a number owre the coonter for a bawbee doon an' a promise to pay nine-an-fifty mair instalments *per mensem*! Ho! ho!

NORTH.

Not forgetting, James, a handsome bookcase, made of the same wood as this crutch, to hold the priceless treasure. Ha! ha! ha!

SHEPHERD.

But there maun be a speecial byuck-case, a' studded wi' di'monds an' ither sorts o' jew'llery, to dae justice to the thoosan'th number. Ye'll no hae forgotten, sir, that it'll be oot in Feb'ruary?

NORTH.

Forget, my dear Shepherd? As soon could a mother forget her child, or you *Bonny Kilmeny*.

SHEPHERD.

Or Mr North the *Isle o' Pawms*.

NORTH.

And therefore, James, I propose to tip you a stave of my own composing in honour of the great occasion. Do you and Mr Tickler give me a hearty chorus.

TICKLER.

Hrmmp! Wawawawrmmp!

SHEPHERD.

Gude guide us, Mr North, but Southside's been reposin' in the airms o' Murphy for the last quarter o' an 'oor! (*Fortissimo*.) Wake up, Mr Tickler, sir, an' gie's a haun' in the chorus to Mr North's braw new sang about *Maga*!

TICKLER (*waking up, rubbing eyes, yawning, &c.*)

Eh? Bless me, what's the matter, gentlemen? Ah-h-h! A chorus, say you? By all means.

[*Clears throat, and pulls himself together.*]

NORTH.

Here goes then, gentlemen.

MAGA: AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

I.

A thousand moons have waxed and waned,
 And fourscore years have rolled,
 Since *Maga* first o'er mortals reigned
 With Ebony the bold.
 An ill-starred day was that, I ween,
 For dunce, and knave, and fool;
 What drivelling clique durst even squeak
 Beneath her righteous rule?

Chorus.

Then fill me a bumper and push round the bowl!

For from forty-five George Street to far Wagga-wagga
 No quack or pretender from sternness shall bend her,
 Or roll the loud log with the sanction of *Maga*.

II.

She soon took up for Church and King
 Her parable with zest,
 And to th' unequal fight did bring
 Invective, reason, jest.

Confusion seize the caitiff wretch
 Who'd drag old England down !
 North's vig'rous staff shall crack in half
 The thickness of his crown !

Chorus.

Then fill me a bumper and push round the bowl !
 For whene'er, with the mien and the tones of an Aga,
 She cries, Off with his head ! the poor creature drops dead :
 So mighty the power and dominion of *Maga* !

III.

Yet not too constantly or long
 Her thunderbolts she hurled,
 But deigned with tale, and skit, and song,
 To entertain the world.
 With pathos, humour, pungent wit
 She tintured many a story ;
 And thus combined for all mankind
 The genius with the Tory.

Chorus.

Then fill me a bumper and push round the bowl !
 For, whatever the virtues esteemed in a Saga,
 Every one, I'll be bound, may be readily found
 In the hundred and sixty-four volumes of *Maga*.

IV.

And now the mystic **M** appears
 Above old Geordie's phiz ;
 That symbol of the fleeting years
 Her inspiration is.
 Glorious the past she can recall ;
 But, if the omen's true,
 Her day's not o'er ; she has in store
 A glorious future too.

Chorus.

Then fill me a bumper and push round the bowl !
 For, with more than the lightness and speed of the Quagga,
 She'll continue the race, set her rivals the pace,
 And show them a clean pair of heels, will our *Maga* !

OMNES.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

SHEPHERD.

Weel sung, laird. Man, ye warble like a lintie. But whatna

paper's this beside Mr Tickler in his cyooral-ooral chair? Aha! I jaloused as muckle. Mony's the time I ha'e tell't him that gin he behoved to read *Leeterature* he maun tak' the consequences. Here's the *Daily Mail* to ye, sir. That'll keep ye awake, I'se warrant.

TICKLER.

Many thanks, many thanks. Yes, I confess I like to read my *Mail*. From its very birth it has fascinated me strangely. It could boast of the only good first number that ever paper had, and it has kept up its character bravely. Not but what it has its failings like the rest of us. A little apt to be too emphatic, to "force the note," as I believe they say nowadays; inclined at times to make mountains out of molehills; fond of assuming airs of self-importance, with no apparent justification. Its fiction is beneath contempt, and I long for a little more restraint and modesty, a little less cock-sureness and "actuality," if actuality means the relit of a Baker Street bazaar-keeper and the tittle-tattle of flunkies and waiting-women. These, let us hope, are the vices of youth which time may be trusted to cure.

SHEPHERD.

An' a' this for a single bawbee! Preserve us, but Maister Harmsworth maun be a fair extraord'nar chiel! Wha but him iver sell't a threepenny magazine for threepence-ha'penny?

NORTH.

Not so bad, James; a palpable enough hit. But Southside has spoken well and truly. The *Daily Mail* is a distinct acquisition to our stock of newspapers; and to say that is to say much when you consider the variety and ability displayed in that composite body, the London daily press. There is the *Standard*, firm as of yore in the advocacy of sound principles,—a pillar of strength to the Conservative party, and conducted with enterprise and courage. Then there is the *Morning Post*, aroused from lethargy and slumber to activity and life; with a dash of the Churchill tradition in its politics, which discriminates it not unpleasantly from its younger rival. Once more, you have the *Daily Telegraph*, that marvellously faithful mirror of the Cockney mind; reflecting alike its excellences and defects, its hot and hasty impulses to fairplay as well as its shallow capacity for thought or principle. Not much pretence at leading the multitude, but a complacent willingness to follow.

SHEPHERD.

An' the public hangin' a' the mair, I'se warrant, on the yeditor's ivery word!

NORTH.

No doubt, James, no doubt. But interrupt me not. If you be so far left to yourself as to be a Liberal, behold the *Daily News*, the candid and respectable, though occasionally acrimonious, champion of that creed; while if Radical prepossessions bring you to the gates of Bedlam, you will find much to your

taste in the hysterics of the *Daily Chronicle*. How cunningly it tickles the palate of the ambitious half-educated, and gratifies their vanity by doses of sham culture! Plenty of manure, no doubt, as the old repartee has it, but a marked absence of cultivation. Some day—who knows?—the braying of its juvenile bigots will be moderated by the lessons of experience, and ability will no longer be obfuscated by fanaticism worthy of the Glasgow Gander.

SHEPHERD.

It's plain to see, sir, that lapse o' time has no' muckle altered *your* opeenions ony w'y.

NORTH.

Heaven forbid! James, that it should. Changed circumstances, it may be, have rendered necessary changes in detail. But Church and Queen (God bless her!) is still the old man's motto, and his staff is still vigorous to rap the meddling fingers and bemuddled pates of all who would tamper with our glorious constitution. What reign ever equalled her Majesty's in duration and glory? Take my word for it, not one of us guesses how much of the prosperity which our country, under Providence, has enjoyed is due to the Queen's sound judgment, unfailing sagacity, and strict sense of duty. Long may she rule over a loyal, virtuous, and contented people! Come, a caulker in honour of the venerable toast. [All drink.]

TICKLER.

In your enumeration of the London papers, sir, you were about, as I conjecture, to wind up with the greatest of all—to wit, the *Times*.

NORTH.

Right, Tickler; and where shall we find a journal like it? How much of the old prestige still justly clings to it! I am told that an eminent statesman, recently arrived in these parts, disliked it heartily in his later years; which proves that there cannot have been much wrong with it. The Unionist cause stands heavily in its debt, and, joking apart, it is no small distinction for a paper that its pages should be the recognised playground for the recreation of the most illustrious politicians in vacation.

SHEPHERD.

Haw! haw! haw!

NORTH.

How, James? You laugh?

SHEPHERD.

The fac' is, Mr North, I couldna help thinkin' on yon chiel, the Peking correspondent. Man, he's a cliver lad that! I mind fine, hardly a year syne, wheniver a cawbinet meenister made a bit speech aboot hoo English diplomacy had gained a graun' victory in Chiny, an' hoo the firrum an' unflinching awttitude

o' the Gover'ment had left a fine open port for huz to draw, the verra neist mornin', sure's fate, comes a tallagram frae the fallow tellin' hoo thae Rooshians had laid a gyard, an' hoo the British ambawssador wis clean nonplushed. An' he was richt ivery time, mind ye—mair's the peety.

NORTH.

Whisht, whisht, James; let that flee stick to the wall. He who goes to Rome should not quarrel with the Pope; and *Maga* can afford to deal generously with the Government. Their hurdies are smarting yet, I'll be bound, from the castigations which she inflicted last year; and besides, they have done much in recent months to rehabilitate the good name of British diplomacy and statesmanship.

SHEPHERD.

Ye was speakin', Mr North, about the *Times* an' the Unionist pairty; but can ye tell us the name o' ony paper has dune better wark for the great cause than the *Scotsman*?

NORTH.

Not I, assuredly. Where, indeed, would the right side have been in Scotland without its powerful assistance? And for well-selected, well-arranged, well-digested, and well-proportioned news, I know of no journal to match it, out of London—ay, or in London. I never feel that I have gotten the intelligence of the day in proper focus till I have cast my eye over the Cockburn Street sheet.

TICKLER.

Times are changed indeed when Conservatives swear by the *Scotsman*. It is not so long since many an honest door was barred against it, not without cause; and I own that in moments of depression I sigh for the poor old *Courant*, miracle of ineptitude that it was. Ah! If only Mr John had seen his way to take it up! That would have been a memorable day for the Tory party. But even in its best period—and when “Blood-and-brains” conducted it there were moments of great brilliancy—it always somehow seemed to be a day late for the fair. The *Scotsman*, I am sorry to see, cleaves obstinately to some of its less happy traditions. Its controversial manner is the reverse of urbane, and it persists in cracking the dreary old jokes about ministers and Sabbatarians. Sandy Russel's wand was not meant for less mighty wizards to conjure with. I have sometimes, indeed, thought that the difference in tone between the *Scotsman* and the *Standard* was no unfair index of the respective degrees of civilisation attained by Scotland and England. Yet, when all is said and done, those failings are not serious, and very little effort would cure them.

NORTH.

To be sure it would; and remember to the paper's credit that it never condescends to those trivial personalities to which other journals—I speak not merely of gutter-rags—too frequently stoop.

SHEPHERD.

I ken fine what ye're at, Mr North; parteel'ars o' my leddy Fowerstars' pairty, whaur the wine was "undeneeable," an' whaur the pawms cost as muckle siller's wad pit a West Indian colony, safe an' soun', upon its legs. Short wark wad I mak' o' thae infernal sugar bounties. But the maania for publeeicity is somethin' awfu', aneuch to turn a body's stamack. Leddy Fiddle-Faddle (set her up!) was obsairved last Monanday shopin' in Sloan Street, dentily attired in a smairt mawve tock an' an eelegant winsey creation o' Yoojeeny's; or Lord "Tom" Noddy was perceived takin' a daun'er roond the Pawrk, faultlessly got up, as us'al; or Mistress High Flyer's *bal masky*, whilk included twa three Hebrew money-lenders an' a dizzen company-promoters at the verra least, was distinguished by a "wise exclusiveness." An' the warst o't is, that Leddy Fiddle-Faddle, an' Lord Tom, an' Mistress High Flyer wad sit them doon on their hunkers an' mak a fine humdudgeon, an' mebbe even skirl for sheer vexation, gin their names wisna prented in the papers; ay, an' they feed, an' pamper, an' wheedle, an' coax, an' do the ceevil to the pawrasites wha yearn a leevlihood—puir misguidit deevils—by writin' sic like trash. But gin a wheen lords an' leddies, no' preceesely o' the first fawshion, think nae shame to beg an' fleech for advertesements o' the sort, what say ye, Mr North, to the authors wha suld ken a hantle better? Wae's me, wae's me for the dignity o' leeterature! It's pawragraphs here, an' pawragraphs there; whiles a bit interview, an' whiles a bit denner; wi' oor gude freen' Mr Wamblewame, the "guest o' the evenin'," an' hoo he has brocht the true flevvour o' the shambles to mony a twitching nostril; or the health o' Miss Claw-the-midden, gentlemen, an' may she lang be sparit to probb the beilin' sores o' humanity to the verra roots.

NORTH.

Yet we must suppose that there is a public eager to hear of such matters, or else they would never be dished up so regularly as they are. A queer beast the public, as Mr John used to say; and who can tell what it will fancy for its next meal? Why, a daily paper is said to have added fifty thousand to its circulation, by what?

TICKLER.

A set of papers by Mr Kipling, sir?

SHEPHERD.

An exposhy o' an obvious impostor?

NORTH.

Wrong, gentlemen, though your guesses were ingenious. No; by taking a vote of its Radical readers on the Opposition leadership and the Opposition programme.

SHEPHERD.

What's this they ca't again? I ken it's an unco kittle word to pronounce.

NORTH.

Ay, a plebiscite.

SHEPHERD.

An' the prize for the wunner o' the competeetion is a bank-bill for a hunder poun's.

NORTH.

Correct, James; I observe you read your newspaper diligently enough. But is it not lamentable to see a once great political party reduced to the condition of the Gladstonians; torn by internal dissension, distracted by personal intrigue, and equally destitute of men and measures?

TICKLER.

Say, rather, that it would be pitiable were it not that they deserve no better fate. When they sold themselves to the Irish gang, they lost all title to the sympathy of honest and right-thinking men. The Pope's brass band was a collection of honourable gentlemen compared with Mr Parnell's kerns and gallowglasses; and the Gladstonians have no right to complain if they caught more than they bargained for from such singular allies. I grant that, as a rule, a strong Opposition is a blessing to the country; but I have no desire to see a party which is solemnly pledged to a policy of dismemberment materially strengthened. Could anything be more significant of their total want of principle than the eagerness of many among them to throw Home Rule overboard, because Home Rule has been found not to pay?

NORTH.

Very true, my dear Tickler; but I believe you will agree with me that the want of a strong Opposition constitutes a serious danger for the party in power. The majority becomes careless, loses spirit, tends to break up into groups, becomes less coherent and energetic than it ought to be.

SHEPHERD.

A wee thing lowse in the glue, sir, as Mr John or his worthy freen', auld Tom, might say.

NORTH.

An appropriate metaphor indeed, James, for the Elysian fields. But, as I was saying, not only does the majority become flabby in the face of a weak and discredited Opposition, but the Government takes to playing tricks which it dare not venture upon when the enemy is well organised and vigilant. Look, for example, at the Vaccination Bill—a measure intensely repugnant to the bulk of Conservative and rational sentiment. Was ever so gratuitous a concession made to a parcel of ignorant and offensive maniacs? And all for the sake of keeping or winning a few seats which could easily have been spared!

SHEPHERD.

I wad like fine, Mr North, to hear your defeneetion o' a "conscientious" objector. Ma conscience! Gin the Shepherd had his

wull o' them there wadna be mony sic cattle stravaguing aboot the kintraside disheminating their abōminable diseases.

NORTH.

I own I have no more conception of the meaning of the word in that connection than of the meaning of a "conscientious" objector to the multiplication-table. I cannot, however, absolve the medical profession of all blame in the matter, and I am sure our dear Delta would be with me there. Had they uttered a louder and more certain sound, I believe the House of Lords at least might have treated the bill as it deserved. But apart altogether from the merits of the question, the measure was objectionable, because it encouraged the belief that Ministers were squeezable by any noisy and obstreperous clique of nuisances. When will politicians learn that the country values firmness in its rulers more than any other quality, and that to know your own mind pays best in the long-run?

TICKLER.

There is another danger for the party in the present condition of the Liberals, and that is that we may be lulled into a false sense of security. In every Conservative newspaper I read confident predictions that the other side is doomed to be out for the next twenty years. Such talk is rank nonsense.

SHEPHERD.

Jist havers.

NORTH.

Moonshine, pure and undiluted. *Rem acu tetigisti*, most sagacious Southside.

SHEPHERD.

Whisht, Mr North; for ony sake keep awa' frae the Lait'n, or I doot Maister Bir'l, Q.C., 'll be sair displeased. Div ye no' ken 'at he's sworn to tak oot a decreet interdicting, prohibiting, an' dischairging the first man wha daurs to intromit wi' the Delectus?

TICKLER.

You, my dear North, and you too, my dear James, are well aware how ill-founded any such confidence on the part of the Unionists must be. When the Whigs came back from the country in 1832 with the largest majority of the century, it looked as though they were good for a fifty years' spell of office. The Tories, on the other hand, were numerically feeble, and had not recovered that confidence in their leader which he had already betrayed once and was destined to betray again. Yet the process of disintegration in the Ministerial ranks went on so fast——

SHEPHERD.

Wi' Hairy Brumm aye ready to gie't a helpin' haun' frae within——

TICKLER.

That in less than three years the Whigs were out for a few

months, and in 1841 Sir Robert Peel returned to power with the handsome majority which he wantonly dissipated five years later. To-day the pendulum swings quicker. Three months—one month—one week—may so alter the complexion of affairs that the Ministry of the day, instead of basking in the sunshine of public favour, is battered with the winds and rains of unpopularity. No one can foresee what a year may bring forth, and the prospects of any Government are less dependent upon its conduct viewed as a whole than upon the events which happen immediately to precede the natural termination of the Parliament.

NORTH.

A most timely word of warning, my dear Tickler, which I trust all Unionists will take to heart. Yet we who have seen so much may perhaps contemplate the near future of the country at all events with tolerable equanimity. Common-sense political views are now unquestionably held by large classes in the community who were formerly steeped in ignorance and prejudice. There are few localities, I am told, in which a Unionist speaker who knows his business will not meet with a civil and attentive, if not a sympathetic, hearing. Even in Scotland it is not regarded (except by old-fashioned or very youthful Radicals) as a conclusive argument to call your opponent a "Tory" and "boo" him.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, *conspewy* the Tories, as the Monseers wad say, was the auld Radical watchword. Ye mind yon awfu' tale about "Burke Sir Walter"? The Scorpion tells it in his great byuck wi' mair even than his us'al impressiveness an' dignity. Sic things are barely possible noo. We'se hope sae, ony w'y. An' surely we canna be owre gratefu' to the brave men wha, wi' *Maga* to encourage an' inspire, kept aye batterin' awa' in the dark an' dreary days at the dense mass o' poleetical supersteetion. Thankless wark it seemed to try an' stem the tide. Mistress Pairtington wi' her besom had an easier job a'maist than the gallant band—wha but the Duke was at their heid?—that manfully led a forlorn-hope in auchteen hunder an' auchty.

NORTH.

Your metaphors are mixed, James, but your sense is admirable.

SHEPHERD.

Toots! wha cares gin the metaphors are a wee confizzed or no'? Weel, to proceed, the flames o' bigotry an' prejudice reached their hicht——

NORTH.

Yet another metaphor!

SHEPHERD.

Hoot fie, Mr North, it's no' like you to interrupt. Here's a caulker to ye, to drink the Duke's health in. [*Mixes three caulkers, one of which he hands to TICKLER, another to NORTH, while he engulphs the third himself at one draught.*] Aweel, to

reshoom. Maitters culdna 'been waur than in the first Mid-Lothian campaign, when "auld Wullie" played on the vanity an' weaknesses o' the mob like a fiddler on his enstrument. But things hae mended steadily sin syne. When Glesca sends five Unionist members oot o' seeven to Parliament, ye canna weel doot that a better day has dawned for sound prenciples an' generous pawtriotism. An' I'se warrant I needna tell ye that the Shepherd wis a prood man when he hard that the coonty o' Roxburgh was represented in the twinty-saxt Parliament o' the United Kingdom by the Yearl o' Dalkeith, the Duke's son—an' a fine lad he is, sae they tell me. May the Shepherd's tongue cleave to the roof o' his mooth, an' his right hand loss its cunning, when he forgets the benefits shoo'ed upon him by the hoose an' faim'ly o' Buccleuch—a hoose that has aye shown to the hail o' Scotland a true example o' public speerit, private virtue, an' true nobeelity!

NORTH.

Spoken like a leal and true man, James. Would that Sir Walter had been present to hear you; but Gurney shall send him a certified extract from your speech. To return to our Liberal mutton, it is an evil thing for a party when it voluntarily pursues a course which robs it of the support of a nobleman like Lord Stair. And they are even in worse case now than they were twelve years since. For does it not occur to you, Tickler, that in all their squabbling something of more moment is involved than mere personal differences—though these are acute enough in all conscience?

TICKLER.

You mean a serious difference in political opinion?

NORTH.

Certainly. I regard the breaking out of Sir William Harcourt and Mr John Morley as the dying wriggle of the bad old Liberal view of foreign policy, which has gradually been displaced by the Imperial instinct. Evil notions die hard, and doubtless there are many hardened sinners in the Radical clanjamfrey who are genuinely attached to the policy of cowardice and scuttle, and who think our surrender to the Boers after Majuba Hill a master-stroke. See how eager they are to-day to slander and revile our troops, and to believe the very worst of their own countrymen! Now, such gentry will not resign their opinions without a struggle, and for many years to come they may be strong enough to make their influence felt in the party. But, heaven be praised! their day of triumph is over, and the spirit of the age will be too strong for them. I give Lord Rosebery infinite credit for diffusing the new spirit among his followers, and for supporting the Government so heartily against France; but I cannot forget that the one man to whom the revival of patriotic sentiment is primarily due was Lord Beaconsfield. We are all Jingoës now, thanks to him.

TICKLER AND SHEPHERD.

Hear, hear, hear!

NORTH.

No man saw deeper into the future than he; none so abounded in fertile ideas. He would ever have had England bear in mind her glorious past, and let the recollection animate her conduct in the present.

SHEPHERD.

He aye lipped to "the shooblime instinc's o' an awncient people."

NORTH.

That he did, James. And what thoughtful man but must feel that his Eastern policy was the sound one, had he been able to carry it out? As it was, he snatched from Russia the fruits of her victory, and gave us "peace with honour." Think again how he brought the Indian troops to Malta. We all remember how, when told there was no precedent for such a course, he calmly replied, "So much the worse for precedent." That master-stroke for the first time awoke the average man to the conception of the greatness and oneness of the Empire.

TICKLER.

And the Colonies, sir, what of them? Is any Briton so infatuated as to propose to cut the painter and set them adrift?

SHEPHERD.

Na, na, sir; gif ony yin propozzes that, he suld be caved in an assylum for the rest o's days wi's brither lunattics.

TICKLER.

It is good to think how the ties which unite us to our colonies are ever being drawn closer. This Imperial Penny Postage—what does it not mean for those whose sons or brothers are fighting the battle of life in Canada, or Australia, or the East Indies, or the West? But come, as Mr North has obliged, I'll e'en follow his good example and tune up. The words are from the pen of our friend Neil Munro, whose *John Splendid*, excellent as it is, marks but the beginning, I am sure, of a great career.

TO EXILES.

Are you not weary in your distant places,
 Far far from Scotland of the mist and storm,
 In stagnant airs, the sun-smite on your faces,
 The days so long and warm?
 When all around you lie the strange fields sleeping,
 The ghastly woods where no dear memories roam,
 Do not your sad hearts over seas come leaping,
 To the highlands and the lowlands of your Home?

Wild cries the Winter, loud through all our valleys
The midnights roar, the grey noons echo back;
About the scalloped coasts the eager galleys
Beat for kind harbours from horizons black;
We tread the miry roads, the rain-drenched heather,
We are the men, we battle, we endure!
God's pity for you, exiles, in your weather
Of swooning winds, calm seas, and skies demure!

Wild cries the Winter, and we walk song-haunted
Over the hills and by the thundering falls,
Or where the dirge of a brave past is chaunted
In dolorous dusks by immemorial walls.
Though hails may beat us and the great mists blind us,
And lightning rend the pine-tree on the hill,
Yet are we strong, yet shall the morning find us
Children of tempest all unshaken still.

We wander where the little grey towns cluster
Deep in the hills or selvedging the sea,
By farm-lands lone, by woods where wildfowl muster
To shelter from the day's inclemency;
And night will come, and then far through the darkling
A light will shine out in the sounding glen,
And it will mind us of some fond eye's sparkling,
And we'll be happy then.

Let torrents pour, then, let the great winds rally,
Snow-silence fall or lightning blast the pine,
That light of Home shines warmly in the valley,
And, exiled son of Scotland, it is thine.
Far have you wandered over seas of longing,
And now you drowse, and now you well may weep,
When all the recollections come a-thronging,
Of this rude country where your fathers sleep.

They sleep, but still the hearth is warmly glowing
While the wild Winter blusters round their land;
That light of Home, the wind so bitter blowing—
Look, look and listen, do you understand?
Love strength and tempest—oh come back and share them!
Here is the cottage, here the open door;
We have the hearts although we do not bare them,—
They're yours, and you are ours for evermore.

NORTH.

Bravo! Bravo!

SHEPHERD.

Brawvo! Brawvo! There's an eerie sough about thae lines, a

kin' o' quate melancholy, that a'maist gars the Shepherd greet. It's true there's no' muckle luve lost atween an Ettrick man an' a Hielander. For ma pairt, I prefer ma ain breeks to the philabeg o' the proodest chief wha struts an' majors it north o' the Grampians. An' yet Donal' has his gude p'int, an' aiblins a sort o' genie, whiles, that even huz borderers canna pretend to—gin he wadna yatter about "Celtic renashences" an' sic like nonsense. I hae aye thocht that ye catch the speerit o' the Gael in its maist teepical manifestawtion in Neil Munro's stories. But, no' to be beat, I'se gie ye an answer frae the Nor'-West o' Cawnada. Mistress Moira O'Neill wrote the words, an' bonny words they are.

THE NORTH-WEST—CANADA.

Oh would ye hear, and would ye hear
 Of the windy, wide North-West?
 Faith! 'tis a land as green as the sea,
 That rolls as far and rolls as free,
 With drifts of flowers, so many there be,
 Where the cattle roam and rest.

Oh could ye see, and could ye see
 The great gold skies so clear,
 The rivers that race through the pine-shade dark,
 The mountainous snows that take no mark,
 Sun-lit and high on the Rockies stark,
 So far they seem as near.

Then could ye feel, and could ye feel
 How fresh is a Western night!
 When the long land-breezes rise and pass
 And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,
 When the dark blue skies are clear as glass,
 And the same old stars are bright.

But could ye know, and for ever know
 The word of the young North-West!
 A word she breathes to the true and bold,
 A word misknown to the false and cold,
 A word that never was spoken or sold,
 But the one that knows is blest.

NORTH.

Most excellent, James.

TICKLER.

Well spouted, Shepherd! Your health!

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NORTH.

I am satisfied of this, at all events, that no statesman will henceforth command the confidence of the nation unless he is in sympathy with those wider and loftier aspirations which have ousted the miserable, pettifogging, penny-wise-and-pound-foolish ideals of a bagman like Cobden. Accordingly I prophesy (and mark my words, sumphs twain that ye be) that Sir William will have ample time for many years to come to write letters on the Church question—and excellent letters many of them are, too—and that Mr Morley will not be distracted by the duties of office from the biography of his leader. They will thus both be able to bestow upon mankind the benefit of the great gifts hitherto squandered upon party.

SHEPHERD.

Aweel, aweel—it's a rale plesure to see that a taste for leeterature still survives amongst politeecians. There's Lord Rosebery has written a Life o' Pitt——

NORTH.

And Sir George Trevelyan a history of the American Revolution——

SHEPHERD.

Him that wrote a life o' yon chiel Macaulay? 'Od, sirs, but Maister Paget gied Tom his paiks brawly!

NORTH.

Indeed he did, James. Macaulay did worthier work since the days when we discussed his early reviews of better men, but I think we have made up our minds touching the value of his judgment of evidence, whatever we allow to his power of language. We were speaking, however, of politicians and a taste for literature. It is noticeable that public speeches have not the classical flavour they had once.

SHEPHERD.

But wha kens gin they haena gained in business-intelligence an' common-sense?

NORTH.

Wha kens, indeed, as you say, James? For my part, I think it more than doubtful. However, Mr Gladstone was almost the last statesman of eminence to quote Latin in public—*ultimus Romanorum*, we must grant, in that at least. But Lord Rosebery habitually gives a turn of literary cultivation to his speeches.

TICKLER.

And Mr Chamberlain——

NORTH (*hastily*).

Mr Chamberlain deserves great credit for finding time in a busy life to read at all.

SHEPHERD.

An' think ye, sir, that the taste for leeterature has declined or advanced in the kintra at lairge?

NORTH.

Let us distinguish. There is, of course, a far larger number of people who read newspapers and books of a kind. Unhappily their course of reading is not only not a course of literature, but one which, if persisted in for any length of time, makes the study of literature an impossibility. Certainly there is a popular taste for chatter about books.

[TICKLER takes up the Daily Chronicle, folds it so as to leave the third page outward, and hands it silently to NORTH. NORTH looks at it for a few seconds, sighs deeply, and hands it to the SHEPHERD. The SHEPHERD in turn looks at it in silence, opens his mouth as if to speak, shuts his mouth, and rolling the paper into a ball throws it into the fireplace.

NORTH (resuming painfully).

There is a large, a very large, number of people, many of them in other ways respectable citizens——

SHEPHERD.

Wha tak' plesure in yon bletherin'——

NORTH.

Who are unable, I was going to say, James, to distinguish between knowledge and ignorance. With them to know a subject, or to have read a superficial article on a subject, is the same thing. They are the prey of such writing as our friend Tickler has shown us, with which I am by this time sadly familiar. But let us be just: that newspaper page is sometimes partly filled by writers who know their subjects; it is not entirely devoted to the solemn and ridiculous eulogy of a little band of third-rate versifiers and novelists.

TICKLER.

But when you speak, North, of a popular taste for literature, may we not question if such a taste can ever exist? Literature is an art to appreciate which a man must enjoy such qualities of mind and heart as are necessarily denied to the generality of mankind. It is seldom that, on his real merits, a great writer is appreciated by the world at large.

SHEPHERD.

Verra true, Mr Tickler, verra true. The poetry o' James Hogg——

NORTH.

Well, well, James, the sun does not shine every day. But we must not judge of present-day readers altogether by present-day writers. Granted that intelligence and good taste do not necessarily increase with superficial education, still I have reason to believe that in the body of well-educated men and women—professional men and commercial men with leisure and a taste for real reading—there is as much relish for literature as ever there was: it is not all swamped by contemporary novels and causeries and books about books. And if these men of finer clay are

neglected by contemporary books and journals, who knows if that fact is not a gain, leaving them the more time for old books wisely chosen?

SHEPHERD.

For the hunder best books?

TICKLER.

Replenish, James, and listen. I was about to ask Christopher if he is seriously of opinion that these worthier folk are neglected by contemporary writers; if, in other words, contemporary literature has not its fair share of serious and excellent work?

NORTH (*after a pause, speaking solemnly*).

Yes, Southside, that is my opinion.

SHEPHERD.

And mine's.

TICKLER.

And mine.

[*They sigh, and drink a glass of toddy in silence.*]

SHEPHERD.

An' whaur, think ye, lies the reason, sir?

NORTH.

Chiefly in what is, I believe, a great boast of the period—the spread of education. In itself this may be an excellent thing——

TICKLER.

Pooh!

NORTH.

——an excellent thing, or let us say that it will be so some day, when it is more wisely directed.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, that'll be when the deil's blind, but his een's no' sair yet.

NORTH.

Yet it has the disadvantage of almost annihilating literature. For a multitude of readers——

TICKLER.

Mostly fools.

SHEPHERD.

That's no' oreeginal, Mr Tickler, as ye weel ken, but Tammas Carlyle's. A gran' man that, though ower dour to my thinkin'. He gae mony a hard knock, an' he didna aye mind when it was wise to stay his haun'. Noo a wise man gies hard knocks whiles, an' whiles jist keeps his cudgel in his nieve, an' lauchs to see the fules, puir bodies, cut their capers. Tammas forgot that they too are God's creturs, as muckle's him or me. But Mr Tickler interrupts ye, sir.

NORTH.

A multitude of readers, James, begets a multitude of writers, and in the din and clamour of these the still small voice of the Man of Letters is likely to be drowned, or else he is tempted to change its note and shout with the multitude for his greater

profit. This does not apply to the greatest, who stand apart, as they always have stood and will stand; but many a lesser man, who in happier circumstances might have played tunes that even we would have praised, is led astray to grind out the common airs of the market.

SHEPHERD.

Licht, randy, freevolous kin' o' tunes, I trow.

NORTH.

No, James—on the contrary. If you will consider your most recent observations you will perceive that the tunes are all remarkably dull and dismal. The majority of the popular writers of these times are engaged in probing—with neither experience of life nor knowledge of books to guide them—the mysteries of human unhappiness. This is more particularly the case, as you have forcibly hinted, with the female writers.

SHEPHERD.

Gude guide us! That women, wha suld be the source o' a' the blitheness an' sweetness o' existence, suld spend their time—their spring-time, ower aften, puir things—in pokin' about the dirty dubs o' camsteeriness an' deprawvity!

TICKLER.

Pooh! They only follow the lead of the men—they are imitative beings. When the lead is changed to gaiety and fun, they will follow.

SHEPHERD.

I'm thinking it'll be at a distance. The humour o' women—an' they hae muckle gin ye've the gumption to perceive it—is for life an' the play o' conversation: they dinna ken—or ony w'y, verra few o' them kens—hoo to create the circumstances for it an' pit it on paper. Susan Ferrier was ane o' the few. 'Od, but yon was a wumman wi' the ee o' a hawk for the redeek'lus. But hoo wad ye define the characteristics o' contemporary leeterature, Mr North—or rather o' fiction, since that seems to be baith the beginnin' an' the end o't a'?

NORTH.

Outwardly, bustle without energy. Inwardly, the conceit of introspection.

TICKLER.

Imperfect, but a very tolerable definition, North.

SHEPHERD.

It's a hantle better than ony you culd mak yoursel', Mr Tickler. But here comes ane wha can define by the yaird. Guid e'en to ye, Mr De Quinshy.

[Enter the ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER. He salutes the company and sits down.]

Ye've come in the nick o' time, sir, to gie's your opeenion o' contemporary fiction.

[ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER looks at SHEPHERD in silence, then taking a small box from his pocket swallows a pill.]

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

You will excuse me, my dear Mr Hogg, that I have allowed myself to take a slight precaution before answering your question. The subject you mention is one which has the power, or rather, I should say, the invariable quality, of depressing my spirits to an almost intolerable depth; and unless I counteract that effect by a small, or infinitesimal, dose of this preparation of the poppy, which I keep about me when I am likely to be a participator in literary conversation, I am apt to be reduced to a condition in which I am driven to contemplate suicide—a contemplation equally perverse and in our present condition of being happily or unhappily—for I would not be understood to pass a hasty comment on our advantages and disadvantages—ineffective.

SHEPHERD.

Man, ye talk brawly aboot naething; but I was speirin' your opeenion o' contemporary fiction.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

True, Mr Hogg, and I was about to impart it to you, unworthy of your attention as it may be. My opinion, in short, is that the sufferings—I may go so far as to say the tortures—of contemporary fiction are to be accounted for, or explained by, what I will venture to call the superlatively dismal dictum or suggestion that fiction ought to be an exact copy of life. I regard the man who first propounded this melancholy counsel to have been the author of more widely spread dulness, the annihilator of more gaiety and relaxation, than any man who ever lived.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, a dull dowg he maun hae been.

TICKLER.

Unfortunately it was Shakespeare.

SHEPHERD.

Na, na, Mr Tickler, ye're no' to mak' fules o' Mr De Quinshy an' me: ye're no' to faither it on Weel'um.

TICKLER.

“To hold the mirror up to Nature——”

NORTH.

No, Southside; that was the advice to the players, meant merely to correct their extravagance. A decent mirror, moreover, does not show to a wholesome eye every spot and wrinkle on a human face unless it looks too close. The modern realism is to art what the modern photography is to painting: it shows many needless details, while it misses the air, the character, the inner fire and purpose, of a man or of life. Art selects and distinguishes, and even for the sake of truth it is necessary to exaggerate here and to ignore there that the whole may be fair. Realism in the false contemporary sense is an impossible ideal, and were it possible it would be undesirable. But we must not

forget, Mr De Quincey, that there has been a reaction against it, and that once more romance flourishes.

[ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER *takes another pill.*

SHEPHERD.

Mr North, ye suldna hae gar'd him dae that: he'll hae nae appeteeet for his supper.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I had forgotten that I had previously fortified myself, Mr Hogg; but indeed the taking of an opium pill is an automatic action with me when I hear the mention of contemporary so-called romance. I hardly know which kind of it is the most tedious and irritating—the romance which is concerned with other ages, while it is full of sentiments and attitudes to life which are entirely characteristic of this age; the romance which takes for its hero an ordinary young man of this period and sets him in surroundings impossible and incredible; or the romance which is merely a record of unnecessary and disgusting slaughter.

TICKLER.

But a moment since, Mr De Quincey, you complained of the idea that fiction should copy life: now you are condemning these romances because they do not fulfil that condition.

NORTH.

By your leave, Southside, there is no contradiction. Fiction may or should represent life with more clearly defined issues and with fewer ugly and irrelevant blemishes than it has, but it must not picture obvious impossibilities. The introduction of a writer's own sentiments among the actions of a previous age is always a dangerous practice, and those authors who rely on a superficial knowledge of history together with an intimate knowledge of the requirements of their more foolish contemporaries in the way of sentiment and "situations"—as I believe the word is—for the accomplishment of plausible imitations of Sir Walter and his French successor Dumas, are unlikely to achieve a success other than commercial. My objection is that they neglect their own times, or at least the ordinary habits and manners of their own times, so completely. It is noticeable that Sir Walter Scott made his greatest novels out of his, or at least out of times within the memory of men then living.

SHEPHERD.

Hech, sirs, but that's a sad accoont o' maitters. Can ye no' mind ony exception?

NORTH.

Yes, James, and a great one. Mr Meredith sees the romance of the life round him as well as its problems and its oppositions of character. Witness *Harry Richmond*, as stirring and manifold a romance as there has been in English since Sir Walter died.

SHEPHERD.

I maun e'en confess it, sir; I canna un'erstaun' the fallow ava'.

NORTH.

You should try, James: it would come with habit. Mr Meredith has said that to live now, romance must be reinforced by intellectual interest. And as the world grows older in thought and knowledge that is very possibly true.

SHEPHERD.

An' hadna the novelles o' oor time intellee'?

NORTH.

They had, James, and so had those of a later period now past—the novels of Dickens and of Thackeray. That is a fact which the critics of this day seem to doubt.

SHEPHERD.

The sumphs! Thackeray wi'out an intellec'!

NORTH.

They forget, my dear Shepherd, that to be present a thing does not need to be naked. For example, behind Thackeray's often trivial incidents and trivial talk there is a reserve of intellectual power which the wise man feels—a power incomparably greater, even as it is more modestly employed, than that of nine-tenths of the more noisily intellectual writers, English or French, whom these critics admire. But touching this revival of romance, Mr De Quincey, do you think the taste is genuine and will last?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Not, my dear sir, if we may judge by the transference of romance to the stage. I have lately witnessed the performance of several versions of Dumas' 'Three Musketeers,' and if we may suppose, as I think that without want of charity we may, that the literary tastes of the players are representative rather of the majority than the minority of their fellow-countrymen, then it is significant that these players, with very few exceptions indeed, do not seem to have an atom, a breath, a scintilla of romance in their compositions.

SHEPHERD.

The stage! Div ye gang aften to the playhouse, sir? For my pairt I hae been waur shockit at thir modern fawrces than I was thon time I saw the opera in the thirties.

TICKLER.

Pooh!

SHEPHERD.

I ken fine, Mr Tickler, that *ye* wad be weel pleased aneuch, *ye* auld sinner that *ye* are, at thae fawrces an' "musical comedies." But what say *ye*, sir?

NORTH.

I confess, James, that I am *parcus cultor et infrequens* of the modern playhouse. It seems to me that the managers, being aware that ideas are few, use a careful economy in them, so that when a play of one sort is successful, ten theatres will immediately fit themselves with plays exactly like it. As for example, "The Three Musketeers." One of these days, by some strange conjunc-

tion of accidents, an intelligent play will be produced, and then, alas! for the playgoing public, it will be a black day if none but intelligent plays are to be produced for a twelvemonth.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The public will be as a lost sheep, seeking for the shepherd of sentiment and the watch-dog of coincidence.

SHEPHERD.

O man! It'll no hae far to gang. But I'm weary o' the stage. What think ye o' modern poetry, Mr De Quinshy?

[ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER *fingers his pill-box, but finally replaces it in his pocket.*

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

A great poet died but lately, Mr Hogg——

NORTH.

A very great poet. The name of Tennyson will be revered so long as the memory of English literature endures. But what would Alfred have been but for the sage counsel of "crusty Christopher"? The discipline was painful to the young poet at the time, but he was wise enough to profit by it. His note of patriotism, I am glad to think, has been well caught up by Mr Kipling.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

A wonderfully vigorous and versatile writer, sir; but we still have one great poet of the older generation.

SHEPHERD.

Ye mean Mr Swinburne? He's a wee thing ower luscious for ma taste.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mine he pleases to perfection.

NORTH.

A vice of most of the others, as of their brothers the novelists, is introspection and the possession by vague and ill-understood ideas. For example, there's Mr Davidson——

SHEPHERD.

A Scotsman—speak weel o'm——

NORTH.

Mr Davidson can write pretty songs that might almost have been made by you, James. But he must needs expound theories and philosophies, and so he comes to grief.

SHEPHERD.

Ken ye, sir, that in Glesca, o' a' places, they hae a Ballant Club, an' the maist feck o' the members writes verra tolerable verse? Oor freen', Mr Neil Munro, he's ane o' them.

NORTH.

Is it even so? I am heartily glad to hear it. *Ingenuas didicisse feliciter artes*, and so forth. But I wish the Odontist had been spared to belong to the club you speak of.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, puir auld Pultusky wad hae been blythe to jine sic an association.

TICKLER.

But is there no one, Mr North, among the moderns who deserves to be praised?

NORTH.

There are many, my dear Timothy—to be praised gently and quietly. And one great fact, at least, is a light in the semi-obscurity of letters to-day. Speaking entirely without prejudice to you, who will listen with an equal absence of it, I merely mention to you the fact that *Maga* still flourishes.

SHEPHERD.

Verra true. An' huz, wha helped to guide her airly days, can weel afford to gie their due to the men 'at cam' efter. But gin we're to recapeetulate the doings o' *Maga's* heroes, we maunna forget w'er noble sel's to start wi'.

NORTH.

Not much likelihood of that, my dear Shepherd. And we will remember too with reverent and affectionate feelings John Lockhart—perhaps a greater than any in this room, not excepting Mr De Quincey and yourself. But is it not singular how there has never been wanting a race of men to serve *Maga*? We had our day—we, Maginn, Galt, Delta, and the rest; a brave and merry one it was. But when we vanished from the scene, others came on to fill our places. *Uno avulso non deficit alter*.

SHEPHERD.

O man, man, can ye no' keep clear o' the Lait'n? But, for a' that, it's a clear case, as ye hae said, Mr North. There was George Cheape, an' Lytton, an' Aytoun, wha wis a verra tower o' strength——

NORTH.

And George Moir, and Laurence Oliphant, and Neaves——

SHEPHERD.

Ay, sir, his Lordship wis a fell chiel at the versifeein'.

TICKLER.

And Gleig, the Hamleys, Chesney, and Laurence Lockhart, "the nephew of his uncle," and Mrs Oliphant.

SHEPHERD.

Mistress Oliphant! Ah, sirs, yon wis a gran' wumman, a fine writer, an' a stench freen' o' the hoose o' Blackwood. Her awnnals o' the firm's a fair maisterpiece. No' that I wis a'the-gither satisfed wi' her accoont o' James Hogg. But death clears a' scores, an' sin' we forgathered on this side o' the Styx, mony a pleesant hoor hae I passed in her company, an' mony's the time I hae thocht hoo muckle better oor Scots writers o' novelles an' romances nicht dae gin they wad condeshend to tak' a gude few leaves oot o' *her* byuck. I canna thole their deealec'. Whaur wull ye fin' vulgawrity to pawrallel theirs? Their tongue's no' the gude auld Scots, but the tongue o' wabsters, an' tinklers, an' ither gang-there-out bodies, contawminated by contac' wi' ivery specie o' trash. Hae ye seen

Maister Henderson's volumn on Scottish Vernacular Leetereature, sir?

NORTH.

I have, James, and a more admirable work it would be difficult to imagine. Such a happy combination of taste and learning is not too common nowadays. There are plenty of pedants on the one hand, like Mr Furnivall, and plenty of *dilettanti* on the other, like Mr Gosse; but not many who possess both learning and discrimination.

SHEPHERD.

Is yon the Maister Gosse or Guse wha ance preshoomed to speak o' "*Mary Ferrier*"? Haw! haw! haw!

NORTH.

Yes; and he has committed a thousand other gross blunders for which a schoolboy would be scourged. But though the second generation of Blackwoodians has all but passed away, there has arisen a not wholly unworthy third. There are——

SHEPHERD.

Haud yer haun', Mr North. We'se no win hame till the morn's morn gin ye rin through the roll o' *Maga's* leevin' contreebutors. What says the knock? Surely it maun be time for a bit chack o' supper.

[*The clock strikes eleven. Enter on the very stroke Mr AMBROSE, with the Board, Mons. CADET, King PEPIN, Sir DAVID GAM, TAPPYTOORY, and the PECH, with all the delicacies of the season.*

Mr Awmrose, ye're a sicht for sair e'en. Noo for the eisters! Man, but they're fine an' sappy.

[*There is comparative silence in the Blue Parlour for three-quarters of an hour, while NORTH, SHEPHERD, and TICKLER devote themselves to the business of the evening. The ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER toys absent-mindedly with a rizzared haddie.*

NORTH.

What say you, James, to another caulker?

SHEPHERD.

Wi' a' my he'rt an' sowl, sir. That Glenlivet's as gude an' mellow as iver touched a wizen. But, bless me, Mr De Quinshy, hoo's this? Ye mak' nae supper; ye're no' eatin' yer meat. Hae a piece turkey, sir? It's delecious. Or a wee bit guse? Nae guse? Then alloo me to recommend a drap aipple-sass. It's extr'ord'nar' fine flevvoured.

THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I think, Mr Hogg, I should uncommonly like to try an oyster. 'Tis a delicacy which the ancients prized very highly.

SHEPHERD.

Man, it's a peety but what ye didna mak' yer mind up shuner, for they're a' clean gane. I feenished the last twa dizzen mysel'. Ay; ance show baudrons the road to the kirn an' ye may

whistle for the cream. But tak' a dram, Mr De Quinshy, 'a' the same. I see fine by the blink o's e'e that Mr North has a toast to gie's. Pit awa' thae peels, an' sook the whuskey doon. Mr Tickler an' me'll oxter ye hame gif needs be.

NORTH.

Mr De Quincey, the Shepherd is right. I have a toast in my mind to which I earnestly crave the attention of the whole company. The night goes on apace, and it will soon be time for us to separate.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, Mr Tickler's unco sleepry, an' Mr De Quinshy's aye pittin' his haun' ower the moo' that poors oot sic a wunnerfu' blatter o' words.

NORTH.

We must not disperse, gentlemen, without drinking the toast of *Maga*. Her history is a glorious one. Long may she flourish, and may she ever be true to her old traditions!

OMNES.

To *Maga*! *Maga* for ever! No heeltaps! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

[All drink a bumper. GURNEY steals out from the ear of Dionysius, surreptitiously drinks the toast, and slips back again. Cheers from behind the door, where PICARDY and his tail are dutifully assembled.]

SHEPHERD.

Aweel, a' gude things maun hae an end. We hae had a glorious crack, gentlemen, an' I think the least we can dae is to send this Noctes to the Yeditor, auld Ebony's oe. Gude send he disna pit it intil the Balaam-box! But he'll surely no' daur hanle the likes o' huz wi' sae muckle inciveelity. Gude nicht to ye, Mr North. Ye'll be for Moray Place? Gude nicht, Mr Tickler; gude nicht, Mr De Quinshy.

OMNES.

Good night! good night! gude nicht!

[Exeunt omnes, and sic transeunt Noctes.]

THE HEART OF DARKNESS.¹

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

THE "Nellie," a cruising yawl, swung to her anchor without a flutter of the sails, and was at rest. The flood had made, the wind was nearly calm, and being bound down the river, the only thing for us was to come to and wait for the turn of the tide.

The sea-reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were welded together without a joint, and in the luminous space the tanned sails of the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in red clusters of canvas sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished sprits. A haze rested on the low shores that ran out to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dark above Gravesend, and farther back still seemed condensed into a mournful gloom, brooding motionless over the biggest, and the greatest, town on earth.

The Director of Companies was our captain and our host. We four affectionately watched his back as he stood in the bows looking to seaward. On the whole river there was nothing that looked half so nautical. He resembled a pilot, which to a seaman is trustworthiness personified. It was difficult to realise his work was not out

there in the luminous estuary, but behind him, within the brooding gloom.

Between us there was, as I have already said somewhere, the bond of the sea. Besides holding our hearts together through long periods of separation, it had the effect of making us tolerant of each other's yarns—and even convictions. The Lawyer—the best of old fellows—had, because of his many years and many virtues, the only cushion on deck, and was lying on the only rug. The Accountant had brought out already a box of dominoes, and was toying architecturally with the bones. Marlow sat cross-legged right aft, leaning against the mizzenmast. He had sunken cheeks, a yellow complexion, a straight back, an ascetic aspect, and, with his arms dropped, the palms of hands outwards, resembled an idol. The Director, satisfied the anchor had good hold, made his way aft and sat down amongst us. We exchanged a few words lazily. Afterwards there was silence on board the yacht. For some reason or other we did not begin that game of dominoes. We felt meditative, and fit for nothing but placid staring. The day was ending in a serenity that had a still and exquisite brilliance. The water

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shone pacifically ; the sky, without a speck, was a benign immensity of unstained light ; the very mist on the Essex marshes was like a gauzy and radiant fabric, hung from the wooded rises inland, and draping the low shores in diaphanous folds. Only the gloom to the west, brooding over the upper reaches, became more sombre every minute, as if angered by the approach of the sun.

And at last, in its curved and imperceptible fall, the sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, stricken to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over a crowd of men.

Forthwith a change came over the waters, and the serenity became less brilliant but more profound. The old river in its broad reach rested unruffled at the decline of day, after ages of good service done to the race that peopled its banks, spread out in the tranquil dignity of a waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth. We looked at the venerable stream not in the vivid flush of a short day that comes and departs for ever, but in the pacific yet august light of abiding memories. And indeed nothing is easier for a man who has, as the phrase goes, "followed the sea" with reverence and affection, than to evoke the great spirit of the past upon the lower reaches of the Thames. The tidal current runs to and fro in its unceasing service, crowded with memories of men and ships it had borne to the rest of home or to the

battles of the sea. It had known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud, from Sir Francis Drake to Sir John Franklin, knights all, titled and untitled—the great knights-errant of the sea. It had borne all the ships whose names are like jewels flashing in the night of time, from the "Golden Hind" returning with her round flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen's Highness and thus pass out of the gigantic tale, to the "Erebus" and "Terror," bound on other conquests—and that never returned. It had known the ships and the men. They sailed from Deptford, from Greenwich, from Erith, the adventurers and the settlers ; kings' ships and the ships of men on 'Change ; captains, admirals, the dark "interlopers" of the Eastern trade, and the commissioned "generals" of East India fleets. Hunters for gold or pursuers of fame, they all had gone out on that stream, bearing the sword, and often the torch, messengers of the might within the land, bearers of a spark from the sacred fire. What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into the mystery of an unknown earth?—the dreams of men, the seed of commonwealths, the germs of empires.

The sun set ; the dusk fell on the stream, and lights began to appear along the shore. The Chapman lighthouse, a three-legged thing erect on a mud-flat, shone strongly. Lights of ships moved in the fairway—a great stir of lights going up and going down. And farther west on the upper reaches the place

of the monstrous town was still marked ominously on the sky, a brooding gloom in sunshine, a lurid glare under the stars.

"And this also," said Marlow suddenly, "has been one of the dark places of the earth."

He was the only man of us who still "followed the sea." The worst that could be said of him was that he did not represent his class. He was a seaman, but he was a wanderer too, while most seamen lead, if one may so express it, a sedentary life. Their minds are of the stay-at-home order, and their home is always with them—the ship; and so is their country—the sea. One ship is very much like another, and the sea is always the same. In the immutability of their surroundings the foreign shores, the foreign faces, the changing immensity of life, glide past, veiled not by a sense of mystery but by a slightly disdainful ignorance; for there is nothing mysterious to a seaman unless it be the sea itself, which is the mistress of his existence and as inscrutable as Destiny. For the rest, after his hours of work a casual stroll or a casual spree on shore suffices to unfold for him the secret of a whole continent, and generally he finds the secret not worth knowing. The yarns of seamen have a direct simplicity, the whole meaning of which lies within the shell of a cracked nut. But Marlow was not typical (if his propensity to spin yarns be excepted), and to him the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow

brings out a haze, in the likeness of one of these misty halos that sometimes are made visible by the spectral illumination of moonshine.

His uncalled-for remark did not seem at all surprising. It was just like Marlow. It was accepted in silence. No one took the trouble to grunt even; and presently he said, very slow,—

"I was thinking of very old times, when the Romans first came here, nineteen hundred years ago—the other day. . . . Light came out of this river since—you say Knights? Yes; but it is like a running blaze on a plain, like a flash of lightning in the clouds. We live in the flicker—may it last as long as the old earth keeps rolling! But darkness was here yesterday. Imagine the feelings of a commander of a fine—what d'ye call 'em?—trireme in the Mediterranean, ordered suddenly to the north; run overland across the Gauls in a hurry; put in charge of one of these craft the legionaries,—a wonderful lot of handy men they must have been too—used to build, apparently by the hundred, in a month or two, if we may believe what we read. Imagine him here—the very end of the world, a sea the colour of lead, a sky the colour of smoke, a kind of ship about as rigid as a concertina—and going up this river with stores, or orders, or what you like. Sandbanks, marshes, forests, savages,—precious little to eat fit for a civilised man, nothing but Thames water to drink. No Falernian wine here, no going ashore. Here and there a military camp lost in a wilder-

ness, like a needle in a bundle of hay—cold, fog, tempests, disease, exile, and death,—death skulking in the air, in the water, in the bush. They must have been dying like flies here. Oh yes—he did it. Did it very well, too, no doubt, and without thinking much about it either, except afterwards to brag of what he had gone through in his time, perhaps. They were men enough to face the darkness. And perhaps he was cheered by keeping his eye on a chance of promotion to the fleet at Ravenna by-and-by, if he had good friends in Rome and survived the awful climate. Or think of a decent young citizen in a toga—perhaps too much dice, you know—coming out here in the train of some prefect, or tax-gatherer, or trader even, to mend his fortunes. Land in a swamp, march through the woods, and in some inland post feel the savagery, the utter savagery, had closed round him,—all that mysterious life of the wilderness that stirs in the forest, in the jungles, in the hearts of wild men. There's no initiation either into such mysteries. He has to live in the midst of the incomprehensible, which is also detestable. And it has a fascination, too, that goes to work upon him. The fascination of the abomination—you know. Imagine the growing regrets, the longing to escape, the powerless disgust, the surrender, the hate."

He paused.

"Mind," he began again, lifting one arm from the elbow, the palm of the hand outwards,

so that, with his legs folded before him, he had the pose of a Buddha preaching in European clothes and without a lotus-flower—"Mind, none of us would feel exactly like this. What saves us is efficiency—the devotion to efficiency. But these chaps were not much account, really. They were no colonists; their administration was merely a squeeze, and nothing more, I suspect. They were conquerors, and for that you want only brute force—nothing to boast of, when you have it, since your strength is just an accident arising from the weakness of others. They grabbed what they could get for the sake of what was to be got. It was just robbery with violence, aggravated murder on a great scale, and men going at it blind—as is very proper for those who tackle a darkness. The conquest of the earth, which mostly means the taking it away from those who have a different complexion or slightly flatter noses than ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look into it too much. What redeems it is the idea only. An idea at the back of it; not a sentimental pretence but an idea; and an unselfish belief in the idea—something you can set up, and bow down before, and offer a sacrifice to. . . ."

He broke off. Flames glided in the river, small green flames, red flames, white flames, pursuing, overtaking, joining, crossing each other—then separating slowly or hastily. The traffic of the great city went on in the deepening night upon the sleepless river. We looked on,

waiting patiently—there was nothing else to do till the end of the flood; but it was only after a long silence, when he said, in a hesitating voice, “I suppose you fellows remember I did once turn fresh-water sailor for a bit,” that we knew we were fated, before the ebb began to run, to hear about one of Marlow’s inconclusive experiences.

“I don’t want to bother you much with what happened to me personally,” he began, showing in this remark the weakness of many tellers of tales who seem so often unaware of what their audience would best like to hear; “yet to understand the effect of it on me you ought to know how I got out there, what I saw, how I went up that river to the place where I first met the poor chap. It was the farthest point of navigation and the culminating point of my experience. It seemed somehow to throw a kind of light on everything about me—and into my thoughts. It was sombre enough too—and pitiful—not extraordinary in any way—not very clear either. No, not very clear. And yet it seemed to throw a kind of light.

“I had then, as you remember, just returned to London after a lot of Indian Ocean, Pacific, China Seas—a regular dose of the East—six years or so, and I was loafing about, hindering you fellows in your work and invading your homes, just as though I had got a heavenly mission to civilise you. It was very fine for a time, but after a bit I did get

tired of resting. Then I began to look for a ship—I should think the hardest work on earth. But the ships wouldn’t even look at me. And I got tired of that game too.

“Now when I was a little chap I had a passion for maps. I would look for hours at South America, or Africa, or Australia, and lose myself in all the glories of exploration. At that time there were many blank spaces on the earth, and when I saw one that looked particularly inviting on a map (but they all look that) I would put my finger on it and say, When I grow up I will go there. The North Pole was one of these places, I remember. Well, I haven’t been there yet, and shall not try now. The glamour’s off. Other places were scattered about the Equator, and in every sort of latitude all over the two hemispheres. I have been in some of them, and . . . well, we won’t talk about that. But there was one yet—the biggest, the most blank, so to speak—that I had a hankering after.

“True, by this time it was not a blank space any more. It had got filled since my boyhood with rivers and lakes and names. It had ceased to be a blank space of delightful mystery—a white patch for a boy to dream gloriously over. It had become a place of darkness. But there was in it one river especially, a mighty big river, that you could see on the map, resembling an immense snake uncoiled, with its head in the sea, its body at rest curving afar over a vast country,

and its tail lost in the depths of the land. And as I looked at the map of it in a shop-window, it fascinated me as a snake would a bird—a silly little bird. Then I remembered there was a big concern, a Company for trade on that river. Dash it all! I thought to myself, they can't trade without using some kind of craft on that lot of fresh water—steam-boats! Why shouldn't I try to get charge of one. I went on along Fleet Street, but could not shake off the idea. The snake had charmed me.

"You understand it was a Continental concern, that Trading society; but I have a lot of relations living on the Continent, because it's cheap and not so nasty as it looks, they say.

"I am sorry to own I began to worry them. This was already a fresh departure for me. I was not used to get things that way, you know. I always went my own road and on my own legs where I had a mind to go. I wouldn't have believed it of myself; but, then—you see—I felt somehow I must get there by hook or by crook. So I worried them. The men said 'My dear fellow,' and did nothing. Then—would you believe it?—I tried the women. I, Charlie Marlow, set the women to work—to get a job. Heavens! Well, you see, the notion drove me. I had an aunt, a dear enthusiastic soul. She wrote: 'It will be delightful. I am ready to do anything, anything for you. It is a glorious idea. I know the wife of a very high personage in the Administration, and

also a man who has lots of influence with,' &c., &c. She was determined to make no end of fuss to get me appointed skipper of a river steam-boat, if such was my fancy.

"I got my appointment—of course; and I got it very quick. It appears the Company had received news that one of their captains had been killed in a scuffle with the natives. This was my chance, and it made me the more anxious to go. It was only months and months afterwards, when I made the attempt to recover what was left of the body, that I heard the original quarrel arose from a misunderstanding about some hens. Yes, two black hens. Fresleven—that was the fellow's name, a Dane—thought himself wronged somehow in the bargain, so he went ashore and started to hammer the chief of the village with a stick. Oh, it didn't surprise me in the least to hear this, and at the same time to be told that Fresleven was the gentlest, quietest creature that ever walked on two legs. No doubt he was; but he had been a couple of years already out there engaged in the noble cause, you know, and he probably felt the need at last of asserting his self-respect in some way. Therefore he whacked the old nigger mercilessly, while a big crowd of his people watched him, thunderstruck, till some man,—I was told the chief's son,—in desperation at hearing the old chap yell, made a tentative jab with a spear at the white man—and of course it went quite easy between the shoulder-blades. Then the whole popu-

lation cleared into the forest, expecting all kinds of calamities to happen, while, on the other hand, the steamer *Fresleven* commanded left also in a bad panic, in charge of the engineer, I believe. Afterwards nobody seemed to trouble much about *Fresleven's* remains, till I got out and stepped into his shoes. I couldn't let it rest, though; but when an opportunity offered at last to meet my predecessor, the grass growing through his ribs was tall enough to hide his bones. They were all there. The supernatural being had not been touched after he fell. And the village was deserted, the huts gaped black, rotting, all askew within the fallen enclosures. A calamity had come to it, sure enough. The people had vanished. Mad terror had scattered them, men, women, and children, through the bush, and they had never returned. What became of the hens I don't know either. I should think the cause of progress got them, anyhow. However, through this glorious affair I got my appointment, before I had fairly begun to hope for it.

"I flew around like mad to get ready, and before forty-eight hours I was crossing the Channel to show myself to my employers, and sign the contract. In a very few hours I arrived in a city that always makes me think of a whited sepulchre. Prejudice no doubt. I had no difficulty in finding the Company's offices. It was the biggest thing in the town, and everybody I met was full of it. They were going to run an over-sea empire, and make no end of coin by trade,

"A narrow and deserted street in deep shadow, high houses, innumerable windows with venetian blinds, a dead silence, grass sprouting between the stones, imposing carriage archways right and left, immense double doors standing ponderously ajar. I slipped through one of these cracks, went up a swept and ungarnished staircase, as arid as a desert, and opened the first door I came to. Two women, one fat and the other slim, sat on straw-bottomed chairs, knitting black wool. The slim one got up and walked straight at me—still knitting with downcast eyes—and only just as I began to think of getting out of her way, as you would for a somnambulist, stood still, and looked up. Her dress was as plain as an umbrella-cover, and she turned round without a word and preceded me into a waiting-room. I gave my name, and looked about. Deal table in the middle, plain chairs all round the walls, on one end a large shining map, marked with all the colours of a rainbow. There was a vast amount of red—good to see at any time, because one knows that some real work is done in there, a deuce of a lot of blue, a little green, smears of orange, and, on the East Coast, a purple patch, to show where the jolly pioneers of progress drink the jolly lager-beer. However, I wasn't going into any of these. I was going into the yellow. Dead in the centre. And the river was there—

fascinating — deadly — like a snake. Ough! A door opened, a white-haired secretarial head, but wearing a compassionate expression, appeared, and a skinny forefinger beckoned me into the sanctuary. Its light was dim, and a heavy writing-desk squatted in the middle. From behind that structure came out an impression of pale plumpness in a frock-coat. The great man himself. He was five feet six, I should judge, and had his grip on the handle-end of ever so many millions. He shook hands, I fancy, murmured vaguely, was satisfied with my French. *Bon voyage*.

"In about forty-five seconds I found myself again in the waiting-room with the compassionate secretary, who, full of desolation and sympathy, made me sign some document. I believe I undertook amongst other things not to disclose any trade secrets. Well, I am not going to.

"I began to feel slightly uneasy. You know I am not used to such ceremonies, and there was something ominous in the atmosphere. It was just as though I had been let into some conspiracy—I don't know—something not quite right; and I was glad to get out. In the outer room the two women knitted black wool feverishly. People were arriving, and the younger one was walking back and forth introducing them. The old one sat on her chair. Her flat cloth slippers were propped up on a foot-warmer, and a cat reposed on her lap. She wore a starched white

affair on her head, had a wart on one cheek, and silver-rimmed spectacles hung on the tip of her nose. She glanced at me above the glasses. The swift and indifferent placidity of that look troubled me. Two youths with foolish and cheery countenances were being piloted over, and she threw at them the same quick glance of unconcerned wisdom. She seemed to know all about them and about me too. An eerie feeling came over me. She seemed uncanny and fateful. Often far away there I thought of these two, guarding the door of Darkness, knitting black wool as for a warm pall, one introducing, introducing, continuously to the unknown, the other scrutinising the cheery and foolish faces with unconcerned old eyes. "*Ave! Old knitter of black wool. Morituri te salutant.*" Not many of these she looked at ever saw her again—not half, by a long way.

"There was yet a visit to the doctor. 'A simple formality,' assured me the secretary, with an air of taking an immense part in all my sorrows. Accordingly a young chap wearing his hat over the left eyebrow, some clerk I suppose,—there must have been clerks in the business, though the house was as still as a house in a city of the dead,—came from somewhere up-stairs, and led me forth. He was shabby and careless, with ink-stains on the sleeves of his jacket, and his cravat was large and billowy, under a chin shaped like the toe of an old boot. It was a little too early

for the doctor, so I proposed a drink, and thereupon he developed a vein of joviality. As we sat over our vermouths he glorified the Company's business, and by-and-by I expressed casually my surprise at him not going out there. He became very cool and collected all at once. 'I am not such a fool as I look, quoth Plato to his disciples,' he said sententiously, emptied his glass with great resolution, and we rose.

"The old doctor felt my pulse, evidently thinking of something else the while. 'Good, good for there,' he mumbled, and then with a certain eagerness asked me whether I would let him measure my head. Rather surprised, I said Yes, when he produced a thing like calipers and got the dimensions back and front and every way, taking notes carefully. He was an unshaven little man in a threadbare coat like a gaberdine, with his feet in slippers, and I thought him a harmless fool. 'I always ask leave, in the interests of science, to measure the crania of those going out there,' he said. 'And when they come back too?' I asked. 'Oh, I never see them,' he remarked; 'and, moreover, the changes take place inside, you know.' He smiled, as if at some quiet joke. 'So you are going out there. Famous. Interesting too.' He gave me a searching glance, and made another note. 'Ever any madness in your family?' he asked, in a matter-of-fact tone. I felt very annoyed. 'Is that question in the interests of science

too?' 'It would be,' he said, without taking notice of my irritation, 'interesting for science to watch the mental changes of individuals, on the spot, but . . .' 'Are you an alienist?' I interrupted. 'Every doctor should be—a little,' answered that original, imperturbably. 'I have a little theory which you Messieurs who go out there must help me to prove. This is my share in the advantages my country shall reap from the possession of such a magnificent dependency. The mere wealth I leave to others. Pardon my questions, but you are the first Englishman coming under my observation . . .' I hastened to assure him I was not in the least typical. 'If I were,' said I, 'I wouldn't be talking like this with you.' 'What you say is rather profound, and probably erroneous,' he said, with a laugh. 'Avoid irritation more than exposure to the sun. Adieu. How do you English say, eh? Good-bye. Ah! Good-bye. Adieu. In the tropics one must before everything keep calm.' . . . He lifted a warning forefinger. . . . '*Du calme, du calme. Adieu.*'

"One thing more remained to do—say good-bye to my excellent aunt. I found her triumphant. I had a cup of tea—the last decent cup of tea for many days; and in a room that most soothingly looked just as you would expect a lady's drawing-room to look, we had a long quiet chat by the fireside. In the course of these confidences it became quite plain to me I had been represented to the

wife of the high dignitary, and goodness knows to how many more people besides, as an exceptional and gifted creature—a piece of good fortune for the Company—a man you don't get hold of every day. Good heavens! and I was going to take charge of a two-penny-halfpenny river-steamboat with a penny whistle attached! It appeared, however, I was also one of the Workers, with a capital—you know. Something like an emissary of light, something like a lower sort of apostle. There had been a lot of such rot let loose in print and talk just about that time, and the excellent woman, living right in the rush of all that humbug, got carried off her feet. She talked about 'weaning those ignorant millions from their horrid ways,' till, upon my word, she made me quite uncomfortable. I ventured to hint that the Company was run for profit.

"'You forget, dear Charlie, that the labourer is worthy of his hire,' she said, brightly. It's queer how out of touch with truth women are. They live in a world of their own, and there had never been anything like it, and never can be. It is too beautiful altogether, and if they were to set it up it would go to pieces before the first sunset. Some confounded fact we men have been living contentedly with ever since the day of creation would start up and knock the whole thing over.

"After this I got embraced, told to wear flannel, be sure to write often, and so on—and

I left. In the street—I don't know why—a queer feeling came to me that I was an impostor. Odd thing that I, who used to clear out for any part of the world at twenty-four hours' notice, with less thought than most men give to the crossing of a street, had a moment—I won't say of hesitation, but of startled pause, before this commonplace affair. The best way I can explain it to you is by saying that, for a second or two, I felt as though, instead of going to the centre of a continent, I were about to set off for the centre of the earth.

"I left in a French steamer, and she called in every blamed port they have out there, for, as far as I could see, the sole purpose of landing soldiers and custom-house officers. I watched the coast. Watching a coast as it slips by the ship is like thinking about an enigma. There it is before you—smiling, frowning, inviting, grand, mean, insipid, or savage, and always mute with an air of whispering, Come and find out. This one was almost featureless, as if still in the making, with an aspect of monotonous grimness. The edge of a colossal jungle, so dark-green as to be almost black, fringed with white surf, ran straight, like a ruled line, far, far away along a blue sea whose glitter was blurred by a creeping mist. The sun was fierce, the land seemed to glisten and drip with steam. Here and there greyish-whitish specks showed up, clustered inside the white surf, with a flag flying above them perhaps. Settlements some centuries old,

and still no bigger than pin-heads on the untouched expanse of their background. We pounded along, stopped, landed soldiers; went on, landed custom-house clerks to levy toll in what looked like a God-forsaken wilderness, with a tin shed and a flag-pole lost in it; landed more soldiers—to take care of the custom-house clerks, presumably. Some, I heard, got drowned in the surf; but whether they did or not, nobody seemed particularly to care. They were just flung out there, and on we went. Every day the coast looked the same, as though we had not moved; but we passed various places—trading places—with names like Gran' Bassam Little Popo, names that seemed to belong to some sordid farce acted in front of a sinister backcloth. The idleness of a passenger, my isolation amongst all these men with whom I had no point of contact, the oily and languid sea, the uniform sombreness of the coast, seemed to keep me away from the truth of things within the toil of a mournful and senseless delusion. The voice of the surf heard now and then was a positive pleasure, like the speech of a brother. It was something natural, that had its reason, that had a meaning. Now and then a boat from the shore gave one a momentary contact with reality. It was paddled by black fellows. You could see from afar the white of their eyeballs glistening. They shouted, sang; their bodies streamed with perspiration; they had faces like grotesque masks—

these chaps; but they had bone, muscle, a wild vitality, an intense energy of movement, that was as natural and true as the surf along their coast. They wanted no excuse for being there. They were a great comfort to look at. For a time I would feel I belonged still to a world of straightforward facts; but the feeling would not last long. Something would turn up to scare it away. Once, I remember, we came upon a man-of-war anchored off the coast. There wasn't even a shed there, and she was shelling the bush. It appears the French had one of their wars going on thereabouts. Her ensign dropped limp like a rag; the muzzles of the long eight-inch guns stuck out all over the low hull; the greasy, slimy swell swung her up lazily and let her down, swaying her thin masts. In the empty immensity of earth, sky, and water, there she was, incomprehensible, firing into a continent. Pop, would go one of the eight-inch guns; a small flame would dart and vanish, a little white smoke would disappear, a tiny projectile would give a feeble screech—and nothing happened. Nothing could happen. There was a touch of insanity in the proceeding, a sense of lugubrious drollery in the sight; and it was not dissipated by somebody on board assuring me earnestly there was a camp of natives—he called them enemies!—hidden out of sight somewhere.

“We gave her her letters (I heard the men in that lonely ship were dying of fever at the rate of three a-day) and went

on. We called at some more places with farcical names, where the merry dance of death and trade goes on in a still and earthy atmosphere as of an overheated catacomb; all along the formless coast bordered by dangerous surf, as if Nature herself had tried to ward off intruders; in and out of rivers, streams of death in life, whose banks were rotting into mud, whose waters, thickened into slime, invaded the contorted mangroves, that seemed to writhe at us in the extremity of an impotent despair. Nowhere did we stop long enough to get a particularised impression, but the general sense of vague and oppressive wonder grew upon me. It was like a weary pilgrimage amongst hints for nightmares.

"It was upward of thirty days before I saw the mouth of the big river. We anchored off the seat of the government. But my work would not begin till some two hundred miles farther on. So as soon as I could I made a start for a place thirty miles higher up.

"I had my passage on a little sea-going steamer. Her captain was a Swede, and knowing me for a seaman, invited me on the bridge. He was a young man, lean, fair, and morose, with lanky hair and a shuffling gait. As we left the miserable little wharf, he tossed his head contemptuously at the shore. 'Been living there?' he asked. I said, 'Yes.' 'Fine lot these government chaps—are they not?' he went on, speaking English with great precision and considerable bitterness. 'It

is funny what some people will do for a few francs a-month. I wonder what becomes of that kind when it goes up country?' I said to him I expected to see that soon. 'So-o-o!' he exclaimed. He shuffled athwart, keeping one eye ahead vigilantly. 'Don't be too sure,' he continued. 'The other day I took up a man who hanged himself on the road. He was a Swede, too.' 'Hanged himself! Why, in God's name?' I cried. He kept on looking out watchfully. 'Who knows? The sun too much for him, or the country perhaps.'

"At last we turned a bend. A rocky cliff appeared, mounds of turned-up earth by the shore, houses on a hill, others, with iron roofs, amongst a waste of excavations, or hanging to the declivity. A continuous noise of the rapids above hovered over this scene of inhabited devastation. A lot of people, mostly black and naked, moved about like ants. A jetty projected into the river. A blinding sunlight drowned all this at times in a sudden recrudescence of glare. 'There's your Company's station,' said the Swede, pointing to three wooden barrack-like structures on the rocky slope. 'I will send your things up. Four boxes did you say? So. Farewell.'

"I came upon a boiler wallowing in the grass, then found a path leading up the hill. It turned aside for the boulders, and also for an undersized railway-truck lying there on its back with its wheels in the air. One was off. The thing looked as dead as the carcass of some

animal. I came upon more pieces of decaying machinery, a stack of rusty rails. To the left a clump of trees made a shady spot, where dark things seemed to stir feebly. I blinked, the path was steep. A horn tooted to the right, and I saw the black people run. A heavy and dull detonation shook the ground, a puff of smoke came out of the cliff, and that was all. No change appeared on the face of the rock. They were building a railway. The cliff was not in the way or anything; but this objectless blasting was all the work going on.

"A slight clinking behind me made me turn my head. Six black men advanced in a file, toiling up the path. They walked erect and slow, balancing small baskets full of earth on their heads, and the clink kept time with their footsteps. Black rags were wound round their loins, and the short ends behind wagged to and fro like tails. I could see every rib, the joints of their limbs were like knots in a rope; each had an iron collar on his neck, and all were connected together with a chain whose bights swung between them, rhythmically clinking. Another report from the cliff made me think suddenly of that ship of war I had seen firing into a continent. It was the same kind of ominous voice; but these men could by no stretch of imagination be called enemies. They were called criminals, and the outraged law, like the bursting shells, had come to them, an insoluble mystery from over the sea.

All their meagre breasts panted together, the violently dilated nostrils quivered, the eyes stared stonily up-hill. They passed me within six inches, without a glance, with that complete, deathlike indifference of unhappy savages. Behind this raw matter one of the reclaimed, the product of the new forces at work, strolled despondently, carrying a rifle by its middle. He had a uniform jacket with a button off, and seeing a white man on the path, hoisted his weapon to his shoulder with alacrity. This was simple prudence, white men being so much alike at a distance that he could not tell who I might be. He was speedily reassured, and with a large, white, rascally grin, and a glance at his charge, seemed to take me into partnership in his exalted trust. After all, I also was a part of the great cause of these high and just proceedings.

"Instead of going up, I turned and descended to the left. My idea was to let that chain-gang get out of sight before I climbed the hill. You know I am not particularly tender; I've had to strike and to fend off. I've had to resist and to attack sometimes—that's only one way of resisting—without counting the exact cost, according to the demands of such sort of life as I had blundered into. I've seen the devil of violence, and the devil of greed, and the devil of hot desire; but, by all the stars! these were strong, lusty, red-eyed devils, that swayed and drove men—men, I tell you. But as I stood on this hillside,

I foresaw that in the blinding sunshine of that land I would become acquainted with a flabby, pretending, weak-eyed devil of a rapacious and pitiless folly. How insidious he could be, too, I was only to find out several months later and a thousand miles farther. For a moment I stood appalled, as though by a warning. Finally I descended the hill, obliquely, towards the trees I had seen.

"I avoided a vast artificial hole somebody had been digging on the slope, the purpose of which I found it impossible to divine. It wasn't a quarry or a sandpit, anyhow. It was just a hole. It might have been connected with the philanthropic desire of giving the criminals something to do. I don't know. Then I nearly fell into a very narrow ravine, almost no more than a scar in the hillside. I discovered that a lot of imported drainage-pipes for the settlement had been tumbled in there. There wasn't one that was not broken. It was a wanton smash-up. At last I got under the trees. My purpose was to stroll into the shade for a moment; but it seemed to me I had stepped into the gloomy circle of some Inferno. The river was near, and an uninterrupted, uniform, headlong, rushing noise filled the mournful stillness of the grove, where not a breath stirred, not a leaf moved with a mysterious sound, as though the tearing pace of the launched earth had suddenly become audible.

"Black shapes crouched, lay, sat between the trees, leaning against the trunks, clinging to

the earth, half coming out, half effaced within the dim light, in all the attitudes of pain, abandonment, and despair. Another mine on the cliff went off, followed by a slight shudder of the soil under my feet. The work was going on. The work! And this was the place where some of the helpers had withdrawn to die.

"They were dying slowly—it was very clear. They were not enemies, they were not criminals, they were nothing earthly now,—nothing but black shadows of disease and starvation, lying confusedly in the greenish gloom. Brought from all the recesses of the coast in all the legality of time contracts, lost in uncongenial surroundings, fed on unfamiliar food, they sickened, became inefficient, and were then allowed to crawl away and rest. These moribund shapes were free as air—and nearly as thin. I began to distinguish the gleam of eyes under the trees. Then, glancing down, I saw a face near my hand. The black bones reclined at full length with one shoulder against the tree, and slowly the eyelids rose and the sunken eyes looked up at me, enormous and vacant, a kind of blind, white flicker in the depths of the orbs, which died out slowly. The man seemed young—almost a boy—but you know with them it's hard to tell. I found nothing else to do but to offer him one of my good Swede's ship's biscuits I had in my pocket. The fingers closed slowly on it and held—there was no other movement

and no other glance. He had tied a bit of white worsted round his neck—Why? Where did he get it? Was it a badge—an ornament—a charm—a propitiatory act? Was there any idea at all connected with it? It looked startling round his black neck, this bit of white thread from beyond the seas.

"Near the same tree two more bundles of acute angles sat with their legs drawn up. One, with his chin propped on his knees, stared at nothing, in an intolerable and appalling manner. His brother phantom rested its forehead, as if overcome with a great weariness; and all about others were scattered in every pose of contorted collapse, as in some picture of a massacre or a pestilence. While I stood horror-struck, one of these creatures rose to his hands and knees, and went off on all-fours towards the river to drink. He lapped out of his hand, then sat up in the sunlight, crossing his shins in front of him, and after a time let his woolly head fall on his breastbone.

"I didn't want any more loitering in the shade, and I made haste towards the station. When near the buildings I met a white man, in such an unexpected elegance of get-up that in the first moment I took him for a sort of vision. I saw a high starched collar, white cuffs, a light alpaca jacket, snowy trousers, a clear necktie, and varnished boots. No hat. Hair parted, brushed, oiled, under a green-lined parasol held in a big white hand. He was amaz-

ing, and had a penholder behind his ear.

"I shook hands with this miracle, and I learned he was the Company's chief accountant, and that all the book-keeping was done at this station. He had come out for a moment, he said, 'to get a breath of fresh air.' The expression sounded wonderfully odd, with its suggestion of sedentary desk-life. I wouldn't have mentioned the fellow to you at all, only it was from his lips that I first heard the name of the man who is so indissolubly connected with the memories of that time. Moreover, I respected the fellow. Yes; I respected his collars, his vast cuffs, his brushed hair. His appearance was certainly that of a hairdresser's dummy; but in the great demoralisation of the land he kept up his appearance. That's backbone. His starched collars and got-up shirt-fronts were achievements of character. He had been out nearly three years; and, later on, I could not help asking him how he managed to sport such linen. He had just the faintest blush, and said modestly, 'I've been teaching one of the native women about the station. It was difficult. She had a distaste for the work.' Thus this man had verily accomplished something. And he was devoted to his books.

"Everything in the station was in a muddle,—heads, things, buildings. Strings of dusty niggers with splay feet arrived and departed; and a stream of manufactured goods, rubbishy cottons, beads, and brass-wire set into the depths

of darkness, and in return came a precious trickle of ivory.

"I had to wait in the station for ten days—an eternity. I lived in a hut in the yard. To be out of the chaos I would sometimes get into the accountant's office. It was built of horizontal planks, and so badly put together that, as he bent over his high desk, he was barred from neck to heels with narrow strips of sunlight. There was no need to open the big shutter to see. It was hot there too; big flies buzzed fiendishly, and did not sting, but stabbed. I sat generally on the floor, while, of faultless appearance (and even slightly scented), perching on a high stool, he wrote, he wrote. Sometimes he stood up for exercise. When a truckle-bed with a sick man (some invalided agent from up-country) was put in there, he exhibited a gentle annoyance. 'The groans of this sick person,' he said, 'distract my attention. And without that it is extremely difficult to guard against clerical errors in this climate.'

"One day he remarked, without lifting his head, 'In the interior you will no doubt meet Mr Kurtz.' On my asking who Mr Kurtz was, he said he was a first-class agent; and seeing my disappointment at this information, he added slowly, laying down his pen, 'He is a very remarkable person.' Further questions elicited from him that Mr Kurtz was at present in charge of a trading post, a very important one, in the true ivory-country, at 'the very bottom of there. Sends in as much

ivory as all the others put together. . . .' He began to write again. The sick man was too ill to groan. The flies buzzed in a great peace.

"Suddenly there was a growing murmur of voices and a great tramping of feet. A caravan had come in. A violent babble of uncouth sounds burst out on the other side of the planks. All the carriers were speaking together, and in the midst of the uproar the lamentable voice of the chief agent was heard 'giving it up' tearfully for the twentieth time that day. . . . He rose slowly. 'What a frightful row,' he said. He crossed the room gently to look at the sick man, and returning, said to me, 'He does not hear.' 'What! Dead?' I asked, startled. 'No, not yet,' he answered, with great composure. Then, alluding with a toss of the head to the tumult in the station-yard, 'When one has got to make correct entries, one comes to hate those savages—hate them to the death.' He remained thoughtful for a moment. 'When you see Mr Kurtz,' he went on, 'tell him from me that everything here'—he glanced at the desk—'is very satisfactory. I don't like to write to him—with those messengers of ours you never know who may get your letter—at that Central Station.' He stared at me for a moment with his mild, bulging eyes. 'Oh, he will go far, very far,' he began again. 'He will be a somebody in the Administration before long. They, above—the Council in Europe, you know—mean him to be.'

"He turned to his work. The noise outside had ceased, and presently as I went out I stopped at the door. In the steady buzz of flies the homeward-bound agent was lying flushed and insensible; the other, bent over his books, was making correct entries of perfectly correct transactions; and fifty feet below the doorstep I could see the still tree-tops of the grove of death.

"Next day I left that station at last, with a caravan of sixty men, for a two-hundred-mile tramp.

"No use telling you much about that. Paths, paths, everywhere; a stamped-in network of paths spreading over the empty land, through long grass, through burnt grass, through thickets, down and up chilly ravines, up and down stony hills ablaze with heat; and a solitude, a solitude, nobody, not a hut. The population had cleared out a long time ago. Well, if a lot of mysterious niggers armed with all kinds of fearful weapons suddenly took to travelling on the road between Deal and Gravesend, catching the yokels right and left to carry heavy loads for them, I fancy every farm and cottage thereabouts would get empty very soon. Only here the dwellings were gone too. Still I passed through several abandoned villages. There's something pathetically childish in the ruins of grass walls. Day after day, with the stamp and shuffle of sixty pair of bare feet behind me, each pair under a 60-lb. load. Camp,

cook, sleep, strike camp, march. Now and then a carrier dead in harness, at rest in the long grass near the path, with an empty water-gourd and his long staff lying by his side. A great silence around and above. Perhaps on some quiet night the tremor of far-off drums, sinking, swelling, a tremor vast, faint; a sound weird, appealing, suggestive, and wild—and perhaps with as respectable a meaning as the sound of bells in a Christian country. Once a white man in an unbuttoned uniform, camping on the path with an armed escort of lank Zanzibaris, very hospitable and festive, not to say drunk. Was looking after the upkeep of the road, he declared. Can't say I saw any road or any upkeep, unless the body of a middle-aged negro, with a bullet-hole in the forehead, upon which I absolutely stumbled three miles farther on, may be considered as a permanent improvement. I had a white companion too, not a bad chap, but rather too fleshy and with the exasperating habit of fainting on the hot hillsides, miles away from the least bit of shade and water. Annoying, you know, to hold your own coat like a parasol over a man's head while he is coming-to. I couldn't help asking him once what he meant by coming there at all. 'To make money, of course. What do you think?' he said, scornfully. Then he got fever, and had to be carried in a hammock slung on a pole. As he weighed sixteen stone I had

no end of rows with the carriers. They jibbed, ran away, sneaked off with their loads in the night—quite a mutiny. So, one evening, I made a speech in English with gestures, not one of which was lost to the sixty pairs of eyes before me, and the next morning I started the hammock off in front all right. An hour afterwards I came upon the whole concern wrecked in a bush—man, hammock, groans, blankets, horrors. The heavy pole had skinned his poor nose. He was very anxious for me to kill somebody, but there wasn't the shadow of a carrier near. I remembered the old doctor,—‘It would be interesting for science to watch the mental changes of individuals, on the spot.’ I felt I was becoming scientifically interesting. However, all that is to no purpose. On the fifteenth day I came in sight of the big river again, and hobbled into the Central Station. It was on a back water surrounded by scrub and forest, with a pretty border of smelly mud on one side, and on the three others enclosed by a crazy fence of rushes. A neglected gap was all the gate it had, and the first glance at the place was enough to let you see the flabby devil was running that show. White men with long staves in their hands appeared languidly from amongst the buildings, strolling up to take a look at me, and then retired out of sight somewhere. One of them, a stout, excitable chap with black moustaches, informed me with great

volubility and many digressions, as soon as I told him who I was, that my steamer was at the bottom of the river. I was thunderstruck. What, how, why? Oh, it was ‘all right.’ The ‘manager himself’ was there. All quite correct. ‘Everybody had behaved splendidly! splendidly!’—‘you must,’ he said in agitation, ‘go and see the general manager at once. He is waiting!’

“I did not see the real significance of that wreck at once. I fancy I see it now, but I am not sure—not at all. Certainly the affair was too stupid—when I think of it—to be altogether natural. Still . . . at the moment it presented itself simply as a confounded nuisance. The steamer was sunk. They had started two days before in a sudden hurry up the river with the manager on board, in charge of some volunteer skipper, and before they had been out three hours they tore the bottom out of her on stones, and she sank near the south bank. I asked myself what I was to do there, now my boat was lost. As a matter of fact, I had plenty to do in fishing my command out of the river. I had to set about it the very next day. That, and the repairs when I brought the pieces to the station, took some months.

“My first interview with the manager was curious. He did not ask me to sit down after my twenty-mile walk that morning. He was commonplace in complexion, in feature, in manners, and in voice. He was of middle size and of ordinary build. His eyes, of the usual

blue, were perhaps remarkably cold, and he certainly could make his glance fall on one as trenchant and heavy as an axe. But even at these times the rest of his person seemed to disclaim the intention. Otherwise there was only an indefinable faint expression of his lips, something stealthy—a smile—not a smile—I remember it, but I can't explain. It was unconscious, this smile was, though just after he had said something it got intensified for an instant. It came at the end of his speeches like a seal applied on the words to make the meaning of the commonest phrase appear absolutely inscrutable. He was a common trader, from his youth up, employed in these parts—nothing more. He was obeyed, yet he inspired neither love nor fear, nor even respect. He inspired uneasiness. That was it! Uneasiness. Not a definite mistrust—just uneasiness—nothing more. You have no idea how effective such a . . . a . . . faculty can be. He had no genius for organising, for initiative, or for order even. That was evident in such things as the deplorable state of the station. He had no learning, no intelligence. His position had come to him—why? Perhaps because he was never ill . . . He had served three terms of three years out there . . . Because triumphant health in the general rout of constitutions is a kind of power in itself. When he went home on leave he rioted on a large scale—pompously. Jack ashore—with a difference—in externals only. This one could gather from his casual

talk. He originated nothing, he could keep the routine going—that's all. But he was great. He was great by this little thing that it was impossible to tell what could control such a man. He never gave that secret away. Perhaps there was nothing within him. Such a suspicion made one pause—for out there there were no external checks. Once when various tropical diseases had laid low almost every 'agent' in the station, he was heard to say, 'Men who come out here should have no entrails.' He sealed the utterance with that smile of his, as though it had been a door opening into a darkness he had in his keeping. You fancied you had seen things—but the seal was on. When annoyed at meal-times by the constant quarrels of the white men about precedence, he ordered an immense round table to be made, for which a special house had to be built. This was the station's mess-room. Where he sat was the first place—the rest were nowhere. One felt this to be his unalterable conviction. He was neither civil nor uncivil. He was quiet. He allowed his 'boy'—an overfed young negro from the coast—to treat the white men, under his very eyes, with provoking insolence.

"He began to speak as soon as he saw me. I had been very long on the road. He could not wait. Had to start without me. The up-river stations had to be relieved. There had been so many delays already that he did not know who was dead and who was alive, and how they got on—and so on, and so

on. He paid no attention to my explanations, and, playing with a stick of sealing-wax, repeated several times that the situation was 'very grave, very grave.' There were rumours that a very important station was in jeopardy, and its chief, Mr Kurtz, was ill. Hoped it was not true. Mr Kurtz was . . . I felt weary and irritable. Hang Kurtz, I thought. I interrupted him by saying I had heard of Mr Kurtz on the coast. 'Ah! So they talk of him down there,' he murmured to himself. Then he began again, assuring me Mr Kurtz was the best agent he had, an exceptional man, of the greatest importance to the Company; therefore I could understand his anxiety. He was, he said, 'very, very uneasy.' Certainly he fidgeted on his chair a good deal, exclaimed, 'Ah, Mr Kurtz!' broke the stick of sealing-wax and seemed dumbfounded by the accident. Next thing he wanted to know 'how long it would take to' . . . I interrupted him again. Being hungry, you know, and kept on my feet too, I was getting savage. 'How could I tell,' I said. 'I hadn't even seen the wreck yet—some months, no doubt.' All this talk seemed to me so futile. 'Some months,' he said. 'Well, let us say three months before we can make a start. Yes. That ought to do the affair.' I flung out of his hut (he lived all alone in a clay hut with a sort of verandah) muttering to myself my opinion of him. He was a chattering idiot. Afterwards I took it back when it was borne in upon

me startingly with what extreme nicety he had estimated the time requisite for the 'affair.'

"I went to work the next day, turning, so to speak, my back on that station. In that way only it seemed to me I could keep my hold on the redeeming facts of life. Still, one must look about sometimes; and then I saw this station, these men strolling aimlessly about in the sunshine of the yard. I asked myself sometimes what it all meant? They wandered here and there with their absurd long staves in their hands, like a lot of faithless pilgrims bewitched inside a fence. The word 'ivory' rang in the air, was whispered, was sighed. You would think they were praying to it. A taint of imbecile rapacity blew through it all, like a whiff from some corpse. By Jove! I've never seen anything so unreal in my life. And outside, the silent wilderness surrounding this cleared speck on the earth struck me as something great and invincible, like evil or truth, waiting patiently for the passing away of this fantastic invasion.

"Oh, these months! Well, never mind. Various things happened. One evening a grass shed full of calico, cotton prints, beads, and I don't know what else, burst into a blaze so suddenly that you would have thought the earth had opened to let an avenging fire consume all that trash. I was smoking my pipe quietly by my dismantled steamer, and saw them all cutting capers in the light,

with their arms lifted high, when the stout man with moustaches came tearing down to the river, a tin pail in his hand, assured me that everybody was 'behaving splendidly, splendidly,' dipped about a quart of water and tore back again. I noticed there was a hole in the bottom of his pail.

"I strolled up. There was no hurry. You see the thing had gone off like a box of matches. It had been hopeless from the very first. The flame had leaped high, driven everybody back, lighted up everything—and collapsed. The shed was already a heap of embers glowing fiercely. A nigger was being beaten near by. They said he had caused the fire in some way; be that as it may, he was screeching most horribly. I saw him, later on, for several days, sitting in a bit of shade looking very sick and trying to recover himself: afterwards he arose and went out—and the wilderness without a sound took him into its bosom again. As I approached the glow from the dark I found myself at the back of two men, talking. I heard the name of Kurtz pronounced, then the words, 'take advantage of this unfortunate accident.' One of the men was the manager. I wished him good evening. 'Did you ever see anything like it—eh?' he said; 'it is incredible,' and walked off. The other man remained. He was a first-class agent, young, gentlemanly, a bit reserved, with a forked little beard and a hooked nose. He was stand-offish with the other agents. They on their side said

he was the manager's spy upon them. As to me, I had hardly ever spoken to him before. We got into talk, and by-and-by we strolled away from the hissing ruins. Then he asked me to his room, which was in the main building of the station. He struck a match, and I perceived that this young aristocrat had not only a silver-mounted dressing-case but also a whole candle all to himself. Just at that time the manager was the only man supposed to have any right to candles. Native mats covered the clay walls; a collection of spears, assegais, shields, knives was hung up in trophies. The business intrusted to this fellow was the making of bricks—so I had been informed; but there wasn't a fragment of a brick anywhere in the station, and he had been there more than a year—waiting. It seems he could not make bricks without something, I don't know what—straw maybe. Anyways, it could not be found there, and as it was not likely to be sent from Europe, it did not appear clear to me what he was waiting for. An act of special creation perhaps. However, they were all waiting—all the sixteen or twenty pilgrims of them—for something; and upon my word it did not seem an uncongenial occupation, from the way they took it, though the only thing that ever came to them was disease—as far as I could see. They beguiled the time by backbiting and intriguing against each other in a foolish kind of way. There was an air of plotting about that station, but nothing came of it, of course. It was as

unreal as everything else—as the philanthropic pretence of the whole concern, as their talk, as their government, as their show of work. The only real feeling was a desire to get appointed to a trading-post where ivory was to be had, so that they could earn percentages. They intrigued and slandered and hated each other only on that account,—but as to effectually lifting a little finger—oh, no. By heavens! there is something after all in the world allowing one man to steal a horse while another must not look at a halter. Steal a horse straight out. Very well. He has done it. Perhaps he can ride. Beastly, perhaps—yet still effective. But there is a way of looking at a halter that would provoke the most charitable of saints into a kick.

“I had no idea why he wanted to be sociable, but as we chatted in there it suddenly occurred to me the fellow was trying to get at something—in fact, pumping me. He alluded constantly to Europe, to the people I was supposed to know there—putting leading questions as to my acquaintances in the sepulchral city, and so on. His little eyes glittered like mica discs with curiosity, though he tried to keep up a bit of superciliousness. At first I was astonished, but very soon I became also awfully curious to see what he would find out from me. I couldn’t possibly imagine what I had in me to make it worth his while. His allusions were Chinese to me. It was very pretty to see how he baffled himself, for in truth my body was full of chills, and

my head had nothing in it but that wretched steamboat business. It was evident he took me for a perfectly shameless prevaricator. At last he got angry, and, to conceal a movement of furious annoyance, he yawned. I rose. Then I noticed a small sketch in oils, on a panel, representing a woman, draped and blindfolded, carrying a lighted torch. The background was sombre—almost black. The movement of the woman was stately, and the effect of the torchlight on the face was sinister.

“It arrested me, and he stood by, civilly holding a half-pint bottle of champagne (medical comforts) with the candle stuck in it. To my question he said Mr Kurtz had painted this—in this very station more than a year ago—while waiting for means to go to his trading-post. ‘Tell me, pray,’ said I, ‘who is this Mr Kurtz?’

“‘The chief of the Inner Station,’ he answered in a short tone, looking away. ‘Much obliged,’ I said, laughing. ‘And you are the brickmaker of the Central Station. Every one knows that.’ He was silent for a while. ‘He is a prodigy,’ he said at last. ‘He is an emissary of pity, and science, and progress, and devil knows what else. We want,’ he began to declaim suddenly, ‘for the guidance of the cause intrusted to us by Europe, so to speak, higher intelligence, wide sympathies, a singleness of purpose.’ ‘Who says that?’ I asked. ‘Lots of them,’ he replied. ‘Some even write that; and so *he* comes

here, a special being, as you ought to know.' 'Why ought I to know?' I interrupted, really surprised. He paid no attention. 'Yes. To-day he is chief of the best station, next year he will be assistant-manager, two years more and . . . but I daresay you know what he will be in two years' time. You are of the new gang—the gang of virtue. The same people who sent him specially also recommended you. Oh, don't say no. I've my own eyes to trust.' Light dawned upon me. My dear aunt's influential acquaintances were producing an unexpected effect upon that young man. I nearly burst into a laugh. 'Do you read the Company's confidential correspondence?' I asked. He hadn't a word to say. It was great fun. 'When Mr Kurtz,' I continued severely, 'is General Manager, you won't have the opportunity.'

"He blew the candle out suddenly, and we went outside. The moon had risen. Black figures strolled about listlessly, pouring water on the glow, whence proceeded a sound of hissing. Steam ascended in the moonlight; the beaten nigger groaned somewhere. 'What a row the brute makes!' said the indefatigable man with the moustaches, appearing near us. 'Serve him right. Transgression—punishment—bang! Pitiless, pitiless. That's the only way. This will prevent all future conflagrations. I was just telling the manager . . .' He noticed my companion, and became crestfallen all at once. 'Not in bed yet,' he said, with

a kind of obsequious heartiness; 'it's so natural. Ha! Danger—agitation.' He vanished. I went on to the river-side, and the other followed me. I heard a scathing murmur at my ear, "Heap of muffs—go to." The pilgrims could be seen in knots gesticulating, discussing. Several had still their staves in their hands. I verily believe they took these sticks to bed with them. Beyond the fence the forest stood up spectrally in the moonlight, and through the dim stir, through the faint sounds of that lamentable courtyard, the silence of the land went home to one's very heart,—its mystery, its greatness, the amazing reality of its concealed life. The hurt nigger moaned feebly somewhere near by, and then fetched a deep sigh that made me mend my pace away from there. I felt a hand introducing itself under my arm. 'My dear sir,' said the fellow, 'I don't want to be misunderstood, and especially by you, who will see Mr Kurtz long before I can have that pleasure. I wouldn't like him to get a false idea of my disposition. . . .'

"I let him run on, this papier-maché Mephistopheles, and it seemed to me that if I tried I could poke my forefinger through him, and find nothing inside but a little loose dirt, maybe. He, don't you see, had been planning to be assistant-manager by-and-by under the present man, and I could see that the coming of that Kurtz had upset them both not a little. He talked precipitately, and I did not try to stop him. I had my shoulders against the wreck

of my steamer, hauled up on the slope like a carcass of some big river animal. The smell of mud, of primeval mud, by Jove! was in my nostrils, the high stillness of primeval forest was before my eyes; there were shiny patches on the black creek. The moon had spread over everything a thin layer of silver—over the rank grass, over the mud, upon the wall of matted vegetation standing higher than the wall of a temple, over the great river I could see through a sombre gap glittering, glittering, as it flowed broadly by without a murmur. All this was great, expectant, mute, while the man jabbered about himself. I wondered whether the stillness on the face of the immensity looking at us two were meant as an appeal or as a menace. What were we who had strayed in here? Could we handle that dumb thing, or would it handle us? I felt how big, how confoundedly big, was that thing that couldn't talk, and perhaps was deaf as well. What was in there? I could see a little ivory coming out from there, and I had heard Mr Kurtz was in there. I had heard enough about it too—God knows! Yet somehow it didn't bring any image with it—no more than if I had been told an angel or a fiend was in there. I believed it in the same way one of you might believe there are inhabitants in the planet Mars. I knew once a Scotch sailmaker who was certain, dead sure, there were people in Mars. If you asked him for some idea how they looked and behaved, he would

get shy and mutter something about 'walking on all-fours.' If you as much as smiled, he would—though a man of sixty—offer to fight you. I would not have gone so far as to fight for Kurtz, but I went for him near enough to a lie. You know I hate, detest, and can't bear a lie, not because I am straighter than the rest of us, but simply because it appals me. There is a taint of death, a flavour of mortality in lies,—which is exactly what I hate and detest in the world—what I want to forget. It makes me miserable and sick, like biting something rotten would do. Temperament, I suppose. Well, I went near enough to it by letting the young fool there believe anything he liked to imagine as to my influence in Europe. I became in an instant as much of a pretence as the rest of the bewitched pilgrims. This simply because I had a notion it somehow would be of help to that Kurtz whom at the time I did not see—you understand. He was just a word for me. I did not see the man in the name any more than you do. Do you see him? Do you see the story? Do you see anything? It seems to me I am trying to tell you a dream—making a vain attempt, because no relation of a dream can convey the dream-sensation, that commingling of absurdity, surprise, and bewilderment in a tremor of struggling revolt, that notion of being captured by the incredible which is of the very essence of dreams. . . ."

He was silent for a while.

" . . . No, it is impossible; it is impossible to convey the

life-sensation of any given epoch of one's existence,—that which makes its truth, its meaning—its subtle and penetrating essence. It is impossible. We live, as we dream—alone. . . .”

He paused again as if reflecting, then added—

“Of course in this you fellows see more than I could then. You see me, whom you know. . . .”

It had become so pitch dark that we listeners could hardly see one another. For a long time already he, sitting apart, had been no more to us than a voice. There was not a word from anybody. The others might have been asleep, but I was awake. I listened, I listened on the watch for the sentence, for the word, that would give me the clue to the faint uneasiness inspired by this narrative that seemed to shape itself without human lips in the heavy night-air of the river.

“... Yes—I let him run on,” Marlow began again, “and think what he pleased about the powers that were behind me. I did! And there was nothing behind me! There was nothing but that wretched, old, mangled steamboat I was leaning against, while he talked fluently about ‘the necessity for every man to get on.’ ‘And when one comes out here, you conceive, it is not to gaze at the moon.’ Mr Kurtz was a ‘universal genius,’ but even a genius would find it easier to work with ‘adequate tools—intelligent men.’ He did not make bricks—why, there was a physical impossibility in the way—as I was well aware; and if he did secretarial work

for the manager, it was because ‘no sensible man’ rejects wantonly the confidence of his superiors.’ Did I see it? I saw it. What more did I want? What I really wanted was rivets, by heaven! Rivets. To get on with the work—to stop the hole. Rivets I wanted. There were cases of them down at the coast—cases—piled up—burst—split! You kicked a loose rivet at every second step in that station yard on the hillside. Rivets had rolled into the grove of death. You could fill your pockets with rivets for the trouble of stooping down—and there wasn’t one rivet to be found where it was wanted. We had plates that would do, but nothing to fasten them with. And every week the messenger, a lone negro, letter-bag on shoulder and staff in hand, left our station for the coast. And several times a week a coast caravan came in with trade goods,—ghastly glazed calico that made you shudder only to look at it, glass beads value about a penny a quart, con-founded spotted cotton handkerchiefs. And no rivets. Three carriers could have brought all that was wanted to set that steamboat afloat.

“He was becoming confidential now, but I fancy my unresponsive attitude must have exasperated him at last, for he judged it necessary to inform me he feared neither God nor devil, let alone any mere man. I said I could see that very well, but what I wanted was a certain quantity of rivets—and rivets were what really Mr Kurtz wanted, if he had

only known it. Now letters went to the coast every week. . . . 'My dear sir,' he cried, 'I write from dictation.' I demanded rivets. There was a way—for an intelligent man. He changed his manner; became very cold, and suddenly began to talk about a hippopotamus; wondered whether sleeping in the steamer (I stuck to my salvage night and day) I wasn't disturbed. There was an old hippo that had the bad habit of getting out on the bank and roaming at night over the station grounds. The pilgrims used to turn out in a body and empty every rifle they could lay hands on at him. Some even had sat up o' nights for him. All this energy was wasted, though. 'That animal has a charmed life,' he said; 'but you can say this only of brutes in this country. No man—you apprehend me?—no man here bears a charmed life.' He stood there for a moment in the moonlight with his delicate hooked nose set a little askew, and his mica eyes glittering without a wink. Then, with a curt good-night, he strode off. I could see he was disturbed and considerably puzzled, which made me feel more hopeful than I had been for days. It was a great comfort to turn from that chap to my influential friend, the battered, twisted, ruined, tin-pot steamboat. I clambered on board. She rang under my feet like an empty Huntley and Palmer biscuit-tin kicked along a gutter; she was nothing so solid in make, and rather less pretty in shape, but I had ex-

pended enough hard work on her to make me love her. No influential friend would have served me better. She had given me a chance to come out a bit—to find out what I could do. No, I don't like work. I had rather laze about and think of all the fine things that can be done. I don't like work—no man does—but I like what is in the work,—the chance to find yourself. Your own reality—for yourself, not for others—what no other man can ever know. They can only see the mere show, and never can tell what it really means.

"I was not surprised to see somebody sitting aft, on the deck, with his legs dangling over the mud. You see I rather chummed with the few mechanics there were in that station, whom the other pilgrims naturally despised—on account of their imperfect manners, I suppose. This was the foreman—a boiler-maker by trade—a good worker. He was a lank, bony, yellow-faced man, with big intense eyes. His aspect was worried, and his head was as bald as the palm of my hand; but his hair in falling seemed to have stuck to his chin, and had prospered in the new locality, for his beard hung down to his waist. He was a widower with six young children (he had left them in charge of a sister of his to come out there), and the passion of his life was pigeon-flying. He was an enthusiast and a connoisseur. He raved about pigeons. After work hours he used sometimes to come over from his hut for a talk about his children and

his pigeons. At work, when he had to crawl in the mud under the bottom of the steamboat, he would tie up that beard of his in a kind of white serviette he brought for the purpose. It had loops to go over his ears. In the evening he could be seen squatted on the bank rinsing that wrapper in the creek with great care, then spreading it solemnly on a bush to dry.

"I slapped him on the back and shouted 'We shall have rivets!' He scrambled to his feet exclaiming 'No! Rivets!' as though he couldn't believe his ears. Then in a low voice, 'You . . . eh?' I don't know why we behaved like lunatics. I put my finger to the side of my nose and nodded mysteriously. 'Good for you!' he cried, snapped his fingers above his head, lifting one foot. I tried a jig. We capered on the iron deck. A frightful clatter came out of that hulk, and the virgin forest on the other bank of the creek sent it back in a thundering roll upon the sleeping station. It must have made some of the pilgrims sit up in their hovels. A dark figure obscured the lighted doorway of the manager's hut, vanished, then, a second or so after, the doorway itself vanished too. We stopped, and the silence driven away by the stamping of our feet flowed back again from the recesses of the land. The great wall of vegetation, an exuberant and entangled mass of trunks, branches, leaves, boughs, festoons, motionless in the moonlight, was like a riot-

ing invasion of soundless life, a rolling wave of plants, piled up, crested, ready to topple over the creek, to sweep every little man of us out of his little existence. And it moved not. A deadened burst of mighty splashes and snorts reached us from afar, as though an ichthyosaurus had been taking a bath of glitter in the great river. 'After all,' said the boiler-maker in a reasonable tone, 'why shouldn't we get the rivets.' Why not, indeed! I did not know of any reason why we shouldn't. 'They'll come in three weeks,' I said, confidently.

"But they didn't. Instead came an invasion, an infliction, a visitation. It came in sections during the next three weeks, each section headed by a donkey carrying a white man in new clothes and tan shoes, bowing from that elevation right and left to the impressed pilgrims. A quarrelsome band of footsore sulky niggers trod on the heels of the donkey. A lot of tents, camp-stools, tin boxes, white cases, brown bales would be shot down in the courtyard, and the air of mystery would deepen a little over the muddle of the station. Five such instalments came, with their absurd air of disorderly flight with the loot of innumerable outfit shops and provision stores, that, one would think, they were lugging, after a raid, into the wilderness for equitable division. It was an inextricable mess of things decent in themselves but that human folly made look like the spoils of thieving.

"This devoted band called itself the Eldorado Expedition, and I believe they were sworn to secrecy. Their talk, however, was the talk of sordid buccaneers. It was reckless without hardihood, greedy without audacity, and cruel without courage. There was not an atom of foresight or of serious intention in the whole batch of them, and they did not seem aware these things are wanted for the work of the world. Their desire was to tear treasure out of the bowels of the land with no more moral purpose at the back of it than there is in burglars breaking into a safe. Who paid for the noble enterprise I don't know; but the uncle of our manager was leader of that lot.

"In exterior he resembled a butcher in a poor neighbourhood, and his eyes had a look of

sleepy cunning. He carried his fat paunch with ostentation on his short legs, and all the time his gang infested the station spoke to no one but his nephew. You could see these two roaming about all day long with their heads close together in an everlasting confab.

"I had given up worrying myself about the rivets. One's capacity for that kind of folly is more limited than you would suppose. I said Hang!—and let things slide. I had plenty of time for meditation, and now and then I would give some thought to Kurtz. I wasn't very curious about him. No. Still, I was curious to see whether this man, who had come out equipped with moral ideas of some sort, would climb to the top after all, and how he would set about his work when there."

(To be continued.)

SEVENTY YEARS AT WESTMINSTER.

BY

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN R. MOWBRAY, BART., M.P.

II.

I TAKE up the thread of my reminiscences of the House of Commons where I left off in my previous article,¹ at the end of the elections after the China Dissolution in 1857. The New Parliament met on April 30. The star of Palmerston was in the ascendant. Bright and Cobden were conspicuous by their absence. Sir Stafford Northcote, retiring from Dudley, had been unsuccessful in securing the suffrages of North Devon. Lord Cavendish, afterwards Lord Hartington, now Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Althorp, now Earl Spencer, made their first appearance, and were welcomed as representatives of historic names and Whig traditions. Mr Evelyn Denison was chosen Speaker. There was no great thirst for legislation. The Royal Speech at the close of the session, indeed, spoke of the many Acts of great importance which had been passed, but there was only one great legislative enactment on which the Government could congratulate itself,—the Act establishing a Divorce Court.

The bill was introduced in the Lords. It came on in the Commons for second reading on July 30, and became the law of

the land on August 28. It did not raise any party question, and the issue was never doubtful. Mr Gladstone and Mr Disraeli were united in opposition, while Mr Walpole and Mr Henley were divided, the former supporting, the latter opposing, the bill. But the proceedings in Committee were very animated. We had a succession of single combats in the Homeric style between the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Bethell, and Mr Gladstone, which were only equalled in briskness by those of 1866 between Mr Lowe and Mr Gladstone about the Trojan Horse. The Attorney-General speaking at the end of the Treasury Bench and Mr Gladstone at the corner seat on the second bench below the gangway were in close contact, and the latter was described by the former as "boiling over with arguments," and "his eloquence exuding from every pore." The Attorney-General was supercilious and amusing, while Mr Gladstone gave us a striking illustration of unflinching courage in fighting a lost battle, of his wonderful power of debate, and of his intense and earnest religious conviction. In vain

¹ See 'Blackwood's Magazine' for July 1898.

he complained that the bill was pushed forward with unprecedented levity. In the Upper House the Duke of Norfolk, as representative of the Roman Communion, had offered his determined opposition. But the Lords Spiritual as a body, with the exception of Bishop Wilberforce, were less vigilant in their criticism than might have been expected with regard to a bill that proposed changes of such vast importance in the law of Church and State.

Parliament was called together again on December 3, and passed a bill to indemnify the Bank of England for having issued notes in excess of the amount authorised by the Act of 1844. It then adjourned until February 4, 1858. The Indian Mutiny and the account of the enormities committed at Delhi and Cawnpore had painfully absorbed the minds of all during the autumn, and our Indian Empire seemed shaken to its very foundations. The affairs of India, therefore, occupied the most prominent place in the Royal Speech; the attention of Parliament being next called to the laws which regulated the representation of the people. But meanwhile another matter arose which demanded the prompt action of the British Government, and produced an unexpected result by its consequences on the Ministry of Lord Palmerston. In the middle of January, Europe was shocked by the startling intelligence of the attempt to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon. Some of the conspirators had lived under the shelter of

our laws, and had abused the asylum which England offered to political refugees by going forth from our shores to take part in these atrocious acts. Irritation sprang up between the two countries. The French colonels addressed the Emperor, denouncing the English nation. Count Walewski made a communication to the English Government. On February 9 Lord Palmerston introduced a bill to amend the law relating to conspiracy to murder, which Disraeli and the Tories supported. Leave was given to introduce it by a large majority—Ayes 299, Noes 99. The second reading came on on the 19th. Mr Milner Gibson moved a resolution from the Government side of the House expressing regret that the Government, before introducing the bill, “had not felt it to be their duty to make some reply to the important despatch received from the French Government, dated Paris, January 20, 1858.” This amendment received the support of Mr Disraeli and of Mr Gladstone, and of the majority of our party. Mr Henley said that the resolution was “true as Gospel: how could any man vote against it?” In my view, Lord Palmerston was right in condemning it as an “insidious amendment.” It was unsound, if not unprecedented, intended to destroy the bill, and to defeat by a side-wind the decision of the House on the previous stage. The House carried Mr Milner Gibson’s amendment, and so destroyed the bill by a majority of 19, — Ayes 215, Noes 234. I voted in the minority with

Lord Palmerston. After a lapse of forty years I see no reason whatever for regretting my vote, and I should be prepared to do again, after deliberation, what I then had to do on the spur of the moment.

The result of the vote was to put an end to Lord Palmerston's Government. I had the honour of holding a post in the ministry of Lord Derby which succeeded it. The manner of my coming into office was somewhat remarkable. The critical division took place on the Friday. I went out of town on the Saturday, believing that my prospects of holding office, if I ever had any, were at an end. I noticed with some amazement my name appearing in Monday's 'Times' among the conjectural appointments—as Under Secretary for the Home Office. I was at the House of Commons through the week, and on Friday the 26th I heard all the writs moved. The Government was practically completed. On Friday night I left town again, and did not return until the following Wednesday, when on going into the Carlton I met Disraeli on the steps. He said to me, "Have you answered Lord Derby's letter yet?" "What letter?" I replied; and then he said, "There is a high post for you, and you will be sworn of the Privy Council. You will have to be re-elected; Lord Derby is waiting for a reply." I said that I had not got the letter, —had not heard of any. On going into the Club and asking the hall-porter if there were any letters for me, he pulled

out of the pigeon-hole Lord Derby's communication marked "Private and Immediate," with Lord Derby's name on the envelope. It seems almost incredible that this could have happened at the Carlton, during a Ministerial crisis,—but so it was. I opened the letter, which ran as follows:—

"ST JAMES'S SQUARE,
Febry. 26th, 1853.

"DEAR SIR,—The Government appointments being now nearly complete, may I request that you will do me the favour of calling here at as early an hour to-morrow between 10 and 1 as may suit your convenience. I have reserved an appointment which I am enabled to offer to your acceptance, which I think might not be unacceptable to you, and for which you are particularly well qualified. I ought to add that the acceptance will involve the necessity of vacating your seat for Durham, which, however, if your acceptance of office be locally approved, can hardly raise any difficulty.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
DERBY."

I went to St James's Square instantly, saw Lord Derby, told him that I had that moment only received his letter, and found that the post was that of Judge Advocate-General. I said that I did not feel I had any claim to the appointment,—I had voted against the party the other night. But he replied that that did not matter—it was not a party question; and would I accept the appointment? I replied, "Yes, certainly." As to the seat, I believed that that would be arranged all right. After communication in all proper quarters as to the prospects of my re-election, and after receipt of assurances as to the safety of

my seat, I went to Durham, was welcomed with the utmost cordiality by all my constituents, including many prominent Liberals, was re-elected without opposition, returned to London, and took my seat on March 18.

The duties of Judge Advocate-General, I may say here, included the revisal of court-martial. All cases were referred to the office, and the proceedings of general court-martial were submitted to the Queen in private audience. It was thus my special privilege to be honoured with such audiences at frequent intervals; and I learnt to realise to the full that, as Sir William Hayter had told me, when congratulating me on my acceptance of office, I should find the audiences with the Queen the most pleasant part of the duties of the post. The gracious kindness of the Sovereign must ever leave a most profound impression on all who have been privileged to approach her.

On April 6 I went to Windsor to be sworn of the Privy Council. We had a special train: Lord Derby, the Lord Chancellor (Chelmsford), Lord Salisbury, the father of the present Prime Minister, Lords Hardwicke, Stanley, and John Manners; Mr Henley and Mr Walpole; the Earl of Donoughmore, and myself, to be sworn in Privy Councillors; the Earl of Sefton and Lord Sudeley to be sworn in Lord Lieutenants. At the castle we found Lord Malmesbury and Lord De La Warr, and had luncheon, and waited in an anteroom until the doors

were opened. The ceremonial was impressive. The Queen was seated at the end of a long table in a spacious apartment. The Prince Consort sat at her right. Chairs were ranged all down on either side. The Lord Chamberlain and two Lords-in-waiting, in Windsor uniform, with wands, were seated at the farther end of the room, behind the Queen.

The Ministers went in, and the doors were closed and opened again in a minute. The Clerk of the Council called on Lord Donoughmore and Mr Mowbray to come in. We were ushered up the room bowing, and knelt on two cushions before her Majesty, took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy and the Privy Councillors' oath, and each of us kissed the Queen's hand. The Prince shook hands with us on rising, and so did all the Privy Councillors, each getting up to do so in turn. We were then ordered to take our seats at the table, which we did. Lords Sefton and Sudeley were then called in, advanced, knelt, and took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy alone, kissed hands, and were told, "You may retire," and then straightway bowed out, not being made Privy Councillors. Lord Salisbury as Lord President read to the Queen several proposed Orders in Council; to which her Majesty said, "Approved." The Queen rose. The Lord Chancellor, being new to his work, expected that she would retire, whereas her Majesty expected us to retire; then we had a deal of laughing, and the Queen seemed greatly amused. Ultimately

we all backed out. The ceremony took less time than we expected. Lord Derby, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Sefton, and several of us walked to the station. Lord Sefton remarked to Lord Derby, "We shall be at Paddington before my brougham will be there." Lord Derby rejoined, "Walk, my boy, walk; it will do you good." On which the Chancellor observed, "No, my Lord; he will say to you—

'How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to *walk*;'—

a remark that was very appropriate, as the day was stormy, the path muddy, and Lord Sefton was attired in light lavender trousers and thin patent-leather boots. And so "the Lords of the Council" returned to town.

The affairs of India absorbed the attention of Parliament throughout the session. On February 18 Lord Palmerston had obtained leave, by a majority of 145, to bring in a bill (India No. 1) to transfer the government of our great Indian Empire from the East India Company to the Crown. That bill never reappeared, for Lord Palmerston's Government fell. On March 26 Mr Disraeli obtained leave to bring in a bill (No. 2), which was said to be Lord Ellenborough's scheme. He spoke of the emotion he felt when he proposed to abolish that famous corporation of the East India Company, which, "like Venice, had left a legacy of glory to mankind." He proposed that there should be a Secretary of State for India to preside over a Council of

eighteen persons, nine nominated by the Crown and nine chosen by popular election—four by a special constituency created under the bill, and five by London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Belfast. The proposal was not favourably received by the House. Mr Roebuck declared that from beginning to end the proposal was a sham; and Mr Bright, while disclaiming any hostility to the new Government, said that the proposal whereby five large constituencies should elect councillors savoured of claptrap. On April 26 came another stage leading up to the introduction of another bill (No. 3), when Mr Disraeli moved that the House should go into Committee to consider certain Resolutions which the Government had laid on the table. Lord Palmerston had amused the whole House by saying of Bill No. 2: "People met one another in the street—and one laughed, and the other laughed, and everybody laughed. 'What are you laughing at?' said one. 'Why, at the India Bill, to be sure. What are *you* laughing at?' 'Why, I was laughing at the India Bill.' That was the reception it met with out of doors." Mr Gladstone remonstrated against the Resolutions, and protested against attempts at legislation which he did not believe would be attended with any satisfactory result. Lord John Russell favoured proceeding by Resolution with a view to legislation during the then existing session. The House agreed to the motion without division. But when the day

came for going into Committee, on April 30, Lord Harry Vane moved to postpone legislation to another year. That was rejected by 447 to 57. On going into Committee on the Resolutions on May 7, Mr Edward Ellice, in a speech which Lord John Russell described as being one-half of it too late and the other half too soon, and as a member of what Mr Disraeli called a party of confusion, endeavoured to obstruct the progress of the Resolutions; but ultimately they were all agreed to, and the Government of India Bill (No. 3) was read a first time on June 17. It passed our House on July 8, with the cordial and hearty assent of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, and the thanks of Mr Disraeli to both sides of the House for the candour and patience with which they had assisted the Government in the progress of the measure. The bill received the Royal Assent on August 2.

But in the middle of the discussion of the Resolutions a week was lost in a great party fight. On May 14 a vote of censure was moved in both Houses—in the Lords by Lord Shaftesbury, in the Commons by Mr Cardwell—censuring the Government for having made public a despatch of Lord Ellenborough condemning the conduct of Lord Canning, the Governor-General of India, in issuing a proclamation to the King of Oude. In the Lords the vote of censure was defeated only by a majority of nine, and that by moving the previous question, — Contents — *i.e.*, for

vote of censure—158; Not Contents—*i.e.*, for previous question—167. In the Commons several nights were consumed in debate until Mr Bright said that Mr Cardwell had raked together a great many small things to swell up a great case, and he characterised the speech of the Solicitor-General, Sir Hugh Cairns, in reply as the cleverest logic and the most complete and exhaustive argument, and as a conclusive answer to the charge against the Government. And thus the debate might have ended. Lord Ellenborough at an early stage had rendered an attack on the whole Cabinet unnecessary by submitting his resignation to the Queen and taking upon himself the entire responsibility for the act. But the object was to destroy the Government, or at any rate to force a dissolution. There is no doubt that at one time things looked very black for us. As the debate progressed, however, the prospects of the Government improved daily, until at length on May 21, when the division was expected to take place, the great faction fight ended in a fiasco. Mr Clay rose and asked Mr Cardwell to withdraw his motion. Mr Cardwell declined. Mr Tom Duncombe, the Radical member for Finsbury, said that “he intended to vote for the motion, and if Mr Cardwell held him to that pledge, perhaps he ought to be held to it: as it was, all he had to do was to take off his hat and wish him good night, and leave him to the tender mercies of hon. members opposite.” Questions

were asked in all parts of the House, by all sorts of people, of all sorts of people. The merri-ment of the Ministerialists became rather boisterous when Lord John Russell moved up from below the ganway to take his seat next Lord Palmerston on the front opposition bench for a few minutes' conversation. The pious aspiration of an eminent ex-law officer had evidently been realised, "These — two — old — men — *must* be brought together." At last Mr Cardwell said it was his desire to do what he could not do in the early part of the evening, and to act in accordance with what appeared to be the general feeling of the House, and to withdraw his motion. Mr Gladstone approved of the propriety of that course, and Mr Disraeli, while assenting to it, stated that it was not because the Government shrank from going to a vote that he did so. Mr Bright, while admitting that the House had arrived at a conclusion which he thought would excite the amusement and perhaps the ridicule of the public, implored every man in the House to return to the consideration of the Resolutions on the India Bill with the object of passing the best Resolutions and the best bill in the shortest possible time which the intelligence of the House could devise. And so the "Cabal" came to an end, and the House, which expected to sit to a late hour, went home to dinner before eight. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, radiant from his triumph, made a speech in the following week at Slough, and descanted to a

sympathetic audience on the series of "dissolving views" which had afforded so much delight and amusement to the House.

One personal incident of the session deserves special notice. Sir William Fraser in his book, 'Disraeli and his Day,' states that Disraeli only laughed once in the House of Commons. It occurred on May 4. I can remember the incident well. Mr Gladstone had made a long and impassioned speech in favour of the union of the two Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, in the course of which he had drawn a glowing picture of the virtues of these representatives of the "ancient Dacians." Mr Disraeli, in opposing the motion, pointed out that the probable result would be the extinction of the independence of these interesting people, and went on to say that the only thing left would be the remorse which all would feel, "and which would be painted with admirable eloquence by the rhetorician of the day." Mr Gladstone in reply said that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had lavished compliments upon the rhetorician of the day, and that he would not be guilty of the affected modesty of pretending to be ignorant that that designation was intended for himself. Mr Disraeli interrupted him with the remark, "I beg your pardon, I really did not mean that." Mr Disraeli sat down with a subdued and satisfied smile that told of his enjoyment. Mr Gladstone's face expressed amazement and indignation even more strongly than when he

proceeded with his speech and condemned the "sesquipedalian words and inflated language" of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I was in a position to watch closely both right hon. gentlemen, and to observe the smile of one and the wrath of the other; for I was standing by the Speaker's chair, and, looking down the House, was able to see the countenances of both.

On July 24 her Majesty's Ministers enjoyed a whitebait dinner at Greenwich. Mr Whiteside was in the chair, and by his humorous and happy speeches contributed greatly to the hilarity of the day. The silver spoon, the prize for good conduct in having scored the largest number of divisions, was awarded to me. The wooden spoon went to Sir John Pakington, who had been in the fewest divisions, but who appeared incapable of tolerating a harmless joke. Lord Malmesbury says that Lord Derby proposed Sir John Pakington and the wooden spoons of old England. This may account for Sir John's anger; but that toast was probably only suggested *sotto voce*, and was not given from the chair, and so did not reach my end of the table.

In August I went to Cherbourg to witness the ceremonial at the completion of the breakwater and the reception of the Queen by the Emperor and Empress, particulars of which are narrated in the following letter to my mother:—

"MORTIMER, Aug. 8, 1858.

"The rendezvous on Tuesday was at Southampton. Dinner on board

the Pera at 8. We sailed about 4.30, reached Cherbourg at 11.15. We went in the afternoon to see the arrival of the Emperor and the inauguration of the railway, the engines blessed by the priests and archbishop with holy water, &c.; returned to our boat to see the Queen arrive about 6, when we had a fine sight of the salute from all the guns of the forts on land, on the breakwater, and from the men-of-war lying in the harbour, which was very grand. In the evening the ships were illuminated, and the Emperor went off in his beautiful barge to pay a visit to H.M. Thursday we chartered a little steamer for our party to move about the harbour and to go to and fro to the shore, from which we were anchored about a mile off. The harbour presented the most beautiful sight, perhaps 250 to 300 vessels of various kinds all draped with flags besides numbers of small boats. We contributed the greater part of the show, for I daresay there were 70 or 80 English yachts, and they said not more than 2 French. Indeed as a naval display on the part of the French it was eclipsed by our muster of men-of-war, frigates, yachts, and steamers of all kinds. I should say that 3 out of 4 vessels you saw were English. Thursday was spent in various trips about the harbour, in seeing the Emperor and Empress off to meet the Queen at the arsenal and conduct her to a dejeuner at the Prefecture. In the afternoon we were in the arsenal (which was closed to the general public while the Emperor and the Queen and the whole party walked about), and we were of course quite close to them and saw them all well. Both the Emperor and the Empress were looking well. The latter has gained flesh since she was in England three years ago, and has retained her beauty. The Prince of Wales was one of the party in his Highland uniform. After leaving the arsenal the Emperor conducted the Queen to her barge, and the English party went off to the royal yacht and we afterwards to the Pera. In the evening the Emperor came on board the Brétagne (his admiral's ship) and entertained the Queen at dinner. The whole fleet was brilliantly illuminated, as was the breakwater for

three miles long. There was a grand display of fireworks from the forts and the royal yachts. On Friday morning we kept hovering about the royal yacht and witnessed the affectionate partings of all the royal personages, the Queen kissing the Emperor again and again; and after seeing the Emperor go on board the Brétagne we followed the Queen out to the entrance of the harbour and gave her a parting cheer. We spent the afternoon in the town and sailed yesterday morning. Some of the party remained behind to witness the letting the water into the basin and to go to the ball, but after a division of about 48 to 30 we carried it to go home. We had altogether about 96 on board. Two Peers, about 85 members of the H. of C., and the Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms, Speaker's Chaplain, Secretary, &c. We had a splendid ship, and there never was anything more comfortable. I am very glad to have seen Cherbourg; it is a most formidable place, at present only for defence, but when they have the ships and men it must make us tremble for our naval superiority. Old Charley Napier, who was of our party and is a great alarmist, declares it would take 100 men-of-war and 100,000 men to take the place."

In December I was honoured by an invitation to spend two days at Windsor Castle. I give particulars of my visit in this letter to my wife:—

"WINDSOR CASTLE, Dec. 1, 1858.

"... At 8 o'clock a page came to my room to usher me into the corridor where were all the household, the gentlemen in Windsor uniform; thence I was passed on to the green drawing-room where were the other guests—Lord and Lady John Russell, Lord Kingsdown, Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Lady De la Warr, &c. Lord John Russell came up, very kindly shook hands, and introduced me to Lady John and Lady De la Warr. After a short time the Lord Steward and household preceded the Queen and Prince, and we followed into the dining-room. I took in Miss Bulteel, one of the Maids of

Honour. I was just opposite the Queen, who sat with the Duke of Manchester on her right. Dinner was quite as easy as an ordinary dinner-party. The band played, and the thing progressed very pleasantly. As soon as the ice had been handed round, the Queen rose and the ladies retired. We followed soon after. When we returned to the red drawing-room the Queen came round and said something to all the guests—had a long chat with Lord John and a little one with the Judge Advocate. The Prince also came up and had a short conversation with Lord Kingsdown, Dr Hawtrey, and myself. After a time the Queen moved off and walked into the green drawing-room, where we mustered before dinner. Then the band came in and began to play. The Queen sat down with the ladies, and some of the gentlemen were asked to sit down also. I had a rubber with Sir Charles Phipps and two others. At 11 the Queen rose and retired. That put an end to the rubber, and we followed into the corridor. The Prince asked the Duke of Manchester to shoot with him to-morrow—also Lord John Russell. He sent messages to the same effect to Lord Kingsdown and myself. Then we all retired to our rooms.

Dec. 2.—We assembled in the private chapel this morning about 40 in number at 9. The Dean of Windsor read prayers—after that we had breakfast. The day is very wet, and the shooting is put off. . . . At dinner the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alice, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, Lord Portman, &c., formed part of the party. The Princess Alice delighted me much. She is very lively, pleasant, pretty, and intelligent-looking."

The Parliament of 1859 was opened on February 3. On the 28th the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced the Government Reform Bill. On March 1, Mr Walpole and Mr Henley announced their resignations. It is unnecessary to dwell long on that unhappy bill, which

found few friends. Lord John Russell met it with a hostile resolution, objecting to the disfranchisement, as he termed it, of the freeholders holding properties in boroughs. He told us an old story of a Devonshire freeholder, who, on coming to the poll, was asked if he had held his qualification more than a year, and replied, "More than a year! We have had it since William the Conqueror." Members on both sides objected to the uniformity of franchise in counties and boroughs. Mr Gladstone indulged and surprised the House with an elaborate defence of small boroughs, in a speech which he admitted to be "antiquated," and which certainly would have been very appropriate if it had been made in 1831. He said he concurred in everything which had been said against the bill. He spoke from the Ministerial side, below the gangway. He voted against Lord John's resolution and for the second reading, as did Mr Walpole and Mr Henley. The House divided on March 29. The Ayes were 291, Noes 330; majority against the bill 39. In April Parliament was dissolved. The new House met on June 7. Lord Hartington moved as an amendment to the Address a vote of want of confidence in Lord Derby's Government. Sir James Graham and Mr Sidney Herbert spoke and voted for the amendment. Mr Gladstone went into the lobby with the Government. The House divided: for the amendment 323, against 310; majority against Government 13. Lord Derby at once resigned,

and Lord Palmerston again became Prime Minister. Lord John Russell was Foreign Secretary. The Cabinet included Mr Gladstone and Mr Sidney Herbert; John Bright and Richard Cobden were left out in the cold. Throughout the debate on the Address, stress was laid on the failure of the Government to prevent the war which had already commenced between France, Sardinia, and Austria. Magenta had been fought on June 7, and apprehensions were entertained as to the outbreak of a general European war. Lord Malmesbury has recorded his opinion that the Government would not have been defeated if Mr Disraeli had previously laid on the table the Blue Books containing the Italian and French correspondence with our Foreign Office. This may have been so. There can be no doubt that Lord Malmesbury's policy and his ability were indicated by his own despatches. But nothing could have saved the Government long. There was a majority, although a small one, upon the whole return against the Government; and the more dignified course for the Government, and the more satisfactory for the Queen and the country, was that the trial of strength should take place as soon as possible, and that a new Administration should be formed under a Prime Minister who enjoyed the confidence of the country. Lord Palmerston possessed, to a remarkable extent, the power of conciliating opponents as well as of retaining friends, and it is a singular fact, as illustrating

the extent of his personal influence, that he came into power with a majority in his favour of 13; that the result of the election petitions was to strike off on the balance eight members from the Ministerial side (making a difference on a division of 16 votes), and that nevertheless he retained power until his death in 1865, and handed on a majority in a new Parliament to Lord Russell, who succeeded him.

I do not propose to follow in any detail the proceedings of Parliament from 1860 to 1865. A Right Honourable friend of mine, who was more fond of making speeches than the House was of listening to them, described it as a "damnable dining Parliament"; and so it was. Bores were not encouraged; count-outs were frequent. I had the pleasure of finding full employment for many weeks in each session, as chairman of Election Committees and of Committees on Private Bills,—work which I always found congenial to my taste, and which brought me into association with members in all quarters of the House, and so encouraged and kept up that feeling of fraternity which prevailed among us.

The Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1860 proposed to repeal the paper duty, while it doubled the income-tax. The bill for repeal of paper duty obtained a majority in the Commons of 53 on second reading, but of 9 only on third reading. In the Lords the bill was rejected by a majority of 89—Contents 104,

Non-Contents 193—after an admirable speech by Lord Lyndhurst. There was much debate and discussion in the Commons about what Mr Gladstone characterised as a "gigantic innovation"; but "action" was not taken by Lord Palmerston, and the matter rested for the year. The Reform Bill of 1860 was introduced on March 1—"not a bad day," as Lord John drily observed—the anniversary of the same day on which the famous Act of 1832 first saw the light. But the House at large showed little interest in the subject. The "steam was not on," and the noble lord appeared for that night in the character of "Languid Johnny" rather than of "Glorious John." Mr Disraeli said it was a very bad bill. He knew only two members who approved it—Lord John and Mr Bright. The second reading was moved on March 19. The debate was prolonged and inanimate, and adjourned over and over again; and the question was not put from the Chair until May 3, when the bill was read a second time without a division. June 4 was fixed for Committee, and on June 7 a motion for adjournment was made, when the Government obtained a majority of 21 only—for adjournment 248, against 269. On June 11 Lord John Russell withdrew the bill.

Lord John Russell must have been mortified at the treatment which the bill experienced at the hands of the Government and the new House of Commons. It was not so much the hostility which it encountered as the languid indifference

with which it was met, the scurvy treatment which it received, and the humiliation to which it was exposed. Over and over again efforts were made to count the House out. A dreary debate in a listless House was interrupted by some one calling attention to the fact that forty members were not present. The bell rang. At once the lobby became lively. Absentees rushed from the dining-room. "Only a count!" was the cry. Government Whips did their best to coax or coerce the Ministerialists to return. Some enjoyed the fun and remained outside. Some went so far as to obstruct the access to the door with a view of preventing members going in. Such proceedings were unusual and most discreditable, and more so as both sides were equally committed to some extension of the franchise and alteration of the Act of 1832. It remained for Mr Gladstone to rouse the popular feelings by his "flesh and blood" and "capable citizen" arguments with which we became so familiar later; and it was seven years later before Lord John Russell could see his work done by other hands, and the principle of rating, to which Mr Disraeli gave some prominence in his speech in 1859, established as the basis of an extended suffrage, and the second Reform Act placed among the statutes of the realm as the work of a Tory Government.

In 1861-62 the English Parliament, although watching with the utmost anxiety the great conflict between the

Northern and Southern States in America, happily abstained from taking any steps to interfere with the neutrality which the Government had determined to observe. I attribute this judicious forbearance to the wisdom and prescience of Mr Disraeli. From the first, he had realised the magnitude of the struggle. His language was always the same, in public and in private: "This is a great nation: it is not going to be broken up." The tone of society and of the House at that day was, speaking generally, in favour of the South, and the Emperor of the French was believed to be ready to recognise them. A strong expression of opinion in the House of Commons to that effect, supported by the leader of the Opposition, might have had an influence on Lord Palmerston's Government. Lord John Russell had declared the struggle to be for empire on the one side and independence on the other. Mr Gladstone had said that Jefferson Davis had created an army and a navy, and had created a nation. Others, irresponsible people, on the Liberal side, had talked of the bubble having burst. But Mr Disraeli kept his own counsel, and did not encourage any action on the part of his friends. The recognition of the South would not probably have altered the ultimate issue, or prolonged the contest greatly; but it would have embittered the relations between this country and our brethren in the great republic on the other side of the Atlantic, and would have pre-

vented the growth of that cordial understanding now so happily prevailing, and, I hope, permanently established, between the United States and the United Kingdom, which promises such great results in time to come. I had some means of knowing Mr Disraeli's views, for he was staying with Lady Londonderry at Seaham in the autumn of 1861, between the first Federal rout at Bull Run and the Mason and Slidell affair. I was one of the party there. The Civil War in America was the subject of daily discussion, and many an attempt was made to obtain Mr Disraeli's opinion. On one occasion I recollect a question being put, which he answered in these playful words, "I can only reply in the words of Lord Palmerston to a question put by Lady —, 'I cannot see farther than my nose, and that is a very small one.'"

While I was abroad in the autumn of 1862, I had the opportunity while passing through Paris of seeing the Emperor Napoleon and the Prince Imperial, then six years old, together. I may be permitted to quote from a letter to my mother on that occasion:—

"PARIS, 23rd August 1862.

"On Thursday I was off by a special train to Chalons, and was so lucky. There were only three carriages, all first-class, not half full. I found myself the fourth in a carriage, with an old man over sixty, as he looked, a young man about twenty-one, and an intermediate man: they might have passed for grandfather, father, and son, but that No. 2 did not seem quite so free and familiar. After a time the young man talked English like a native. I

found that he had visited the International Exhibition, and been everywhere, and that he was somebody. Then the old man talked to me about some members of the House, &c., and I found I was among the Imperial family, and suspected that my friends were, as they proved to be, Prince Murat (the only son of the King of Naples, and first cousin of the Emperor), and, I suppose, his son. The Emperor's carriage met them at the terminus, and we parted. I had a brilliant day, an unclouded sky, bright, hot, scorching, dusty. Our train was punctual. I had to traverse the whole camp right athwart to reach the racecourse, the immediate object of attraction. It was a fast walk of forty-five minutes. At one o'clock came the Imperial family, my friend of the railway-train in the post of honour on the Emperor's right. There were six races such as we have in England. I got a capital place, went everywhere, and saw everything. The Emperor looks very well: he is getting fat, but he looks better than he did at Cherbourg four years ago. The Prince Imperial is a nice little boy, like his mother in complexion, but not otherwise like either parent. He was in full uniform with a cocked hat! The Emperor seems so fond of him. After the races I had more than four hours to go about the camp. I suppose there were about 30,000 men there; and the Emperor with the Prince Imperial is spending a week amongst the soldiers. The place was awfully crowded, every vehicle of every kind in requisition to bring all the country people and multitudes from Paris, Rheims, Chalons, &c. We got back all safe about 1.10. The line was necessarily very full, but things were shunted to let us pass. Eating and drinking were the great difficulty of the day, and I was not sorry about 10 o'clock at Epernay station to find champagne sold by the glass at the refreshment-room."

During the session of 1865 all our thoughts were concentrated on the dissolution of the longest Parliament of the reign, and the great struggle which both sides were making

to obtain a majority in the next Parliament. Independently of the University contest, of which I make a special mention hereafter, I was actively engaged in our Berkshire contest, where we succeeded in carrying the whole county, returning three Conservative members. Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire followed our example, so that the three counties constituting the one diocese of Oxford sent up what Mr Disraeli called our nine Diocesan Members.

The year 1865 brings me to an event, in itself of great political moment, with which my thoughts and a great deal of my time had been occupied for over twelve months. In his representation of the University of Oxford, in Parliament, Mr Gladstone never was without opposition. The old Protectionists brought their candidates to the poll against him in 1847 and 1852. I was an active member of his committee on both those occasions. I did not vote in 1853. Many, like myself, between ceasing to be among his supporters and actively opposing him by their votes, took up an attitude of neutrality for a time. But from the moment of his entering the Palmerston Government, in 1859, a quiet but determined resolution filled the minds of many of us, both in Oxford and among old Oxonians in London, to turn Mr Gladstone out. The several assaults upon his seat, however, were singularly unsuccessful. That in 1853 was made by a candidate quite unknown in public life, and it failed completely. That

in 1859 was more serious; still, Lord Chandos was not a candidate sufficiently strong to oust Mr Gladstone. In 1859 Mr Gladstone accepted office under Lord Derby, as Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Isles. The writ was moved by the Tory Whip, and Mr Gladstone took his seat on the Ministerial side, upon re-election on the 8th of March. Three months later another writ was moved—this time by the Liberal Whip—on his becoming Lord Palmerston's Chancellor of the Exchequer. And instead of being, as might have been expected from his past career, the most Conservative element in the new Government, Mr Gladstone, it became evident, was the most advanced. His action in the House and his speeches out of doors showed that; and it was resolved to form a strong committee and to select a really strong candidate, in the conviction that if the constituency could be completely polled, it would be found that Mr Gladstone no longer was the real representative of the University of Oxford. This confidence was justified by the election of 1865.

The story of that election has never been fully told, and now that Lord Beauchamp (then the Hon. Fred. Lygon), Judge Cooke, and Professor Wall are dead, few, if any, save myself, among the active agents, are left to tell it. The first man we thought of as a candidate was Sotheron Estcourt, a son of Mr Bucknall Estcourt, who had been member for the University of Oxford from 1826 to 1847, and whom, indeed, Mr Gladstone had succeeded in

the latter year. Mr Sotheron Estcourt, however, would not sever the close attachment that existed between him and his constituency in North Wilts. The next names that suggested themselves to us were Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr Gathorne Hardy. Sir Stafford, however, was not to be persuaded to stand, in view of his previous relations as private secretary with Mr Gladstone. We met with very little encouragement from Mr Hardy. In June 1864 a meeting was held in London to discuss the Oxford seat. I was in the chair, and there was present a large gathering of members of the University, from Oxford and from the House of Commons. A resolution was moved and unanimously carried that Mr Gladstone should be opposed. No candidate was selected at that meeting, but there was a general hope and expectation that such pressure would be put upon Mr Hardy as would induce him in time to give his consent to stand.

Accordingly, a declaration, signed by over 150 members of Convocation, expressing their intention to support Mr Hardy as a candidate for the University in opposition to Mr Gladstone, was widely circulated throughout the autumn and winter. Communications, it may be interesting to recall, were to be addressed to any of the following: at Oxford, to the Rev. the President of St John's; the Rev. R. Michell, St Giles; the Rev. Professor Wall, Balliol; the Rev. Professor Mansel, St John's;

the Rev. T. H. Sheppard, Exeter; the Rev. E. T. Turner, Brasenose; Rev. George Petch, Trinity; and the Rev. H. R. Bramley, Magdalen. And at 42 Wimpole Street, W., to the London Committee, of which I was the chairman, Ward Hunt, M.P., and Stephen Cave, M.P., were vice-chairmen, and Hon. Wm. Brodrick, now Viscount Midleton (Balliol), J. G. Darby (Ch. Ch.), A. Stavely Hill, D.C.L. (St John's), and Granville R. Ryder (Ch. Ch.), members. Several hundreds of names were added to this declaration; but when Parliament met in 1865 Mr Hardy still declined to allow his name to be mentioned as a candidate. After Easter, committee rooms were engaged in Great George Street, Westminster, where we worked hard daily up to the conclusion of the poll.

We had now reason to hope that Mr Hardy would not be unwilling to sit if he were elected. But he had not in any real sense declared himself a candidate. He still was a candidate for Leominster, for which, as a matter of fact, he was re-elected after a contest as well as for the University. His exact position may best be described in his own words:—

“HOUSE OF COMMONS,
May 24, 1865.

“MY DEAR MOWBRAY, — There seems to be some misapprehension as to my position in regard to the Oxford University election. It has been, and is, an embarrassing one from the peculiar circumstances of the case. I have never been a candidate for the University, and am not so now. I have always felt that a constituency such as that should select its member without intervention on his

part, and whoever may be chosen must be at their disposal. My name has been used by the Committee, of which you are chairman, without interference on my part, and I accept the consequences, whatever they may be. It would be unjust and ungenerous to those who have made such disinterested exertions on my behalf were I to withdraw my name now; but, so far as positive action on my own part is concerned, it must be directed to my re-election at Leominster. If the University seat should eventually be offered to me, I could not, of course, hesitate one moment as to its acceptance. No other constituency can confer so great an honour, and I at least should never undervalue the distinction.—Believe me, yours very truly,

“GATHORNE HARDY.”

Incredulity as to our success was general, in the House and in the country. Mr Gladstone's seat had been assailed so often in vain, that it had come to be taken for granted that it was impregnable. We, on the other hand, were confident of victory, else we should not have pushed matters so far. Nothing was further from our thoughts than a merely worrying opposition. With that we should have had nothing to do, although by most people it was assumed, I think, that we had nothing more to hope for. But every week had brought us the names of men who previously had been Gladstonians, and of recruits among the younger members of the University. We were confident of winning, therefore, and said so; but the figures upon which that confidence was based were kept a profound secret. They were known to four men only,—two in London (of whom I was one) and two in Oxford. As time

went on the greatest interest began to be shown in endeavouring to ascertain the number of promises on either side, but we were never to be drawn by the fishing questions with which we were pressed. I found that our figures were always underestimated. Before going down to meet my own constituents at Durham, where I was returned unopposed on July 11, I showed our figures to Mr Disraeli, who was surprised and gratified exceedingly. He had shared in the general incredulity. Our estimate showed a majority of 180 for Mr Hardy, and the poll corroborated it exactly.

The chairman of Mr Hardy's Oxford Committee was Archdeacon Clerke, which led Bishop Wilberforce to say of the opposition, “They plough with my heifer.” Thereupon Dean Mansel wrote the following witty lines:—

“When the versatile Bishop of Oxford's
famed city
Cast his eyes on the chairman of Hardy's
Committee,
Said Samuel, from Samson the meta-
phor taken,—
‘They plough with my heifer, that is,
my Archdeacon.’
But when Samuel himself leaves his
friends in the lurch
To vote with the foes of the State and
the Church,
It proves without doubt—and the
spectacle shocks one—
That Dissenters can plough with Epis-
copal Oxon.”

The poll opened on Thursday the 13th July, and lasted until the 18th, the intervening Sunday excepted. On the first day of the poll, about 5 P.M., the Bishop of Oxford came into the theatre booted and spurred,

about to ride to Cuddesden Palace. The Vice-Chancellor leant forward, and in a low voice said, "You must vote in your academics, you know." This occasioned a little merriment; and on the Bishop's return Mr Granville Somerset, who was acting as a kind of legal adviser for Mr Hardy, called his lordship's attention to the resolution of the House of Commons that no Peer should take part in the election of a member of the Commons' House, and asked him if he had considered it. He said he had. Sir Robert Phillimore, who appeared for Mr Gladstone, asked if it was not held that that resolution did not apply to elections by members of Convocation. The Bishop smiled, but did not commit himself to any answer, and immediately said, "Samuel Wilberforce, Oriel. I vote for Mr Gladstone," and the vote was recorded. Some years afterwards there was an election during a session of Parliament for a member of the University of Cambridge, and the names of two bishops appeared on the committee of one of the candidates. A question was asked about it in the House of Commons, and both names were withdrawn. I called the attention of the Bishop of Oxford to this incident, and said that the prelates of the sister university had followed a bad example set them at Oxford in 1865. The Bishop, with his usual readiness, replied, "Not at all. The cases are not the same. When I voted there was no Parliament and no Resolution in existence,

and I never thought any future House of Commons would be so foolish as to pass such a Resolution."

The next day, the 14th, Dr Jacobson, Regius Professor of Divinity, afterwards Bishop of Chester, chairman of Mr Gladstone's committee, came to me and said that five Peers had recorded their votes for Mr Gladstone, and proposed that we should poll the same number, when after that no more Peers should vote. I thanked him very cordially, and replied that I was infinitely obliged, but I was quite aware of the fact. They had brought Church and State to bear against us, the bishop of the diocese voting in person, and the stepson of the Prime Minister, Earl Cowper, sending in his voting-paper on the first day. But, I added, all these votes were illegal, and in the event of a scrutiny would be struck off, and, besides, I was confident of winning, and should only do so by legal votes, and that, as far as I was concerned, no Peers would vote, though there were some who wished to do so.

The voting went on steadily for five days. The majority mounted up gradually from 34 on the first day to 70 on the second. On the third, the 15th, a large influx of Gladstonians appeared, and by mid-day our majority was gone for a time. But I had a reserve of voting-papers in Oxford, which I at once induced those members of Convocation who held them to put in, and so Mr Hardy was left on the Saturday night with a majority of 100. On Tuesday

the poll closed, and the return showed a majority for us of 180—

Hardy . . .	1904
Gladstone . . .	1724

—being just the majority of 180 shown by the estimate which I had placed in the hands of Mr Disraeli.

At this point, where I near the close, in the death of Lord Palmerston, of a great parliamentary period, I would add a word respecting the great leaders and prominent members in it with whom I was in contact, leaving for the future any comments about Mr Disraeli, Mr Gladstone, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr Hardy, and others.

Lord John Russell deserves most honourable mention as a Leader of the House. There was a calm and statesmanlike demeanour which commanded respect, and his reply in summing up the arguments after a long debate was a masterly performance. From his earliest days he had accepted the tradition that the universe was made for the Whigs. Mr Disraeli well said that the character of Lord John Russell was a proud possession of the House of Commons. Lord Lytton said of him with some exaggeration:—

“How form’d to lead, if not too proud to please,
His fame will fire you, but his manners freeze.”

My experience was the reverse. He was most courteous and accessible in the House. I

have mentioned a little incident which occurred when I met him at Windsor in 1858. I much appreciated his ready and cordial greeting and his kindly manner, the more remarkable as coming from one who was neither a political leader nor a personal friend. I always found him the same. Of Lord Palmerston it is superfluous to speak. He was naturally joyous, genial, and obliging. There was no hauteur in his manner to a young member who wanted to approach him. He led the House with signal success, except during the short period from May 1857 to March 1858, when he seemed somewhat intoxicated with his popularity after the China Dissolution. From 1859 to 1865 he was supreme and unquestioned. He was a ready debater, but not a great speaker. He rose to the occasion most when he had to repel the personal attacks made upon him as Foreign Secretary in 1850, when he spoke from sunset to sunrise. He knew his audience, and he knew how to conciliate it. But I do not think he made a single great speech in the ten years of his ascendancy from 1855 to 1865.

Other well-known figures arise before me while dwelling on these reminiscences. There was no one for whom I had a greater admiration than Sir George Cornewall Lewis, no one for whose memory I have a profounder respect. His was the very highest class of intellect. He was always informed to the full on every subject on which he spoke.

Wise, thoughtful, and judicious, his speeches, which I listened to with unfailing attention, were full of matter and cogent argument. There have been smarter debaters and more brilliant rhetoricians in our generation; but to my mind he was as able and sound a statesman as any who have served the Queen during her long reign. Had he lived, and had the nation ever come to appreciate his high qualities and his consummate judgment, he must have exercised a great and moderating influence on the Liberal party, in spite of Mr Gladstone's predominance in it. And he might have filled a place in the estimation of the public which had been left vacant since the death of Sir Robert Peel. No man certainly more entirely deserved the compliment which Mr Gladstone paid him when he described him as—

“justissimus unus

Qui fuit in Teueris, et servantissimus
æqui.”

When the news arrived of his death one day after an Easter recess, the House adjourned as a mark of respect. Cardwell remarked to me at the time: “Ah, well, he wouldn't take any exercise. He used to say, ‘I've heard of many men dying of hard riding, but never any of hard reading.’”

Another notable figure in the House was Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, who, if he had gone into official life earlier, would assuredly have taken a great place as an administrator as well as a debater. Disraeli,

the shrewdest of judges, had a high opinion of his political talents, and it was acknowledged by all that he developed great capacity for public life during his short tenure, without any previous experience, of the post of Secretary of State. When he went to the Colonial Office he at once impressed the permanent officials. I asked Herman Merivale, Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, a remarkable man himself and a severe critic, how he liked his new chief. His eyes brightened, and he replied in tones of enlightened admiration, “Oh, he is a splendid fellow!”

There are many others on both sides not to be forgotten. General Peel, with whom I was brought into close contact in 1858, and again in 1866, when he was War Minister and I was Judge Advocate, was intellectually not far behind his illustrious brother the great Prime Minister (as I have heard Lord Derby say), vigorous alike in mind and body, with a ready smile and a joyous laugh. I shall never forget a short speech which he made in 1864, when Denmark was beset with her foes, and the House felt rather ashamed that we kept aloof. He sat down, exclaiming, “We are rebuked of our neighbours, we are laughed to scorn and had in derision of them that are round about us,” and never did I hear more uproarious cheers greet the peroration of any brilliant orator. Again, there were Sir James Graham—so nearly first-class that none understood why he did not occupy that position—of a commanding

presence, a successful administrator, and a powerful debater; Sir George Grey and Mr Sidney Herbert—statesmen of the highest integrity, and as much beloved in private life as they were honoured as most capable public servants; Mr Walpole, who seemed to have inherited much of the stately dignity and the classic style which adorned the oratory of the eighteenth century; Mr Henley, supreme at Quarter Sessions, placed at the Board of Trade, and making his mark there at once, the most acute critic of the language of any bill in Committee that any draftsman ever had to dread; Sir John Pakington, and Colonel Wilson Patten.

I need not dwell on the unadorned eloquence of Mr Cobden or the magnificent utterances of Mr Bright. The speeches of the latter, notably two during the Crimean war, in December 1854 and January 1855, have left a profound impression on me as the grandest I ever heard in Parliament. And already there are strong indications that the verdict of posterity on the policy which those statesmen maintained with so much pluck and upheld with such perseverance in 1854 and 1855, will not be the same as their contemporaries expressed with so much passion at the polls in 1857.

On July 6, 1865, Parliament

was dissolved. The writs were returnable in August, on the 15th of which month the new Parliament was prorogued till November 1. Lord Palmerston died in October, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on Friday, October 27. There were points of contrast and points of resemblance between that funeral and the funeral of Mr Gladstone in May 1898. Mr Gladstone died in the midst of a session. There was a resolution that the House should attend, and we walked in procession with the Speaker at our head to the Abbey. In 1865 we were a new Parliament—gathered together I know not how—in a time of prorogation. We had never looked one another in the face, we had no Speaker, we had not taken our oaths or seats; Mr Denison was there, the Speaker of the Parliament of 1859, but then only a Member of Parliament and a Privy Councillor. We occupied the South Transept, as we did in 1898, and the place of sepulture was also in the North Transept, where so many illustrious statesmen of whom England is proud repose. It was an impressive scene. All deplored the loss which the country had sustained, and every individual had a kindly feeling for the memory of one who was so well known and so universally beloved.

FROM THE NEW GIBBON.

... THE close of the nineteenth century beheld the British Empire at the highest pitch of its prosperity. The records of every contemporary nation celebrate, while they envy, the multitude of its subjects and the orderly felicity of its citizens. Its frontiers comprehended the fairest regions of the earth; and its authority extended alike over the most dutiful of daughter-peoples and the wildest and most sequestered barbarians. The judicious delegation of the minor prerogatives of government conciliated the free affections of the Colonies; and the ruder dependencies were maintained in contented, if unenthusiastic, submission by the valour, the conduct, and the impartial justice of their alien administrators. Two centuries of empire had seemed insufficient to oppress or enervate the virile and adventurous spirit of the British race. It tempted the ardours of the Sudan sun at midsummer, and cheerfully sustained the rigours of the icy winter of the Klondyke. While the hardy soldier defended and continually propagated the distant boundaries of Victoria's dominions, the tranquil and prosperous state of the British Islands was deeply felt, if grudgingly admitted, by every class of their population. There, if anywhere on the earth, was to be found wholesome public feeling untainted by faction and wealth, unobnoxious to

jealousy. The distinction of Conservative and Liberal preserved the name of party government without its substance; and the purely formal opposition of denominations, rather than of principles, served as a useful check on the dominant party without risk of cataclysm in the general policy of the State. The example of France, her secular enemy, emphasised the just complacency with which Britain seemed to regard her condition. The republic groaned under an alternation of licence and tyranny; the monarchy breathed freely in the reasonable acceptance of laws, enacted honestly for the general good and applied indifferently by judges of grave sacrosanctity. In her foreign relations France alternately intrigued and precipitately withdrew from the consequences of her duplicity; Britain pursued her designs with unyielding tenacity, but in uninjurious silence. Unvexed by the conscription which weighed upon their neighbours, and secure in the protection of their invincible navy, the people affected the arts of peace, and received the accustomed reward of a single devotion. The workshop of the world since two generations, Britain neither dreaded the competition of strangers nor listened to the cautions of the more sagacious of her own children. The Recessional of the sublime Kipling and the economic speculations of the

inquisitive but censorious Mallock fell alike unheeded on the ears of those who were content to argue that the condition of the lower orders, though insufficient to their own appetite, was luxurious compared to that of their fellows abroad, while the easy splendour of the rich inflamed the emulation of all mankind; and that the public Exchequer supported with facility all burdens which the ever-increasing exigencies of the Empire might impose.

It was scarcely possible that the eyes of contemporaries should discern in the public felicity the latent causes of decay and corruption. To the vulgar mind the British Empire was a triumphant proof of the possibility, as of the blessings, of a wise democracy; yet in that very process of democracy were inherent the seeds of ruin. In the domain of Government the political genius of the Anglo-Saxon race, its bias toward compromise and detestation of extremity, surmounted with impunity experiments that would have proved fatal to any other people less singularly endowed. But while the leaders of the nation were satisfied with promoting or seeking to retard the popular encroachment upon the functions of Government, democracy infused a slower and more secret poison into the vitals of society. If the opinion of the vulgar was unacknowledged in Parliament, in every other department of life it insensibly permeated the whole spirit of the people. It became a maxim of imperial

policy, a law of social development, a canon of taste. The Englishman of the beginning of the nineteenth century was accustomed to demand that his policy should be glorious, the accessories of his daily life unsurpassed in quality, the objects of his æsthetic admiration beautiful. The Englishman of the end of that period of decadence was content if they were cheap.

The student of that age will find melancholy evidence of degeneration in the printed records, and especially in the newspapers, of the time. The reported speeches of public men, the venal arguments of leader-writers, the tattling of the parasites of fashion, the statistics of the markets, the very advertisements, bear unanimous testimony to the debased ideas which then enjoyed a ready and unprotested currency. The empire, that magnificent fabric founded upon the generous impulse to conquer and to rule, was now formally regarded as a mere machine for the acquisition of pounds sterling. A Palmerston and a Disraeli had been the spokesmen of the earlier Imperialism; the later found its apt mouthpiece in a Chamberlain. The masterful truculence of the British gentleman, and the opulent imagination of the Anglicised Jew, this generation cheerfully exchanged for the ambitions of a manufacturer fostered by the arts of a demagogue. Gifted with an extraordinary intuition of the changing predilections of his countrymen, Chamberlain was enabled to turn, to the advantage of his own popularity,

the flood of patriotism which rose in the decade between the first and second Jubilees of Queen Victoria. He became the high-priest of what was fondly saluted as the new Imperialism, on the lips of whose votaries British Empire was synonymous with British commerce. His declamations, while they will reward the curious investigator with little that is either original in thought or elegant in expression, proclaim but too eloquently the altered feelings with which the later Britons regarded their greatness. Where they had once resolved to possess, they now aspired but to trade.

The jargon of the day clamoured for "the open door," by which phrase was understood a market which British products could enter on terms of fiscal equality with those of the rest of the world. In the manlier age of Drake and Hawkins Britain had opened her own door for herself; now her diplomacy all but petitioned for an equality of treatment which the growing incapacity of her own traders must, in any event, have rendered fruitless. Among the strange ironies which the historian of this period finds himself compelled to record, none is more deeply ironical than the fact that, in proportion as the nation came to regard commerce as its highest and only weal, so commerce itself lost vitality and astuteness. The degeneracy of the people spread to that very activity to which they had sacrificed their nobler sentiments of empire; and while arms and justice, arts and letters, were postponed in the general

estimation to manufacture and trade, these mercenary avocations were themselves pursued without energy and almost without common shrewdness. Like the ostrich of mythology, her head buried in the sand of obsolete traditions and antiquated success, Britain alone of the nations of Europe refused to educate her commercial travellers or to accede to the terms of payment required by her customers, clung to her chaotic weights and measures, and haughtily announced to the world that it must forgo such goods as its wants demanded, and purchase only what Britain was pleased to sell. In Germany, in Belgium, and in the United States sprang up keen and victorious competition; and though the vast wealth of England was as yet almost unimpaired, a few sagacious minds, while impartially blind to the more fatal deterioration of the nation's spirit, were already enabled to foresee and to predict the approaching disasters to its traffic.

At the same time, as it was thus sought, by menace or persuasion, to extend the principles of Free Trade abroad, at home they were eating, like a deep and consuming canker, into the very marrow of Britain. The insidious principles of Bright and Cobden had made her the workshop of the whole world; but they brought to her the physical debility of the workman as well as his wages. The profits of the manufacturer and the cheap food of the operative were paid for by the starvation of the hind, the bankruptcy of

the farmer, and the ruin of the landowner. On every industrial benefit followed an agricultural calamity; and the prosperity of the town was remorselessly attended by the beggary of the hamlet. The movement of the population accompanied, as in every age, the distribution of wealth; so that the towns distended to cities and the hamlets disappeared in a wilderness.

The effects of life in cities were apparent and pernicious. But for the unbroken attestation of both printed and pictured records, it would be difficult indeed to credit the full horrors exhibited by such districts as Lancashire or the Black Country at the end of the nineteenth century. There the wildest flights of hyperbole were equalled and exceeded by dismal truth, and the sun was literally obscured at noonday. A host of ungainly chimneys loaded the air with poisonous fumes which oppressed the hardiest species of vegetation. The inhabitants, penned up by day in close factories or the dimmer and more stifling obscurity of mines, herded by night in crowded tenements, were pale, sickly, and meagre; and, by a malignant decree of nature, the species became more prolific in proportion as they transmitted less vigour to their offspring. The philosopher of that age observed that the immigrant countrymen supported the unwholesome conditions of the towns better than the feeblers natives, and that their superior robustness conferred an advantage in the competition

for employment; but the second and third generations dissolved away in equal languor under the pestilent circumstances of an unnatural existence. The momentary profit of the fathers was visited in debility on the children, and served only to precipitate the speed of this hideous process of degeneration.

The universal experience of mankind confirms the opinion that the sole defence of a nation against external enmity lies in the preservation of a robust and high-spirited peasantry. The British farm-labourer had found himself naturally possessed of many of the qualities requisite for a soldier. His form was vigorous, and inured to hardship and privation. He had a natural habit of obedience, and in many instances was already proficient in the use of weapons and accustomed by the pursuit of game to the simpler operations of war. The children of the factory, from whom it now became necessary to recruit the army, had none of these capacities: they were feeble in body, insubordinate in temper, and habituated by experience to a mode of life which rendered them awkward and discontented in the field. As yet, however, the British army showed but few signs of deterioration from the standards of its glorious history. The courage of its legionaries was unbroken, and its officers, besides training them in peace and leading them in war with matchless courage and coolness, found superfluous energy to raise and discipline auxiliary troops hardly, if at all, inferior to the British regi-

ments themselves. Northern India and the basins of the Upper Nile and Niger supplied excellent soldiers, who proved their valour and endurance in all the wars of the end of the nineteenth century. They constituted the major part of the successful expeditions to Tirah, to Khartum, and to Bida; but the very strength they brought to British arms was an insidious source of decline. As the warlike spirit and manly force of the white races succumbed to the enervating influence of industrial civilisation, the Government of London relied more and more on the martial virtue of its subject barbarians. These, whether in India or Africa, were as forward in the field as the British regiments, and undertook, almost unaided by them, the necessary fatigues which contribute even more than the sword to the successful prosecution of a campaign. It was perhaps an inevitable consequence of the imperial fate which impelled Britons to make war in every clime; since the severities of the Afghan winter, which chilled the courage of the British troops, were scarcely felt by the hardy children of Nepaul; while the Sudanese and Hausas, in their turn, were better able to resist the beams of an African sun. But it was significant, if as yet unnoticed, that the masters of the Empire grew either less able or less willing to risk their own troops in its unhealthier regions, and were yearly more disposed to delegate their defence to a mercenary army. The indomitable spirit of the English

gentleman prompted him to seek martial enterprises at the head of the alien levies, whose continual service proffered the fairest chance of action and honour; and the mass of the people, relieved of the cares of personal service, sank contentedly into the languid indifference of civil life. Black men and brown men, flanked with an increasingly inconsiderable proportion of white troops, won the British victories; and the cheaply fed British citizens were content to sit and acclaim their prowess from the galleries of the music-halls.

In sport, as in its analogue, war, the British degenerated with frightful rapidity. The very word had lost its original connotation; and the honourable name proper to the manly exercises of hunting, shooting, and fishing, whose charm consists in matching man's strength and cunning against that of wild nature, was usurped by childish or plebeian exhibitions of mere brute strength and agility. The Briton found his pleasure in bestriding a bicycle instead of a horse, in striking a tennis-ball instead of a wild-fowl; nor was he even sensible of the degradation that could prefer a mechanical toy to a living creature with a will independent of, yet conformable to, his own. Even the older and more reputable games, like cricket, football, and skittles, which might have defended themselves as affording at least a semblance of wholesome activity to the youth of towns, were turned by a truly devilish ingenuity into engines of ener-

vation and decay. It ceased to be fashionable to join personally in these spasmodic but active pastimes. The populace thronged to them in thousands, but only to pay for the privilege of witnessing as lazy spectators recreations which were fondly called national. Some of these exhibitions were more than merely effeminate: active corruption was added in allurements to drunkenness, and in a factious partisanship which sometimes blew up to brutal assaults on the umpires of the game, and was always a fertile source of gambling. In their amusements, as in their wars, Britons ceased to play a personal part, finding a substitute for the vigorous sports of their fathers in the force and address of well-paid mercenaries, which in a more strenuous age would have rebuked the insolent softness of those who pampered them.

Personal force and military hardihood were the price which Britain paid for cheap imported food; the other cheap commodities in which the people delighted were purchased at a no less ruinous rate. In every department of social life the tendency of this age was the same, leading to the concentration of every industry into huge establishments controlled by a few heads, and succeeding, by the preponderance of their resources, in underselling the enterprises of small private traders. The Londoner of this period bought his food, his clothing, his furniture, his books and newspapers, his very tobacco, from companies, stores,

and amalgamations, which counted the volume of their traffic by millions and their profits by hundreds of thousands of pounds, their emporia by scores, and their employees by thousands. The tradesmen of the preceding generation were thankful to become the managers and the shopwalkers of their inflated supplanters, and earned a livelihood by disposing of goods for their masters at a third of the price they had formerly asked and obtained for themselves. The plausible sophistries of political economy celebrated the commercial revolution as a triumph of the division of labour; but its moral effect on the people was as far-reaching as it was pernicious. Commercial power, hitherto divided with an approach to equality among a thousand merchants, now rested with a few groups, who absorbed and magnified the profits due to the labours of their subordinates. On these the status of inferiority, without responsibility or opportunity, worked its necessary effect: they no longer possessed that vigour of character which is nourished by the consciousness of self-dependence and the habit of individual judgment. When, as became ever more frequent, a great business was in the control of a limited company, the rigour of subordination verged upon the hopelessness of serfdom. The clerk of a personal employer might aspire for a partnership, and confidently demand humanity; but the servant of a body of directors sighed in vain for a position

either of authority or of reasonable comfort. In this organisation of business, the peculiar product of the Victorian age, the sense of responsibility slipped from the directors as from the directed: it was not their concern, so they argued, if employees were underpaid or the public cheated; all that was done was in the name and the interests of the shareholders. These, in their turn, passing back their consciences to the directors, were satisfied to cloak their vicarious wickedness with a convenient ignorance.

While the fires of ambition were extinguished in the breasts of the lower, and the voice of conscience silenced among the higher, circles of commerce, a particular corruption was reserved for the consumers. The wives of artisans and labourers had hitherto looked to their own industry for the clothing of themselves and their children,—as the smaller conveniences of the slender household had been made in moments of leisure by the labour of the husband. The new methods of trading cheapened everything, and especially clothing, to a price within the compass of the poorest; but in doing so it rudely broke the tie which bound the lower classes to their homes. The wife, who had been wont to pass the evening in the manufacture of garments for her children, now bought them at some great emporium; and, emancipated at once from the necessity of work and the practice of frugality, devoted the evenings to idle gossip

or empty frivolity. On her trivial excursions she would be accompanied by her young children, which exposed their delicate immaturity to cold at the hours when it should have been fortified by sleep. The husband and father, no longer finding in his home the companionship craved by his brief hours of relaxation, sought it with better success at one of the gaudy public-houses, whose lights at the corner of every street attested the vices and the misfortunes of the poor. The happy home of the British plebeian passed from a reality to a proverb and from a proverb to a fable, and the fair picture of the past gave place to a blur of drunkenness, indolence, and disease.

The prevailing deterioration, which did not overlook the lowest, fastened greedily upon the highest ranks of the population. The Court, as a standard of polite manners, had almost ceased to exist. The retired life of the venerable Victoria during her later years left the leadership of fashion vacant, and the landed nobility was too impoverished, as well as too proud, to struggle for the viceroyalty. The field of so-called society was left open to any adventurer with the effrontery to usurp it. Thus arose an inner circle of fashion, or, to call it by its contemporary and more appropriate name, of smartness, based neither upon birth nor elegance of manners, nor even invariably upon wealth, but rather upon a bold and clever arrogance, and supported in the general estimation mainly

by brazen advertisement. An aristocracy of birth may be unintelligent, but it has usually fixed and sustained a high standard of deportment and, within certain limitations, of conduct. But a society like that of London, where the loudest voice was the most eagerly listened to, was immediately fatal to every canon of propriety and good taste. In effrontery of demeanour, in licence of speech, in gaudiness of dress, in the very use of paints and cosmetics, the English women of fashion drifted farther and farther from their fathers' modest ideal of a lady; till at length there was not wanting the final scandal of women with honest reputations studying and imitating, with a too easy fidelity, the costumes and allurements of the most notorious French courtesans.

The love of letters might have been expected to oppose a barrier to the all-conquering vulgarity of the age. It was diffused over every class of society; the commonest labourers had acquired a taste for reading: Tennyson and Hall Caine were the theme of dissertations in the mining centres of the north and the pulpits of dissenting chapels. Never had books been so abundantly published or so widely read; the general average of literary merit had never been so high; but this age of mediocrity passed away without having produced a single writer of original genius, or who excelled in the arts of elegant composition. With the vast increase of readers promoted by the spread of elementary

education, the social standing, as the monetary rewards, of authorship increased in equal proportion; but this cause, while it lowered the standard of taste, at once inflamed the cupidity and diverted the ambitions of men of letters; and what once had been a single-minded devotion degenerated into a trade, pursued rather for its accidental emoluments than for its intrinsic charm. The rates of pay of novelists were quoted by the agents like the prices of stock on the Exchange, or the chances of a horse-race; and he who, by economising his genius, might have been a master, squandered his stores in profuse over-production. With the plethora of books came a surfeit of commentaries on work which juster canons would have left to the revision of posterity. A cloud of critics, of anthologists, and of log-rollers darkened the face of letters, and upon the decline of genius soon followed the corruption of taste. The last outrage upon the language of Shakespeare and Fielding was a swarm of periodical leaflets concocted of illiterate novelettes, unmeaning statistics, American jests, and infantile puzzles: they were consumed in prodigious quantities by the lower orders, and, by ruining the business of those who purveyed sincere if not masterly compositions, contributed more than any other cause to the debasement and final extinction of English letters.

With the proud spirit of empire sunk into the narrow greed of the shareholder; with physical force at its ebb, sports

corrupted, and martial spirit tamed; with domestic business so organised that it stifled individuality and fostered dishonest miserliness among traders, and invited the depravity of customers; with elegant manners and polite letters a tasteless echo of the half-forgotten past—the British Empire entered upon the twentieth century under the gloomiest auspices. To the acuter eyes of succeeding generations that gloom is heightened by the reflection that the mutterings of the coming earthquake were all unheard by contemporaries; that they prided themselves on the greatness of their dominion, and hugged the specious perfection of their civilisation. Yet decline was already accomplished and irremediable, and fall was but too surely impending. The fair city still stood,

but *men* were wanting within it. Vulgarità, mediocrity, and cheapness had warped and stunted the most generous natures. The minds of all were reduced to the same level, the high spirit of empire evaporated, and little interests, with sordid emotions, inspired every soul. Civilisation had completed its work in the suppression of the individual, and the British, the most virile of barbarians, the most forward and energetic of mankind, were dissipated by their very virtues as the first to experience the dire results of its consummation. The diminutive stature of mankind was daily sinking below the old standard; Britain was indeed peopled by a race of pigmies, and the puny breed awaited only the onset of the first crisis to become the woeful patient of defeat and ruin. . . .

A DAUGHTER OF THE MUHAMMADANS.

A STUDY FROM THE LIFE.

"Swift through the sky the vessel of the Suras
 Sails up the fields of ether like an Angel ;
 Rich is the freight, O Vessel, that thou bearest !
 Womanly goodness ;
 All with which Nature halloweth her daughters,
 Tenderness, truth and purity and meekness,
 Piety, patience, faith, and resignation,
 Love and devotement.
 Ship of the Gods ! How richly art thou laden !
 Proud of the charge, thou voyagest rejoicing ;
 Clouds float around to honour thee, and Evening
 Lingers in Heaven."

—The Curse of Kehama.

THE sunset hour had come as I passed up the narrow track that skirted the river-bank, with a mob of villagers at my heels,—old men who had seen many strange things in the wild days before the coming of the white men, dull peasants who seemed too stolid and stupid to have ever seen anything at all, and swaggering youngsters, grown learned in the mysteries of reading and writing, fresh from our schools, and prepared at a moment's notice to teach the wisest of the village elders the only proper manner in which an egg may be sucked. The rabble which every Malay village spews up nowadays when one chances to visit it is always composed of these elements,—the old men, whose wisdom is their own, and of its kind deep and wide; the middle-aged tillers of the soil, who have no wisdom and desire none; the men of the younger generation, whose knowledge is borrowed and is extraordinarily imperfect of its kind.

The glaring Eastern sun, sinking to its rest, blazed full

in my eyes, dazzling me, and thus I saw but dimly the figure that crossed the path in front of me, heading for the running water on my right. Silhouetted blackly against the burning disc in the west, it appeared to be the form of a woman, bowed nearly double beneath the weight of a burden slung in a cloth across her back—a burden far too heavy for her strength. This, alas! is a sight only too common in Asiatic lands; for if man must idle, women must work as well as weep until at last the time comes for the long, long sleep, under the spear-blades of the *lâlang* and the love-grass, in some shady nook in the little peaceful village burial-ground. Therefore I took no special notice of the figure moving painfully athwart the sun-glare ahead of me, until my arm was violently seized by the headman who was walking just behind me.

"Have a care, *Tuan*," he cried. "Have a care. It is Minah and her man. It is the sickness that is not good, the evil sickness. Go not nigh to

her, *Túan*, lest some evil thing befall."

The instinct of the white man always bids him promptly disregard every warning that a native may give to him, and act in a manner diametrically opposed to that which a native may advise. This propensity has added considerably to the figures that represent the European death-rate throughout Asia, and, incidentally, it has led to many of the acts of heroism that have won for Englishmen their Eastern empire. It has also set the native the hard task of deciding whether he is most astonished at the courage or the stupidity of the men who rule him. I have lived long enough among natives to know that there is generally a sound reason for any warnings that they may be moved to give; but Nature, as usual, was stronger than common-sense, so I shook my arm free from the headman's grip, and walked up to the figure in front of me.

It was, as I had seen, that of a woman bowed beneath a heavy burden—a woman still young, not ill-looking, and with the truest, most tenderly feminine eyes that I think I have ever chanced upon. I only noticed this later,—and perhaps a knowledge of her story helped them to quicken my perceptions,—but at the moment my attention was completely absorbed by the strange bundle which she bore. It was a shapeless thing wrapped in an old cloth, soiled and tattered and horribly stained, which was slung over the woman's left shoulder, across her breast, and

under her right armpit. Out of the bundle, just above the base of the woman's own neck, there protruded a head which lolled backwards as she moved—grey white in colour, hairless, sightless, featureless, formless, an object of horror and repulsion. Near her shoulders two stumps, armed with ugly bosses at their tips, protruded from the bundle, motiveless limbs that swayed and gesticulated loosely; near her own hips two similar members hung down almost to the ground, dangling limply as the woman walked—limbs that showed grey in the evening light, and ended in five whitish patches where the toes should have been. It was a leper far gone in the disease whom the woman was carrying riverwards. She did not pause when I spoke to her, rather she seemed to quicken her pace, and presently she and her burden, the shapeless head and limbs of the latter bobbing impotently as the jolts shook them, disappeared down the shelving bank in the direction of the running water.

I stood still where she had left me, horrified at what I had seen,—for lepers, or indeed deformed people of any kind, are remarkably rare among the healthy Malay villagers, and the unexpected encounter had shocked and sickened me. Of the men in the group behind me, some laughed, one or two uttered a few words of cheap jeer and taunt, every one of them turned aside to spit solemnly in token that some unclean thing had been at hand, and the headman, newly appointed and

weighed upon by the sense of his responsibilities, whispered an apology in my ear.

"Thy pardon, *T'uan*," he said. "'Tis an ill-omened sight, and verily I crave thy forgiveness. It is not fitting that she should thus pass and repass athwart the track, walked in by such as thou art, bearing so unworthy a load. I hope that thou wilt pardon her and the village. Truly she is a bad woman thus to bring this shame upon our folk."

"Who is she?" I asked.

"She is a woman of this village,—one devoid of shame. And behold this day she hath smudged soot upon the faces of all our folk by thus wantonly passing across thy path with her man, the leper, and presently I will upbraid her,—yea, verily, I will upbraid her with pungent words!"

"Is she also unclean?" I asked.

"No, *T'uan*, the evil sickness hath not fallen upon her—yet. But her man is sore stricken, and though we, who are of her blood, plead with her unceasingly, bidding her quit this man, as by Muhammad's law she hath the right now to do, she will by no means hearken to our words; for, *T'uan*, she is a woman of a hard and evil heart, very obstinate and headstrong."

He spoke quite simply the thought that was in his mind. In his eyes there was nothing of heroism, nothing of the glory of most tender womanhood, in the sight of this girl's self-sacrifice: to him and to his fellows her conduct was merely a piece of rank folly, the wanton whim of

a woman deaf to the pleadings and persuasions of those who wished her well. He had even less sympathy with me when, regarding the matter from my own point of view, I spoke to him in her praise.

"Of a truth," I said, "this woman of thy village is greater than any of her kind of whom I have heard tell in all this land of Pahang. Thy village, O Pēnghûlu, hath a right to be proud of this leper's wife. I charge thee say no word of reproach to her concerning the crossing of my path, and give her this—'tis but a small sum—and tell her that it is given in token of the honour in which I hold her."

This unexpected way of regarding a matter, which had long been a topic of conversation in the village, was altogether unintelligible to the Malays about me; but most of them had long ago abandoned the task of trying to understand the strange motions of the European mind,—an endeavour which they had become convinced was hopeless. Money, however, is a valuable and honourable commodity, and whatever else he may fail to appreciate, this is a matter well within the comprehension of the Malay of every class. Even in the minds of the simplest villagers, the possession of anything which is likely to bring in cash inspires something near akin to awe, and therefore my small gift had the effect of immediately drying up the undercurrent of taunts and jeers, at the expense of Minah and her husband which had been audible

among the headman's followers ever since the strange pair had come into view. Moreover, as I knew full well, the fact that I had spoken of her with words of praise, and had backed my remarks with silver, would do much to increase the importance of, and add to the consideration shown to, this brave wife by the people among whom she lived.

"Tell her also," I said, as I got into my boat to begin the journey down stream—"tell her also that if there be aught in which she standeth in need of my aid, now or hereafter, she hath but to come to me, or to send me word, and I will help her in her affliction according to the measure of my ability."

"*Tuan!*" cried an assenting chorus of villagers, as my boat pushed out from the bank and my men seized their paddles for the homeward row. And thus ended my first encounter with *Minah*, the woman of the Muhammadans, whom neither the threats of the village elders, the advice of her relations, the tears and entreaties of her sisters, nor the invitations of those who would have wed with her, had power to lure away from the side of the shapeless wreck of humanity whom she called husband.

Later, I made it my business to inquire from those who knew concerning this woman and her circumstances, and all that I learned tended to increase the admiration which from the beginning I had felt for her.

Like all Malay women, she had been married when hardly

more than a child to a man whom she had barely seen—to whom, prior to her wedding, she would not for her life have been guilty of the indecency of speaking a syllable. On a certain day she had been decked out in all the finery and gold ornaments that her people could borrow from their neighbours for many miles around, had been placed upon a dais side by side with the man she was to wed, and had remained there in an agony of cramped limbs and painful embarrassment while the village-folk—who represented all the world of which she had any knowledge—ate their fill of the rich viands set before them, and thereafter chanted discordantly many verses from the *Kurân* in sadly mispronounced Arabic. This terrible publicity, for one who had hitherto been kept in utter seclusion on the *pára*, or shelf-like upper apartment, of her father's house, almost deprived the dazed little girl of her faculties; and she had been too abjectly frightened even to cry, far less to lift her eyes from her scarlet finger-tips, on which the henna showed like blood-stains, to steal a glimpse of the man to whose tender mercies her parents were surrendering her.

Then, the wedding over with all its attendant ceremonies, for days she had been utterly miserable. She was horribly afraid of her new lord, terrified almost to death, like a little bird in the hand of its captor. To this poor child, not yet in her "teens," a man and a stranger was much what the ogre of the

fairly tales is to the imagination of other little girls of about the same age in our nurseries at home,—a creature all-powerful, cruel, relentless, against whose monstrous strength her puny efforts at resistance could nought avail. All women who are wives by contract, rather than by inclination, experience something of this agony of fear when first they find themselves at the mercy of a man; but for the girls of a Muhammadan population this instinctive dread of the husband has a tenfold force. During all the days of her life the woman of the Muhammadans has seen the power of the man undisputed and unchecked by the female members of his household; she has seen, perhaps, her own mother put away, after many years of faithfulness and love, because her charms have faded and her lord had grown weary of her; she has seen the married women about her cowed by a word, or even a look, from the man who holds in his hands an absolute right to dispose of his wife's destiny; she has watched the men eating their meals apart—alone, if no other member of the masculine sex chanced to be present,—because, forsooth, women are deemed to be unworthy to partake of food with their superiors; and as a result of all these things, the woman of the Muhammadans has learned to believe from her heart that, in truth, man is fashioned in a mould more honourable than that in which the paltry folk of her own sex are cast,—that he is indeed nobler, higher, greater in every way than

woman; and thus as she looks ever upwards at him the man dazzles her, and fills her simple, trustful soul with fear and awe.

So poor little Mînah had been frightened out of her wits by the bare thought of being handed over to a husband for his service and pleasure, and her gratitude to her man had been extravagant and passionate in its intensity when she found that he was unchangingly kind and tender to her. For Mâmat, the man to whom this poor child had been so early mated, was a gentle, kind-hearted, tender-mannered fellow, a typical villager of the interior, lazy, indolent, and pleasure-loving, but courteous of manner, soft of speech, and caressing by instinct as are so many folk of the kindly Malayan stock. He too, perhaps, had been moved with pity for the wild-eyed little girl, who trembled when she addressed him in quavering monosyllables, and he found a new pleasure in soothing and petting her. And thus, little by little, his almost paternal feeling for his child-wife turned in due season to a man's strong love, and awoke in her breast a woman's passionate and enthusiastic devotion. So Mâmat and Mînah were happy for a space, although no children were born to them, and Mînah fretted secretly, when the hut was still at night-time, for she knew that there was truth in what the women of the village whispered, saying that no wife might hope to hold the fickle heart of a man unless there were baby fingers to add their

clutching grip to her own desperate but feeble graspings.

Two or three seasons had come and gone since the "Feast of the Becoming One" had joined Mâmat and Mînah together as man and wife. The rich yellow crop in the rice-field had been reaped laboriously ear by ear, and the good grain had been garnered. The ploughs had been set agoing once more across the dry meadows, and in the swamps the buffaloes had been made to dance clumsily by yelling, sweating men, until the soft earth had been kneaded into a quagmire. Then the planting had begun, and later all the village had marked with intense interest the growth and the development of the crop, till once more the time had arrived for the reaping, and again the ugly bark rice-stores were full to overflowing with fat yellow grain. Mînah and Mâmat had aided in the work of cultivation, and had watched Nature giving birth to her myriad offspring with unfailing regularity, and still no little feet pattered over the lath flooring of their hut, no little voice made merry music in their compound. Mâmat seemed to have become more melancholy than of old, and he frequently returned from the fields complaining of fever, and lay down to rest tired and depressed. Mînah tended him carefully, with gentle loving hands, but she told herself that the day was drawing near which would bring the co-wife, who should bear sons to her husband, to oust her

from Mâmat's heart. Therefore, when her man was absent, she would weep furtively as she sat alone among the cooking-pots in the empty hut, and many were the vows of rich offerings to be devoted to the shrines of the local saints if only the joy of motherhood might be hers.

One afternoon Mâmat came back to the hut, and, as was his wont,—for he was ever tender to his childless wife, and anxious to aid her in her work,—he fell to boiling water at the little mud fireplace at the back of the central living-room, where Mînah was cooking the evening meal. While he was so engaged his masculine fingers touched the pot clumsily, causing it to tip off the iron tripod upon which it had been resting. The boiling water streamed over the fingers of his right hand, and Mînah screamed shrilly in sympathy for the pain which she knew that he must be enduring; but Mâmat looked up at her with wondering eyes.

"What ails thee, Little One?" he asked without a trace of suffering in his voice.

"The water is boiling hot," cried Mînah. "*Ya Allah!* How evil is my destiny that because, unlike other men, thou wouldst stoop to aid me in my work, so great a hurt hath befallen thee! O, Weh, Weh, my heart is very sad because this trouble hath come to thee. Let me bind thy fingers; see, here is oil and much rag, clean and soft."

"What ails thee, Little One?" Mâmat asked again, staring at her uncomprehend-

ingly. "I have suffered no hurt. The water was cold. See, I am unharmed. Look at my finger——"

His voice faltered, then his speech broke off, trailing away into inarticulate sounds, while he sat staring stupidly in mingled astonishment and fear at his scalded hands. The little hut was reeking with the odour sent up by that peeling skin and flesh.

"What thing is this, Mînah?" he asked presently in an awed whisper. "What thing is this, for in truth I felt no pain, and even now, though for certain the water is boiling, since my fingers are all a-frizzle, no pang hath come to me? What is it, Mînah?"

Mînah looked at the ugly hand her husband held out for her inspection, and she was as bewildered as he. "Perchance 'tis some magic that thou hast learned that maketh the fire powerless to harm thee," she said simply. Magic is too common and everyday a thing in the Malay peninsula for either Mînah or Mâmat to see anything extravagant in the idea. Mâmat, indeed, felt rather flattered by the suggestion; but none the less he denied having had any dealings with the spirits, and for some weeks he thought little more about the discovery of his strange insensibility to pain. The sores on his hands, however, did not heal, and at length matters began to look serious, since he could no longer do his proper share of work in the fields. By Mînah's advice the aid of a local medicine man of some repute

was had recourse to, and for days the little house was noisy with the sound of old-world incantations, and redolent of heavy odours arising from the strange spices burning in the wizard's brazier. Mâmat, too, went abroad with his hands stained all manner of unnatural hues, and was deprived of most of the few things which render his rice palatable to an up-country Malay.

For some weeks, as is the manner of his kind both in Europe and Asia, the medicine man struggled with the disease he half recognised, but lacked the courage to name; and when at length disguise was no longer possible, it was to Mînah that he told the truth—told it with the crude and brutal bluntness which natives, and country-folk all over the world, keep for the breaking of ill tidings. He lay in wait for her by the little bathing-hut on the river-bank, where Mînah was wont to fill the gourds with water for her house, and he began his tale at once, without preface or preparation.

"Sister, it is the evil sickness," he said. "Without doubt it is the sickness that is not good. For me, I can do nought to aid this man of thine; wherefore give me the money that is due to me, and suffer me to depart, for I also greatly fear to contract the evil. And, sister, it were well for thee to make shift to seek a divorce from Mâmat speedily, as is permitted in such cases by the law, lest thou in like manner shouldst become afflicted with the sickness; for this evil is

one that can in nowise be medicined, even if Pětëra Gûru himself were to take a hand in the charming away of the bad humours."

No one in Asia ever names leprosy. It is spoken of but rarely, and then by all manner of euphemisms, lest hearing its name pronounced, it should seek out the speaker and abide with him for ever. But when the words "the evil sickness" sounded in her ears, Mînah understood, with a violent shock of most complete comprehension; and, alas for frail human nature, her first thought was for herself, and it sent a throb of relief, almost of joy, pulsing through her. Her man was a leper! No woman would now be found to wed with him; no co-wife would come into her life to separate her from her husband; barren and childless though she be, the man she loved would be hers for all his days, and no one would arise to dispute her right, her sole right, to love and tend and cherish him. The medicine man turned away, and walked slowly up the path by the river-bank counting the coppers in his hand, and she stood where he had left her gazing after him, a prey to a number of conflicting emotions. Then a realisation of the pity of it overwhelmed her,—a yearning, aching pity for the man she loved,—and in an agony of self-reproach she threw herself face downward on the ground, among the warm, damp grasses, and prayed passionately and inarticulately,—prayed to the Leprosy itself, as though it were a sentient

being, entreating it, if indeed it must have a victim, to take her and to spare her husband. She had not been taught, as Christian women are, to turn to God in the hour of her despair; and though she breathed out prayer and plaint as she lay upon the damp earth and tore at the lush grass, her thoughts were never for a moment directed heavenwards. She was a woman of the Muhammadans, unskilled in letters, ignorant utterly of the teachings of her faith, and, like all her people, she was a Malay first, and a follower of the Prophet accidentally, and as it were by an afterthought. Therefore her cry was raised to the Demon of Leprosy, to the Spirits of Wind and Air, and to all manner of Unclean Creatures who should find no place in the mythology of a true believer. The old-world superstitions, the natural religion of the Malays before ever the Arab missionaries came to tamper with their simple paganism, always come uppermost in the native mind in time of stress or trouble, just as it is the natural man—the savage—that rises to the surface, through no matter what superimposed strata of conventionalism, in moments of strong emotion. But these things had power to help Mînah but little, to comfort her not at all, and any strength that she gained during that hour which she spent prone, in agony and alone, came to her from her own brave and tender heart,—that fountain of willing self-sacrifice and unutterable tenderness, the heart of a good and a pure woman.

The evening sun was sinking redly when at last Mînah gathered herself together, rearranged her tumbled hair and crumpled garments with deft feminine fingers, and turned her face towards her home. The moon had risen, and was pouring down its floods of pure light, softening and etherealising all upon which it shone, and penetrating the chinks of the wattled walls in little jets and splashes of brightness, when Mînah, tenderly caressing the head of her husband, which lay pillowed on her breast, whispered in his ears the words which revealed to him the full measure of his calamity. No more awful message can come to any man than that which makes known to him that he had been stricken by leprosy, that foulest, most repulsive, and least merciful of all incurable diseases; and Mâmat, as he listened to his wife's whispered speech, cowered and trembled in the semi-darkness of the hut, and now and again, as he rocked his body to and fro, to and fro restlessly, he gave vent to a low sob of concentrated pain very pitiful to hear. Leprosy has a strange power to blight a man utterly, to rob him alike of the health and the cleanliness of his body, and of the love which has made life sweet to him; for when the terror falls upon any one, even those who loved him best in the days when he was whole too often turn from him in loathing and fear. As slowly and with pain Mâmat began to understand clearly, and understanding to realise the

full meaning of the words that fell from his wife's lips, he drew hurriedly away from her, despite her restraining hands, and sat huddled up in a corner of the hut weeping the hard, deep-drawn tears that come to a grown man in the hour of his trial, bringing no relief, but merely adding one pang more to the intensity of his suffering. Vaguely he told himself that since Mînah must be filled with horror at his lightest touch, since she would now most surely leave him, as she had a right to do, he owed it to himself, and to what little remnant of self-respect remained to him, that the first signal for withdrawal should be made by him. It would help to ease the path which she must tread, the path that was to lead her away from him for ever, if from the beginning he showed her plainly that he expected nothing but desertion,—that she was free to go, to leave him, that he was fully prepared for the words that should tell him of her intention, though for the moment they still remained unspoken. Therefore, though Mînah drew near to him, he repulsed her gently, and retired yet farther into the depth of the shadows, saying warningly—

“Have a care, lest thou also become infected with the evil.”

Again Mînah moved towards him, with arms outstretched as though to embrace him, and again he evaded her. A little moonbeam, struggling through the interstices of the wattled walls, fell full upon her face, and revealed to him her eyes

dewy with tears and yearning upon him with a great love. The sight was so unexpected that it came to him with the violence of a blow, sending a strange thrill through all his ruined body, and tightening something that seemed to grip his heart, so that he panted for breath like one distressed with running.

"Have a care!" he cried again, but Mînah took no heed of his warning.

"What care I?" she cried. "What care I? Thinkest thou that my love is so slight a thing that it will cleave to thee only in the days of thy prosperity? Am I like unto a woman of the town, one who loveth only when all be well, and the silver dollars be many and bright? Am I such a one, who hath no care save only for herself? O Mâmat, my man of mine! After these years that we have lived together in love dost thou know me so little, me thy wife, that thou thinkest that I will willingly leave thee because, forsooth, the evil spirits have caused this trouble to befall thee? Weh, I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, and in truth I cannot live without thee! Come to me, Weh, come to me." And again she held out her arms towards him, entreating tenderly.

For long Mâmat resisted, fighting against the temptation sturdily for the sake of the love that he bore her, but at length the longing for human sympathy and for comfort in his great affliction—a desire which, in time of trouble, a man feels as instinctively as does the

little child that having come by some hurt runs to its mother to be petted into forgetfulness of the pain—proved too strong for him, and he sank down, sobbing unrestrainedly, with his head in Mînah's lap, and her soft hands fondling and caressing him.

And thus it came about that Mînah made the great sacrifice, which in a manner was to her no sacrifice, and her husband brought himself to accept what to him was more precious than anything upon earth.

Two or three years slid by after this, and as Mînah watched her husband she marked the subtle changes of the disease to which he was a prey working their cruel will upon him. He had been far gone in the disease even before the medicine man had mustered courage to name it, and for many months after the discovery little change was noticeable. Then, as is its wont, the leprosy, as though ashamed of such prolonged inactivity, took a stride forward, then halted again, then advanced once more, but this time with more lagging feet, then came to a standstill for a space, then moved onward yet again. Thus, though the alterations wrought by the ravages of the disease were cruel and terrible, to Mînah, who marked each change take place gradually, step by step, beneath her eyes, underlying the grey featureless face, in the blind eye-sockets, the aimless swaying limbs that were now mere

stumps, she saw as clearly as of old the face, the glance, the gestures that had been those of her husband, and seeing this she loved this formless thing with the old passion of devotion and tenderness. He was utterly dependent on her now. Twice daily she bore him on her back down to the river's edge, and bathed him with infinite care. To her there seemed nothing remarkable in the act. She had done it for the first time one day long ago when his feet were peculiarly sore and uncomfortable, had done it laughingly half in jest, and he had laughed too, joining in her merriment. But now it was the only means of conveying him riverwards, and she carried him on her back unthinkingly, as a matter of course. In the same way she had come to dress and feed him, first half laughingly, before there was any real necessity for such help, but latterly his limbs had grown to be so useless that without her aid he would have gone naked and have died of starvation. Allah or the Spirits—Minah was never sure which of the twain had the larger share in the arrangements of her world—had not seen fit to send her a child in answer to her prayer, but she never lamented the fact now. Was not Mâmat husband and child in one? And did she not empty all the stores of her love, both wifely and motherly, upon him, who needed her more sorely than a baby could have done, and loved her with

the strength of a man and with the simplicity of a child? She never knew fatigue when Mâmat needed tending; she never knew sorrow when he was free from pain; she asked for no joy save that of being near him. All the womanliness in her nature, purified and intensified by her sad experience, rose up in the heart of this daughter of the Muhammadans, fortifying her in trial, blinding her to the nobility of her own self-sacrifice, obliterating utterly all thought of her own comfort, her own feelings and desires, filling her with a great content, and making the squalor of her life a thing most beautiful. Her only sorrow was that she was often forced to absent herself from the house in order to take the share in the field-work which, under happier circumstances, should have been performed by her husband; but the kindly villagers, who pitied her in their hearts, though they could not repress an occasional jeer at her eccentric devotion to a leper, lightened her tasks for her as much as was possible, so that she found her fields tilled, the crop weeded, and the precious rice grain stored, with so little labour on her part that the whole operation appeared to have been done, as it were, automatically. And thus Minah and her man spent many years of the life which even the Demon of Leprosy had been powerless to rob of all its sweetness.

It was some years after the

white men had entered Pahang for the purpose of quieting that troubled land that a new grief came to Minah, tightening her heart-strings with an anxiety hitherto undreamed of. Men whispered in the villages that the strange pale-faced folk who now ruled the land had many laws unknown to the old râjas, unhallowed by custom, not beautified by age or tradition, and that one of these provided for the segregation of lepers. At first Minah could not believe her ears when the village elders, mumbling their discontent concerning a thousand lying rumours, spoke also of this measure, which, so men said, was very shortly to become law in the State of Pahang. What? Separate her from her man? Tear him away from her, leaving her desolate and utterly alone, while he, having none to tend him, would die miserably, crying vainly for her in the tones that none but she could now interpret? An agony of consternation racked her at the picture which the words of the village elders conjured up. She was wellnigh distraught with fear, but in her heart there was also a wild desire to fight to the death to save her man from this bitter wrong, to fight as does the tigress in defence of her little ones.

Minah managed with some difficulty to persuade and bribe an old crone to tend Mâmat for a day or two. Then she set off for Kuâla Lîpis, the town at which the white men, she had heard men say, had their headquarters. Until she started upon this journey she had never

left her own village, and to her the twenty odd miles of river that separated her home from the town were a road of wonder through an undiscovered country. The ordered streets of the town; the brick buildings, in which the Chinese traders had their shops; the lamp-posts; the native policemen standing at the corners of the road—shameless folk, who wore trousers but no protecting *sârong*; the vast block of Government offices, for to her this far-from-imposing pile seemed a stupendous piece of architecture; the made road, smooth and metalled,—the wonder and the strangeness of it all dazed and frightened her. What could the white men, who had so many marvellous things, want with her poor man, the leper, that they should desire to take him from her? Ah, it was cruel, cruel, more merciless and wanton than any of the deeds of the old râjas, concerning which men still told grisly tales with bated breath!

She asked for me, since I had bade her come to me in trouble, and presently she made her way along the unfamiliar roads to the big house on the river-bank, round which the forest clustered so closely in the beauty that no hand was suffered to destroy. She sat upon the matting on my study floor, awed at the strangeness of it all, looking at me plaintively out of those great eyes of hers, and weeping furtively. She had the simple faith of one who has lived all his days in the same spot, whither few strangers go, where each man knows his neighbour and his neighbour's affairs. It

never occurred to her that her words might need explanation or preface of any kind, in order that they might be rendered intelligible, and as she looked at me, she sobbed out her prayer, "O suffer me to keep my man and my children, O suffer them not to be taken from me! Allah, *Túan*, suffer me to keep my man and my children!"

I knew, of course, that she spoke of her "man and her children" simply for the sake of decorum, since it is coarse and indecent, in the eyes of an up-country woman, to speak of her husband alone, even though she be childless; but for the moment I supposed that she was the wife of some man accused of a crime, who had come to me seeking the aid I had not the power to give.

"What has thy man done?" I asked.

"Done, *Túan*? What could he do, seeing that he is as one dead? Unless one lifted him he could not move. But suffer him not to be taken from me. He is all I have, all I have, and in truth I cannot live without him. I shall die, *Túan*, I shall die, if thou dost suffer this thing to come to pass."

Then suddenly the mist obscuring my memory rolled away, and I saw the face of the woman, as I had seen it once before, straining under a terrible burden on the banks of the Jélai river, with the red sky and the dark green of the foliage making a background against which it stood revealed. Then at last I understood, and the sight of this woman's distress moved me strangely.

"Have no fear, sister," I said. "Thy man shall not be taken from thee if I can do aught to prevent it. Who is it that seeks to separate thee from him?"

"Men say that it is an order." To the Oriental an order is a kind of impersonal monster, invincible and impartial, a creature that respects no man and is cruel to all alike.

"Have no fear," I said. "It is true that I have bidden the headman of the villages report as to the number of those afflicted by the evil sickness, but in this land of Pahang the number is very small, the infection does not spread, and therefore, sister, have no fear, hearken to my words, the Government hath no desire to separate thee from thy man. Return in peace to thy home, and put all fear away, and if aught cometh to trouble thee, I am at hand to listen to thy plaint."

The lives of all of us, we men whom Fate has exiled to the uttermost ends of the earth, hold many days in which Discontent, born of an aching longing for all the things from which we are severed, and the Despair that the question *Cui Bono?* *Cui Bono?* brings to life, play at battledore and shuttlecock with our tired hearts. They are evil days, weary and dark, and we fight through them as best we can, we who are blessed with stamina, while they cram our churchyards with the bones of those amongst us who are fashioned too delicately for such rough handling. These dark hours of the exile are a trial which can never be appreciated

by any one who has not himself been subjected to the cruel strain. They crush the spirit from out the heart, and make life for the moment an empty thing and vain. At such times I like to seek comfort in the recollection of the few brown faces into which some word or action of mine has brought the light that otherwise had not been kindled, and it is then that Mînah's face rises before my mind's eye, her features transformed by an ecstasy of relief, her great soft eyes dewy with unshed tears, her lips trying vainly to speak the words of gratitude which the strength and violence of her emotions will not suffer her to utter. I had done nothing for her? True, but to her it seemed as though I had given her back all the joy in life, had turned her world from sombre indigo to gorgeous rose-colour in the space of a moment. I had done nothing truly; but it is something to have been the means of bringing a look such as that to the face of a good woman. In the memory I find compensation

for much, nor care greatly if some there be to whom such a feeling may appear ridiculous.

So Mînah returned to her home with joy in her heart and that glad look upon her face; and in that secluded up-country village, not twenty miles from the place where I sit writing these lines, she still toils unceasingly, tending the wrecked creature, that is still to her the man she loves, with unfailing tenderness and care. Men say that he can live but a few months longer, and it wrings my heart to think of what the loss will be to Mînah when, to use the Malayan idiom, "the order comes" to her man. In that hour of utter desolation and profound loneliness no human voice will have the power to bring that beautiful look of gladness back to Mînah's eyes; and of a Divine Voice this daughter of the Muhammadans, in spite of her pure soul and her brave heart, has no knowledge from which to seek consolation.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

UNDER THE BEARD OF BUCHANAN.

"WHAT charm can soothe our melancholy,
What art can wash our grief away?"

is unquestionably the problem of the day, and happy will be the literary agent who can solve it. Our writers have become grave as judges, and their occasional deviations into the sadly humorous are received with the lenient enthusiasm of a wearied court-room. A live rabbit under the partially exhausted receiver of an air-pump exhibits a melancholy excitement that is almost equalled in pathos by the conduct of the general reader in the present rarefied atmosphere of humour. We are fain to laugh at the most unconsidered trifles. To such a pass have we come, that men have recently been seen to smile at Mr Frank Harris's Shakespearian criticism, and to laugh immoderately at Canon Rawnsley's daily sonnet. The only fear is that Mr Jerome and his merry men should again take advantage of our necessity. We want humour, it is true; but heaven protect us from a recrudescence of the late New Humour, which, after all, was never really "new," but only an Anglified and diluted form of the Transatlantic substitute for wit. Oh for an hour of Thackeray or Dickens! But Melancholy, it would seem, has marked us for her own.

We had fondly harboured the delusion that the problem novel had gone to its long home with the trunk-maker, and lo! it is with us again in a subtly dis-

guised but no less baneful form. Having toyed with adultery, our lady novelists seem to have become enamoured of suicide. Mrs Humphry Ward made away with her latest heroine, and that none too soon. We contemplated the change with an equanimity which we cannot profess to feel for the new writer who has recently, in a work of great ability, put the justification of suicide forward as 'The Open Question.' The ability of the book, and, alas! its earnestness, are only too apparent; but neither of these can extenuate the offence of an author who, appealing to a popular audience, dares lightly to tamper with the very foundations of morality, and vitiates the public mind with a study in mental pathology, tricked out in the guise of fiction. We do not envy C. E. Raimond her responsibility. It is a fascinating subject, truly! the painfully minute record of two neurotic and decadent lovers who marry for mutual gratification, and resolve to die together before their hereditary curse can be bequeathed to another generation. A brave and inspiring gospel this, which to the question whether life is worth living answers, Yes—provided that we realise clearly that the duration of life is in our own hands. A more pitiful shadow of a man than Ethan Gano never trod the stage of feminine fiction, and were it not for the insidious moral of his puling life, we should heartily applaud the

closing scene where — much against his own will, be it said — he finally “steers for the Sunset.” The only redeeming character in the book is brave old Mrs Gano, a mother worthy of a Gracchus, and all too tolerant of her own miserable brood. “You walk in darkness,” said the old woman on her deathbed. “Not the fear of God—that’s tonic—but in the fear of pain. Oh, I’ve watched this phase of modern life. It’s been coming, coming for years. The world to-day is crushed and whining under a load of sentimentality. People presently will be afraid to move, lest they do or receive some hurt.” The vigorous excellence shown in the drawing of this character leaves a loophole of escape for C. E. Raimond, in that it sometimes raises a doubt whether we are to read her contrariwise, and regard the book as a satire of decadence. But this is only a charitable and forlorn hope; and if it be correct, it but serves to show that she has handled deadly weapons which she cannot use without endangering the public safety. There is only one natural interpretation of her book, and it is fraught with the poisonous air of a hothouse philosophy.

Thackeray, we stake the reputation of ‘Maga’ on it, knew a great deal more about the humour and the tragedy of human life than C. E. Raimond; and to all poor souls who have read ‘The Open Question’ we would commend his summary of problem fiction as a sovereign antidote:—

“Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;

Would you know how first he met
her?

She was cutting bread-and-butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread-and-butter.”

We are bound to say, however, that recent fiction also offers us several excellent antidotes for this nauseating stuff, and we deemed ourselves fortunate when chance made us acquainted with the tenth edition of the story of ‘Isabel Carnaby’—a most vivacious and entertaining book. It has all the charm, if all the faults, of youth, and we gladly forgive a conventional plot for so much sprightly dialogue. Miss Fowler—to use the latest Fleet Street jargon—has “arrived,” and “should go far”; but we would respectfully suggest that she would go still farther were she to cease to use “like” for “as,” and were she to add to the many “excellencies” of her work the purely masculine virtue of correct spelling. Some of the same magic of youth which gives its perennial charm to ‘Mona Maclean’ has disappeared from Graham Travers’s ‘Windyhaugh’; but we are fully recompensed by an infinitely more matured skill, a more subtle humour, a profounder insight into life. There is perhaps enough and to spare of psychology in Dr Todd’s

remarkable book, but it is all of the right kind; and there is not in English fiction a more careful and penetrating analysis of the evolution of a woman's mind than is given in *Wilhelmina Galbraith*. But '*Windyhaugh*' is not a book in which there is only one "star" and a crowd of "supers." Every character is limned with the conscientious care that bespeaks the true artist, and the analytical interest of the novel is rigorously kept in its proper place as only one element in a delightful story. It is a supremely interesting and wholesome book, and in an age when excellence of technique has reached a remarkable level, '*Windyhaugh*' compels admiration for its brilliancy of style.

Dr Todd paints on a large canvas, but she has a true sense of proportion—the want of which alone prevents Mr Eden Philpott's '*Children of the Mist*' from being one of the finest novels of its year. The romantic atmosphere he has and all the literary endowment, but he has smothered a brilliant novel under a plethora of detail. As compared with either of these, Miss May Sinclair is a miniaturist; but it would be difficult to praise too highly her brilliantly clean-cut portraiture, and her bold and successful handling of an unattractive subject, in '*Mr and Mrs Nevill Tyson*.' The story is a little masterpiece, and the literary epicure will find a rich feast in its gracefully easy and pungently witty style. But of all the literary feats of the year one of the most remarkable has surely

been achieved by Mr Alfred Ollivant, who has contrived to make a most absorbing story out of but three characters—two of them being sheep-dogs and the other an irascible little Scotsman. We are not surprised to see that Mr Ollivant has also been duly told that he will "go far," for we are almost ready to go the length of saying that in '*Owd Bob*' he has already "been and gone and done it." Red Wull and Owd Bob are the best dogs on paper, and we honestly prefer them to most of their human contemporaries in fiction. If we have a fault to find, it is that Mr Ollivant, like Landseer, debases his dogs by making them too human for an ordinary kennel; and we should have liked Owd Bob all the better had he been less circumspect and gentlemanly in his walk and conversation in life. None the less, the death of Red Wull is Homeric.

The year of grace 1898 will stand out prominently in the literary history of Poor Jack. Once more the spirit of the age has found literary expression, and the result is a whole revolving bookcaseful of literature, highly charged with the spirit of Imperialism. Taking it all in all, the literature is worthy of the sentiment. The keynote is struck on "*Drake's Drum*," a magnificent song by Mr Henry Newbolt, which will ensure him a place in all future anthologies side by side with Thomas Campbell. "*The Fighting Temeraire*" and "*The Ballad of the Bold Menelaus*" are only a degree less successful, and throughout all three

there runs a haunting rhythm that will swing them worthily into immortality. Mr Newbolt may surely be content, and we are sorry to find him flogging and spurring his jaded muse. Only once or twice in a lifetime can he hope to reach so high a mark, and he imperils his own reputation by presenting—ay, and representing—his undoubted masterpieces in a setting of uninspired and unworthy doggerel. With a commanding rhythm Mr Newbolt can always be the Kipling of the Fleet: without one, he is no better than a poetaster. Mr Kipling's own contribution to naval literature, "A Fleet in Being," is not likely to add to his reputation—although it might easily make one for a lesser name. In a word, it is not quite the sort of thing that, like Mr Steevens's *tour de force*, has recently on two occasions "brought the blood to the cheek" of the 'Spectator.' And yet nobody but Mr Kipling could have written it, and we gladly confess that its perusal left us so full of pride in our first line of defence that we felt—for the moment—a perfect readiness to submit to a doubling of the income-tax. And that is surely fame!

Mr G. Stewart Bowles and Mr W. F. Shannon describe respectively the humours of the "gun-room" and the "mess deck," and between them we feel that we have learned all that is worth knowing of what Lord Charles calls "the many-sided life of a seaman, with its chance and charm, its hardships, its occasional pleasures and pastimes, and its dangers and un-

foreseen contingencies at all times." Mr Bowles is obviously a youthful and enthusiastic understudy of Mr Kipling, and he strikes no new note; but his descriptions are always naïvely entertaining, as his imitations are often clever. Mr Shannon, also, is an imitator; but more than one of his yarns is almost worthy of Mr Jacobs, and we can pay him no higher compliment. Very different is the story which Mr Harry Vandervell has to record in his unique 'Shuttle of an Empire's Loom.' The "liner she's a lady" we know on Mr Kipling's authority, and by the same reckoning the man-o'-war's a gentleman; but it was on neither of these, but on a common vagabond of a cargo-boat, that Mr Vandervell, shaking the dust of the Stock Exchange off his feet, elected to take his pleasure seriously by signing on as a man before the mast. As we have said, the record is unique, and it reflects equal credit on Mr Vandervell's sense of humour and on the sterling good qualities of our common sailors that the story is as entertaining as it is. The 'Shuttle of an Empire's Loom' has every claim to be called a "human document," and it is calculated to reassure those who delight to paint our merchant service blacker than it is. The British tar, whether he be taken from the "Queen's Navee" or a common cargo-boat, has at least two points in common—unfailing pluck and indomitable good-humour.

It is the humorous side of sea-life alone that Mr Jacobs depicts, but within his limits

he has no equal. Mr Gilbert's test of humour, if we remember rightly, was its capacity to make a prisoner smile. We applied a severer test by taking up 'Many Cargoes' in a dyspeptic moment, and we gladly testify that as a universal remedy for depression it is worth a guinea a page. 'The Skipper's Wooing' was no less successful, although its humour had broadened into farce, and it was with some disappointment that we found ourselves reading 'Sea Urchins' unmoved. But we took the best available remedy by reading 'Many Cargoes' again, and, thanks to this admirable book, we who started on our quest of the humorous with such dismal forebodings, have ended it like the Yorkshireman by "larfing, and larfing, and larfing again."

Melancholy men, according to Aristotle, of all others are most witty, and we could wish that the paradox were as true as it is comforting. But it would be unpardonable, even at a push, to extract a grain of comfort by simply converting an Aristotelian generalisation; and we would rather seek an explanation for the prevailing dearth of humour in the fact that the average writer of to-day possesses what Mr Andrew Lang—in happy English and quite unnecessary French—has termed "the adorable faculty of taking himself *au sérieux*." A singularly brilliant example of this faculty has been given to the world recently by Dr J. B. Crozier, who has made a gallant attempt to establish an autobiographical record in a volume of five hundred and

fifty octavo pages — eleven pages for every year of an uneventful life. This, we submit, is monstrous; and the value of the author's contributions to philosophy cannot for a moment excuse so flagrant a literary indiscretion as is afforded in 'My Inner Life.' We have the less hesitation in using it to point our moral, as we have Dr Crozier's assurance that he has learned to treat the "dæmonic element"—i.e., the apathy of publishers and public and the insolence of reviewers—with "the indifference or contempt it deserves," an affectation that is neither impressive nor new.

It takes more than two hundred crowded pages to describe the evolution of Dr Crozier's mind up to the age of twenty, and half as much again to recount his literary misfortunes, which we may say at once present no deviation from the beaten track of literary experience save in the immeasurable conceit of their telling—a conceit so colossal that it would need the fountain-pen of a Hall Caine adequately to paint it. "I have often thought," says Dr Crozier, "that had Carlyle, Ruskin, Macaulay, Buckle, Mill, Lecky, Spencer, Morley, or Arnold started publishing their literary work to-day, they would have been practically ignored"—like Dr Crozier, that is to say; for with unusual modesty he leaves it to the reader to supply the omission in this ingenious chain of reasoning. Deprecating, with a naïveté worthy of genius, "the imputation of taking myself too seriously," the author gives

a detailed account of how he vainly assailed the leading magazines with a short "Solution of the World-problem" in an essay of twenty pages (a beggarly allowance, truly, in light of the five hundred and fifty devoted to the Evolution of the Mind of Dr Crozier!), and how he was invariably worsted by the "dæmonic element." Then he bearded Carlyle, and found him "querulous, cantankerous, and altogether too critical and exacting for ordinary humanity"—too critical even for Dr Crozier, for the dyspeptic and sorely tried sage, parodying Jeffrey, closed our author's autobiographical confidences with a brusque "Na, na, that winna do."

And Carlyle was not the only victim of Dr Crozier's attentions. We confess that we have seldom read anything with more amusement than the story of his amiable persecution of authors, friends, and editors; and had there been only a little more of such sack and a less intolerable deal of stale bread, we could have found it possible to speak of this stately volume with enthusiasm. The keynote of Dr Crozier's mental life, if we mistake not, is struck very early in the volume, where he confesses that he once made "a serious attempt to subjugate the vanity and conceit which were now at their flowering-time with me, and which I already felt to be reptiles throwing a trail of slime and baseness over all of good that I thought or did; . . . but after several ineffectual attempts to eradicate

the vice, I gave up the task as hopeless, and awaited a more propitious day." We shall be glad if we may in some degree hasten the advent of that propitious day, and we forgive much in 'My Inner Life' on account of the crowning horror which Dr Crozier has spared us. "In what other form," he asks, "than the autobiographical could I present my ideas unless indeed as a Novel, in which, however, for want of space, justice could only be done to a small division of the subject."

It is with a distinct feeling of relief that we turn from the vainest of mortals to the greatest and most inscrutable immortal. While Dr Crozier "abides [nay, anticipates] our question," our Shakespeare still "is free . . . out-topping knowledge"—even the knowledge possessed by Mr Sidney Lee. Were 'Maga' to "crown" the best book of the past year, she would not hesitate to select Mr Lee's 'Life of William Shakespeare.' This masterly work is an honour to English scholarship, an almost perfect model of its kind, and it is matter for great national rejoicing that the standard life of Shakespeare has at last been "made in England." Rarely have we seen a book so wholly satisfying, so admirably planned, so skilfully executed. Mr Lee makes no attempt to offer us æsthetic criticism, and in this lies the great excellence of his plan, for we have hitherto had enough and to spare of "imaginative insight" and all too little of accurate and well-digested facts. Accordingly, it is im-

possible to rate too highly this "guide-book to Shakespeare's life and work," which impresses the reader at once by its remarkable width and accuracy of learning, its marvellously lucid marshallings of intricate details, and the unfailing sobriety and modesty of its style. The only portions of the book that are really open to criticism are the few occasions on which Mr Lee, departing somewhat from his original design, definitely enters the field of controversy; and though no one has a better right to be heard on these matters, we are inclined to think that it would have been better for Mr Lee to maintain consistently his rôle as the impartial historian of everything relating to Shakespeare. Dr Robertson Nicoll has recently been promulgating the very disputable theory that a critic should be set to catch a critic, and — granting his theory — justly pluming himself on having elicited Professor Dowden's opinion of Mr Lee's achievement. The instance adduced does not inspire us with much confidence in the proposition, for, as might have been expected, the professor reviews only those portions of the book which are really extraneous to its real design, and pays but halting tribute to its total excellence. True, Mr Lee, while always ingenious, is not always convincing in his positive criticism, and his argument in favour of Barnabe Barnes affords no adequate reason for departing from Professor Minto's identification of Chapman with the "rival poet" of the Sonnets. On other disputed points, Mr

Lee seems to us far more cogent, and his interpretation of the Sonnets is the most reasonable and most convincing that has yet been put forward. But most of these points are likely to remain for all time *sub judice*, and we trust that their final settlement may be long delayed, if for no other reason than to continue and stimulate our critical interest in Shakespeare. We emphatically repeat, however, that these questions do not enter into an estimate of the new Life of Shakespeare. Mr Lee modestly hopes that his work may be found "a complete and trustworthy guidebook," and it is assuredly that, and a great deal more. It is an absolutely indispensable handbook for every intelligent reader of the plays.

The industry of biographers has of late been pressing hardly on the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, whom so many writers persist in referring to as R. L. S. — an affectation which does not make for the dignity of letters. We hope and trust that, when the time comes, Mr Sidney Colvin may deal as faithfully by R. L. S. as Mr Sidney Lee has by W. S., or Mrs Ritchie by W. M. T. So far, however, we have little to be thankful for in the way of Stevensonian biography, if we except Mr Henley's very masterly and virile portrait in verse. Professor Raleigh, whom the reviewers, not without justice, term the Lyly of to-day, has discoursed in a vein of three-piled hyperbole, but the volume — remarkable chiefly for its wealth of mixed metaphor —

did not inspire us with confidence in the critical value of Victorian euphuism. Nor did the article in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' carry us further than an admiration for Mr Colvin's astuteness in stimulating a curiosity in the Great Work that is to come. Meanwhile Mrs Black and Miss Simpson have been busy. "For once," wrote Mr Frederic Harrison in the wisest and most stimulating utterance produced by the "Choice of Books" inquiry—"for once that we take down our Milton, and read a book of that 'voice,' as Wordsworth says, 'whose sound is like the sea,' we take up fifty times a magazine with something about Milton, or about Milton's grandmother, or a book stuffed with curious facts about the houses in which he lived, and the juvenile ailments of his first wife." And thus it is we now know positively that at the age of four Stevenson was gorgeously arrayed "in a blue merino pelisse trimmed with grey astrachan," and that the excellent Cummy was dissatisfied therewith, justly "indignant that such a bairn should be dressed in a remnant, however excellent the stuff." Says Miss Simpson, "How interesting it would have been to have had a photograph of these two mothers (Mrs Barrie and Mrs Stevenson) discussing their sons, their books, or their infantine ailments." We confess that we entertain no curiosity whatever on the subject; but should Miss Simpson see fit to give us a series of imaginary maternal conversations, we shall be glad to

hear something of what passed between Mrs Jonson and Mrs Shakespeare regarding the juvenile delinquencies of their distinguished sons. All this seems to us the *reductio ad absurdum* of biography; and it would be unworthy of the advertisement of reprobation, were it not that it represents an all too common tendency in present-day journalism—a tendency begotten of vulgar and irrelevant curiosity.

Justice compels us to admit, however, that these efforts at biography have not been written in vain. They tell little, it is true, of their hero that is of any literary value, though they ascribe to him a measure of affectation which we hope is as exaggerated as is their praise; but their real achievement lies in the fact that, hopelessly dull themselves, they have driven Mr Sidney Colvin into a position of delightfully humorous absurdity. No sooner had Mrs Black's humble volume appeared than Mr Colvin thundered "Hands off!—let no one touch Stevenson while the chosen biographer perpend." There is much that attracts us in this new Literary Game Law, with its close seasons and its ominous warnings to such as trespass. But it was surely ungallant of Mr Colvin to bully two very harmless ladies, who have done their work so poorly that we are prepared to be all the more lenient to his long-announced and much-vaunted masterpiece when it does come. Let it be accounted for righteousness to Mrs Black and Miss Simpson that they have maintained the "open door" against Mr Colvin's preposterous theory of protection.

ROMANCE OF THE MINES :

CALIFORNIAN GOLD DISCOVERIES.

NORTHERN AMERICA was founded on furs and built up with gold and silver. The fur companies and the reckless trappers in their pay had scattered trading-posts over the Canadas, and roughly explored the inhospitable regions lying between the Missouri and the Pacific. Yet, to all appearance, the population and civilisation of the western territories appertaining to the Union might have been indefinitely deferred. The agricultural pioneers had been slowly pushing westward across the prairies; but it was a perilous venture, and by no means remunerative. The fertility of the deep black loam had been recognised; but the rude cultivation was carried on under difficulties, and there were no local markets. The costs of transport knocked off the profits. The Santa Fé trade received a considerable impulse on the annexation of New Mexico; but it was never likely to attain very lucrative proportions, so long as it lay across an unpeopled wilderness, raided by the Indians whom the caravans attracted. The States had been annexing to the south and on the western seaboard; but they could not digest the territories they had swallowed, and the western movement was virtually at a deadlock. Yet their statesmen cherished vague dreams of expansion, possibly to be real-

ised in the distant future. Clarke and Lewis made their wonderful expedition in 1804, starting from St Louis, which was then the outlying trading-post on the Missouri. It was undertaken chiefly from political curiosity, and in the interests of geographical science. After eighteen months of incredible endurance, the explorers reached the shores of the Pacific. It was nearly forty years before that expedition was followed up, and the second and more important exploration originated in haphazard and a love romance. By something like a providence, Fremont was predestined to prepare a way for the impending rush of gold-seekers. The man who won, and well deserved, the *sobriquet* of the Great Pathfinder was a young officer of Engineers when he engaged himself to the pretty daughter of Benton, the senator from Missouri. The lieutenant was poor, and had no prospects, so the stern parent would not hear of the match. He used his influence at Washington to send the youth on the perilous adventure of examining the Des Moines river. It was a new version of the old story of labours imposed on lovers, when the gods or fairies come to their help. To the senator's surprise and disgust, the successful surveyor was back within the year. As his bride was still

withheld, he married her secretly, and, by way of making provision for the future, planned a geographical survey of the western territory of the States. His record was good, and the Government gave him employment. He was charged to investigate the Rockies, with special regard to discovering a pass which should give tolerably easy communication with the Pacific. He struck out the South Pass, and it remained the chief route of travel until the treasure-seekers found capital to lay down the railways. On a subsequent expedition in 1843, and in the beginning of a severe winter, he was lost among the tributaries of the Columbia, in the chaos of barren mountains. Famine was staring the party in the face: suggestions of cannibalism had been freely broached, when Kit Carson, the redoubtable scout and guide, stepped forward to accept the responsibility of extricating it from what seemed a hopeless *cul de sac*. And, sure enough, Kit's instincts guided them to Sutter's Fort on the Sacramento, where the ragged company of skeletons received a warm welcome.

Sutter, whose name will always be associated with that of Fremont, had an even more romantic career, and its end is infinitely touching. It points a moral on the vicissitudes of life and the vanity of human aspirations. Born in Baden, he had served with some distinction in Switzerland. In 1834 he emigrated to America, and embarked in the Santa Fé trade. He made money, ex-

plored Alaska, was wrecked on the return voyage in the Bay of San Francisco, and as he liked the look of the country on which he had been cast, there he resolved to settle down. Getting a grant of land from the Mexican Government, he established his settlement of New Helvetia on the site of Sacramento. The Mexicans appreciated him so highly that they made him Governor of Northern California, and when that country was ceded by treaty to America, he was confirmed in the post under a different title. Everything prospered under his hand. He initiated enterprise after enterprise, and was a generous employer of labour. His munificence was proverbial: for hospitality he was famed far and wide: he seemed to be reaping the rich reward of his good works. He took to spinning woollens and distilling spirits; he was enlarging the sawmills, which were doing a smart stroke of business in the lumber trade; and these were but a few of his thriving industrial undertakings. Beneath the foundations of his buildings were buried treasures of which neither he nor any one else had a suspicion. The year 1848 was fateful for Sutter, as for kings and potentates in Continental Europe. In an evil hour he signed a contract to run up a new mill. Digging for the mill-race, strange sparkles were seen in the sands. On close examination they proved to be gold-dust. The discovery was an incentive to further researches. The trail of the dust was traced up to pockets, and then to

nuggets: the Sacramento and an indefinite surrounding area were demonstrated to be richly auriferous. And when the news came to the ears of the scientific geologists, it seemed clear that the scattered gold was but the *débris* of the overhanging Sierras. In the rush that followed the first announcement poor Sutter was swept off his legs. In the first place, all his workpeople deserted him: his cattle strayed unherded; he could not afford to tempt his hands with fancy wages; and in the paralysis of industry he failed to meet his obligations. The loose mining laws of the Union came into play, and claims were pre-empted and pegged out on the lands that passed from him. He had lavished his economies on beneficence and hospitality. Now the wealthy settler was beggared, and he became a man with a grievance. After struggling on, in 1873 he emigrated eastwards to press his claims on Congress. Penniless and friendless, the old man had almost broken his heart, when he received the pitiful compensation of a trifling pension, and he only survived for a year to draw it.

The Sutter Discoveries, as they were called, precipitated the evolution of America. They unlocked treasure-stores which for a long time were to give it an unparalleled financial position. The Government had actually to devise extravagant ways and means to relieve the Treasury of the glut of hoarded metal. Meantime, the immediate consequence was a general exodus to the West. The trap-

pers, who had passed their lives in trackless plains and among rugged mountains, were men inured to hardship of every kind, and indifferent to peril. The new-comers were men of all sorts—the majority of them, perhaps, absurdly unfitted for the adventures which they rashly undertook. They were drawn by the gold, as by an irresistible magnet. Visions of wealth to be easily won overcame constitutional timidity, animated exhausted or despairing energy, and gave new life and strength to frames debilitated by dissipation. Mingled with these weaklings were sturdy miners, and desperate ruffians who scrupled at nothing. The mixed multitude swarmed in on California from all directions and by every means of conveyance. They chartered schooners from Australia and the Pacific Isles; they faced the winter terrors of the Horn in unseaworthy ships, indifferently found and dangerously overloaded. Some few, who had the means of providing a costly outfit, resigned themselves to the sluggish ox-teams; but the most of the gold-seekers who came from the Eastern States, when they passed the Missouri, tramped it on foot. They crossed sterile deserts of salt and alkali; they ferried themselves somehow across flooded rivers; they struggled through quicksands which sometimes engulfed them; they threaded their way among icy crags and dizzy precipices, and stumbled along through the boulders and *débris* in the depths of gloomy chasms, soon to be spanned by girdered via-

ducts and suspension-bridges. The mortality was frightful, and not a few of the more hardy survivors only reached the Californian El Dorado to sicken and to die. The sea-borne traffic speedily fell off. For a few months the high passage-rates had paid well; but after a time no cautious shipowner would charter for California. Even the whalers dared not touch at San Francisco or Monterey. The crews deserted bodily, and not unfrequently the skipper followed their lead, leaving his vessel at its moorings to take care of itself.

When Sutter settled upon the coast, he got from the Spaniards a grant of sixty miles in length by twelve in breadth. His energy did something to waken up a lethargic society, living in luxurious indolence on the flocks and fruits, and scratching patches of the rich soil here and there with their primitive ploughs. Sutter, besides starting the industrial enterprises we have mentioned, set an example of intelligent farming, and cultivated 1500 acres. Much of his property, as of that of the Spanish mission-stations and landowners, consisted of great herds of cattle and troops of wild horses. And yet the wealth running on four legs could seldom be realised, for except when ships put in for supplies, there was as little of a sale for beef as for horseflesh. When the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo handed California over to the Union, San Francisco was but a rudely fortified mission-house, surrounded by *adobe* hovels for the *peons*. There

was nothing to tempt the cupidity of pirate or privateer, and the Golden Gates were only guarded by some rickety fortifications, a survival of the more palmy days of Old Spain. The Americans found themselves in possession of a strip of territory three times the area of England, with 1000 miles of seaboard. As for commerce, there was next to none, so that Eastern statesmen had realised nothing of the magnificent capabilities of San Francisco Bay. But the American, like the Scotsman, will penetrate everywhere where he sees a way to doubling a dollar. The soil was deep, the climate genial, and in a few months after the annexation San Francisco was a rising township of wooden structures, with no fewer than three "hotels"! But nothing portended a boom, and it seemed likely enough to stagnate, for the headquarters of the new *regimé* had been established at Monterey.

Then there came that memorable afternoon when Marshall, who had been digging the mill-lead on the Sacramento, burst in upon Sutter at the fort. He could scarcely stammer out an explanation of his excitement, and Sutter thought his friend the contractor had gone mad. He was assured of it when Marshall produced his pocketfuls of yellow siftings, and pronounced them gold-dust. Mica, of course! declared the old settler; he had seen that glitter often before, and knew the fallacious lustre. But what with the weight and the rude assays, it took no long time to convince his

incredulity. The discovery proved ruinous to Sutter, but he dreamed of enriching himself beyond the dreams of avarice. The idea of the partners was to keep the thing dark—an absurdity on the face of it, in that lawless territory, held on questionable titles, where might was right and monopolies were an impossibility. Sutter and Marshall went searching and washing. All they found tended to confirm their hopes: they passed on from sifting out gold-dust to picking up tiny nuggets. But they had been watched and tracked by a shrewd workman from Kentucky, and immediately the great news got wind. The hands at the saw-mills and distilleries knocked off work and went about prospecting on their own account. A few days afterwards there was sensation in sleepy San Francisco when a man rode in from the Sacramento with sand to be assayed. At first nobody believed: probably the assayers were not over-expert, and all declared, like Sutter, that he had been befooled by mica. But party after party came in upon his heels, some of them bringing nuggets there was no mistaking. Nothing but the doubts and fears which must be speedily allayed could have torn them away from the diggings. The doubts being satisfied, they were in a fever to get back. Their excitement and example were contagious: the epidemic spread in the settlement, and it is astounding, and yet perhaps not astounding, how suddenly it caught on. The impecunious loafers,

who were casting about for a living, fancied they had stumbled on to the borderland of the fabled El Dorado. Yet their fondest fancies fell far short of the truth; for their notion was that the wealth was localised on the Sacramento, and the Sacramento had only brought down the loose drift of inestimable treasures-stores in the Sierra Nevada. On the other hand, in their sanguine excitement they ignored the fact that gold gambling is a lottery, with innumerable blanks to each solid prize, and where, at best, the expenses may swallow the profits. The signs of the times multiplied quickly. The solitary negro waiter at the principal tavern raised his demand for wages to ten dollars a-day, and the claim was reluctantly conceded. The saddler was the most important local tradesman in a country where everybody rides. There was an immediate rush for saddle repairs, holsters, and saddlebags; but his workpeople, helping themselves to his stock, had taken French leave and gone: so in a day or two the master put up his shutters, with the inscription, "Gone to the diggings." Already the reaction of the social shock was felt at Sutter's Fort. Sutter was looking on helplessly, while his land was being pegged out and squabbled over by strangers. He could get no help from the States' garrison, for their Indian recruits had deserted to a man. His blissful dreams of a gold monopoly were dissipated, for every labourer was grubbing for himself. He tried in vain to tempt his

mill-hands with treble wages and unlimited allowances of whisky. He might have done a fair stroke of business in the meantime, for his magazines were well stocked; but the master had other preoccupations, and there was difficulty in getting anybody to sell.

Then was seen the curious spectacle of fortune-seekers toiling among veritable riches and living painfully and anxiously from hand to mouth. Provisions were at famine prices. Even a novice in an average day's work might wash out 25 dollars' worth of gold. On an income of £1800 a-year, one might have saved considerably in a more settled country. But the bare cost of the coarsest food was portentous. No one could spare time to bring in for sale the cattle that were running masterless on the mountains, or to shoot the elk and deer. Later on, a few of the shrewder folk began to realise that purveying for the necessities and amusements of the miners was far more profitable than sharing their precarious toil. A dram of Californian brandy sold for a dollar, and the diggers were a thirsty generation. But at first only one or two long-headed men kept cool enough to enrich themselves by supplying the workers. And never since has any body of novices gone to work with more primitive or inadequate appliances. They shook up the sand in pots and pans, and even pots and pans were at a premium. Good part of the dust ran to waste in those rough and un-

skilled processes. There was not an ounce of quicksilver in camp. The simplest form of cradle was an infinite saving of gold and labour. But few of the adventurers had the tools, the capacity, or the time to knock the rudest form of rocker together, and no one of the three carpenters at the diggings would work under 40 dollars a-day. Yet it was pennywise to refuse to engage them, even at those exorbitant wages. The cradles not only lightened labour but largely increased the percentage of gold. And when one party "concluded to quit" from the Sacramento, two cradles were put up to auction. The bidding was brisk, and they fetched the almost incredible sum of 400 dollars, although the value of the material was *nil*, and the workmanship of the roughest.

In fact, many of the diggers soon began to move on. Some were disappointed, all were restless; the claims on the lower Sacramento were overcrowded, and reports, exaggerated by rumour, came in of rich discoveries nearer to the Nevada Range. Yet those reports were true in the main, for the farther streams were traced towards the mountains, the thicker became the sign on the golden trails which led to rock repositories, as yet unsuspected. There were concentrated deposits in depressions of the torrent beds, and nuggets of considerable size became more frequent. Yet the biggest was not so very big, nor was there anything to compare with the prizes of Australia. The best authenticated value

was 4000 dollars,—for such “finds” as that attributed to the unlucky discoverer of the great Comstock silver-lode seem to be more or less mythical. Industrious washers often made their 40 dollars a-day, but the dangers to life and property increased in arithmetical proportion with each league they laid between themselves and the Sacramento headquarters. At first the unsophisticated Indians had been willing to do a modicum of work with pick and shovel for their food and a free allowance of whisky. Sutter had enlisted several gangs, from tribes with whom he had friendly relations, when his white workpeople went washing on his land on their own account. His Indians struck for wages, and then began raising their terms, when they realised that the yellow stuff could be bartered for blankets, guns, and powder. The news spread to their kinsfolk in the interior, who began to swarm down towards the mines like wasps gathering round honey-pots. They had no wish to work, but they were ready to rob and murder; and in any case the horses picketed outside an encampment were an irresistible bait. Men worn with the day of toil had to set watches through the night. Nor when they had accumulated some considerable store of gold was it an easy matter to place it in safety. There were white as well as red robbers. Brigandage is a recognised Spanish industry; and even when California was under Mexican rule there were bands infesting the mountains. In those days the business must

have been a poor one, but now it received a sudden impulse. One or two noted chiefs came down with recruited forces to beset the trails along the Sacramento and the Americans’ river. Dr Brooks, who was one of the first Englishmen to make his way to the mines, has left an interesting account of his experiences both with the white brigands and the Indians. They were exciting, and compressed into a very brief space of time. With several companions he had pushed on to Weber’s Creek, and thence to Bear River, a branch of the Americans’. They had done very well—had realised about 5000 dollars’ worth of gold. Then the Indians beset the camp, stole the horses, killed one or two of the party, and wounded others, after sundry sharp skirmishes. The diggers took alarm for their gold, and sent it off to Sutter’s Fort, under what they deemed sufficient escort. But the brigands were looking out, and the treasure was looted. The miners, hastening back to the Sacramento, ran the trail of the robbers till they lost it in the Pueblos and Sierras of New Mexico, and they never had another glimpse of the metal which had cost them months of arduous labour. Nor was that at all an exceptional experience.

At first it was all placer-mining. Placer-mining is superficial. It meant washing the stream-beds, scraping the gravelly surface, and removing shallow coverings of barren rock. The essential point in that, as in quartz-mining, is a sufficiency of water. In many cases the miners were con-

demned to a novel variation on the torments of Tantalus. Following up the Sacramento and the Americans', and tracing the *arroyos* or tributary creeks to their sources, they found the richest deposits in old gravel-beds. But the torments which had scooped the chasms had long run dry or changed their courses. So the sand had to be carried to the water, which might be many miles away, or else the water must be brought to the sand. The intensity of the labour may be conceived, in trackless valleys, between glowing rocks, and in the blaze of a Californian summer. In 1854 the placer-mines had been nearly worked out, but then came the discovery of the metalliferous quartz in the Sierras. For the most part these quartz lodes were in sterile and waterless regions, yet water, and water in profusion, was more indispensable than ever. Companies with enormous capital were formed to work the new mines, and by far their greatest expenditure was on the item of the water-supply. Generally it had to be brought from great distances,—sometimes for a distance of twenty or thirty miles. It may give some idea of the rapid progress of Californian mining to mention, that in fifteen years the mining ditches, as they were called, aggregated a length of nearly 5000 miles. Hewn out of the hard rock, or carried in wooden flumes, through beds of shingle and gravel, in cost they far surpassed the superb aqueducts of the Roman Campagna, for the Romans paid little for la-

bour. We may roughly guess the quantity of water laid on from the fact that sixty millions of gallons may be expended on a single hydraulic claim in a single day. In twenty-five years, according to the estimates of a Treasury official, gold to the value of a thousand millions of dollars had been extracted from California. Nor was it California alone that was contributing to the grand total. Excitement blazed up at intervals on stages leading toward the East. The rushes to Washoe in Western Utah and Pike's Peak in Colorado came in 1858, almost simultaneously with the revelation of the riches of Montana.

We know that with indulgence in big figures we take a long step towards illusive conceptions of infinity and eternity. They may be the pride and pleasure of severe statisticians, but the average intelligence is as hopelessly lost in them as the tenderfoot on the boundless prairies. It is easier to estimate tangible results. Had there been no discoveries of the precious metals, the Californian seaboard might have been indefinitely isolated from the rich and thickly populated Eastern States. Settlers could only have come by sea to that elongated strip of favoured territory. Farmers and graziers would have still pushed beyond the Missouri, but they would have come to a temporary check when they travelled beyond the range of markets. The cattle of Texas would never have fed in the pastures of Montana or filled the slaughter-yards of Chicago.

The mustangs of Mexico and California could never have been sold to the Mississippi dealers or mounted the cavalry of the Union. But the gathering of the golden harvest involved and compelled incessant and increasing expenditure of capital and enterprise. In many cases speculations were tolerably secure; in most there was the possibility of enormous returns. The urgent necessity was ever the development of communications. The vast population which was flocking to the least accessible localities in the sterile wilderness must be clothed, fed, and entertained. The mushroom towns which were shooting up everywhere increased by leaps and bounds in a single season. Forests were felled, rivers were bridged, foot-trails were made practicable for vehicles; a tolerably regular post was established, to be supplemented by the telegraph-wire, and the telegraph in due course was succeeded by the rival lines of inter-oceanic railways. Many a thriving township at some temporary terminus sprung up like the prophet's gourd, only to die down or move on. But at the mining centres they grew rapidly into cities in face of unexampled obstacles. And then enterprise and energy radiated from these focuses to meet the converging advances from all sides, until the whole Western Continent had quickened into spasmodic but feverish life. A typical example—though in adverting to it we are rather anticipating—was that of Virginia City, the capital of the famous Washoe district, with its fabulous wealth. Ross-Browne, one of the original

"citizens," has written the picturesque story of its early struggles. There was no better timber to be found on the barren hillsides than the brittle sage brush; and the sage scrub denotes a scarcity of water. Worse off than the Israelites, who had only to make bricks without straw, the first squatters could not find soil enough for the *adobe* building of the Mexicans. Yet the thousands who were swelling their numbers day by day were to be somehow sheltered. The more luxurious aristocrats ran up booths of canvas or blanket, or housed themselves in hovels of mud and sage branches. The boards from boxes or packing-cases were at a premium. The more hardy were satisfied to roof themselves in with a blanket. Gradually, as civilisation progressed, they bored tunnels and dug out chambers in holes scooped by the coyotes or jack-rabbits. The first of the speculators built what they were pleased to call sleeping-houses, where two or three hundred lodgers were half-suffocated at a charge of a dollar a-head. The London twopenny rope was sensuous indulgence by comparison. Almost simultaneously came the gambling-saloons and the drinking-bars by the dozen; the travelling theatre or circus, and the competing newspaper offices.

Things were unpleasant enough in the summer, though if the heat were stifling slight shelter sufficed, and if living was dear there could be no starvation. To do the rough miner bare justice, when in luck he was always willing to share with a neighbour. The man

who was ready to shoot at sight had a heart open to melting charity. But the sufferings in the intense severity of the first winter were worse than any recorded in the colder latitude of Klondyke. The miners had taken the precaution of collecting cattle, but had forgotten to consider how the cattle were to be fed. What little coarse hay there was came to sell at 300 dollars the ton. The carcasses of dead animals covered the ground: the seething mass of corruption attracted the vultures and the wolves; but those scavengers were too few for the work, and the effluvia bred epidemics. The transport horses were wasted to skeletons, and the trains bringing in supplies were held up in the snow-drifts. Yet, all the time, pickaxe and shovel were busy in the frozen ground, and the fever of speculation raged unabated, though none of the rich *bonanzas* had as yet been discovered.

Meantime the Spanish hamlet of San Francisco had been growing into a place of importance. It was the capital of the mining territories, the centre of promotion and speculation, and the shipping port of the gold. Round San Francisco there was no lack of timber, and the first imposing structures, though in many storeys, were all of wood. Even when Froude visited it in 1885, when gathering materials for his 'Oceana,' most of the pavements were still of plank, although the great Palace Hotel was become the biggest caravanserai in the world. Of course the woodwork in a Californian summer was combustible as tinder, and consequently fires

were frequent. After each conflagration the streets rose from their ashes with improvements: as matter of economy stone came to replace wood, and if the buildings were often in infamous taste, at least they were solid. San Francisco sprang up and extended itself with the influx of prosperity and in the fluctuating rushes of speculation. Every man of grit was ready for a gamble, and each citizen of prominence, whatever his occupation, was a dealer in stocks and shares. But it is a remarkable fact that, till after the discoveries of silver in 1858, there was no regular stock exchange anywhere on the Pacific coast, though the Californian capital was soon to boast three rival institutions, and even the cities on the Comstock were provided with municipal facilities for going "wild-cat" mad. Then there were no joint-stock companies (limited), with shares officially quoted: all the quartz-mining was carried on by a few confederates in partnership, and on a system of the strictest secrecy. The buying, the selling, and the gambling went forward none the less briskly that the speculators were generally in the dark and far from the seats of operations. Touts were employed, as on the English turf, to spy on prospectors and owners; detectives were engaged to do duty disguised as workmen; bribery and corruption were everywhere rife, and large sums were paid for reliable tips. It was as yet the day of small things in San Francisco, but already competencies or moderate fortunes

were being rapidly made and as easily lost. It was an easy-going society, and not very lawless. Even in Nevada camps many of the miners went unarmed, and murders were infrequent. It was a charitable world in every sense, and tolerant in its morality. Shrewdness and a moderate amount of squareness were the redeeming virtues. If a man acted on the straight with his pals and kept the secrets of their common business or rascality, he seldom wanted friends to give him a helping hand when he came to temporary grief. The easy acquisition of precarious affluence gave an extraordinary impulse to reckless habits. Successful men revelled in vulgar vice, and in that drouthy climate, with the gold-fever flowing in the veins, almost everybody opened an unlimited credit with the thirst which would never be sated. What with bargaining all day and drinking far into the nights, a man kept himself up to the mark with continual stimulants, and the semi-intoxicated exaltation of the individual reacted on the general speculative mania. There was no lack of female society of a sort; there were gambling-saloons that never closed their doors, and stood unlimited freedrinks to favoured patrons. But it was after the great silver boom of 1859 that San Francisco rose from timber shanties and rough stone dwellings into a city of palaces; that no *nouveau riche* made anything of a name, or could pretend to municipal office or social respect, unless he were notoriously in the habit of gambling for millions; that lucky miners bathed

metaphorically in champagne, though they infinitely preferred whisky, and were consoled for the discomfort of wearing clean linen by the display of shirt-fronts blazing with diamonds. San Francisco sowed its wild oats in a series of orgies of sharp dealings and mad dissipation, ranging from the coarse excesses of common miners suddenly enriched to the luxurious ostentation of ephemeral millionaires seeking to outvie each other in prodigal extravagances. But with the rapid and assured influx of wealth came respectability and the sense of municipal responsibility. The Regulators had prepared the way for the Reign of Law. Character became a matter of consequence. The public promenades and drives became at least as decent as the Bois de Boulogne or the Parks of New York. Since then a new generation has grown up, with all the advantages of education and foreign travel, for the Californians with their golden keys have been unlocking doors more or less exclusive on the Old Continent. In short, the Golden City of to-day shows as creditable a record and as clean a bill of moral health as New York or London, with the fairest prospects of indefinite progress, for as wealth still flows steadily in, so the population multiplies and flourishes. And all that eventful evolution, with the expansion of the Union of which it is merely a symbol, came of the morning's incident on the Sacramento, when the man who was cutting poor Sutter's mill-race chanced to be something of a practical mineralogist.

THE GIFT OF FULFILMENT: AN ALLEGORY.¹

BY BEATRICE HARRADEN.

It was the hour of sunset, and a wayfarer stood waiting outside the great courtyard of the Sovereign's palace. He had been lingering there for several long hours, and had watched many other travellers press boldly forward, each of them apparently armed with some kind of credential, which the grave custodian read and re-read before signing to the bearer to pass through the reluctant gates. This wayfarer had no such papers, and therefore he might well pause before asking for admittance into those fair realms. But as he glanced towards the purple glory of the setting sun, something of the glow and splendour of that vision entered into his very soul, and thrilled him with a sudden hope and rapture.

"Ah," he said, softly, "it may be so—it may be that the Sovereign will deign to listen to me!"

Then he knocked, and the gate swung slowly open.

"And where is your passport?" asked the custodian, looking kindly at the tired wayfarer.

"Alas! I have no passport," he said, "but I thought——"

The custodian shook his head.

"No one may enter here without one," he said, firmly, and instinctively he stepped back and touched the gate.

"Stay, I entreat you," said the wayfarer with almost painful eagerness. And there was

something in his bearing and in the sound of his voice and in the expression of his face which made the keeper of the gate hesitate.

"My son," he said, gently, "tell me thy mind, but be brief, for lo! the sun hath almost set. And when the sun hath set, my appointed task for the day is over, and I may no longer penetrate into the Lord Sovereign's audience-hall."

The stranger meantime had hastily inscribed a few words on a tablet, and the old grey custodian raised it to his eyes and read, "*I have waited.*"

"*'I have waited'?*" he repeated questioningly, and glancing at the stranger.

"Yes," said the stranger with a quiet dignity. "*'I have waited.'* That is my only credential, but the Lord Sovereign will of a surety accept it. I entreat of thee to present it for me. Close thy gate against me, and I will linger here until I have thy answer. And if I may not enter after all, thy courtesy and gentleness have at least been my portion in spite of evil chance."

"*'I have waited,'*" murmured the custodian half to himself. "And how may I dare approach the Lord Sovereign with such a strange message? Nevertheless I will venture, and, meanwhile, tarry thou here."

The great gate closed noiselessly, and the wayfarer stood waiting outside. And the custodian passed into the inner

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court, and thence into the presence-chamber of the Ruler of the realm.

"My Lord Sovereign," he said in anxious tones, as he made obeisance, "there is a wayfarer who pleads for admission here, but he hath no passport such as I can know and recognise."

"Then there can be no entrance," was the stern answer. "Surely thou know'st that, after thy many years of faithful service."

"Nay, but my Lord," pleaded the old man, "the wayfarer hath presented me with this writing, and such was the fervour of his manner and the expression on his noble countenance, that I knew not how to refuse to kneel before thee on his behalf."

Then the great Ruler read the writing on the tablet.

"*I have waited,*" he said aloud. "What can that mean?"

"*I have waited,*" repeated wonderingly those assembled around him.

A great silence fell on all that gracious company. One might have heard the soft sighing of the tiniest flower. And meanwhile the wayfarer tarried outside, lost in anxious meditation.

"Can it be," thought he, "that my pent-up sadness may find expression at last, and my mind ease itself of all its grievous unfulfilments?" And whilst thus wrapt up, the old custodian touched him on the arm.

"Come, my son," he said, kindly. "The Sovereign summons thee to learn what thy words may well imply."

The wayfarer followed his guide through the inner court, and through the great golden

barriers, and lo! he stood before the dread Ruler in the throned presence-chamber. It may be that his steps faltered somewhat, as we all must needs falter before the Unknown. But his heart never wavered, and his courage never failed, for he knew that his cause was just, or at least he believed it was such—and where shall we find that faint line of demarcation 'twixt what is true for us and what is reality in itself? So he faced the Sovereign unflinchingly, and glanced with quiet confidence at the blessed followers whose credentials had been of safer and surer worth than his.

"Speak," said the Ruler, "and unravel the mystery of thy strange message. And when we have heard, we will give our answer."

Then the wayfarer spoke.

"My Lord," he said, "I thank thee for this gracious favour. My story is a brief one, and though it may seem an unusual one, I do not claim that it is my story only. It belongs to countless others, but chance has so willed it that I should be the one to tell the legend for all those who are in this, my woe-ful plight."

"Then thou hast come as an ambassador?" asked the Ruler.

"Nay," he answered. "I cannot aspire to be so impersonal. My own great necessity has urged me hither. But as time sped on its way, I have learned what to me was a startling revelation—that mine was not the only necessity of the self-same kind."

He paused, and the Ruler signed to him to proceed further, and there seemed a suppressed

excitement among the countless followers, as though something unwonted were being enacted—some strange departure from the customs of the realm.

"This is my story," said the wayfarer. "To have known myself gifted above the ordinary in every incarnation through which, by the fixed laws of development, I have passed as a matter of course. To have known and humbly recognised those gifts, striven for them, fostered them, protected them as far as I could from adverse influences, and from my own lower self, that worst of evil influences; and when they were damaged almost beyond recognition, by wanton sin and by unconscious errors of judgment, then to have grasped them once more, and by tender and penitent nursing to have brought them back to the beauty which was all their own. And yet through the long long years to have had no fulfilment—I speak not of failure, my Lord. To fail at least means that *one has been into the battle and lost*. But it has ever been my cruel fate to be forced away from the field, and to watch hungrily the favoured ones of Circumstance and Chance rush eagerly towards victory or defeat. So my life has been one weary long waiting for the gracious opportunity which has never been vouchsafed me. And I have come hither to raise my voice in protest—to ask why these things should be—why we should be given beautiful powers and forbidden to use them—where the sense of it can be, and where the justice? And if there be hidden sense in the

ordination and hidden justice, then at least I claim that those few words inscribed on the tablet should be as potent a passport as a long record of deeds attempted and accomplished, and of deeds attempted and failed in. Failure, I know, hath entered these fair realms and been comforted, and yet, my Lord, thou canst surely realise that her burden is but a light one compared with mine. Nay, it is not that I would have grudged her any solace—beautiful sad-eyed Failure—but to me her lot seems enviable indeed."

Now it so happened that, though the wayfarer knew it not, Failure was resting there and recovering strength for her many struggles in the great world beyond. She came from time to time and learnt the real meaning of her name, and then passed out joyous and vigorous again. She now arose and knelt before the Lord Sovereign.

"My Lord," she said in her deep-toned voice, "I know this stranger well, and he hath told but a part of his sad record, every word of which is only too true. I knew him first as a Poet, with the world's sufferings ringing in his ears, with the world's joys carolling in his heart. Great thoughts possessed him, great abilities to give them expression. But he died—his tale untold, his message undelivered; he had only just begun to shape the message when his call came. Then I knew him in another incarnation, with the Painter's beautiful Fancy added to the Poet's Spirit. Pictures he planned and scenes of high ideality. He had worked, lived, striven, and al-

most attained—then suddenly the light faded from his eyes, and his deft hand hung nerveless by his side. And never again came back the power to do and be and create. Nothing remained save the knowledge that the field of life's activities was for others and not for him. Then I knew him as a statesman with a passionate sense of national honour—brave, clear-seeing, impersonal. But impeded by conditions and circumstances, hampered by narrow means and private obligation, he had the bitterness of seeing others stroll into the places of authority, by means of birth or wealth or influence. And not theirs the enthusiasm of soul, nor theirs the pride of nation, nor theirs the inborn understanding. Then a great war broke out, and the beloved country lost its honour and dignity amongst the nations of the world. Yet he could have saved her. But though he worked and waited and strove, and built up his knowledge and strength, yet the opportunity, longed for and prayed for, was never vouchsafed him. Ah, and I could add only too easily to his sad record of unfulfilments; but surely, my Lord Sovereign, these suffice of themselves, and thou wilt consider the justice of his protest."

She ceased, and again there was a hushed silence in the presence-chamber, and all eyes were riveted on the wayfarer, who stood as one transfixed by thought and memory.

"And what canst thou add to our beloved Failure's words?" asked the Sovereign with ineffable tenderness and sympathy.

"Ah, my Lord, what more should I say!" he answered, sadly. "Failure hath indeed told my life's history, and hearing it, my heart is too full to plead or protest further. Thou know'st all." Then the Sovereign communed with his own heart, and as he communed, the very air seemed redolent of sweet fragrance, fit harbinger of merciful thoughts and gracious understanding. And then he spoke.

"My son," he said, "I have meditated on thy sad record, and this is my decree. Henceforth those words *I have waited* shall be a royal passport into these realms. For the patient striving, and waiting with no chance of fulfilment, is the heaviest trial of all. And thou hast indeed earned thy entrance. Therefore welcome. . . . But stay, though thou art welcome here a thousand-fold, a sudden thought possesses me. I will give thee a still greater boon—the greatest boon for which thy heart could wish—the gift of fulfilment. Hasten, therefore, into the world, and fling thyself into the battle lists. Thou shalt experience the glow of expression, the rapture of action: thou shalt have thy thrill at last. And then, when failure or success has fallen to thy lot, come hither once more and take thy rest."

The wayfarer fell on his knees and stretched out his arms in gratitude.

"Oh, my Lord Sovereign," he cried, passionately, "how can I ever thank thee for giving me my very heart's desire?"

And he rose, buoyant with new-born manhood and happiness, and sped on his way.

TANTE LOTJE.¹

I.

WHEN General van de Burg was ordered to return to the East, where he had already covered himself with glory, his chief concern was for the daughter whom he must leave behind him in Holland. Marie van de Burg was now nineteen, and in some respects she was older than girls of nineteen usually are, inasmuch that for two years and more she had been her father's companion, and the sharer of his triumphs. Her mother (whom she could not remember) was a van Heesteren, which is as much as to say that she made a love match, for that great House was not likely in usual course to have allied itself with the obscure, though quite respectable, Zeeland family of van de Burg. But the Captain of Artillery even so early displayed the masterful qualities that were to make the name of Michiel van de Burg a terror in the Indian Ocean, and the little lady, who had never walked in the streets of The Hague or Arnhem unaccompanied by governess or companion, was swept away from the shelter of her family by the lord and master of her heart. She fought his fortunes at his side in India bravely, until a wandering fever caught her in her weakness after the birth of Marie, and left the soldier mourning.

The General's elder brother, Dr Maarten van de Burg, was

married and settled in a practice on the meadowlands to the north of Amsterdam, and in the same village lived his sister, the delightful Tante Lotje. When Marie was sent home from India, her mother's family promptly found for her a school in the city of Arnhem.

"A positive well of accomplishments," the General was informed.

"So I should suppose, judging from the guilders it swallows up," he wrote back in his brusque way.

It was, indeed, a school of manners, which, as every one knows, fetch a high price, and within its walls Marie learned the deportment of van Heesteren worlds—a graceful descent from her equipage, an elegant passage over the puddles on the "small-stones," the varying shades of warmth and veneration to be discovered in a salute, and the like. As the name of her brilliant father rose steadily like a planet over the Eastern horizon, Marie was given increasing opportunity of practising these arts in the society of uncles and aunts on her mother's side. She grew rusty in them during long holidays spent in the houses of Uncle Maarten and Tante Lotje, who had no social distinction save kinship with the illustrious General; but there were other things picked up there to compensate for the neglect. In this

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way Marie grew up with an instinct—an unenlightened passion even—for the accomplishments and duties of the varying conditions in which people may find themselves in this life. When the General returned to Europe to well-earned and distinguished repose, settling down for it with Marie in the famous house in the Voorhout, which is pointed out as his residence to this day, he found her everything homely, orderly, obedient, that her holidays in the village had taught her to be, and that he, as a van de Burg, had been brought up to cherish; and at the same time (and most serviceably so for him) skilled in all the arts of a world which throws itself at the feet of victorious generals. There existed thus between the two an easy and companionable affection which made this second parting bitter.

There was no question of taking Marie with him. He should not have been going East now had there not sprung up imperative need for the iron hand with which, and with good reason, the General was credited. It was not an expedition for women to join. Equally, there was no thought of exiling Marie to Uncle Maarten's village; and no invitation had arrived for her from the van Heesteren households, to which, it may be noted, even the General's self-constituted rights of billeting did not extend. Tante Lotje, said the General, must come to The Hague and play duenna to her niece, and accordingly Tante Lotje received her marching orders, with the precise hour at which she was to report herself

with her baggage, and a roster of her duties. Tante Lotje had made arrangements—much in the high-handed manner of the General—for a certain clucking dorking to present her with a brood on a date some ten days off, and on receiving the General's letter she appealed to heaven and an extensive audience standing round if that was an appointment in which she could possibly fail. She had had her boxes packed, and was herself in a flurried condition of mind, ready, pending the dorking's fulfilment of the engagement, to pay her annual week's visit to the family Zwart in Nymegen; and she spent the next few days in unpacking, demanding the while if she knew her own mind so ill that she would change the labels on her boxes at anybody's dictation. "Not one step to The Hague should she go. Was it likely that she should?—a lady of her time of life, forsooth! and to that city of foolishness." To make this protestation she paid a visit—several visits—to each of her acquaintance in the village; visits, however, which closed in protesting farewells. For Tante Lotje stood in great awe of her brother Michiel, who, indeed, had a short way with mutineers. She repacked her boxes, pasted together the pieces into which she had torn the roster, confided the expected fowls to the care of Dr Maarten's man, Gerrit, and alighted to the minute on the platform of The Hague where the General, with Marie, his private staff, was drawn up to receive her.

Experience of The Hague had

convinced the General that Tante Lotje's wing, valiant though he knew it to be, was not sufficient protection for Marie, and accordingly he gave her that of a *fiancé's* name. Had there been any *parti* at home, very eligible, and willing, the General with the iron hand would have married Marie to him straightway. It is certain that he would have attempted to marry her to any eligible stay-at-home, willy-nilly. But although there were many suitors at home very willing,—for Marie was handsome enough, and a hero's daughter,—there was none eligible, for the reason that the man whom the General had selected as a husband for his girl was going out on his own staff. Had Frans de Bruin been a less capable officer, he would have made a more desirable son-in-law, for then he could have been left at home. Here again, however, the General (as himself expressed it) sacrificed his personal convenience to his country's needs. It did not occur to him—no one who knew him had thought that it would, for one minute—that Marie and Frans might have wishes in the matter, or that, having them, they might expect them to be considered. And, as a matter of fact, there seemed to be on their part an absence of wishes, one way or another. Had General van de Burg refused Captain de Bruin as a volunteer for Atjeh, it is certain that de Bruin would have refused the General as a father-in-law. But the Captain felt that as he was going on the General's staff, marrying the

General's daughter was a small thing, or a small thing comparatively, especially as the going-out came first. So too, for Marie, who could think of nothing save the parting with her father, the fact that de Bruin was going out veiled the irrevocableness of the formal betrothal upon which the General had set his mind. Thus both she and Frans acquiesced, indifferently, in the step to which the General, who was a diplomatist as well as a soldier when he chose, was skillfully compelling them. When they did take it, it was with few of the accustomed ceremonials. There was no reception, no family dinner-party. As a matter of fact, the General and Frans went on board at Ymuiden on the day that cards were sent out, and Marie received alone the congratulations and the sympathy of their acquaintance. Except Uncle Maarten and his wife, to whom she was to pay a long visit soon, the van de Burgs had few relations, or at any rate few that counted; so there were only a van Heesteren or two and the de Bruin family in its main branches to be informally visited by the affianced couple, and this was done in flying afternoon calls. It was on the eve of sailing that they exchanged plain bands of gold, and they slipped them on each other's finger with few protestations. But first they scratched each other's initials on the inner sides of the circlets, and their laughing awkwardness in this operation blunted the cutting edge of the part-

ing interview, which had been made keen by the consciousness of indifference rather than by the poignancy of farewell.

The General's conduct of the war in the next two years is known to all the world: I am the minor historian of Tante Lotje's campaign in The Hague. Tante Lotje was a little body compact of spirited virtues; as the Scots say, "Guid gear goes in little bulk." On her head was a circlet of grey-black curls that shook all day long in the breeze of her agitations; for Tante Lotje attacked the affairs of life, each one, as her brother smote the enemy, with a sudden and fierce assault. Her particular mode of warfare—and here again the illustrious Michiel may have served as model—was a succession of skirmishes rounded off by a general attack upon the harassed and worn-out adversary. And, like her brother, she seldom failed in respect for a clever general opposed to her: that is why she suffered so few defeats. For this intrepid little warrior, The Hague was a fine field of operations. That light-some capital, as everybody knows, has a *chic* of its own. The inhabitants polish its life, bidding you observe how it sparkles in the plain setting of the surrounding country. To Tante Lotje, of good old Zealand stock, here was a challenge, and she accepted it briskly.

"*Tailleur!* Poof!" she would exclaim, stopping Marie in their perambulation of the Spui Straat of an afternoon. "Why can't the man call himself a maker of clothes! That's

Dutch. And look here: *Confiseur*. Hé! It's only a banket-baker, and the little baggage in it who serves you in French never was nearer Paris than the Kurhaus, for certain."

"But, Tante," Marie would answer, coaxing the curls to calm themselves and move on, "you find *tailleurs* and *confiseurs* and *modistes* all over Holland."

"As if I didn't know. An evil sore's not slow to spread."

At least, Marie claimed—Marie was now a Hagenaar—The Hague had taste, and set the *mode*.

"Mode!" Tante Lotje would cry—"Mode! Certes, *that* mode!" and she stopped to indicate a gown of Parisian style which was taking the air across the street, attended by two or three uniforms. "That mode!" and the curls rustled. "And taste! I wish you could have seen Grandmother van de Burg, a picture in the Dutch style."

"A pleated mutch and a Walcheren bodice, I suppose," replied Marie, a little nettled.

"Pleated mutch! a Walcheren bodice!" Tante Lotje snorted. "Do you think, girl, she was a peasant because she wasn't a van Heesteren?"

Tante Lotje, it will be seen, never argued in generalities. It was this which made her so discomposing an enemy, so agreeable a gossip. Her sallies, carried right into the enemy's citadel thus, plucking at the heart of his conceits, gave Tante Lotje quite a notoriety in The Hague. The Hagenaars looked upon her

through their quizzing-glasses as a curiosity that matched well with her brother, the General—a prickly hero, bred on the pure, gross national stock; and tolerated her accordingly. Within the wide circle of the General's acquaintance, the receiving of whom Marie found easy after the Arnheim training, there was another, smaller, a circle of Marie's own age and for the most part not of her own sex, which not only tolerated Tante Lotje, but even swung some adulatory incense before her. They liked nothing better than to draw the bitterer edge of her tongue, even if sometimes they suffered from it themselves. Tante Lotje was a child in her outspokenness,—better than a child, for she had a whole world of philosophy at her back. Only, her philosophy did not guide her tongue, or her humours: Tante Lotje spoke and acted first, and reflected afterwards. No: it might be said that she employed her philosophy, not to back her fancy, but to hedge. Tante Lotje "putting her foot in it" (as the vulgar figure has it) and then trying to withdraw it, was a perennial entertainment. It came about thus, through the duenna herself, that some young folks, chiefly officers, fell into the habit of dropping in when dinner was over, for tea-drinking, or immediately after that, and became on an easy footing with the household. The footing was so easy that Tante Lotje, happening to reflect upon it as a duenna, was shot with a doubt if this was exactly what

the General had put her there to authorise. She would have put an end to it there and then accordingly; but it was characteristic of Marie that on this one point she chose to hold ground with her aunt. She had acquiesced in some primary, old-fashioned restrictions that Tante Lotje imposed upon her freedom outside—restrictions, even, which it was the special privilege, or the special boast, of the military class to ignore; but here she was firm.

"Am I not betrothed? And am not I to have the privileges of a betrothed person?" she would say.

Tante Lotje's eyes opened at this, but it was typical of Marie's mind. Betrothal, to her, was a privet hedge within which it was not only the privilege, but the duty, of my lady to take the sun all through the hours it shone. Privet hedges, Tante Lotje might have reminded her, are not insuperable barriers; but Tante Lotje no more reflected than she argued in a figure. She had, however, a very sensitive eye for the reality. There was, in this inner circle, a laughing, open-faced boy, Christiaan Remmers, a cousin-german of the betrothed de Bruin, and in the Engineers. With General van de Burg he had been rather a favourite, not because of his military capacity—his liking ran rather to scientific research—but because of a good-nature in making a losing second with Marie at ombre. In the ombre days, Marie and Christiaan played heart-whole. She had her father; he, his laboratory.

Besides they had each other—partners at ombre. Possibly Tante Lotje was the only person shrewd enough to have the suspicion flash through her mind that Marie and Remmers were in love. Certainly she was the only person who, suspecting it, would have immediately put her suspicions into words.

Her manner of doing so was characteristic. Remmers had drunk tea and left, and the household had retired for the night, when Tante Lotje broke in upon Marie's disrobing unbidden. In that there was nothing unusual: to Tante Lotje, in the silence of her own room, there came scores of thoughts which she deemed it necessary to communicate there and then to Marie across the passage. To-night she paid her niece one visit only, in dishabille, with a tumbler of water in one hand, her tooth-brush in the other. Marie saw the curls appear round the door, heard shot at her the words,—“Marie! Hey! I believe you're in love with Remmers, Marie,”—and was left to reflect upon them undisturbed.

When the intrusion was referred to next day—by Tante Lotje, hedging—Marie remarked, without any heat of denial, that Remmers, any one could see, came for Tante Lotje's company, not hers. Marie, one gathers, was not quite a fool. But Tante Lotje certainly was not one either; and she was not to be put off the scent so easily. She whispered her conviction to each of her acquaintance, demanding from each

frank verification, as from the only one on earth whom she would have taken into her confidence. Her temperament was such, such her instinct in battle, that in the campaign which followed she volunteered in various services. Now she was on the side of the General, a father with wishes. Again she was fighting for de Bruin, a betrothed with rights. Most annoying, and shocking indeed, to Marie, who calmly denied that any delicate situation existed, was a sentimental attitude which Tante Lotje chose at times to take up in defence of the claims of true love. Meanwhile, once, she found herself a duenna with a conscience, and conscience happening to tell her that the General ought to know, she forthwith discussed the situation as she conceived it, with enormous emphasis and great vagueness, in a postscriptum to a letter to her brother. This letter, with the sting in its tail, was beyond recall when Tante Lotje began to reflect on what she had done. It was then that it came home to her how inconvenient for a mercurial person with correspondents is a monthly mail. Knowing the General, she had uneasy fears of the consequences of her act for his daughter; and, characteristically, in the weeks that followed the calm stream of her affection for Marie had its surface rippled by exuberant acts of kindness. It is with regret that we say it of so intrepid a fighter—Tante Lotje was in a funk.

The bolt from the East—the General's ultimatum on the

affair of the post-scriptum — fell one night in the end of June. His letter, addressed to Marie, breathed a prickly affection, though it rapped out its sentiments like words of command. "There was order once more on the coast," the General wrote; "the rascals have been brought to book,"—and he added gleefully a few grim details of ways and means. "But they were not going to fall into the mistake that had been made before of lifting the iron hand the moment it had been clapped hard down. He was remaining out there for some months, it might be for a year and more, de Bruin with him, and Marie was to come out and join them." There was no reproach, or appeal, or allusion to any private information received,—just his orders, precisely detailed. The curls shook with agitation at sight of the letter. Marie read it, without visible flush or cloud of countenance. Contrary to her usual practice, she did not pass it on to her aunt, but laid it folded beside her cup, and took up her book again, content to mention that the General was well.

"And de Bruin?" Tante Lotje asked.

"Very well," Marie replied.

Tante Lotje fancied that Marie was a little *distracte*, even a little cold; but that may have been the conscience of Tante Lotje—the woman, not the duenna. She was thirsting for information which Marie carefully withheld, and though she was in and out of Marie's room that night inviting confidence in every stage of dis-

habille, she had to retire to bed with the thirst unslaked. During the next two days she mounted the scale of curiosity and irritation, until, reaching a pitch insufferably acute,—

"Did he say nothing about Remmers?" she asked her niece, in a whisper of excitement.

Marie was very far from being a humourist, but she laughed to herself to see the cat she suspected come leaping from the bag.

"Never mentioned his name!" She playfully gave her aunt the answer back in her own tone of suppressed agitation.

"Didn't he? . . . Of course not. . . . Only, you see, . . . I thought. And, Marie, you would rather marry Remmers, wouldn't you?"

To this Marie replied, stiffly, with the news that she was going out to de Bruin.

What! She was going to India. Over that sea. She. Her dear Marie. And they would never see each other more. It was a good thing, at least, that they hadn't preserved the peas as they had intended. And Tante Lotje must leave The Hague—her beloved Hague. Well, well. Michiel was a clever man, and he knew best. And she would go back to her own comfortable house. But Remmers! Remmers! Come here, child, and let me kiss you. Hey! And they would have all the trouble of a marriage. A marriage with the glove. It would kill her. She knew: she would make some raspberry wine for Marie on the voyage. Poor child! Now, calm yourself, Marie dear. As for her—

she must begin to get things ready that very hour. She must write her brother Maarten immediately. If she was going back to her own house, the windows had better be opened at once.

Thus Tante Lotje wept and protested and grumbled and worked, congratulated Marie, sympathised with her, scolded her, kissed her, jibed her, presented her with little unnecessary articles for the voyage bought out of her own slender store,—all in a breath, in the most inconvenient places, and at the most irrelevant moments of the day and night, up to the moment that the bride set sail for the East.

Marie, following the Dutch custom, went out as a wife, married with the glove. According to the learned, the passage of a glove from hand to hand was sign and seal among the ancients of a transference of unmovable property; and from this they derive the ceremony of marriage with a substitute whereby the Dutch bride at home is legally vested in the possession of a property, to all intents and purposes unmovable—a husband in the Indian Ocean. The glove, it is true, has disappeared from the ceremonial, but the name seems to warrant the conclusion of the pundits. Be that as it may, the institution has material advantages which mere antiquity could not give it, else it should not survive among so sagacious a people. The bride makes the voyage under protection of a husband's name. Shipboard, which experience tells is a severe test of

affection that is pledged, not bound, the bridegroom can now contemplate with a measure of serenity. And if, still, by an act of God, he should have to hold out his arms for her in vain, or she should find no arms awaiting her into which to fall, consolation is provided by the pensions and worldly goods in which the State and the marriage contract vest the survivor.

In Marie's case the ceremony was simple, and civil only. The Maarten van de Burgs, a sprinkling of de Bruins and van Heesterens, and, of course, Tante Lotje, composed the marriage party which drove to the town-house at noon. Marie wore few of the trappings of a bride: a spray or two of orange blossoms somewhere on a morning costume. Dr Maarten, in the dignity of evening dress, was a mild replica of his brother the General. When he advanced to take the bride's arm to lead her to her seat in front of the Registrar, people said smilingly that he made a handsome bridegroom. Tante Lotje was embracing Marie in a corner at the moment, and she whispered in her ear, "Eh! You should have had Remmers as a substitute, Marie," and kissed her again, with tears.

There was a little reception of relations when they drove back from the town-house, and the Maarten van de Burgs remained to dinner and unravelled with Tante Lotje the various pedigrees and private histories of the van Heesterens who had graced the ceremony.

The following day the house

in the Voorhout was closed. Marie went on board under care of the captain at Amsterdam, — the General's orders were for embarkation there, not at Marseilles. Tante Lotje and Uncle Maarten waved their "good-byes." The vessel steamed slowly down the canal, and the evening train bore Tante Lotje — the curls lamenting over tear-swollen

eyes—back to her own village home.

As the train swung through the olive shadows of the polder, she roused Maarten to say—

"I've never breathed it to a soul; so mind, don't tell that I said it. But Marie is in love with Remmers!"

"You've told me that before," said Maarten grimly, and turned in his corner.

II.

A fortnight had passed since Marie sailed. At Tante Lotje's house the curtains were up, the coppers polished, the stoves had been brought back from the blacksmith's and the silver from Uncle Maarten's. On the freshly-papered shelves of the linen-cupboard the linen was stacked with a sprig of *lieve-vrouwe-bedstroo* among it. The winter's butter had been bought in, and stood in jars in the store-room, beside glass bottles of *morelletjes*, shallots and gherkins in Cologne pots, *rolpens* laid in vinegar, and potted meats in various shapes. The poultry had been taken over from Gerrit, and successors found for some that had died of the pip. Tante Lotje had turned round in her house and made herself comfortable. And as she had suggested to her sister-in-law, the doctor's wife, several improvements in the management of her establishment which that lady was foolish enough not to act upon, Tante Lotje was feeling especially virtuous. But suddenly her serenity was overcast.

Coffee-drinking was over,

and Tante Lotje was in the kitchen directing old Saartje and the other maid in slicing the French beans through the mill into a blue linen-basket when the General's telegram arrived. It ran: "*De Bruin killed stopping Marie Suez.*" Under the stun of the blow she was conscious of her sympathy gushing out towards Marie. Presently, recovering, her thought was, "You'll see, Michiel will order me back to The Hague." In fact, she spoke the thought out aloud, and to the gasp of consternation that old Saartje gave said—

"It's true. You'll see. We needn't pickle the *snijboontjes* now," and stopped the mill.

Putting on her black straw, she ran to Dr Maarten's with the news. At the gate she turned back and re-entered the kitchen for a moment to tell Saartje that they might as well go on with the beans. They could tin them, and then they would do for The Hague house. The Doctor's wife had driven into the town. The Doctor himself was out with his gun and Gerrit and the dog. They had gone over the river, down

by the Laantjes it was believed. Tante Lotje was in despair, until her eye fell on the horn that hung in the surgery—a battered old metal thing, a contrivance of the Doctor for his speedy recall from his sport to his patients. Finding no one about the place whom she could intrust with her errand, she whipped off the horn and started herself. The field-workers had gone back to the harvesting, and the village slumbered heavily under the peat-smoke. Down the street, across the square, along the meadow-path ran Tante Lotje. The bridge, when she reached the river, was drawn to let a high-stacked peat-boat crawl through, and Tante Lotje hummed impatient on the bank. Once across, she soon was at the Laantjes, and she ran through the hop-trailed alleys winding her horn, and bringing the whole polder into consternation at the thought of some one in it at death's door. Above the young hazels and beeches could be seen a ruddy sun tumbling among creamy clouds; but a light September mist shrouded the meadows, and presently through it loomed two figures, gigantic, leaping the wide ditches with their polstoks.

"It's Miss van de Burg!" cried Gerrit, coming up first; but in her excitement Tante Lotje still held on her way with the horn at her lips.

"Mijn Hemel, Charlotte! what are you toot-tootering about?" cried Maarten, when the two met breathless.

She pushed the telegram into his hand.

"Well, well," he said when he had read it, and folded it up—"Well, well. It's bad news, bad—— And now, Charlotte, you had better be getting back home. I think, Gerrit, that covey must have settled over in Piet Zurk's meadow."

"But, my dear man," cried Tante Lotje in vexation, "you do not think of me. I'll have to go back to The Hague, you'll see, just when I've got everything——"

"In truth, I *wasn't* thinking of you, Charlotte," says Maarten grimly, and setting out after his partridges. "I was thinking of Marie, dear girl, and of Michiel."

And thereupon Tante thought of them too, and went home heavy-hearted.

She carried to The Hague, on Marie's return thither two weeks later, a whole arsenal of refreshment for her stricken niece, denuding, in order to do so, the store-room of its morellas and raspberry, and the rest; and having plied the widow with these, she tried upon her an emollient that she had found most precious in soothing her own grief—

"Now you can marry Remmers, *hé!*"

"You forget, you forget," Marie said, laying her hand with a restraining pressure on Tante Lotje's arm.

"My dear girl, it's sad, I know—it's sad. But it might have been worse. Suppose you had been in love with him."

"I pray you, I beg of you, Tante Lotje, do not add to the burden of my sorrow."

There was something in

Marie's voice at once so severe and so appealing that sent Tante Lotje to her room in wonderment.

"A touch of sun in the Red Sea," she said, tapping her head, and addressing herself confidentially in the mirror.

The next day, or the day following that, cards arrived, forwarded from Tante Lotje's own house, announcing the engagement of Remmers, who had been posted to Zutphen. That young gentleman, flung into a despondency by Marie's marriage, had been caught on the rebound.

"Nelly van Staate! Is not that the plain Amsterdam girl that was visiting these people in the Celebes Straat with her sister—the plainer of the two?" Tante Lotje asked spitefully, tossing the card from her.

"I have heard that she has blossomed into a beauty," said Marie, apparently from an altitude at which love and beauty have no existence.

"Poof!" cried Tante Lotje, stung into asperity. "You had better write off and congratulate him."

"I am going to," Marie replied. "He was, of course, my husband's cousin."

Tante Lotje walked off in disgust. She was uneasy about her niece, and she had reason to be more and more so as the days went on. Marie was not her Marie. One knew, and could understand it, Tante Lotje said to herself, that when a girl marries she presents an altered complexion to the world. She changes. One saw that every day. But it took time. It took time even to set up that

glass of the dual personality of man and wife through which each is seen in changed hues. Whereas Marie, here, had only got as far as Suez as a wife, to return forthwith a widow, without a touch of the hand, a look of the eye, a word, a scrap of writing passing between man and wife. She had not even seen him dead. Yet in that short time her nature had undergone some subtle process of transmutation. Tante Lotje could not understand it. When people remarked, as most did, how deep had been Marie's affection for de Bruin, Tante Lotje snorted, in the sureness of her private conviction; but she could not deny Marie's grief, and her philosophy had no explanation for the contradiction.

At first she thought it a conventional mourning merely, and was disgusted, for then it was carried by Marie the length of rank hypocrisy. Decency demanded some recognition of widowhood, but here was Marie fulfilling decency's demands indecently. It was thus that a minx and a baggage gives herself airs, and she could not have believed it of Marie. Yet very likely it was true. The situation, always delicate and difficult, was anomalous, indeed ridiculous, in the case of Marie, whose want of affection for de Bruin when living could not be allowed to regulate her show of grief for him now that he was dead. That must be it, Tante Lotje said. The position evidently was too involved and embarrassing for Marie, who had failed in it.

But very soon Tante Lotje

recognised that Marie's grief was not merely assumed. That it was real, a sap taken up by the roots of her nature and circulating through it, she could not believe. On the other hand, she was sure that Marie no more wore it as an appropriate mantle than she put on her widow's weeds because they were becoming. It was some months, however, before she reached this conviction, and was thrown back upon an apparently insoluble problem; and meanwhile its manifestations had become ten times more puzzling. On the day which brought the General's telegram to Tante Lotje, the evening issue of the '*Rotterdammer*' contained a brief announcement of de Bruin's death in a brush with the enemy. By-and-by further despatches disclosed the story of a glorious deed of arms. A wily and treacherous enemy, withdrawing to the hills in pretended defeat, making overtures of submission and keeping quiet through months, had lulled the Dutch into an assurance of safety. General van de Burg had sailed for Batavia, and expected to await Marie's arrival there. Suddenly the enemy descended upon the forts at the coast with a cunningly concerted stealthy attack. De Bruin with a body of men lay in their path, and he was taken in a trap. One way only of escape, and it not to be thought of, opened for him—retreat through the hills and by a wide circuit to the coast. Meanwhile the enemy, rushing through the pass, would take the main body by surprise. To hold the pass for any length of time was impossible. The most

de Bruin could do was to hold it till not a man of his force was left alive, trusting that by the delay the forts would be saved. So he determined. All day long the slaughter went on, man after man falling in the fierce assault. De Bruin, wounded again and again, stuck to his post, encouraging his devoted soldiers to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and when at length the enemy swept through the pass over dead bodies, it was to find their attack anticipated and to be driven back to the hills. Soon all Holland was roused by this story to the tip-top of enthusiasm and admiration. The name of de Bruin was on every lip. He had taken the General's place as the national hero, and with an instinct of gratitude to both, the people turned to Marie to pay their tributes when it became known that the General's daughter was also the Captain's wife, and actually had been on her way to him when she received the news of his death. In this reflected glory Marie shone serenely. She received deputations bearing the people's condolences with a dignity of manner that was almost grandiose. Into her greetings and reception of her acquaintance there slipped a note of condescension so soon as her husband's name was mentioned. Little crowds followed her and Tante Lotje in the streets, and now it was Tante Lotje who coaxed her, in vain, to escape public observation.

"Let the good people pay their tribute to my brave husband," Marie would say, with sad resignation.

And then Tante Lotje, eyeing her with the same kind of suspicious curiosity with which the Hagenaars had looked upon herself in an earlier day, was silent. The majesty of Marie's sorrow disconcerted her.

It wounded her, too, in her affection, which held surprising tender depths. For it was constantly happening now that Marie had confidences into which her aunt was not permitted to follow her. They were confidences always, of course, arising out of this widowhood,—this astonishing, stupefying widowhood. It was notorious, for example, that de Bruin was rich; indeed, precisely how rich was a speculation that made a main channel for the conversation of all the van de Burgs. They knew, and everybody guessed, that by his death Marie became possessed of a fortune. There was the pension, also, and there were stories about it being calculated on a larger scale, and even (though this was merely a *canard*) of a special allowance to the widow. But on this matter, the very matter on which Tante Lotje had the most acute curiosity, Marie was silent. She received by every mail documents and papers, which required her attention for hours at a time. For the easier despatch of all this business she had settled herself in the General's cabinet, and there she sat writing and snipping coupons, and (as Tante Lotje said) Lord knows what! The house seemed to be full of notaries. Two or three times a week, too, Tante Lotje had to escort her to the bureau of Banker Schmidt, with whom

Marie was closeted in long consultation, while she herself had a seat in the cold in the outer office. It was unfriendly. It was cruel. It was not as if Tante Lotje wished to pry into Marie's affairs, Tante Lotje herself said. "Heaven knew, she wasn't inquisitive." But for a niece to behave to an aunt, her own father's sister, with so much reserve, not merely refraining from inviting her confidence or advice, but positively, it really seemed, taking precautions against her overhearing a flying word or unwittingly chancing upon a stray paper,—no, it wasn't nice.

She could not refrain from telling Marie so at last; and Marie replied, quite frankly,—

"My dear Tante Lotje, if I were to tell you all these things you would be sure to tell everybody, and you know——"

"Well, have I ever all my life!" cried Tante Lotje; "do you think I can't keep a secret? Let me tell you, I can keep my mouth shut as close as any person living. Why, girl, I've known all about you since you were three years old. Everything," she added bitterly, "except what has happened to you since that voyage to Suez and back. And have you known me once to breathe an indiscreet whisper? Tell everybody, forsooth!"

"Aunt, dear," Marie replied, "if it were only my own business it would not greatly matter if you did. But you forget that these affairs intrusted to me concern my noble husband. To let in the vulgar gaze upon them would be sacrilege. I may not tell anybody — anybody.

Why, they are in a measure affairs of State."

"Och! dear folks," cried Tante Lotje, fanning herself in her room. "There is a widow for you with a capital W!"

In the spring the General returned to Europe. He was still the successful campaigner, the hero, but this home-coming did not hold for him the acute triumph of the earlier. There is no bite like the first bite. Moreover, the nation is not particularly martial, and it had rather overstretched its enthusiasm in the de Bruin affair. These things are not mentioned to make you understand that the General was in any way soured or envious: he was a brave and generous soldier. But possibly his public reception may have made him peculiarly sensitive to that awaiting him in his own home. The first hint of trouble—it was a small matter, but indicative of many to follow—arose out of Marie's occupancy of the cabinet. The General wished immediate entry, and got his way without a word of demur, but it was noticeable that Marie reflected a moment before she agreed to quit. It was not that she hesitated, but simply that she considered for a second, like one sounding the depths of duty. He was less successful in the matter of the notaries, whom he would have hustled with his well-known energy of despatch. Marie interfered to indicate gently that their business, being her husband's, was her own. The General shot at her a sharp glance from the grey eyes under grizzled bastions, and Tante Lotje winked

to herself. She would do nothing to assist him to an understanding: there was too much gratification for her in the sight of the General in the same plight as herself. Following a few more such skirmishes, there came to the General an uneasy sense of a position which was made more intolerable by the deference he met with out of doors. On the Plein, at the club—where there were living heroes, by Gad! and not relicts of dead ones—Michiel van de Burg was cock of the walk, undisputed. "Bombs and grenades!"—he was walking home to dinner after his five-o'clock *borreltje*, and this obsequiousness was in his head with the vermouth—"Bombs and grenades! He would show her!"

What he showed her—with less, perhaps, than his accustomed strategy and resource—was his plan, revolved in his mind ever since de Bruin's death, and now that he himself was at home, to be carried into action without delay—a plan to marry her again. He mentioned the chosen's name, as a detail. Marie stopped him with a gesture of shocked reproach. (It wasn't Remmers.) For the first time in his life the General conceded the enemy a step.

"Very well, girl. Let it be somebody else. Any one you like. You can marry any one you like, but you must marry."

Could one, by searching the whole world, find the man worthy of reclining on that bosom that had been her husband's, Marie asked.

She spoke in a figure raised by her sentimental dutifulness,

but it gave the General an opening for reminding her that the figure was not literally true, and of other unique conditions of her widowed state,—frank remarks which we may be permitted to omit. Marie, in angry amaze, bade him be silent.

“Duvekatersche meid!” cried her father. “Do you remember that I am General Michiel van de Burg?”

“You forget, General,” replied Marie, “that I am the widow of de Bruin.”

“Damn de Bruin,” he muttered; and that may be taken as acknowledgment of his one defeat.

Out of her manifold resources, Tante Lotje has cleared up since then this mystifying situation. Need it be said that were it otherwise, she should not have found her present historian. Tante Lotje always says that the Solution came to her during a conversation between the General and his brother Maarten. In this she is right, no doubt; but it is proper to remark that her subsequent plan of campaign was made easy by certain measures taken by her quite undesignedly and without reference to it, and indeed before the new light broke. Curiously, the clarifying conversation referred to bore more or less directly on the insolubility of the problem: the General explained it, “‘Out of the eater came forth meat; out of the strong, sweetness,’ as David or Jehoshaphat said.” The General’s knowledge of the Scripture was not particularly accurate, even on the military

side, but evidently he had grasped their spirit. Dr Maarten had been greatly impressed by the stately bearing of the Widow—“whom he hadn’t the pleasure of living with,” growled the General—and came over it again and again,—

“Did not she rise to the occasion, Michiel?”

“Rise to the occasion! She’s a heartless baggage,” roared the General at length.

“Not heartless, Michiel,” interrupted Tante Lotje, when Maarten protested, “but just with a heart pretty deep down. And, maybe, to be sure, it’s one or two sizes smaller than girls wore in my young day: that’s why it has been so easy to hide it!”

And when Tante Lotje reflected on what she had said, she knew that she had been inspired.

The Solution was a Heart-finder, and Remmers, of course, was the man. It was for him to strike the rock of the Widow’s nature, and bid its sweetness flow. He was the miner who, with the lamp of his own affection in hand, was to seek the hidden treasure, unfortunately so rare, and, for all parties, so desirable. In some such figure does Remmers, the Heart-finder, appear to us. Tante Lotje saw a Captain of Engineers, frank and honest as the sun still, but laughing out of steadier blue eyes, and buckled tight in full uniform, who came to the house of the Voorhout one afternoon, and, after interviewing the General, went straight to Marie and took her in his arms. The ob-

stacle in the way was the van Staate girl; and it was here that Tante Lotje's earlier manœuvres stood her in good stead. She brought to the Widow one day the news that the Remmers — van Staate engagement was broken off—by the lady, of course. She did not say anything of the cause alleged, rumours of Remmer's affections being engaged elsewhere, or that these rumours were the reverberations of Tante Lotje's own stories whispered — "but don't say that I said it, mind!" — in the echoing wastes of The Hague society. If Tante Lotje expected the news to surprise Marie into some tell-tale flutter of the eyes or blood, she was disappointed. On the contrary, the Constant Widow received the account of the van Staate girl's fickleness with so great a measure of complacency that Tante Lotje bounced out of the room with the curls shaking violently. But, at any rate, it was easy now to bring Remmers to the rock, to the mouth of the treasure-cave, to the house in the Voorhout, — to Marie, in fact. He came to the interview primed—not consciously, remember, but in a whirl, after half-an-hour with Tante Lotje. And probably there may have reached him echoes of another of her whispers: "Marie is in love with Remmers."

As Tante Lotje brought them together, so it is to her that we owe the knowledge of what passed between them. How she came by it we do not know, we prefer not to ask.

The Widow, it appears, extended to the jilted Captain a regal sympathy, and he had laughed. Tante Lotje could hear him laugh, though she was far off, at the other end of the house of course.

"Do you know why I broke off the engagement, Marie?" he asked.

"They said that she broke it," Marie replied.

"Naturally," said Remmers, with a twinkle.

"You, Christiaan!" She spoke in sorrow and reproach. "You? You, faithless? You, so wanting in a sense of duty? You, to be forgetful of all that your position, your profession, your pledges, your honour, your kinship with my brave, noble husband — I am ashamed. I am vexed."

("Mijn Hemel!" said Tante Lotje.)

Marie spoke in sorrow, as one who, holding the banner aloft, finds the most trusted follower untrue to it.

"Marie," said Remmers, some sternness hardening the boyish voice — "Marie, were you always true, faithful, to your professions, your pledges?"

"Have I not atoned?" she cried. "Have I not atoned? Ah! Christiaan, that night on the Red Sea, when the moon shone down . . ."

"By heaven, Marie!" Remmers cried in anger. "You are without a heart. Atoned! How could you atone? What was there to atone for—to him, at least. You are living in an illusion. Deceiving others, deceiving yourself. Duty! It's the cant of the ungenerous heart, the idealess mind. We

have a duty to ourselves. You have, I have. Marie, I was a fool. But when I saw what was before me, knew what I was doing, if I had not drawn back I should have been worse than a fool, a rascal. When I knew that my heart was not the woman to whom I had pledged it, if this precious duty of yours demanded that I should pretend it was, was there not a higher duty bidding me sacrifice profession, pledges, position, honour even, for a higher honour——”

“Ah! you broke off the engagement for me, Christiaan,” Marie said.

“The minx!” cried Tante Lotje.)

“Before God, no,” said Remmers. “Because of you—yes. For you—how could that be? Did not I believe in this mummery?”

“Mummery!”

“Yes, mummery. Body and soul you are exactly what you were, yet you play the mourner for a man you never loved, a man who never stirred the heart within you, or ever”

“Christiaan!”

“It’s true, as I tell you. True. Tush!” Remmers flung out his arms in vexation. “What’s the use of all this? . . . Marie! Marie! Cannot you be true to yourself? Don’t you know that you love me?”

“Ah!” whispered Tante Lotje.)

It was characteristic of Marie that, when she aban-

doned the Widow’s position of Duty and atonement (inspired by the moon shining on the Red Sea), she retired upon that of maidenly obedience. Remmers, she said, must go to her father. When he went, he was a little staggered to find the General so hearty.

“Certainly, my boy; go in and try, though if you succeed you’re a deucedly cleverer player at some other games than you are at ombre. Go in, my boy. If you win her, you’re welcome to her.”

Tante Lotje believed that she heard Remmers go in, but she thought she might as well make sure. The spectacle that met her eye, when she popped her head round the door, made the curls rustle roguishly.

“I knew it! I knew it! I never breathed it to a soul, but I knew it,” she cried; and popped out again.

“Well, of all the——” she cried aloud in the hall, but for once Tante Lotje could not find her words. She flew to the General, and shook the curls upon his neck. “Oh! Michiel. Marie——” she cried.

“The baggage,” he said, disengaging her, and Tante Lotje laughed.

“Deed, she’s no great catch,” she said to herself. But from what she told the General, we gather that Marie rose to the occasion once more, and no doubt Uncle Maarten was satisfied.

Apparently Remmers was.

JAMAICA: AN IMPRESSION.

So many sayings and proverbs which are unauthentic, untrue, or contradictory have passed into common usage, that I am glad to find one for whose aptness I am prepared to vouch. When Columbus was desired by his sovereign to describe Jamaica, we are told that he crumpled up a piece of paper lengthwise, saying, "That, your Majesty, is like the island of Jamaica." Both true and *ben trovato*; for I cannot think of any other way, even nowadays, in which one could better convey the idea of the long, low, wrinkled coast, peaked here, low-lying there, indented everywhere, along which we glided one morning in early November before the sun was up. A grey sky, a steel-blue sea; and, here and there, from the dull background of the night-chilled mountains, bronze-green hill-tops giving a metallic tone to the neutral atmosphere that precedes the day. But suddenly "the dawn came up like thunder," and night was gone. For the sky blushed pink, the sea became a crimson lake, the mountains in the distance warmed into blue, the hills softened into green, and the gorgeous colouring of the tropical foliage lent radiance to this wonderful and immediate transformation. Now we could see the little log-cabins or more substantial white houses lying low amid the groves of palm-trees or bananas that adorn the shoreline on the approach to King-

ston; whilst upon the hill-top gleamed a white thread, which is the barracks for the garrison up at Newcastle, some five or six miles from the capital.

I need not stay to describe Kingston, for it is not unlike many other towns that are to be found in the tropics. It gives one the impression of a city planted in a garden; of many narrow, rather dirty, arcaded streets, with broad deep gutters running at right angles to the aggressive tram-car lines, which cause the very soul to be jolted out of your body as you drive along in a buggy; of clouds of black faces, for the most part merry and excited; of males in dun-colour, females in white; of cattle and horses being driven through the main streets; of women smoking short clay pipes, as from a lofty saddle between heavily laden panniers they guide beasts of burden to the market. Rarely a white face shines through the throng; but if it does, it can generally be traced to the ubiquitous British soldier, or to some younger son who has come out to look for employment in the intervals of polo-playing and other tropical exercises.

But it was not mine to stay long in Kingston, for my final destination lay right across the island, in the north-west corner almost, at Knockalva in the county of Cornwall in the parish of Hanover. There is a railway-system which leads to this

distant spot; but the reasons for laying the road through a great deal of the country which it now traverses are hard to ascertain. The line as an æsthetic route is magnificent; for in the space of six hours it passes over hill and dale, past orange groves, coffee plantations, sugar-fields, pasture land, and banana cultivations, through malarial swamp and densest bush. Indeed there is not a phase of Jamaican life or Jamaican industry which cannot be seen *en passant* from the windows of the railway-carriage between Kingston and Montego Bay. As a financial enterprise, however, the railway is nearly a failure: its grades are very steep, its curves are very sharp, its trains in consequence are few, and must be light; but its freight charges are the reverse. I do not know whether the railway company have learned from their trade-cousins in the old country this admirable method of discouraging the transportation and diffusion of home industries; of extorting any possible profit that the producer might reap, in freight charges between the seat of industry and the market or port. The fact remains, however, that transportation rates are throttling the producer at certain points on this line. He sees himself paying not only a reasonable price for his own goods, but also an unreasonable addition, to defray the expense of running the railway over the "Cockpit" country (which returns nothing at all for the compliment), and through jungle and bush which will not be

marketable for another half-century. But the reasons why this Cockpit route was preferred to another along the Great River Valley, with its fertile surroundings and incomparably greater facilities, are locked in the bosoms of the short-sighted apostles of the "cheap and nasty" who were originally responsible for the line.

However, not being freight, and paying in consequence only 15s. for a journey of ninety-four miles, which occupies from five and a half to six hours, I was free to admire the profusion of vegetation and glorious scenery which beset me upon all sides, to note the uproarious excitement at every railway-station where there were more than six persons assembled, and to listen to the conversations of my fellow-passengers, mostly fruit-growers and pen-keepers, as to the state of the island. Poverty was asserted to exist, but in very varying degrees; remedies were suggested, but none of them referred to any industry save that in which the speaker was engaged; threats were uttered, such as annexation to Canada, or, failing that, to America—in the full assurance of an enthusiastic reception either from the Dominion or the United States; many causes were assigned; blame was heaped on everything except the lethargy and want of push and enterprise which seem to me responsible for much of the existing stagnation and depression.

About five o'clock we reached Montpelier station, and started off on a seven-miles' drive to

Knockalva—past the one estate where a new industry is being started, one which will soon, by its profits, prove to the laggards in the island that the use of new appliances (including bright brains) to old material is not synonymous with rash and ruinous speculation, but is the only method of keeping abreast with the changed conditions and competitions of to-day. I hope I may refer to it without offence to the owner. It is an establishment set up within the last twelve months by Mr Ellis of Shettlewood, the neighbouring property, to dry bananas for home consumption and foreign export, as figs are now dried. By one process an excellent preserved fruit is thus added to our dessert-table, whilst by another the coarser species of banana are converted into first-rate cattle food. Mr Ellis is assisted in this enterprise by three gentlemen of varied experience and intellectual attainments. Two of them are Swiss, Herr Otto Zürcher, the principal, and Herr Bosshard; whilst the third, who is the chemist, is a German, by name Dr Leuscher. These gentleman do not let the grass grow under their feet: they work four silos, experimenting with the different grasses that abound in the neighbourhood; they plant tobacco, and cure it with the assistance of Cuban experts, who have wisely withdrawn from their native island; and they benefit the neighbourhood by employing some 200 hands at the ordinary rate of wages. Every well-wisher to Jamaica should hope for the success of

this public-spirited undertaking; for thus alone will the inhabitants be led to follow Mr Ellis's example.

But, with this passing description of the work carried on at Montpelier Factory, we must proceed to Knockalva, which is the central subject of this paper. There was, indeed, little else to delay us on the road, though I would willingly have stayed to admire the picturesque Brahmin cattle which pasture and work upon the Shettlewood estate: fine fellows these, imported from India; light in colour, wild in temper, tractable in work, and admirably suited to the climate of Jamaica. Knockalva is an old family estate, or rather cluster of estates, which has been in the possession of Malcolms for many, many generations: far back into remote slavery days the record goes to show the forebears of the present employees working for the ancestors of the present owner; whilst a clannish tradition binds master and man as loyally together to-day in this distant island as ever it did in the Highlands of Scotland. One did not need the quasi-oriental forms of welcome in which the negroes love to indulge to tell one that; nor even the friendly expressions that stole over their kindly dark faces on my approach: for it was patent in the unvarying cheerfulness with which I knew they worked, sparing themselves neither day nor night in their endeavour to please one, in their untiring efforts to make my short visit "agreeaber for massa." In

truth, a fortnight procures a holiday all too short to spend, at the cool season of the year, in this delightful climate. There is so much to do, so many things to see; such a variety of cultivations new to the Englishman on his first visit to the tropics, such novel scenery and surroundings the whole day long, that one must be up betimes indeed to prove only a few of the delights in store. To sleep under mosquito-curtains for the first time, and hear the little devils raging furiously without, is in itself a delicious sensation: to be awaked at six in the morning by a silent little barefooted maid, who brings my coffee extracted from the bean that was only picked last week, and oranges that were wet with dew upon the tree five minutes ago: to have her fling open the door which leads on to the wooden verandah looking east, and then from my bed to see, beneath thick festoons of heavy creepers, the sun rising over the hills in the distance, with palm-trees and bananas waving lightly in the foreground: then, scaring a humming-bird out of the room and hunting a jolly little green lizard off the towel-horse, to stroll out upon the balcony and enjoy the breeze, the sunshine, and the scent of morning,—these are among the everyday joys of Jamaica.

My first visit was to "the yard," which, being interpreted into Scottish, means the "polices": there to make acquaintance with the "headmen" who are severally responsible for their respective departments,

cattle, horses, and products—this latter term including oranges, bananas, coffee, kola, &c. In the yard stand two splendid Hereford bulls with William Llewelyn beside them—a gaunt old negro with as keen an eye and as wise a tongue as you could wish to meet. He is there "to tell massa 'marning,'" and to say that he is getting his herd of fifty heifers in from the pastures to be inspected. William Brown is there, the finest rider on the estate with all his sixty years, tending a mule that has hurt itself: before long he will have a drove of eighty mules gathered from far and near to show the condition of his department. A few more introductions, and all the formalities are over for the present. Henceforth life is to be one long round of uninterrupted rural simplicity, spent amongst the tropical glories of Western Jamaica. One of the annual events on the property is the branding of the yearling mules: it took place about seven o'clock one morning in a small pen surrounded by high stone walls, to prevent the recalcitrant from following the example of the late Remus. There were some nineteen mules to be branded, and about ten men engaged in the operation. This consists in selecting one mule out of the drove, which huddles as a rule near the gate of entrance, and making it gallop round the ring at a pretty smart pace. Once it is fairly going the lasso is thrown, and the unerring noose is soon fast round the animal's neck.

Then the tussle begins, and it takes some four or five stalwart niggers to drag him up to the post round which the rope has to be fastened. Such bucking, such tugging, such determined resistance to constitutional authority, is really worthy of all our amused admiration. At last the post is reached, and the rope is fastened to it; then another rope is thrown between the mule's hind-legs, and he is deftly cast upon his side and secured before he can kick. Thereupon, striding from a fire built under the lee of one of the walls, comes the operator with his irons as hot as efficiency and safety will permit: one strong impression, a fizzle, a little smoke, a contortion from the patient, and all is over. Jeye's fluid is immediately dabbed over the scar, the knots are loosened, the mule struggles up and trots happily out of the pen, marked with the year of his birth. It was most interesting to note the dexterity displayed in every move of this game, and the consequent rapidity with which the mules were branded; as well as the consideration with which every mule was treated by all engaged in this painful but necessary operation.

The calves were a far more docile lot to deal with, and under the shade of a spreading mango-tree some sixty or seventy were marked without much trouble. There was but one notable exception in the figure of a fine young calf by one of the Brahmin cattle out of a Hereford: he was not to be

caught or stopped by the mere casting of a lasso. With a toss of his head he jerked the rope out of his would-be captor's hand, and breaking through the temporary fencing of bamboo poles round the pen, careered down the adjoining meadow to a stone wall at the bottom; then, leaping this like an Irish hunter, he galloped full speed ahead up the mountain-side. A large detachment of men went after him barefoot and apace, taking the mother of the truant to beguile him back again. This process occupied the best part of two hours, and when triumphantly accomplished, was succeeded by a precisely similar movement on the part of this wild little calf-devil. His pluck and his wiles had now raised the "dander" of all the men, who pursued him on horseback and on foot, wagering the while as to which would finally lasso him in the field outside the pen. Another couple of hours, and he reappeared, weary, bedraggled, and breathless, at the tail of his domesticated dam; a ring was formed, excitement was at boiling-point, a shower of ropes dropped about the animal, once more at full gallop round the field, two of which encircled his neck. In a moment the disappointed competitors were hanging on to these ropes with all their might, and, even before the victim could be cast, the cunning old Llewelyn had branded him for life.

In the Knockalva pastures there must be some five or six hundred head of cattle with the pure Hereford strain run-

ning strongly through the herd, and perhaps 150 first-class mules; yet so hard are the times that neither class of animal fetches anything like the price of former years. Some planters are reducing their works, and are not buying the same amount of working stock as they used to; others have thrown up their plantations altogether, and sold off to the butchers a second-class animal (their working stock) at a lower price than the pen-keeper can afford to do. Not only so, but ex-planters constantly turn pen-keepers themselves, and, by sending into the towns an inferior animal, seriously disturb the markets belonging properly to a trade scarcely less important than their own. I do not write this to complain of the pen-keeping profession in Jamaica, for I believe that increased steamer facilities between the West Indian Islands and the mainland will reveal a splendid group of markets to demand the supply from Jamaican cattle-breeders: I only desire to indicate how far-reaching the effects of the failure in the sugar industry may be. Yet with all this distress in the air, I understand that large sums of money are to be spent in Kingston in converting the mule-tramcars into electric cars, thus throwing a large number of men out of work, and closing a good market for mules. But to the winds with such reflections in holiday-time!

How quickly the days passed amongst all the novelties of this place! Although we were

on horseback every day by seven o'clock, riding among the gangs of workers who clean the banana-plantations, pick the coffee, and pack the oranges, yet it seemed but a few minutes before the bell rang, its welcome sound being the work-clock of the neighbourhood, announcing the hour of breakfast. It was always a meal worthy of the appetites that awaited it, spread upon a carpet of brilliant flowers from the little garden outside the house, and helped by clusters of white orchids, which grow in profusion on every roadside tree. Not a great deal in the way of meat, mercifully—generally a duck or a first-rate steak; and then a wealth of vegetables, such as roast yams, fried plantain, bread-fruit, and pear, to supply all the nutriment that is pleasant in the hot weather; followed by melons, pines, oranges, and bananas, such as Covent Garden rarely sees, and a *demi-tasse* of black coffee, which is a veritable revelation. For drink, recollecting that Robert Louis Stevenson so frequently mentioned “claret and a slice of pine-apple” in the Vailima Letters, we occasionally indulged in that; but generally it was Scottish whisky with mineral waters and a large supply of ice, though shandigaff, and even gin, came occasionally before our thirsty notice. (Dear ‘Maga,’ pardon this gastronomic interlude, which is not, I confess, of as general interest as its factors were essential to our diurnal contentment.)

After luncheon let me admit

to a regular irregularity in Jamaican life—namely, a mid-day siesta ; and let me notice at the same time the difference in habit between the workers in Southern Europe and in these tropical parts. For although the sun beats far less fiercely in the former regions, yet work is generally slack towards noon, and an after-dinner sleep is the rule. We have all noticed that in Italy and Spain. But in Jamaica, as soon as the workman's dinner is done,—it lasts generally from 11 to 11.30,—he goes on cheerfully with his work till five in the evening, when the same bell bids him leave off for the day.

Included in the Knockalva property are two other estates, named Bogue and Retrieve. The former is close to Montego Bay, and consists of about seventeen islands in the sea, where some excellent shooting is to be had in winter-time. From these islands the property stretches up to the hills inland, and abounds in logwood, which is now being carefully cultivated, as there is a considerable demand for it. To see a forest of logwood in proper trim is a very pretty sight, for the silver-grey trunk of a good tree looks like several birch-trees bound together, spreading at no great height into branches bearing beautiful cool green leaves, not unlike the English thorn. The trees must not be close together, and the grass beneath is rich both in colour and in nutriment, bush and weed being conspicuously absent.

One can often see far into these deep quiet forests in consequence ; and the effect is sometimes heightened by the herds of cattle that pasture in their shade, or stand to drink at some pool that glistens, and diminishes, in the sun.

Retrieve is a different sort of property, situated on the heights overlooking Lucia (pronounced Lucie), where the cultivations of logwood, cattle, and pimento are all equally undertaken. It is hard to realise at this distance from the scene¹ that one was driving but a week ago along the sea-shore, in groves of cocoanuts, for miles at a time, the deep dark-blue of the sea in lovely contrast to the graceful green trees that fringe its coast ; now passing vast fields of sugar-cane, whose purple-feathered tops proclaimed that the time of harvest was near ; now under great tree-ferns that vary the monotony of high hedges of sensitive plant ; accompanied everywhere by gay butterflies and humming-birds. And amid all this natural profusion live the negroes in their little log-huts, or, if in humbler circumstances, in bothies built of leaves and grass. They all seemed to be busy with something or another. At the doors women were sewing or men were cobbling ; here, a little darkey girl combing out her sister's hair under a great Poinsettia-tree, whose red leaves burned brilliant in the sun ; there, little picaninnies in a state of nature chasing chickens and pigs ; now, where a stream

¹ Written during a snowstorm in New York.

crosses the road, groups of girls washing linen with their sleeves rolled up well over their elbows, and their skirts well up to their knees; and all along the road we passed men driving cattle or mule-trains laden with produce to the nearest market. From each and all we were certain of a "Marnin', massa"; to which my brother (who is sub-agent at Knockalva) would always answer, "How you do, missis?" and received the unvarying reply, "So so, tank massa," which is the most reassuring account that a negro ever gives of his health.

Would that there were time to tell of the many amusing things that the natives said to me, their phrases and their proverbs, of the old-time retainers who once were slaves and still call a blessing as he passes upon "my owner"; of the great

"Howdye," when all the black residents and employees of Knockalva marched up in their hundreds with bands and banners to bid me welcome to Jamaica. And I wish I could describe in fitting language the harvest festival, with its decorations of palms, peppers, jam, pickles, loaves on the altar, and a coopful of hens at the vestry door. But all these things, unprinted, remain as abiding memories. Many a foggy winter's night will pass uncursed, and many an hour of Scottish estimates will pass unnoticed, if, in a true spirit of self-detachment, I can transport my mind back to those warm evenings at Knockalva, when, after busy days, we sat, Maurice and I, under the old brown verandah, and, amid a firmament of fire-flies, talked of home.

IAN MALCOLM.

A BIRTHDAY LETTER OF APOLOGY.

THE HILL BUNGALOW, KLEDANG,
PERAK, Nov. 20, 1898.

DEAR 'MAGA,' — Yesterday your letter was brought up here in "ladies' fingers." It is true that these were in a cook's basket with other green food, not to mention eggs and a chicken—still the omen was a happy one, and presaged the good news. So your thousandth birthday is next February. What can I do with the year's end coming, here perched alone upon a mountain like Don Quixote in his shirt, and not a Chinaman or Malay within reach, except Ah Tung the caretaker and Haji Mat the gardener, of whom I know nothing worth relating? Invent I cannot, to plagiarise I am ashamed.

Oh, I can't find anything to write about in this dull place. For what does 'Maga' want to hear about but men and women? and to what will she turn a deafer ear than to the "trite tropics" style of word-painting, with its dazzling sunshine, its impenetrable forests, its bird of gorgeous plumage on every bough? Who wants to read about a country farm, an ice-field, a semi-detached suburban residence? What is the good of forcing upon an indifferent world the little affairs of a tea-planter, or an invalid in the Canaries, or a Bishop in his diocese? What is life on a ranche—in a mine—in a bank—in a balloon—to people out of the trade?

It poured as we came up yes-

terday. By the way, you will be glad to hear that I am not all alone: there is another person. Thankful indeed were we when the last turn of the crooked six-foot path brought us in sight of the little compound on the ridge, with the zinc-roofed bungalow in the centre. Our coolies, Klings from Madras, and Chinese, must have been equally pleased; and they did not fail to ask for something extra on account of the weather. The Chinese boldly took their dollar a-head, and urgently demanded cents for spirits, grinned and marched off. The Klings accepted their half-dollar, acquiescing in the humiliating fact of being only half value; then lingered shivering obtrusively, smiling enticingly, deprecatingly; twiddled their toes, and slipped away. The tin roof was deafening with the drumming of the rain; and we watered the house as we moved about and sadly gazed upon the puddle that had been bread.

This house has no fireplace, except of course the cooking-range in the outhouse behind. That is a pity, for two reasons: first, because, unlike the weather in the valley, it often rains here in the morning as well as afternoons, and you want somewhere to dry your clothes at; and second, because the pleasure of feeling uncomfortably and unusually cold is marred by the absence of a wood fire where you could warm your toes and roast jack-fruit seeds

(something like Spanish chest-nuts if flavoured with imagination), declaring it is just like Home. Still, to be able honestly and truthfully to shiver is a great deal.

The house, which is of wood, is raised on posts a few feet above the ground. A broad verandah runs along its whole frontage, and the bedrooms open upon the verandah. The verandah is closed in with panes of glass all round, which is also a delightful novelty. When the lamps are lighted and the wind comes drenched with rain and beats against these panes, and shakes the window-frames and whistles through the chinks, then you may shut your eyes and sneeze, and dream of an English night in November. The gusts fly down sobbing through the wet tree-tops, and in the lulls clouds of dense white mist press close against the windows. "Oh the poor sailors!" says the other person involuntarily. But all the while our friends in the valley are blessing it for a cooler, fresher night.

The porch in front of the house is hung with creeping boughs of honeysuckle, covered with perennial blossom, and always throwing out long tendrils which grapple in vain with the smooth surface of the corrugated roof. But honeysuckle grows over our orchid-houses in the valley, so here, though good, it is not the best. *Roses*—big, loose, pink roses—grow in great bushes on both sides of the porch, a mass of colour that never fades. You may strip the bushes to-day, and load every finger-glass and

tumbler you can find, but before these flowers are withered the place of them is rosy with their sisters. And then there are white dwarf roses lower down. Here we are only 3000 feet above sea-level: another 1500 feet will bring you to the zone of white and purple violets.

The terraced garden falls steeply away below us. With the roses are other plants, lovely in their way, but tropical, and therefore half repugnant to the European spirit of the hour. Gardenias, which shine like stars from out their dark-green foliage, are importunate of perfume. Oh that I could sell them for button-holes at sixpence apiece! Then there are huge shrubs aflame with flowers like hollyhocks. We call them the shoe-flower, because, when your boy has finished the blacking for your brown shoes, as an alternative to cleaning and ruining them with lemon, he brings them to an equally ill-gotten lustre by rubbing them with these red flowers. Lower down there are magenta sprays of bougainvillea, and a wonderful creeper with huge golden bells, which, just because it loves to break loose and climb squirrel-fashion among the branches, therefore Haji Mat must, after his kind, crib into a sort of genî's-bottle framework of sticks, daily cutting off its head to keep it in its place.

Is it merely a matter of associated memories, or are the names we give to flowers singularly suited to them? Could Cowslip, Ragged Robin, or Primrose belong to any other than plants born to live in cool damp fields and hedgerows?

And so with the names of these flowers of the East, they seem to glow like the flowers themselves or the skies above them: Bougainvillea, Flame of the Forest, Hibiscus, Alamander. The last only lacks an S to prove my theory conclusively.

This morning by unparalleled exertions we were up by five o'clock, and had walked as far as the trigonometrical station, a sort of gigantic beehive thatched with palms on the tip-top of the mountain. The ground has been cleared—over an acre—of all but bracken, and gives an uninterrupted view of the two great mountain-ranges to East and West; ours being but a stepping-stone between the Kinta valley we live in to the east, and the empty Western valley with its grey waste of tree-tops, and reaches of the Silver River shining ten miles away. Over these there hangs a perfect rainbow in a perfect semicircle, beginning and ending in the clouds high above the faint blue distances. The Kinta valley lies between us and the dawn. It has been bearing half the world's output of tin for several years, and its smooth denuded surface is pitted with flooded mine-holes. There is also an artificial Serpentine to irrigate the rice-fields, and loops of the winding river are visible. All these patches of water are as silver in the dark-blue haze with a pink flush round their margins, when the grey clouds overhead turn quickly to rose-madder. Away south the sea lies narrow as a ribbon; and where the Eastern range descends abruptly towards the coast its base is washed by a

mist of brilliant whiteness. There, from behind the last steel-blue buttress of the mountains, we saw a sudden ray thrust like a spear across the silver level: brighter than crocuses in snow the sun had risen. And then the mist that ebbs and flows about our own hill-side came rolling up through the tree-tops like a mirage of the flood-tide among the rocks, leaving us stranded on an islet in grey ocean, in unutterable solitude.

Have you ever had the desire to be for once so isolated and untrammelled as to be able to shout and sing your loudest and none to hear? It is best for dignity, I find, to make sure the isolation is real before gratifying this harmless fancy—which we did not. Out of the encircling gloom came a pattering of naked footsteps and answering cries of assistance. We saw the shadowy forms of the coolies who keep up the bridle-path, and fled from our gallant rescuers. The glory had departed: breakfast-time was at hand.

After breakfast there are many things to while away the time,—early lunch, lunch, tea, late tea, and finally dinner, for the mountain air is appetising. In the intervals you can smoke cigarettes and sit about listening to the orchestra of the jungle. From a dozen directions in the greenwood sea below there floats a sound most strange, most musical. Now it is the deepest resonant note of an organ; now a repetition of high clear whoops; then it is the two sounds alternating rapidly; then bursting sud-

denly into a wild triumphant Yo yo yo yo! something like the chorus of hounds in full cry. That is the jödel of the Siamang.

Do you care for monkeys? Personally, I know two kinds only, and detest them both—the Brok and the Kra. The Brok is a big, brown, fatuous baboon, of the familiar low-comedy pattern, for ever sputtering and scratching himself, and fidgeting with hands and feet and making faces. Should you desire to please him, you will squat (just beyond the length of his chain) in front of him, and similarly scratch your person, make faces, and sputter. Then in high good-humour he will amble round his post in as big a circle as his chain permits, clutching at your hair with an adroit high kick as he passes. Such are his low delights. The Kra is a small grey person of passionate appearance, with close-set fiery eyes, very like my friend Brands, who keeps one. The tastes of this little fiend are still more primitive—namely, to fly straight at you with his tail sticking out and his crest sticking up, and bite you again and again: he is worse than Brok.

Far different is the gentle Siamang; but then he is a gibbon, and no monkey. In assemblies on the tree-tops live the Siamang, whooping through the octaves, calling to their friends from miles away, and swooping off to meet them, racing steeplechases with the winds. I have seen, and hope to live and see again, a pack of the Siamang going through the jungle—a long black arm and a small crumpled body swing-

ing wildly from it like a pendulum run mad, then a suicidal fling, a crash in the covering green, and so they are gone.

Tame, they are the gentlest creatures. The Malays catch young ones and bring them to our doors, knowing that buy we must. It is not among the possibilities for a *Mem* to resist the forlorn small speechless thing, when it winds its long long arms and fingers round her neck, and hides its black wrinkled face of an old woman, with round unhappy eyes, in the softness of her morning gown. Or it lurches across the verandah on a pair of very bandy little legs, balancing itself with outstretched arms. But they always die. They who have weathered torrential rains under the open heaven die in captivity of consumption, and cough out their ill-comprehended souls like Christians, huddled in a blanket.

All day long the Siamang are calling, omnipresent though invisible. The Malays firmly believe that the *utan rimba*, the heavy jungle, is inhabited by a Folk Whose Voice We Hear, a race of audible though unseen fairies; and I too am of the faith, because the more you sit quiet and watch with eyes and ears, the more surely you will know that the great precept of the *rimba* (very different from what we are taught in the nursery) is this: Little beasts should be heard but not seen. There are shady paths all about the bungalow, where you can sit all day without fear of sunstroke. If you care to do so, perhaps once in a moon you may become aware

of a Kijang deer suddenly materialised on the path beside you, who will gaze for a moment with untroubled eyes, and then vanish through the underwood in a streak of diminishing crashes. Or a little frog may go by with frantic leaps, hard followed by a little snake. You will be lucky if you see even so much, although if the monstrous wizard Sang Klembai were to pass and pluck up the *utan rimba* (as he could) by its roots as we pluck moss from a tree, it would be marvellous how dense a population were left naked and ashamed: tiger, black panther, rhinoceros, wild cattle, sambhur, mouse-deer, sloth, tapir, porcupine, pig, elephant,—by their foot-prints they are known.

But at nightfall: there is a legend (my own invention) which tells that whosoever has by means of any sound of music brought death or madness upon his neighbour, he, when his time is come, is transported to these wildernesses to work out his redemption for a hundred years. And first, half a street's length down the hillside, the old blind beggar with the pipes breaks into sudden lament among the unbending trees. Does he know that his skirl is heard by human ears and take comfort? "Milk, milk," cries a despairing voice at our elbow, and is sped. Then the child with the Jew's-harp—that such a feeble thing should be so tormented!—goes twanging and sobbing by, not three yards behind the green-black curtain. The proprietors of the steam

merry-go-round and of the buzzer from the steelworks are set to their penance on ranges beyond the gully, and the sound "by distance tame," like the strains of that music which heralded Roderick Dhu, comes mellowed across the mountain.

Suddenly underneath our rustic seat the threshing-machine begins to burr. It is too near, too loud: the vibration jars painfully upon the ear. Then by the potency of that magic droning a spell is cast upon me. The tropic night is transfigured, the screen of black foliage withdrawn. Lo, it is the corner of a field on a winter's afternoon. Grass wet with rain grows between the lines of stubble over loose red clods. There are round ricks and heavy farm hands, and a threshing-machine champing corn. There is a bank and hedge with the blackberry leaves only half faded. The air is cool, with faint sunshine and a white haze. It is Devon, with the smell of her and the stillness of her patiently expectant of the spring. Then, quick as it arose, the sound ceases and the vision is gone. It was only a cicada, a little green cicada, careless of us and Devon and all the world, and he makes his music by scratching his head with his foot. This he does, so naturalists aver, to please his wife. What an example to us all!

While we are moving dinnerwards there comes faintly from afar the snarl of a great cat hungry. It is "master stripes," his grace before meat.

EDWARD A. IRVING.

MADONNA OF THE PEACH-TREE.¹

BY MAURICE HEWLETT.

I.—VANNA IS BID FOR.

NOT easily would you have found a girl more winning in a tender sort than Giovanna Scarpa of Verona at one-and-twenty, fair-haired and flushed, delicately shaped, tall and pliant, as she then was. She had to suffer her hours of ill report, but passes for near a saint now, in consequence of certain miracles and theophanies done on her account, which it is my business to declare: before those she was considered (if at all) as a girl who would certainly have been married three years ago if dowries had not been of moment in the matter. In a city of maids as pretty as they are modest—which no one will deny Verona to be—there may have been some whose charms in either kind were equal to hers, while their estate was better in accord; but the speculation is idle. Giovanna, flower in the face as she was, fit to be nose-gay on any hearth, posy for any man's breast, sprang in a very lowly soil. Like a blossoming reed she shot up to her inches by Adige, and one forgot the muddy bed wondering at the slim grace of the shaft with its crown of yellow atop. Her hair waved about her like a flag, she should have been planted in a castle; instead, Giovanna the stately calm, with her billowing line, staid lips, and candid grey eyes, was to be seen on

her knees by the green water most days of the week. Bare-armed, splashed to the neck, bare-headed, out-at-heels, she rinsed and pommelled, wrung and dipped again, laughed, chattered, flung her hair to the wind, her sweat to the water, in line with a dozen other women below the Ponte Navi; and if no one thought any the worse of her, none, unhappily, thought any the better—at least in the way of marriage. It is probable that no one thought of her at all. Giovanna was a beauty and a very good girl; but she was a washerwoman for all that, whose toil fed seven mouths.

Her father was Don Urbano, curate of Santa Toscana across the water. This may very easily sound worse than it is. In Don Urbano's day, though a priest might not marry, he might have a wife—a faithful, diligent companion, that is—to seethe his polenta, air his linen, and rear his children. The Church winked at her, and so continued until the Jesuits came to teach that winking was unbecoming. But when Can Grande II. lorded in Verona the Jesuits did not, and Don Urbano, good easy man, cared not who winked at his wife. She gave him six children before she died of the seventh, of whom the eldest was Giovanna, and the others, in an orderly chain diminishing punc-

¹ Copyright in the United States of America.

tually by a year, ran down to Ferrantino, a tattered, shock-headed rascal of more inches than grace. Last of all the good drudge, who had borne these and many other burdens for her master, died also. Don Urbano was never tired of saying how providential it was that she had held off her demise until Giovanna was old enough to take her place. The curate was fat and lazy, very much interested in himself; his stipend barely paid his shot at the "Fiore del Marinajo," under whose green bush he was mostly to be seen. Vanna had to roll up her sleeves, bend her straight young back, and knee the board by the Ponte Navi. I have no doubt it did her good—the work is healthy, the air, the sun, the water-spray, kissed her beauty ripe; but she got no husband because she could save no dowry. Everything went to stay the seven crying mouths.

Then, on a day when half her twenty-first year had run after the others, old Baldassare Dardicizzo stayed on the bridge to rest from the burden of his pack—on a breezy March morning when the dust filled his eyes and the wind emptied him of breath. Baldassare had little enough to spare as it was. So he dropped his load in the angle of the bridge, with a smothered "Accidente!" or some such, and leaned to watch the swollen water buffeted crosswise by the gusts, or how the little mills amid-stream dipped as they swam breasting the waves. In so doing he became aware, in quite a peculiar way, of Vanna Scarpa.

Baldassare was old, red-eyed,

stiff in the back. Possibly he was rheumatic, certainly he was grumpy. He had a long slit mouth which played him a cruel trick; for by nature it smiled when by nature he was most melancholy. Smile it would and did, however cut-throat he felt: if you wanted to see him grin from ear to ear you would wait till he had had an ill day's market. Then, while sighs, curses, invocations of the saints, or open hints to the devil came roaring from him, that hilarious mouth of his invited you to share delights. You had needs laugh with him, and he, cursing high and low, beamed all over his face. "To make Baldassare laugh" became a stock periphrasis for the supreme degree of tragedy among his neighbours. About this traitor mouth of his he had a dew of scrubby beard, silvered black; he had bushy eyebrows, hands and arms covered with a black pelt: he was a very hairy man. Also he was a very warm man, as everybody knew, with a hoard of florins under the flags of his old-clothes shop in the Via Stella.

Having spat into the water many times, rubbed his hands, mopped his head, and cursed most things under heaven and some in it, Master Baldassare found himself watching the laundresses on the shore. They were the usual shrill, shrewd, and laughing line—the trade seems to induce high mirth—and as such no bait for the old merchant by ordinary; but just now the sun and breeze together made a bright patch of them, set them at a provoking flutter. Baldassare, prickly with dust, found them like their own cool

linen hung out to dance itself dry in the wind. Most of all he noticed Vanna, whom he knew well enough, because when she knelt upright she was taller and more wayward than the rest, and because the wind made so plain the pretty figure she had. She was very industrious, but no less full of talk: there seemed so much to say! The pauses were frequent in which she straightened herself from the hips and turned to thrust chin and voice into the debate. You saw then the sharp angle and fine line of light along that raised chin, the charming turn of the neck, her free young shoulders and shapely head; also you heard her lively tones of *ci* and *si*, and saw how her shaking finger drove them home. The wind would catch her yellow hair sometimes and wind it across her bosom like a scarf; or it streamed sideways like a long pennon; or being caught by a gust from below, sprayed out like a cloud of litten gold. Vanna always joined in the laugh at her mishap, tossed her tresses back, pinned them up (both hands at the business); and then, with square shoulders and elbows stiff as rods, set to working the dirt out of Don Urbano's surplice. Baldassare brooded, chewing straws. What a clear colour that girl had, to be sure! What a lissom rascal it was! A fine long girl like that should be married; by all accounts she would make a man a good wife. If he were a dozen years the better of four-and-fifty he might— Then came a shrug, and a "Ma!" to conclude in true Veronese Baldassare's

ruminations. Shrug and explosion signalled two stark facts: Baldassare was fifty-four, and Vanna had no portion.

Yet he remained watching on the bridge, his chin buried in his knotty hands, his little eyes blinking under stress of the inner fire he had. So it befell that La Testolina saw him, and said something shrill and saucy to her neighbour. The wind tossed him the tone but not the sense. He saw the joke run crackling down the line, all heads look brightly up. The joke caught fire; he saw the sun-gleam on a dozen perfect sets of teeth. Vanna's head was up with the rest, sooner up and the sooner down. Even from that height the little twinkling beacons from the bridge shot her through. He saw her colour deepen, head droop: she was busy long before the others had wrung their joke dry. "Soul of a cat!" grunted Baldassare between his teeth, "what a rosy baggage it is!" He waited a little longer, then deliberately passed the bridge, rounded the pillar by the steps, and went down to the women like a man who had made up his mind. Lisabetta of the roving eye caught the first hint of his shadow. Her elbow to Nonna's ribs, Nonna's "Pst!" in Nina's ear, spread the news. Vanna's cheeks flew the flag.

"Buon' giorno, Ser Baldassare!" shrilled La Testolina, plump and black-eyed leader of mischief.

"Giorno, giorno, La Testolina," growled the old man.

Vanna, very busy, grew as red as a rose. The others knelt back on their heels; compli-

ments of a homely sort flew about, sped on by flashing teeth. Baldassare's own were black as old channel-posts in the Lagoon, but in tongue-work he gave as sharp as he got. Then a wicked wind blew Vanna's hair like a whip across her throat, fit to strangle her. She had to face the day. Baldassare pondered her straight young back.

"When Vanna's a nun she'll have no more trouble with her hair," quoth La Testolina, matchmaker by race.

"When Vanna's a nun the river will be dry," said Vanna from between her elbows.

"When Vanna's a nun the river, on the contrary, will be in flood." This from Baldassare.

"Hey! what's this?" Caterina cried; and Nonna pinched her arm.

"Adige will go crying that she comes no more to dip her arms," said the old man, with the utmost gravity and a broad grin. The women pealed their delight, slapped their knees, or raised witnessing hands to heaven: La Testolina caught Vanna round the waist, and gave her a resounding kiss.

"Compliments, my little Vanna, compliments!" Her voice was a braying trumpet.

"Vi ringrazio, signore," said Vanna under her breath, and La Testolina held up a tress of her long hair to the light.

"When Vanna's a nun you would bid for that, eh, Baldassare?"

"I will bid for whatever she will sell me," says he, with a blink. Whereupon the matchmaker made no more

music. The scent was too hot for that.

Yet for all his adventuring he got little reward: she turned him no more than the round of her cheek. Vanna never stayed her work, and he, ordinarily a silent man, paid no more compliments—yet ceased not to look.

Going up the street at dinner-time, he made his bid. He limped by the tall girl's side without speech from either; but at the door he looked up queerly at her and pinched her ear.

"Go in and feed the youngsters, my chuck," said he; "I know where to meet Don Urbano, and please Madonna you shall feed your own before long."

"Yes, Ser Baldassare," says pretty Vanna in a twitter.

The conference between the high contracting parties was wordy, bristled with the gesticulations of two pair of hands, and was commented on by all the guests in the "Fiore del Marinajo." The girl, said Don Urbano, was the very pride of his eye, prop of his failing years, a little mother to the children. She had had a most pious bringing-up, never missed the Rosary, knew the Little Hours of the Virgin, could do sums with notches in a stick, market like a Jew's housekeeper, sew like a nun, and make a stew against any wife in the *contrada*. Dowry, dowry! What did such a girl as that want with a dowry? She was her own dowry, by Bacchus the Thracian. Look at the shape of her—was that not a dowry? The work she could do, the pair

of shoulders, the deep chest, the long legs she had—pick your dowry there, my friends! A young woman of her sort carried her dowry on her back, in her two hands, in her mouth—ah! and in what she could put into yours, by our Lord. Rather, it should be the other way. What, now, was Ser Baldassare prepared to lay out upon such a piece of goods? Baldassare shivered, grinned fearfully, and shook his head many times. Money was money; it was limited; it bore its value in plain figures upon its face: you knew where you were with money. But you could get wives cheaper than ducats, and find them cheaper value, soul of a cat! Besides, what was he? A poor pedlar, by his faith! At this he spread out his arms and dropped them with a flop upon his knees. The priest sat back in his chair and cast appealing looks at the rafters; the company chuckled, nudged each other, guffawed. Baldassare was made to feel that he had over-coloured his case. True, he admitted, he had a roof over his head, shared fortune with the rats in that. But look at the thing reasonably, comrades. Vanna would make another to keep; a girl of her inches must be an eater, body of a dog! Had his reverence thought of that? His reverence made a supreme effort; held up one pudgy forefinger, and with the other marked off two joints of it. "Of mortadella so much," he said; "of polenta so much"—and he shut his fist; "of pasta so much"—and he coupled the

two fists; "and of wine, by the soul of the world, not enough to drown a flea! I tell you, Baldassare," he said finally, emboldened by the merchant's growing doubt—"I tell you that you ask of me a treasure which I would not part with for a cardinal's hat. No indeed! Not to be Bishop of Verona, throned and purpled on Can Grande's right hand, will I consent to traffic my Vanna. Eh, *sangue di sangue*, because I am a man of the Church must I cease to be a man of bowels, to have a yearning, a tender spot here?" He prodded his cushioned ribs. "Go you, Ser Baldassare Dardiccozzo," he cried, rising grandly in his chair—"go you; you have mistaken your man. The father flies superbly out of the curate's cassock, and points the door to the chafferer of virgins!"

The tavern-room, on Don Urbano's side to a man, beat the tables with their glasses; Baldassare had to surrender at discretion. The bargain, finally struck, was written out by an obliging notary on the scoring-slate. In the name of the holy and undivided Trinity it was declared to all men living and to be born, that Baldassare Dardiccozzo, merchant of Verona, was obliged to pay to the reverend father in God, Urbano, curate of Santa Toscana in the Borgo San Giorgio, the sum of sixty florins Veronese and two barrels of wine of Val Pulicella, under condition that if within thirty days from those presents he did not lead in marriage Giovanna, daughter of the said

reverend, he should be bound to pay the sum of one hundred and twenty florins Veronese, and four barrels of wine of Val Pulicella.

The notary executed a monstrous flourish at the bottom—a foliated cross rising out of steps. On the last step he wrote his own name, Bartolo de Thomasinis; and then Baldassare, smiling as he should, but feeling as he should not, stuck his seal upon the swim-

ming wax, and made a cross with the stile like the foundations of a spider's web.

The affair was thus concluded: before the thirty days were up Vanna was taken to church by her father, and taken from it by her new master. Within a month she appeared at the doorway of Baldassare's little shop, very pretty, very sedate, quite the housewife—to sit there sewing and singing to herself from grey dawn to grey dusk.

II.—*TERTIUM QUID.*

A year passed, two years passed. Vanna was three-and-twenty, no more round but no less blooming in face and figure, still a reedy, golden-haired girl. But Baldassare was fifty-seven, and there was no sign of issue. The neighbours, who had nudged each other at one season, whose heads had wagged as their winks flew about, now accepted the sterile mating as of the order of things. Pretty Vanna, mother as she had been to her brothers and sisters, was to be a mother no more. There was talk of May and December; Baldassare was advised to lock up other treasure beside his florins; some, indeed, of the opposite camp gave hints none too honest to the forlorn young wife. The Piazza Sant' Anastasia at the falling-in of the day, for instance. Thus they put it. All girls—and what else was Vanna, a wife in name?—walked there arm in arm. Others walked there also, she must know. By-and-by some pretty lad, an archer, perhaps,

from the Palace, some roistering blade of a gentleman's lackey, a friar or twinkling monk out for a frolic, came along with an "Eh, la bel-lina!" and then there was another arm at work. So, for one, whispered La Testolina, wagging a head full of confidence and mystery close to Vanna's as the girl sat working out the summer twilight. The Via Stella was narrow and gloomy. The tall houses nearly met in that close way. Looking up, you saw the two jagged edges of the eaves, like great tattered wings spread towards each other. When the green sky of evening deepened to blue, and blue grew violet, these shadowing wings were always in advance, more densely dark. There it was that Vanna worked incessantly, sewing seam after seam, patching, braiding, and fitting the pieces. By no chance at all did a hint of the sun fall about her; yet she always sang softly to

herself, always wore her pretty fresh colours, and still showed the gold sheen in her yellow hair. Her hair was put up now, pulled smoothly back over her temples; she spoke in a low, sober, measured voice, and to La Testolina's sly suggestions responded with a little blush, a little shake of the head, and a very little sigh. "Ser Baldassare is good to me," she would say; "would you have me do him a wrong? Last Friday he gave me a silver piece to spend in whatsoever I chose. I bought a little holy-water stoup with a Gesulino upon it bowered in roses. On Sunday morning he patted my cheek and called me a good girl. To say nothing of the many times he has pinched my ear, all this was very kind, as you must see. With what do you ask me to reward him? Fie!" La Testolina snorted, and shrugged herself away. Vanna went on with her sewing and her little song:—

"Giovannottin, che te ne vai di fuora,
Stattene allegro, e così vo' far io.
Se ti trovassi qualche dama nuova,
L'ha da saper che tua dama son io."

So sang she, innocently enough, whose sweethearting went no farther than her artless lips. There was not a spice of mischief in the girl. What she had told La Testolina had been no more than the truth: Master Baldassare was good to her—better than you would have believed possible in such a crabbed old stub of a man. He was more of a father to her than ever Don Urbano had

been to anything save his own belly; but it was incontestable that he was not father to anything else. That alone might have been a grievance for Vanna, but there is no evidence that it was. Baldassare was by nature gruff, by habit close-fisted: like all such men, the more he felt the deeper he hoarded the thought under his ribs. The most he would venture would be a hand on her hair, and a grunt when she did well; so sure as she looked up gratefully at him the old man drew off, with puckered brows and jaws working together. He may have been ashamed of his weakness; it is dead certain that no one in Verona, least of all Vanna herself, suspected him of any affection for his young wife. Mostly he was silent; thus she became silent too whenever he was in the house. This was against nature, for by ordinary her little songs bubbled from her like a bird's. But to see him so glum and staring within doors awed her: she set a finger to her lips as she felt the tune on her tongue, and went about her business mute. Baldassare would go abroad, stooping under his pack: she took her seat at the shop-door, threaded her needle, her fingers flew and her fancy with them. The spring of her music was touched, and all the neighbours grew to listen for the gentle cadences she made.

So passed a year, so two years passed. Vanna was twenty-three, looking less, when along there came one

morning a tall young friar, a Carmelite, by name Fra Battista, with a pair of brown dove's eyes in his smooth face. These he lifted towards Vanna's with an air so timid and so penetrating, so delicate and hardy at once, that when he was gone it was to leave her with the falter of a verse in her mouth, two hot cheeks, and a quicker heart.

This Fra Battista, by birth a Bergamask, accredited to the convent at Verona by reason of his parts as a preacher, was tall and shapely, like a spoilt pretty boy to look at, leggy, and soft in the palm. His frock set off this petted appearance,—it gave you the idea of a pinafore on him. He did not look manly, was not manly by any means, and yet not so girlish but that you could doubt his sex. His eyes, which, as I say, were soft as a dove's pair, he was not fond of showing; and this gave them the more searching appeal when he did. His mouth, full and fleshy in the lips, had a lovely curve. He kept it very demure, and, when he spoke, spoke softly. This was a young man born to be Lancelot to some Guinevere or other; and, to do him justice, he had had his share of adventure in that sort at an early age. He had learned more out of Ovid than from the Fathers of Divinity, you may believe. Very popular he was in whatsoever convent he harboured, as a preacher famous all over Lombardy and the March,—in Bergamo, in

Brescia, even as far as Mantua he had been heard of. The superior at Verona did his best to spoil him by endearment, flattery, and indulgence; but this was difficult, since he had been spoilt already.

He passed down the Via Stella morning and evening for a week. Morning and evening his eyes encountered Vanna's. The third evening he smiled at her, the fourth morning he saluted her; the fifth evening he stopped and slipped in a gentle word, the first evening of the second week he stopped again, and that night, La Testolina being by, there was quite a little conversation.

La Testolina had black eyes, a trim figure, and a way of wriggling which showed these to advantage. Fra Battista's fame and the possibility of mischief set her flashing: she led the talk and found him apt; it was not difficult to aim every word that it should go through and leave a dart in Vanna's timid breast. The girl was so artless, you could see her quiver, or feel her, at every shot. For instance, was his sanctity very much fatigued by yesterday's sermon? *Eh, la bella predica!* What invocations of the saints, what heart-groping, what reachings after the better parts of women! It was some comfort to know that a woman had a better part at all—by the Saviour! for their handling by men gave no hint of it! Let Fra Beato—ah, pardon, Fra Battista she should have said—send some such arrows into men's hides!

See them, for the gross-feeding, surly, spend-all, take-all knaves that they were! One or two she might name if she had a mind—ah! one or two in this very city of Verona, in this very Street of the Star, who—but there! Vanna must go and hear the Frate's next sermon, she must indeed. And if she could take her old curm—Pshutt! What was she saying? How she ran on! She did indeed. Fra Battista, leaning against the lintel, kept his eyelids on the droop, seemed to find his toes of interest. But now and again he would look delicately up, and so sure as he did the brown eyes and the grey seemed to swim towards each other, to melt in a point, swirl in an eddy of the feelings in which Vanna found herself drowning, and found such death sweet. La Testolina still ran on, but now in a monologue. Fra Battista looked and longed, and Vanna looked again and thrilled. It grew quite dark; nothing of each other could they see and

little know, until the friar put out his foot and found Vanna's. A tremor, beginning at her heart, ran down to her toes; Battista felt the flutter of it and was assured.

When he left her that night he kissed her cold hand, then La Testolina's, which he found by no means cold, and moved off leisurely towards the Piazza dell' Erbe. Neither woman spoke for a while: La Testolina was picking at her apron, Vanna sat quietly in the dark holding her heart. She was still in a tremble, so ridiculously moved that when her friend kissed her she burst out crying. La Testolina went nodding away; and the end of the episode may be predicted. Not at one but at many sermons of the tall Carmelite did Vanna sit rapt; not for one but for every dusk did he stoop to kiss her hand. All Verona saw her devotion,—all Verona, that is, but one old Veronese. The essence of comedy being that the spectators shall chuckle at actors in a fog, here was a comedy indeed.

III.—THE SEED OF DISCORD.

When Vanna announced her condition the neighbours looked slyly at each other; when her condition announced Vanna, they chattered; the gossip sank to whispering behind the hand as time went on, and ceased altogether when the baby was born. That was a signal for heads to shake. Some pitied the father, many defended the mother: it did not depend upon your sex; sides were taken

freely and voices were shrill when neither was by. Down by the river especially, upon that bleached board below the bridge, *ci* and *si* whistled like the wind in the chimneys, and the hands of testimony were as the aspen leaves when storms are in. Some took one side, some another; but when, in due season, it was seen what inordinate pride Baldassare had in the black-eyed *bambino*

there was no question of sides. He had ranked himself with the unforgivable party: the old man was an old fool, a gull whose power of swallow stirred disgust. Vanna had the rights of it, they said; such men were made to be tricked. As for Fra Battista's pulpit, it was thronged about with upturned faces; for those who had not been before went now, to judge what they would have done under the circumstances. Having been, there were no two opinions about that. Messer Gabriele Arcangelo, some said, judging by the honey-tongue; San Bastiano, others considered him, who went by his comely proportions; and these gained the day, since his beardless face and friar's frock induced the idea of innocence, which Sebastian's virgin bloom also taught. The quality of his sermons did not grow threadbare under this adventitious criticism: he kept a serene front, lost no authority, nor failed of any unction. There was always a file at his confessional; and at Corpus Christi, when in the pageant he actually figured as Sebastian, his plump round limbs roped to a pine-stock drew tears from all eyes.

Unhappily you have to pay for your successes. There were other preachers in Verona, and other eloquent preachers, *per la Santissima*, who, being honest men, had to depend upon their eloquence. These were the enemy—Franciscans, of course, and Dominicans—who got wind of something amiss, and began to nose for a scandal. What they got gave them something

besides eloquence to lean on: there were other sermons than young Fra Battista's, and the moral his person pointed had now a double edge. In fact, where he pointed with his person, the Dominicans pointed with their sharp tongues. The Franciscans, more homely, pointed with their fingers. Fra Battista began to be notorious—a thing widely different from fame; he also began to be uncomfortable, and his superior with him. They talked it over in the cloister, walking up and down together in the cool of the day. "It has an ugly look, my dear," said the provincial; "send the young woman to me."

What of the young woman, meantime? Let me tell the truth: motherhood became her so well that she was brazen from the very beginning. No delicacy, no pretty shame, no shrinking—she gloried in the growing fact. When she was brought to bed she made a quick recovery; she insisted upon a devout churching, an elaborate christening of the doubtful son (whereat, if you will believe me, no other than Fra Battista himself must do the office!); thenceforth she was never seen without her *bambino*. While she worked it lay at her feet or across her knee like a stout chrysalis; the breast was ever at its service, pillow or fount; when it slept she lifted up a finger or her grave eyes at the very passers-by; her lips moulded a "Hush!" at them lest they should dare disturb her young lord's rest. The saucy jade! Was ever such

impudence in the world before? It drew her, too, to old Baldassare in a remarkable way. This the neighbours—busy with sniffing—did not see. She had always had a sense of the sweet root under the rind, always purred at his stray grunts and pats, taking them by instinct for what they were really worth; and now to watch his new delight filled her with gratitude—and more, she felt free to love the man. For one thing, it unlocked his lips and hers. She could sing about the house since Cola had come—they had christened him after good Saint Nicholas—because Master Baldassare was so talkative on his account. The old man sat at home whenever he could, in his shiny arm-chair, his cup of black wine by his side, and watched Vanna with the baby by the hour together, poring over every downward turn of her pretty head, every pass of her fingers, every little eager striving of the sucking child. There were, indeed, no bounds to his content: to be a father—poor old soul!—seemed to him the most glorious position in the world. Can Grande II. in the judgment-seat, the bishop stilled in his throne, the Holy Father himself in the golden chambers of his castle at Avignon, had nothing to offer Ser Baldassare Dardicizzo, the old-clothesman.

Though the neighbours knew nothing of this inner peace, they could not deny that Monna Vanna, brazen or no, was mightily become by her new dignity or (as you should say) indignity. She was more staid,

more majestic; but no less the tall, swaying, crowned girl she had ever been. She was seen, without doubt, for a splendid young woman. The heavy child seemed not to drag her down, nor the skeered looks of respectable citizens, her neighbours, to lower her head. She met them with level eyes quite candid, and a smiling mouth to all appearance pure. When she found they would not discuss her riches she talked of theirs. When she found them over-satisfied with their children, she laughed quietly as one who knew better. This was a thing to take away a woman's breath, that she should grow the more glorious for her shame. Party feeling had been stormy, like crossing tides, between those who held Baldassare for a gull and those who resented Vanna's unruffled brows. But now there was but one party. It was very well to hoodwink an old skin-flint; but, by the Mass! not honest to flaunt your methods in the world's face. And since our own dignity is the skin upon which we rely for all our protection, while contempt for our neighbours is but a grease we put upon it for its ease, it was self-defence which brought it about that the party against Vanna grew ominously large, while Baldassare gained quite a host of sympathisers. The girl was now shunned, ostentatiously, carefully shunned. Even La Testolina was shy of her. But, bless you, she saw nothing of it—or cared nothing. She chattered to her grossly deceived husband, went (nominally, you may be sure!) con-

fessing to the grossly deceiving friar, she cooed to her baby, warbled her little songs, looked handsome, carried herself nobly, as if she were the Blessed Virgin herself, no less. This could not be endured: a thousand tongues were ready to shoot at her, and would have shot but for fear of old Baldassare's grim member—reputed forked. While he was in the way, fat-headed fool, there was no moral glow to be won by a timely

word. The tongues lay itching; two or three barren women in the Via Stella were hoarding stones.

Then, just about the time when the prior of the Carmelites bid Fra Battista send him the young woman, Baldassare took the road for a round of chaffer which might keep him out of Verona a week. The Via Stella felt, and Fra Battista knew, that the chance had come.

IV.—THE HARVEST OF LITTLE EASE.

Verona, stormy centre of strife, whose scarred grey face still wears a blush when viewed from the ramp of the Giusti garden, was in those times a place of short and little ease. The swords were never rusty. A warning clang from the belfry, two or three harsh strokes, the tall houses disgorged, the streets packed, Capulet faced Montague, Bevilacqua caught Ridolfi by the throat, and Della Scala sitting in his hall knew that he must do murder if he would live a prince. It seems odd that the suckling of a little shopkeeper should lead to such issues; but so it was. And thus it was.

On the morning of Baldassare's setting-out for the Mantuan road, La Testolina—at that time much and unhealthily in Fra Battista's hire—came breathless to the Via Stella. Craning her quick head round the door-post, she saw Vanna sitting all in cool white (for the weather was at the top of

summer), stooped over her baby, happy and calm as always, and fingering her breast that she might give the little tyrant ease of his drink. That baby was a glutton. "Hist, Vanna, hist!" La Testolina whispered, and Vanna looked up at her with a guarded smile, as who should say, "Speak softer, my dear, lest Cola should strangle in his swallow."

But La Testolina's eyes were like pin-points, centring all her alarms.

"You must come to the Carmelites, Vanna. There is a great to-do. The warden of San Francesco has been to the bishop, and the bishop is with Can Grande at this moment. You must come, indeed, at once—*subitissimo*!"

Vanna laughed—the rich quiet laugh of a girl whose affairs are in good train, and all other affairs the scratch of a flea.

"Why, what have I to do with the bishop and Can Grande, La Testolina?" says she. "My

master is out, and I must mind the shop. There is baby too."

"By Saints Pan and Silvanus, my girl, it will be the worse for you if you come not," said La Testolina with a tragic sniff. "Eh, you little fool, don't you know that it is you and your brat have set all Verona by the ears?"

Vanna had never thought of the ears of Verona, and knew not how to think of them now; but she saw that her friend was in a fever of suppressed knowledge. Therefore she shawled her head and her baby in her sea-blue cloak, locked the shop-door, and followed La Testolina.

The sealed gates in the white convent wall were barred and double-locked. A scared brother cocked his eye through the grille to see who was there. "She is here," hissed La Testolina. "*Dio mio*, the *causa causans*!" cried he, and let them in through a cranny. "Follow me, mistresses, and God give good ending to this adventure," he prayed as he slipped up the court. Vanna, blank and smiling, La Testolina with wandering fearful eyes, followed.

They found the prior sitting well back in his ebony chair and in a meditation, his chin buried in his hand. Behind him (and behind his back his hands) stood Fra Corinto the pittanciar, pock-marked, thin, and mortified. He looked the prior's reproach, and was.

"Now, women," said the prior testily—a fat and flabby old man with a sour mouth—"Now, women, which of you is at the bottom of this accursed

business? Where is the baby? Let me judge for myself."

La Testolina, protesting her remarkable innocence by every quiver of her head, edged Vanna to the front. Vanna stood up, straight as a candle, and unveiled her bosom.

"Do you want to see my little son, reverend prior?" she said. "Behold him here (*Eccololi*)." She held him out proudly in her arms, as if he were monstrance and she priest.

Now whether it was that motherhood had fired a comely girl with the beautiful seriousness of a woman, so that she was transfigured before him; or whether some chance passage of the crossing lights played tricks with his vision—which it was, or whether it was both, I know not. He saw, or thought he saw, a tall smiling lady, hooded in blue over white, holding up a child; he saw, or thought for a moment that he saw, the Image of all Mothers displaying the Image of all Sons. His fingers pattered over his scapular. "Eh, my Lady the Virgin! What dost thou here, glorifying this place?" As soon as he had said it he knew that he was a fool; Vanna's large grey eyes loomed upon him to swallow him up, her colour of faint rose glowed and throbbed. *Vera incessu patuit dea*! By her presence ye shall judge her, quoth the prior to himself, and hid his eyes.

There was a hush over all the group in the chamber, during which you could have heard far off the nasal discords of the brethren in choir droning through an office. No one

spoke. The prior's lips moved at his prayers; Fra Corinto looked frowningly before him; La Testolina was fidgety to speak, but dared not; Vanna, her long form like a ripple of moonlight in the dusk, cooed under her voice to the baby; he, unheeding cause of so much strife in high places, held out his pair of puckered hands and crowded to the company. So with their thoughts: the prior thought he had seen the Holy Virgin; Fra Corinto thought the prior an old fool; La Testolina hoped his reverence had not the colic; and Vanna thought of nothing at all.

Fra Corinto it was (looking not for Madonna in a baggage), who, by discreetly coughing, brought his master back to his senses. The prior cleared his throat once or twice, looked at the young woman, and felt quite himself. Ridiculous what tricks a flicker of sunlight will play on the wisest of men!

"Monna Vanna," said he, "I have not brought you here to judge between you and my brother Battista (now at discipline in his cell). The flesh, which he should have tamed, has raised, it appears, a bruised head for one last spite. My brother was bitten, and my brother fell into sin. Whether, as of old, the tempter was the woman, it is sure that, as of old, the eater was a man. I will not condemn you unheard, lest I incur reproach in my turn. But our order is in peril; the enemy is abroad, with Envy, Hatred, and Malice barking on their leashes. What can the poor sheep do but

scatter before the wolves? Fra Battista, his penance duly done, must leave Verona; and you, my sister, must do penance, that God be not mocked, nor the Veronese upraised to mock Him."

Of this solemn appeal, Vanna, to all seeming, understood not one word. True, she blushed a little, but that was because a prior was talking to her: her honest grey eyes were quite untroubled, her smile as tender as ever. She spoke as one deprecating temerity—that she should speak at all to so great a man—and by no means any judgment.

"I am only a poor girl, reverend prior," said she, "most ignorant and thick-witted. Pray, what have I and my baby to do with these high matters of Fra Battista's error?"

The prior grew angry, "Tush, my woman," he grunted, "I beg you to drop the artless. It is useless here. Let me look at the youngster."

"Yes, yes, mistress, let us see the child," said Fra Corinto, who croaked like a nightingale in June.

Vanna moved forward on a light foot. "Willingly, reverend fathers," said she. "He is a fine child, they all say, and reputed the image of his father." A sublime utterance, full of humoursome matter, if it had been a time for humours.

But it was not. La Testolina could not contain her virtuous indignation—for who is so transcendently righteous as yourascal for once in the right?

"Hey, woman!" she cried

shrilly, "what grossness is this? Do you think the whole city don't know about you?"

Vanna turned quivering. "And what is it that the whole city knows but does not say, if you please?"

The prior raised his hands. Like Pilate, he would have washed off the business if he could. He looked at the two women. Eh, by the Lord! there would be a scene. But the whole thing was too impudent a fraud: there must be an end of it. He caught Fra Corinto's eye and raised his brows. Fra Corinto was his jackal—here was his cue. He went swiftly to the door, set it open, came back and caught Vanna roughly by the shoulder. He turned her shocked face to the open door, and his dry voice grated horribly upon her ears.

"Out with you, drab!" was what he said, and Vanna reeled. For a full minute she gaped at him for a meaning; his face taught the force of his words only too well. She sobbed, threw up her high head, bent it, like Jesus, for the cross, and fled.

The old porter leered by his open gates. "He! he! They are all outside," he chuckled—"Magpies and Dusty-hoods, Parvuses, Minors, Minims, Benets, and Austins, every cowl in Verona! Come along, my handsome girl, you must move briskish this day!" She heard the hoarse muttering of the men, and, a worse poison for good ears, the shrill venom of the women. Out of the gates she blindly went, and all the pack opened their music upon her. Stones flew, but words flew

faster and stuck more deep. The mob, as she blundered through the streets, shuffling, gasping, stumbling at her caught gown, dry-eyed, open-mouthed, panting her terror, her bewilderment, her shame and amaze—the mob, I say, dizzied about her like a cloud of wasps; yet they had in them what wasps have not—voices primed by hatred to bay her mad. There was no longer any doubt for her: the pittanciar's word (which had not been "drab") was tossed from pavement to pavement, from balcony to balcony, out at every open door, shot like slops from every leaning casement, and hissed in her ears as it flew. It was a mad race. The Franciscans tucked up their frocks and discarded stones, that they might run and shout the more freely. The Dominicans soon tired: their end was served. The cloistered orders were out of condition; the secular clergy came to weary of what was, after all, but a matter for the mendicants. The common people, however, had the game well in hand. They headed her off the narrow streets, where safety might have been, and kept her to the Lung' Adige. Round the great S the river makes she battled her blind way, trying for nothing, with wits for nothing, without hope, or understanding, or thought. She ran, a hunted woman, straight before her, and at last shook off the last of her pursuers by San Zeno. Stumbling headlong into a little pine-wood beyond the gates, she fell, swooned, and forgot.

It was near dark when she

opened her loaded eyes—that is, there was no moon, but a great concourse of stars, which kept the night as a long time of dusk. The baby was awake, too, groping for food and whimpering a little. She sat up to supply him: though in that act her brain swam, it is probable the duty saved her. Fearing to faint again, she dared not

allow herself to think—for children must be fed though their mothers are stoned from the gates. Vanna nursed him till he dropped asleep, and sat on with her thoughts and troubles. Happily for her, he had turned these to other roads than the Lung' Adige. She knew that if he was to be fed again she must feed also.

V.—THE MIRACLE OF THE PEACH-TREE.

Directly you were outside the Porta San Zeno the peach-trees began—acre by acre of bent trunks, whose long branches, tied at the top, took shapes of blown candle-flames: beyond these was an open waste of bents and juniper scrub, which afforded certain eatage for goats.

Here three herd-boys, Luca, Biagio, and Astorre, simple brown-skinned souls, watched their flocks all the summer night, sleeping, waking to play pranks with each other, whining endlessdoggerel, praying at every scare, and swearing at every reassurance. Simple puppyish folk though they were, Madonna of the Peach-tree chose them to witness her epiphany.

It was a very still night, of wonderful star-shine, but without a moon. The stars were so thickly spread, so clear and hot, that there was light enough for the lads to see each other's faces, the rough shapes of each other. It was light enough to notice how the square belfry of San Zeno cut a wedge of black into the spangled blue vault. Sheer through the Milky Way

it ploughed a broad furrow, which ended in a ragged edge. You would never have seen that if it had not been a clear night.

Still also it was. You heard the cropping of the goats, the jaws' champ when they chewed the crisp leaves; the flicker of the bats' wings. In the marsh, half a mile away, the chorus of frogs, when it swelled up, drowned all nearer noise; but when it broke off suddenly, those others resumed their hold upon the stillness. It was a breathless night of suspense. Anything might happen on such a night.

Luca, Biagio, and Astorre, under the spell of this marvelous night, lay on their stomachs alert for alarms. A heavy-wheeling white owl had come by with a swish, and Biagio had called aloud to Madonna in his agony. Astorre had crossed himself over and over again: this was the Angel of Death cruising abroad on the hunt for goats or goat-herds; but "No, no!" cried Luca, eldest of the three, "the wings are too short, friends. That is a fluffy

new soul just let loose. She knows not the way, you see. Let us pray for her. There are devils abroad on such close nights as this." Pray they did, with a will, "Ave Maria," "O Maris stella," and half the Paternoster, when Biagio burst into a guffaw, and gave Luca a push which sent Astorre down. "Why, 'tis only a screech-owl, you fools!" he cried, though the sound of his own voice made him falter; "an old mouse-teaser," he went on in a much lower voice. "Who's afraid?"

A black-and-white cat making a pounce had sent hearts to mouths after this: though they found her out before they had got to "Dominus tecum," she left them all in a quiver. It had been a cat, but it might have been the devil. Then, before the bristles had folded down on their backs, they rose up again, and the hair of their heads became rigid as quills. Over the brow of a little hill, through the peach-trees (which bowed their spiry heads to her as she walked), came quietly a tall white Lady in a dark cloak. Hey! powers of earth and air, but this was not to be doubted! Evenly forward she came, without a footfall, without a rustle or a crackling twig, without so much as kneeling her skirt—stood before them so nearly that they saw the pale oval of her face, and said in a voice like a muffled bell, "I am hungry, my friends; have you any meat?" She had a face like the moon, and great round eyes; within her cloak, on the bosom of her white dress, she held a man-child. He, they passed their

sacred word, lifted in his mother's arms and turned open-handed towards them. Luca, Biagio, and Astorre, goat-herds all and honest lads, fell on their faces with one accord; with one voice they cried, "Madonna, Madonna, Madonna! pray for us sinners!"

But again the Lady spoke in her gentle tones. "I am very hungry, and my child is hungry. Have you nothing to give me?" So then Luca kicked the prone Biagio, and Biagio's heel nicked Astorre on the shin. But it was Luca, as became the eldest, who got up first, all the same; and as soon as he was on his feet the others followed him. Luca took his cap off, Biagio saw the act and followed it. Astorre, who dared not lift his eyes, and was so busy making crosses on himself that he had no hands to spare, kept his on till Luca nudged Biagio, and Biagio cuffed him soundly, saying, "Uncover, cow-face."

Then Luca on his knees made an offering of cheese and black bread to the Lady. They saw the gleam of her white hand as she stretched it out to take the victual. That hand shone like agate in the dark. They saw her eat, sitting very straight and noble upon a tussock of bents. Astorre whispered to Biagio, Biagio consulted with Luca for a few anxious moments, and communicated again with Astorre. Astorre jumped up and scuttled away into the dark. Presently he came back, bearing something in his two hands. The three shock-heads inspected his burden; there was much whispering, some conten-

tion, almost a scuffle. The truth was, that Biagio wanted to take the thing from Astorre, and that Luca would not allow it. Luca was the eldest, and wanted to take it himself. Astorre was in tears. "*Cristo amore!*" he blubbered, "you will spill the milk between you. I thought of it all by myself. Let go, Biagio; let go, Luca!" So they whispered and tussled, pulling three different ways. The Lady's voice broke over them like silver rain. "Let him who thought of the kind act give me the milk," she said; so young Astorre on his knees handed her the horn cup, and through the cracks of his fingers watched her drink every drop.

That done, the cup returned with a smile piercingly sweet, the Lady rose. Saints on thrones, how tall she was! "Bambino will thank you for this to-morrow, as I do now," said she. "Good-night, my friends, and may the good God have mercy upon all souls!" She turned to go the way she had come, but Astorre, covering his eyes with one hand, crept forward on three legs (as you might say) and plucked the hem of her robe up, and kissed it. She stooped to lay a hand upon his head. "Never kiss my robe, Astorre," she said—and how under heaven did she know his name if she were not *what she was?*—"never kiss my robe, but get up and let me kiss you." Well of Truth, to think of it! Up gets Astorre, shaking like a nun in a fit, and the Lady bent over him and, as sure as you are you, kissed his forehead. Astorre told his vil-

lage next day as they sat round him in a ring, and he on the well-head as plain to be seen as this paper, that he felt at that moment as if two rose-leaves had dropped from heaven upon his forehead. Slowly then, very slowly and smoothly (as they report), did the Lady move away towards the peach-trees whence she had come. In the half light there was—for by this it was the hour before dawn—they saw her take a peach from one of the trees. She stayed to eat it. Then she walked over the crest of the orchard and disappeared. As soon as they dared, when the light had come, they looked for her over that same crest, but could see nothing whatever. With pale serious faces the three youths regarded each other. There was no doubt as to what had happened—a miracle! a miracle!

With one consent then—since this was plainly a Church affair—they ran to their parish priest, Don Gasparo. He got the whole story at last; nothing could shake them; no detail was wanting. Thus it was: the Blessed Virgin, carrying in her arms the Santissimo Bambino Gesù, had come through the peach-trees, asked for and eaten of their food, prayed for them aloud to Messer Domeneddio himself, and kissed Astorre on the forehead. As they were on their knees, she walked away, stopped, took a peach, ate it, walked on, vanished—*ecco!* The curate rubbed his head, and tried another boy. Useless: the boy was the same. Third boy, same story. He tucked up his cassock with decision, took his biretta

and walking-staff, and said to the three goat-herds, "My lads, all this is matter of miracle. I do not deny its truth—God forbid it in a simple man such as I am. But I do certainly ask you to lead me to the scene of your labours."

The boys needed no second asking: off they all set. The curate went over every inch of the ground. Here lay Luca, Biagio, and Astorre; the belfry of San Zeno was in such and such a direction, the peach-trees in such and such. Good: there they were. What next? According to their account, Madonna had come thus and thus. The good curate bundled off to spy for footprints in the orchard. Marvel! there were none. This made him look very grave; for if she made no earthly footprints she could have no earthly feet. Next he must see by what way she had gone. She left them kneeling here, said they, went towards the peach-garden, stayed by a certain tree (which they pointed out), plucked a peach from the very top of it—this they swore to, though the tree was near fourteen feet high—stood while she ate it, and went over the brow of the rising ground. Here was detail enough, it is to be hoped. The curate nosed it out like a slot-hound; he paced the track himself from the scrub to the peach-tree, and stood under this last gazing to its top, from there to its roots; he shook his head many times, stroked his chin a few: then with a broken cry he made a

pounce and picked up—a peach-stone! After this to doubt would have been childish; as a fact he had no more than the boys. "My children," said he, "we are here face to face with a great mystery. It is plain that Messer Domeneddio hath designs upon this hamlet, of which we, His worms, have no conception. You, my dear sons, He hath chosen to be workers for His purpose, which we cannot be very far wrong in supposing to be the building of an oratory or tabernacle to hold this unspeakable relic. That erection must be our immediate anxious care. Meantime I will place the relic in the pyx of our Lady's altar, and mark the day in our calendar for perpetual remembrance. I shall not fail to communicate with his holiness the bishop. Who knows what may be the end of this?"

He was as good as his word. A procession was formed in no time—children carrying their rosaries and bunches of flowers, three banners, the whole village with a candle apiece; next Luca, Biagio, and Astorre with larger candles—half a pound weight each at the least; then four men to hold up a canopy, below which came the good curate himself with the relic on a cushion.

It was deposited with great reverence in the place devoted, having been first drenched with incense. There was a solemn mass. After which things the curate thought himself at liberty to ruffle into Verona with his news.

VI.—THE VISITATION OF THE GOLDEN FISH.

When a beast of chase—hart-royal, bear, or wolf—has been bayed and broken up, the least worthy parts are thrown to the curs which always come up at the heels of the pack. So it is with a kingly seat: the best of the meats, after the great officers of the household have feasted, go to the dependants of these; the peelings and guttings, the very offal and scour of the broth, are flung farther, to the parasites of the parasites, the ticks on ticks' backs. Round about the Castle of Verona, where Can Grande II. misused the justice which his forefathers had set up, lay the houses of his courtiers; beyond them the lodgings of the grooms; beyond them again, down to the river's brink, were the stews and cabins and unholy dens whose office was to be lower than the lowest, that there might still be degrees for the gentlemen of gentlemen's gentlemen. And since even cock-roaches must drink, in this fungus-bed of misery there flourished a rather infamous tavern by the sale of *vino nostrano*, black and sour, of certain sausages, black also and nameless, speckled with white lumps, and of other wares whom to name were to expose. This was the tavern of the Golden Fish.

On the evening of the day of the Translation of the Peach-stone, this tavern was full to suffocation. Stefano, the purple-faced host, in shirt and breeches, stood dealing the liquor from a tub. Two outlaws lay under

the benches, partly for fear of a visit from the watch, partly because, having already fallen there once, they feared to fall there again if they rose. In one hand each held his knife, in the other his empty mug. Two ladies, intimates of theirs, Robaccia and Crucciacorda, sat immediately above them, with petticoats ready to make ambush the moment a staff should rattle at the door; round the table half-a-dozen shabby rogues bickered over their cards; Pica-gente, the hairy brigand, lay snoring across the threshold, and his dog on him; on a barrel in a corner a gigantic shepherd in leather, with bandaged legs and a patch over one eye, shut the other eye while he roared a hymn to Bacchus at the top stretch of his lungs. The oil-lamp flickered, flared, and gloomed, half drowned in the fumes of wine. A smell of wicked bodies, foul clothes, drink, and bad language made the air wellnigh solid. The hour was at the stroke of ten; outside the streets seemed asleep.

In the middle of the uproar Stefano the host looked up sharply, listening.

"Stop your devil's ferment, Malabocca!" he thundered at the shepherd; "stop it, or I'll split your crown."

"Bacco trionfante,
Amante e spumante,
Evviva l' ubbriacchezza!"

roared Malabocca, screwing up his eye. Stefano brought down

a mug full of wine upon his pate, which gave him a red baptism. "Hist, you block-head, hist!" said his host. "There is a stir outside the door I tell you!" The shepherd grew sober in a moment.

There was a brief scramble in the room—then silence. The ladies' petticoats went farther than they were ever intended to go; Picagente rolled over and over till he reached cover under the table; the cards were hidden, all the players' heads buried in their elbows. Stefano blew out the light. Then they heard distinctly a fluttering knock at the door, timid but continuous.

Feigning a yawn, Stefano growled, "Who's there at this hour?"

The answer came in a woman's voice, saying, "Open, open, in the name of high God." It brought every head into the air again, but hushed every breath.

The shepherd broke the silence with a groan. He brought his hand splashing on to his wet head, then fell to his knees and began to confess his sins.

"My fault, my fault, my exceeding great fault! O Mary! O Jesus! *O nobis peccatoribus!*" Thus the shepherd, voicing the suspicions of the rest. So he became their prophet as well as their priest. He towered in the room.

"I tell you, comrades, that the hour of our visitation is come. Not Can Grande and his hounds are hunting us this night; not the tumbril, the branding-irons, nor the cart's tail, are for us, but the pains of death, the fire eternal, the untirable worm, the trumpet of the

Last Things! Who comes knocking in high God's name? Who saith, 'Open'?—I will tell you: it is She who last night lit upon my village and my own sister's son. Eh! bodies of all dogs, what will become of us sinners?" Here the shepherd beat the drum of his breast as a signal before he fell flat on the floor.

From behind his wailful voice the gentle knocking was heard running on. It had never ceased; it was insistent! Crossing himself desperately, Stefano slid back the bolts, then paused, then turned the key, then paused again to breathe hard, his hand upon the latch. He threw his head forward with a gesture of abandonment to what must be, flung wide the door, and dropped upon his two knees.

Against a mild radiance, softer than any lamp could shed, was a tall shrouded woman's figure. They saw the round of her cloaked head, they saw the white stream of her under-robe run from a peak at her bosom in a broadening path to her feet. They saw the pure grey moon of her face, guessed by the dark rings where her eyes should be, watched with quicker awe the slow movement of her arms, lifted their own to what she held up, and to the running under-current of the two sobbing drabs muttered in one voice their remembered adoration.

The tall shepherd rose up by the help of the table, swayed and spoke. No one knew his voice again, hollow as it was like the sea-grumble. "O Holiest, O Rose, O Stem of Sharon,

O Tree of Carmel!" said he. "What wouldest thou with us sinners?"

And the woman at the door said, "My friends, I have no roof to my head; will you take me in? I am hungry; have you no meat for my child and me?"

The host in Stefano jogged the sinner to speak. "Surely, surely, sweet Lady! Surely, surely. I entreat your Graciousness to enter, to step in, to accommodate, to sit down, to be pleased to be easy, to—to—to——" inspiration failed him—"to sit down, in short," was his lame conclusion. His sweat (as he said next day) would have blinded any other man.

Through the backing ranks of the scared company—Robaccia leaning face to the wall, sobbing her heart out; Picagente, the hairy brigand, breathing short and hard; the shepherd, glorified, exalted, bursting with prophecy; two thieves at their prayers and a wanton taking the words from them,—through such an assembly the Lady of the Peach-tree (who else, pray?) walked to the table. A soft grey light from without filled the room; there was no need of a lamp, nor did any eye then on watch fail to see all that followed. Bread and wine were served by Stefano on bent knee; bread and wine (but sparingly) did the Lady eat from cup and platter. That cup, that platter, encased in gold leaves and crusted with turquoise, are to this day in the Treasury. Crutches have been cast before them, hearts innumerable burn about them. When she

had finished she sat a little while with her white cheek against her hand, whispering words in an unknown tongue (they said, who knew no baby language) to the child on her lap. He lifted up a little hand, and, "Eh, my son, my son," she said, "wilt thou take of me?" Then she gave him the breast, while not a soul said anything but prayers for half an hour.

When the child slept the Lady folded up her dress, covered him with her cloak, and rose up in their midst.

"Only the poor love the poor," said she, in those low tones which all Verona came to know by heart, "and only they who have little to eat give to them that have less. My little son will bless you for your charity; and I, good friends, will pray my master to reward you when he comes. *Addio*, *addio*, be with God." Then she would have gone and left them crying had not Robaccio, the blowsy wench and good-for-naught, wailed aloud and caught her by the knees.

"Mother, mother, mother!" whimpered this hardy rascal, "bless me a little more than the others, a very little more! I am bad—Eh, God, I am vile enough!—but I will never let thee go save thou kiss me."

You could have heard the roomful of them catch breath together. Crucciacorda, the other woman, laughed horribly; the shepherd made a step forward to drag the slut away. But no! The light seemed to swell and grow towards that point where it threatens to be music, so charged with messages it is

—it came undoubtedly from the heart of the Lady through her smile. For smile she did, as sweetly, as tenderly, as a breaking cloud. The sun of her smile was like a clean breath in the stivy den; and, behold, she took Robaccia by the hand and lifted her up, she encircled her with a mothering arm, and drew her close to her own breast. Her lips touched the bad girl's cheek, lingered for a moment there, wistfully withdrew; and Madonna of the Peach-tree, none staying her now, went out into the dead street, and was seen no more of that company.

The sun at noon looked down upon Verona at peace, upon her citizens at their prayers. Never was such a scene in the stormy little city before. All the bells of all the churches pealed all day—with no lack of arms to pull them. Men and women ran to and fro kissing whom they met, with a "Save you, brother!" "Save you, sister! well met, well met!" The Grey Brethren, the Black Brethren, the White Brethren of Carmel, held hands, and confessed to each other as many sins as they had time to remember. Can Grande went unarmed about his own city, Bevilacqua unbarred his door, Giusti married his mistress, the bishop said his prayers. The cripples at the church doors had no need to whine. As for the tavern of the Golden Fish, it smelt of lavender and musk and bergamot the day through. At one time there were eight litters with their bearers, eleven stallions, trapped and emblazoned, held by eleven grooms in livery,

outside its door. The ladies of the litters were in the room upon their knees; the knights of the horses, their great helmets on their backs, knelt in the kennel praying devoutly. The wail of "Dies Iræ" went down the Corso and up again, "Salve Regina" wavered over the sunny spaces of the Brà. In the amphitheatre, after an open-air mass, the cardinal legate solemnly exposed the relics of last night's miracle, and a body-guard of twenty noble youths, six chaplains, and a Benedictine abbot went to the suburb to escort into the city the curate with the Peach-stone. It was a glorious day, never to be forgotten in the annals of Verona. Charity and the open heart went side by side with compunction and the searching of the heart. Tears were shed and kissed away; kisses induced the fall of gentler tears. It might be stoutly questioned whether Verona held one unshriven soul, one sin unspoken, or one solace unawarded.

It might be reasonably questioned, yet it must be denied. Within the walls of the friars of Mount Carmel were two uneasy spirits. Fra Sulpicio, the fat prior, was extended face downwards before the high altar; Fra Battista, the eloquent preacher, chewed his thumb in his cell. The pittanciar, on the other hand, was of the common mind. He was ambling down the Via Leoni with Brother Patricio of the Capuchins on one arm and Brother Martino of the Dominicans on the other, singing "In Exitu Israel" like a choir-boy.

But the prior, who had half believed before, was sobbing his contrition into the pavement,

and Fra Battista was losing faith in himself, the only faith he had.

VII.—LAST CONSIDERATIONS OF CAN GRANDE II.

You are not to suppose that the spectacle of Verona garbed in a gown of innocence, singing hymns and weaving chaplets of lilies, was to go unnoticed by the ruling power. Can Grande II. was lord of Verona, a most atrocious rascal, and one of many; but, like his famous ancestor and namesake, he had a glib tongue, which was evidence of a scrutiny tolerably cool of the shifts of human nature. Human nature, he had observed, must needs account to itself for itself. If it met with what it did not understand, it was prompt to state the problem in a phrase which it could not explain. The simplicity of the plan was as little to be denied as its convenience was obvious. It was thus that Can Grande II. understood the emotions of Verona; it was thus, indeed, that he himself, confronted with statements and an explanation which did not satisfy him, accounted to himself like any mother's son of his lieges. He explained their explanation, but only by another inexplicable formula. The energy with which he expounded his own view to those about him betrayed, perhaps, a lurking uneasiness in the burly tyrant.

"Pooh, my good lord," said he to the bishop, who had come full of the day's doings and night's report, "don't you know your own flock better than this?

Did you ever hear a man with a broken limb attribute his mishap to other than Domeneddio? However drunk he may have been, however absurdly in a hurry—act of God! If it thunder and lighten of a summer night, if it turn the milk—a judgment! Luckily Monsignore has broad shoulders by all accounts; *per Baccho!* He had need. Now then, look at this case. A belated woman with a baby stumbles upon a company of shepherds all in the twittering dark. Hearts jump to mouths, flesh creeps, hairs stand tiptoe—Madonna, of course! Whom else could they call her, pray? They don't know the woman: name her they must. Well! Who is there they don't know whose name comes readiest to the tongue? Madonna, of course. Good: *Ecco Madonna!*"

This was very eloquently reasoned, but the bishop shook his head. "It was not a brace of goat-herds last night, Excellency, but a roomful of brigands and their trulls in the Golden Fish. The worst company in Verona, Excellency—the most brazen, the most case-hardened. But the story is the same from their mouths as from the lads'; not a detail is wanting; not one point gives the lie to another. Excellency, I would bow to your wit in any case but this. The affair is inexplicable short of a miracle."

Can Grande knit his black brows; he objected to be crossed, and the more so when he had a sneaking thought that he was rightly crossed. "I should like to see my Lady this night with my own eyes, bishop," said he.

"Hey, Excellency," cried the other, "there are many devout souls in the same case."

Can Grande pished. "Devout jellyfish," he grunted; and then—"She seems to haunt one quarter, eh?"

"It is so, Excellency, save that yesterday she must have passed through the Porta San Zeno unseen of the guard."

"Have you interrogated the guard?" asked the tyrant, sharply.

"It was done, Highness. Nothing entered between Compline and Prime but a couple of bullock-carts and a cavalcade of merchants from Brescia."

"What was in the bullock-carts, bishop?"

"Birch-bark, Excellency, for the yards."

"H'm!" was all Can Grande had to say to this.

He changed the conversation. "I have had the warden of the Minorites and the provincial of the Dominicans here this morning," he said, "about that accursed business of the ragpick-er's wife. It is another example of what I told you just now, that these people attribute what they cannot understand to persons they can only dream about. They put down the whole of your miracles to a special reward for their zeal in hounding down the Carmelite and his mistress. They want the order expelled; I think they would

like the house razed and the church washed out with holy water, or Fra Battista's blood—the latter for choice. Now, I cannot pull down religious houses, lord of Verona though I be, because a herd of frightened rascals have gone capering over the city singing, 'Salve festa dies.' I must really do the parties the honour of an interview before I draw the sword. Let me be sure which back I am going to score before I begin to carve. You had better bring the prior and Fra Lancilotto-Battista to me, and if you can collect the young woman and her brat, so much the better."

"Alas! Excellency, I fear the young woman is in pieces," said the bishop. "She has never been heard of since the day of her expulsion."

The advice, however, was good, the judgment good enough; but before it could be followed a stroke more telling than any Can Grande's sword could have made was wrought by Madonna of the Peach-tree.

On the night of that same day Can Grande was sitting in the palace with two chosen companions, as dare-devil as himself, waiting the hour of an assignation. It was about ten o'clock: at half-past the hour they were to go out cloaked into the streets, bent upon the lifting of a decent burgess's wife from her bed. Hence they were not in the castle, which is near San Zeno, but in the Della Scala Palace, in the very heart of the city. The two accomplices were Ubaldino Baldinanza, a grey villain, and young

Francesco della Rocca Rossa. All three were armed with swords and daggers; the cloaks lay with the masks on the table. A servant came to the door, knocked, and waited. Can Grande, who (to be just) feared no eye upon his goings, shouted him into the room.

"Well, son of a pig," was his greeting, "and what is it now?"

The fellow, whose teeth chattered in his head, announced a veiled lady, very tall, who would not be denied. Baldinanza grizzled and scarred as he was, took a quick breath and glanced at Rocca Rossa. The younger man was at no pains to conceal his emotions. His face ran the gamut from white to red, from red back again to white. It ended ashen. Neither looked at his master.

"Let her in," said Can Grande; and each noticed how laboriously he spoke.

The servant turned to obey: there in the doorway stood the Lady.

Tall enough she was, her head seemingly about a foot from the cross-beam of the door. She was cloaked from crown to foot; nothing but the oval of her face, colourless white with lips very wan, and a droop to them inexpressibly sad, showed out of the dark column she made. The servant shrank into the passage and stayed there praying; of the three men at the table only one, Can Grande himself, had the spirit left to be courteous. He got up; the other two remained seated, Francesco with his face in his arms,

"Madonna," began the tyrant; but she uncloaked her hand and put a finger to her sad lips.

"I may not stay," she said, in a voice so weary as to draw tears to Baldinanza's wicked old eyes—"I may not stay; but I must warn you, Can Grande, before I go. Walk not in the streets this night, walk not by the Piazza, pass not the arched way; peril lies there. No sword shall help you, nor the royal seat you have,—enter it not. Now I have warned you; let me go."

She put back her lifted hand under her cloak. Can Grande saw the round head of the Babe asleep. For five minutes after her disappearance no one spoke.

Francesco was the first. He groaned, "God have mercy upon me a sinner," between his hands. Then Baldinanza began to swear by all devils in Christendom and Jewry, not blasphemously, but in sheer desperate search for a little courage. Can Grande shook his head like a water-clogged hound, as if to get the ring of that hollow voice out of his ears. The first to rise was the eldest of the three. His eyes were very bright, and you could see the long scar plainly shining on his cheek. "I am a sinner too," said he, "but this night I will sleep clean." He made to go.

"Do you desert me, comrade?" Can Grande asked. The old dog turned upon his master.

"Mother of Pity!" he said in a whisper, "you are never going after this?"

"I am going, good sir. What

of you?" Baldinanza blinked hard. "I am your servant, Can Grande," he said finally; "where you go I follow. That is how I read the Book of the Law."

"Well, Checco," the tyrant went on, turning to the youngster still at the table, "what of you?"

Francesco threw up his arms. "Never, Excellency, never!" he groaned in his anguish. "I dare not, I dare not!" He concealed neither his tears, nor his despair, nor his bodily fear. Can Grande shrugged.

"Are you ready, Ubaldo?" he asked. Baldinanza bowed his head. The two men cloaked and masked themselves, and went out of the palace. The moon shone broad over the

Piazza; it was a cold white night. They crossed at the farther corner, went up a few steps, and then were lost in the glooms of the arched way.

They never came out alive. Six hired daggers hacked the life out of them and their hearts from the bodies. To this day the unwholesome place is called for a testimony the "*Volto Barbaro*," the horrid entry. So died in his sin Can Grande II., a man who feared nothing and won nothing but fear, and Can Signorio his son reigned in his stead. You might trust the cloth-white lackey and the stricken conscience of Francesco della Rocca Rossa to spread the news they had.

VIII.—THE REPROACHES.

A scared city of blank case-ments, a city of citizens feverishly asking questions whose answers they knew beforehand, a city of swift feet and hushed voices, was Verona on the morrow of Can Grande's murder. They carried the two torn bodies covered with one sheet to Sant' Anastasia, laid them there, not in state but just huddled out of sight, while the bishop and his canons sang a requiem, and "*Dirige*" and "*Placebo*" went whining about the timbers of the roof. Nobody mourned the man, yet he had his due. His yellow-skinned wife knelt at his feet; Can Signorio, the new tyrant, frozen rigid, armed in mail, knelt at his head. The mercenaries held the nave, the

bodyguard the door, archers lounged in the Piazza. All this parade of force was mere superfluity; Verona had no desire to revolt. The Veronese were for rending their hearts and not their rulers that day.

In the afternoon the show of a trial-at-law was made. The depositions of the lackey, of Rocca Rossa, of the finders of the murdered and the hunters for the murderers, were taken and recorded by the *podestà* in the presence of the council. After that the six unknown dastards were publicly condemned to death by the civil power from the loggia of the palace, and as publicly excommunicated by the bishop from the steps of the cathedral. It was felt on all hands that on this occasion the

bishop had wielded the heavier arm: at least, in the absence of the criminals, he had brought his chances level. But what gave him most weight was that which had made the testimony of Francesco and the lackey overshadow every event of a week full of events—the interposition of Madonna of the Peach-tree. Not a soul in the city was left to doubt; it might be said that not a soul was left to save, if faith can save you. The churches were packed from dawn to dark, not an altar in a chapel went bare of a mass. There were not enough of them. Altars were set up in the squares, and the street-ends blocked by a kneeling, bowing, weeping, adoring crowd. The bishop spoke the common mind when at Vespers that night he gave notice that he should go forthwith to purge the Carmelite church of the stain upon it, “at the request of my reverend brother the Prior Provincial of the Order.” He set out then and there in solemn procession of the whole cathedral chapter. Rank formed on rank behind him till his ordered following trailed across Verona like a host.

Now although, as it has been said, and truly said, there was no soul in the city who doubted, there was one soul very much in doubt. That was Fra Battista’s. The offer of purgation had come in frenzy from the lips of his prior; by its acceptance Fra Battista saw himself driven to one of two courses. He must destroy his reputation for obedience to heavenly commands which it had been rank

heresy in him to overlook, or that other reputation he had won, for being a desperate lover, upon which he shrewdly surmised some of his fame depended. He may have been right about that,—I am not here to defend him. If he admitted his guilt he would be unfrocked; he would show like a chanticleer stripped of his hackles before his hens. If he denied it, he could never preach to the women again. Admit it? Be degraded? Eh, that would be a nasty shift! Deny it? Oh, preposterous! The whole day he battled with himself, voice crying against voice, without result. Observe it was a mere case of expediency: he had no thought to own a fault or repudiate a slander,—the fellow had no conscience at all. Expediency, indeed, was his conscience, his attention to it the ladder whereby he hoped to climb to the only heaven he knew. No imagination had he, but very tender senses. Applause—the hushed church, the following eyes, the sobered mouths, a sob in the breath—stood him for glory. He had worked for this, and, by the Lord! he had won it. And now he must lose it. Eh, never, never! Stated thus, he knew the issue of his battle. He knew he could not give up these things—eye-service, lip-service, heart-service—of which he had supped so thirstily. Rather be unfrocked, driven out of the city, reviled, and spit upon, than admit such a shame as that other: to prove himself a vapourer before his slaves, to be pricked like a bulging blad-

der, slit open like a rotten bag—God of the love of women, never, never in life! The other course, then? He pictured himself, the tall and comely youth, standing up alone before the grim assembly of elders, flinty old men who knew nothing of my Lord Amor, how he rides afield in a rose-coloured garment, throwing a flower and a dart to boy or girl as he goes. He saw a dewy-eyed Battista owning himself Love's priest. The women called him Sebastian for his beauty. A Sebastian he was, *per Dio!* stuck all over with Amor's fiery darts. Like Sebastian, by his persecutors he would be stripped bare; like that martyr's enemies, they would wound his tender flesh; like Sebastian he would endure, casting his eyes upwards; and like Sebastian he would infallibly be wept by the women.

If women will weep for you they will bleed for you; the fount of tears feeds a river as well as betrays a hidden well. Good then, good then! He saw a future in all this. From the other spike of the dilemma he saw nothing but his impaling; in this case, if he was impaled, balm at least would be laid upon his wounds. Fra Battista determined to brazen it out before Verona.

They lit the tapers in the sanctuary betimes; and then all the brethren in their hoods sat in choir awaiting the bishop. With him and his clergy should come the reverend prior. Fra Battista was to stand on the rood-step to make his purgation. He would be backed by the light. So much of grace they

would do him, that he should face a sea of dark, and be seen but in outline by it.

The bishop's procession, long announced by the indefinable hum a great crowd breeds, swept up the nave with a slithering of countless feet. The bishop in purple, his canons in scarlet, his cross-bearer, his chaplains and singing-men, the bearer of his mitre, his ring on a cushion; after these the arch-deacon and his chaplains, the clergy of the city, heads of religious orders, representatives of the civil arm, Can Signorio with the officers of his household; finally the silent eager people, edging past each other, whispering, craning their heads to see what there was and what there was not to be seen. So came Verona in a multitude to the great business of Fra Battista and the ragpicker's wife, in reality thrilling with but one thought: Madonna of the Peach-tree was in the city, for any waking soul to see!

After the penitential psalms, a litany, and the office appointed, the bishop stood with his back to the altar, and spoke *urbi et orbi* from the text, "God, who in divers times and in divers places," &c. I cannot do more than report the sum of his discourse, which was that, as it was plain these late marvels had some root in the hidden ways of men's hearts, so it behoved him as a father to lay all such ways bare. That for himself, if he might speak as a man only, he was conscious of no sin unpurged which the apparitions might condemn, and certainly (alas!) of no graces of his own

which they could have been designed to reward. Let each speak for himself. If there was any man in that vast assembly unshriven, let him confess now what his fault was; so that instant prayer might be made to their glorious visitant for forgiveness by intercession. If, on the other hand, there was some Christian virtue blossoming in secret, let them (brethren) find it speedily out, that thanks might be given for mercies vouchsafed. It was noticed afterwards that the death by butchery of the feudal lord was passed by without a comment. There might have been a reason for this in the circumstance that Can Grande II. had been warned of his sin, had nevertheless set out to commit it, and had died in the act, as it had been foretold. To discuss all this in the hearing of Can Signorio, his successor, might have been a task too delicate for the bishop. But I believe that the scent of the miraculous, which was all about him, was too much for him. He could nose out nothing beyond the line which that fragrance seemed to point. All his thoughts, with those of his auditors, were upon Madonna of the Peach-tree, whom there was nothing, absolutely nothing, to connect with Fra Battista, his doings and undoings. No one detected this, so Can Grande may have been inspired. A great to-do, which no one had the rights of, was followed by mysterious appearances which no one pretended to understand. What more natural than that one mystery should be allowed to explain the other?

The bishop having ended, the prior (who was very nervous) began. There were certainly foxes here and there in the vineyard, wild grapes on the vines as well as grapes. No community was so holy but that, through excess of zeal, overinflamed by charity, it might nurture upon its bosom a fanged snake. Might he not allude to the detestable and never-enough-to-be-condemned sin of simony which, as they knew only too well, had fattened in the Dominican convent at B——? What should he say of that Friar Minor, the famous preacher of S——, who had been found dead of a surfeit of melons and white wine? Alas! he brought the charge of gluttony—a deadly sin—upon his order! Wonderful then would it be in such days as these if the most renowned of all orders and most venerable, that of Mount Carmel, should pass unscathed through the tempting fires! Not only wonderful, but in itself a snare. What a temptation to the sin of pride in the order! What a drawing on of others (too disposed already) to the sin of envy, to uncharitable speaking—ah, and to unlovely dealing! Let sin be owned, therefore, since men were born sinners; but let purgation be done, the wicked member plucked out, &c., &c.

He passed to the sin of Fra Battista—that promising young apostle—handled it soberly yet gingerly, hinted extenuating circumstances—the pride of life, young blood, the snares of women, Satan's favourite sitting-places, &c.—drew a tear

or two from his own eyes and floods from La Testolina; and then called Fra Battista to come forth that he might purge himself or be purged by the canon law.

Thus exhorted, Fra Battista, becomingly tonsured, delicately combed, with an aspect most meek and hands at a pretty droop, came demurely out of the friars' door into the full light of the chancel. To the bishop he bowed, to the altar he bent a knee, to his father in religion he bent both; to the hush in the nave he cast a glance of wistful appeal. It was truly aimed. They could see nothing of his face, nothing but the shape of him, yet the women were sure he made a wistful appeal. Many were affected; the anxiety to hear him was intense, the squeezing fearful. An enormous fish-seller from the Lago di Garda, who had come in express, leaned over La Testolina and ground a braized heel into her toes. "*Achi!*" whimpered the little laundress; but "Snakes of Purgatory!" said the other, "what's a toe more or less when Madonna is round the corner with a blessing for us in her maunch?"

In a rapt silence, with no preface at all, Fra Battista made direct confession to all his gods (whether remote or throned within the sanctuary-rail) that he had committed the sin whereof he was accused. A perceptible shiver of sensation swept over the church, although everybody in it was sure, before he had uttered a word, what that word ought

to be. Indeed he had never denied it; but not to deny is different from bold affirmation. The prior, whose avowal had also been tacit, looked pained: avowals are painful things. The bishop, more used to avowals, did his best to look shocked; the archdeacon (professionally enough) thought avowal the most indecent part of an indecent business. The Dominicans looked at each other, frankly delighted; the Friars Minor told each other what they had always said. What the people thought can only be guessed, for the nave was in darkness; but when Battista had made an end a shuddering sigh came from a woman far down the church and then stopped, hidden in some hasty new movement there which could not be accounted for. There seemed to be a stampede, a sudden rush to the side, the surging of some great unsuspected wave, which broke, as it were, in the midst of the throng, and washed an open space to right and left. Up in the choir, after the first surge of this wave (which made every heart beat), all ears heard the long-drawn following "*Ah!*"—not fear only, not expectation made real, but rather awe, expectation shown just. It began low and hollow, ran up to a hiss: then the silence was such that the cracking of a man's ankle-bone by the door sounded like a carter's whip at the bishop's throne. In that deathly state the whole body of people remained breathless waiting what was to ensue.

Out of the dark, stealing (it appeared) from the middle of the nave and floating down the church upon a bodily silence, came a cold voice. Like a wind from the snow-mountains it came in a thin stream, before which Fra Battista shrivelled visibly. "O thou craven!" it said, "thou wicked man! what sin can be greater than thine? If thou hadst done this thing thou ownest, it had gone better with thee than now, when thou standest a liar and boaster in a filthy cause. Wilt thou foul thyself, Battista, and think it honour? I tell thee that it was more tolerable for that stoned wretch than it shall be for thee; and it were better that men should go unsouled like the dogs, committing offence with their bodies, than souled horribly like thee, thou sinner of the mind, idolater of thine own image! Dost thou yet make slippery the ways of Mount Carmel, Battista? Dost thou yet hang the pearls which are the tears of Mary about thy neck? It shall be in such case that Carmel will be her holy hill no more, and those same pearls turned to leaden bulls to seal thee in Tophet. There

is no mercy for the coward, and none for him that serves false gods. Go forth, thou groper after vainglory, kennel with the swine!"

The voice ceased. Fra Battista, who had been rocking under its chill breath, fell with a thud. The bishop adored the altar; the rest — priests, monks, people alike — broke into "Salve Regina," so loud, so wild, the very church seemed to shake. At that time the west doors flung open of themselves, and a roaring wind swept round, disastrous to candles. A quick flicker of blue flame jagged across the nave; the thunder came instant, pealing, crackling, braying ruin, fading at last to a distant grumble; and then the rain. No one got home that night with a dry skin; but it was Madonna who had quenched the doubting of Fra Battista, and washed fragrant the memory of Vanna to whomsoever had loved her once. As her lovers in early days had been many, it follows that they all forgot in the delight of reminiscence any harsh judgments she had received.

IX.—THE CROWNING PROOF.

The week went its way without further miracle; but Verona had supped full of miracles, and had need to digest. The signs and wonders she had witnessed, as one soul, in the church of the Carmelites had been so astonishing that you will easily understand how all little differ-

ences between order and order were forgotten. The root of disturbance — Vanna and her baby, Fra Battista and his luxurious imaginings, Baldassare and his addition — were also forgotten. Baldassare was at Mantua, Vanna had been stoned to death ("martyred"

was now the word)—all was well. Fra Battista had been quietly ridded the very next morning: unfrocked he took the way of the Brenner and the mountains, and Veronese history knows nothing further certainly of him. It is thought he may have got so far as Prague, where at any rate a perfervid preacher called Baptist von Bern was burnt for heresy in the year 1389—a spreader of anabaptistical doctrines he was, Gospels of the Spirit, Philadelphianism, and what not. Everything settled down to routine: Can Signorio to tyranny and coquetting with Gian Galeazzo of Milan (who finally swallowed him up); the bishop to accommodating the claims of God, the Pope, and his temporal lord, to those of salvation and his stomach; and in like manner did every person in this narrative after his kind.

Then on a bright morning in early September old Baldassare came limping up the Ponte Navi with his pack on his back, paused a minute on the bridge, as his habit was, to look down on the busy laundresses by the water, spat twice, and so doing was observed, threw a cracked “Buon’ giorno, La Testolina!” over the side, and went on his slow way to the Via Stella.

It was still very early, but not so early that Vanna was not in her shop-door sewing and crooning to the baby on her lap. She heard his step the moment he rounded the bottom corner of the street, blushed prettily from neck to

temples, caught up the child, and went out to meet her lord. Standing before him in her cool cotton gown, there was no sun in the dusky place but what her halo of hair made, no warmth but that of her welcoming mouth. Half shyly she stopped, holding up the baby for him to see: it was not for her to make advances, you must understand; but it needed no magic to make one believe that what a man’s wife should be to a man that was young Madonna Vanna to her rag-picker. Baldassare blinked and tried to look harassed; the next minute he had pinched Vanna’s cheek. She put the baby into his wiry old arms—a very right move of hers.

“Eh, *bambinaccio*,” he muttered, highly pleased, “it is good to see thee! So thou art come out to meet thy old dad—thou and thy little rogue of a mother? Come, the pair of ye, and see what my pack has in store.” The baby crowed and bubbled, Vanna nested her arm closer to his ribs, and the trio went into the house.

A keen shot from one eye sufficed to assure the old fellow that as well as a little beauty he had a domestic treasure to wife. The house was as fresh as her cheeks, as trim as her shape. “Now the saints be good to this city of Verona,” said he, “as to me they have proved not amiss.” This was great praise from Baldassare; his generosity gave it point. From his pack came a pair of earrings, —wagging, tinkling affairs of

silver and coral; next some portentous pins, shining globes like prickly pears; a coral and bells for Master Niccolà, and a *scaldino* of pierced brass for the adornment of the house. "Thank you, Baldassare," said Vanna to her blinking old master; then she kissed him. Before she knew where she was, before she could say "Già!" he put his arm round her and whispered in her ear. Then she clung to him, sobbing, laughing, breathing short; and the rest it were profanation to report.

Verona rubbed its eyes as it came out yawning to its daily work. There was the open shop, ever the first in the street; there the padrone; there, by the manger of Bethlehem, were the padrona and the baby, whom they had last seen huddling from their stones. Vanna wore her colours that morning; she was rosy like the dawn, she was smiling, she had very bright eyes. But there was a happy greeting for man or wife who looked her way; and when La Testolina came peering to behold the discomfiture of Baldassare, Vanna's gay looks found her out, and "Buon' giorno, La Testolina," came as cheerfully from her as it had come from her husband on the bridge. All the little woman could do was to squat upon the threshold at her friend's feet and pretend that she was troubled with palpitations.

The crowning proof remains

to be told. As La Testolina (who blazed the story abroad) is reported to have said, you might have drummed the guard out with her heartbeats. Vanna, by way of weaning her baby, it seems, was tempting him with gob-bets of peach from a wine-glass. She bit a corner from the peach and tendered it in her lips to the youngster on her lap. The baby (a vigorous child) made a snap at it like a trout at a fly, and a gulp so soon as he had it. The peach was hard, the morsel had many corners,—went down bristling, as it were. Cola had his first stomach-ache, was hurt, was miserable, prepared to howl. At that moment La Testolina happened to look at him: she stared, she gasped, she reeled against the door-post.

"Hey, Mother of Jesus!" she cried; "look at the baby!"

"It was a corner-piece, I'm afraid," said Vanna, with great calmness; "but the natural juices will thaw it."

"No, no, no! It is not that, woman," her friend went on, feverishly—"it is not that! Look at his face, look at his face!"

Vanna looked.

"Well," she asked, "what of his face?"

The bambino, to express his agony, was *grinning from ear to ear*.

This was the last miracle wrought by Madonna of the Peach-tree.

ANNO DOMINI.

ANNO DOMINI, most fashionable of all the complaints that affect frail human nature, unsurmountable, inextirpable fate of the unloved of the gods! we may try to disguise you, we may temporarily delude ourselves and others into fancying that you have not touched us yet, but in our heart of hearts we are painfully conscious of your presence all the same. And even if the freshness of the spring of the year giving us a new lease of animal spirits, or the warmth of the summer sun relaxing our stiffened joints, cause us to forget your existence for a while, the 'World'—"this," as Mr Slurk would say, "is popularity"—or, worse degradation, the 'Sportsman,' not only wishes us many happy returns of the day, but with brutal and unnecessary candour blazons forth the intelligence that we were born on such and such a day of a very remote year.

Of course we fully recognise the fact that Anno Domini is essentially a masculine complaint. Any man with his wits about him knows more or less accurately how old each one of his male associates is. There are so many obvious ways of finding out, and friends are so cordially frank in the matter of betraying what they know, that for a male being to lie about his age is simply futile. But only women, or here and there a man to whom nature has imparted some of the foibles of the weaker sex, take the trouble to search

out the ages of their sisters in Debrett; and when by any chance one of the fair sex does so far commit herself as to inscribe the year of her birth in our child's birthday-book, we accept the statement rather as a figure of speech than as a matter of fact. Even old-world Solomon, not at all times nor in all matters wholly complimentary to the fair sex, is careful to attribute that mortality "which befallerh beasts" to the sons rather than to the daughters of men. We can well believe that the great sage, as husband of seven hundred wives, had learnt to measure his words on the delicate question of the age of womankind. From a more modern source we have, however, been given to know that woman, "lovely woman," has a chartered right to be inaccurate, if it so pleases her, in statements as regards her age. For have we not been informed on the best authority in the world—that, we mean, of the lady who for some years past has kindly poured out our tea in the morning—that when an expectant cook writes herself down as thirty years old, she really means that she is on the shady side of forty?

"But," we meekly inquired, "how old are they really, when they call themselves forty?"

"Oh, they never do that," was the answer, "or if they do, it means any age between fifty and a hundred."

We quite understood; for "forty" we must read "aged," and must handicap accordingly. We cannot for the moment recall whether sixty or seventy was Anthony Trollope's "Fixed Period" for retirement into his necropolis; but clearly thirty is the fixed period for self-respecting cooks and other domestic servants.

In the absence of any incriminating evidence to the contrary, a slight inaccuracy as to dates may be held excusable, and, after all, curiosity on the part of a male being as to the number of years during which his fair *vis-à-vis* at the dinner-table may have graced the world with her presence is wholly impertinent and almost savours of sacrilege. Let the over-curious wight recall the fate of Peeping Tom, and the ignominy that pursued the intruder of the wrong sex who attempted to penetrate the mystery that shrouded the worship of Bona Dea.

"Women, gentlemen," said the enthusiastic Mr Snodgrass, "are the great props and comforts of our existence." The right-minded man will echo the Pickwickian's sentiments, and think of woman as possessing many of the attributes of Anacreon's cicala, as "honoured by mortals, loved by the gods, shrill-voiced, unaffected by age, untouched by pain, almost divine."

Let it be prefaced, then, that in our remarks about Anno Domini we shall in no way refer to the fair sex, whom we prefer to regard as enjoying an

absolute immunity from such a reproach.

But how does Anno Domini affect those of our own sex? In ways sundry and divers! Some of us accept the inevitable with a good grace, others again resentfully. Men we have met who, wishing to be old men long, have in demeanour and all outward semblance become old men so early in life that they would almost have us imagine that they have realised Nicodemus's suggestion, and were born into the world at a mature age. Others are so preternaturally juvenile in their tastes, habits, and conversation, that we are sorely tempted to believe that grey hair is covering an infantile brain. "In much wisdom," the Preacher tells us, "is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

If, as in all charity we will hope, the converse of these propositions holds good, then in what an elysium of their own creation must a fair proportion of our elderly neighbours have been living! It would be difficult to imagine that Angelo Cyrus Bantam, "a charming young man of not much more than fifty, whose features were contracted into a perpetual smile," had ever burnt the midnight oil in the pursuit of scientific discovery. "If," as a great thinker once said, "the wisest of our race often reserve the average stock of folly to be all expended upon some one flagrant absurdity," there are others who seem con-

tent to play the buffoon on life's stage from the cradle to the grave.

"'You are old, Father William,' the young man said,

'And your hair it is getting quite white;

And yet you incessantly stand on your head—

Do you think at your age it is right?'

'In the days of my youth,' Father William replied,

'I was told it would injure my brain;
But now that I'm perfectly certain I've none,

Why, I do it again and again.'"

But we need not borrow instances of these apparent inconsistencies from the pages of fiction. In the history of our own country there have been many men in high places who have lived their lives and done their work before Anno Domini had got a fair grip of them. Others, again, whose opportunity has come at the eleventh hour, have shown qualities of statesmanship, or generalship, for which not even their most intimate friends would have given them credit. If, on the one hand, it is almost impossible to realise the fact that the younger Pitt was ever a "whining schoolboy," much less an infant at all, the marvellous vitality and the exuberant enthusiasm of a late eminent statesman would have seemed to preclude the idea that he was really and truly born when George III. was king, and was sent to school about the time that 'Maga' was short-coated.

But now, with all due deference to the false quantity, "Paullo minora canamus," or, in plain English, let us leave history

and fiction alone and see how far the presence of Anno Domini affects the comfort of ourselves, and of our friends and acquaintances. But whereas we shrink from inflicting upon the readers of 'Maga' a new series of Annals of an Uneventful Life, and acquit them of any desire to wade through a description of our personal relations with our cousins and our aunts, we will try to be as little egotistical as possible. So then of ourselves we will briefly say that if we were not exactly born either in the consulship of Plancus or before the battle of Waterloo, we plead guilty to baldness, unaccompanied, we trust, by unseemly juvenility; and that while young enough to enjoy a walk after partridges or a cricket-match, we are old enough to feel unconscionably stiff in the evening afterwards, yet foolish enough to repeat the experiment on the following day if the chance is given to us. Disclaiming the idea that we may be stigmatised like Falstaff as a "Veteran Vice," a "Grey Iniquity," we still think that "an occasional jolly bout, if not carried to excess, improves society," and still feel that we, like other men, are "put into good humour by it," and that "when the good wine does its office, the song, the jest, the speech has a better effect"; and if on the following morning we wake with the suspicion of a headache, we will not ungratefully charge the same wholly to the account of Anno Domini.

Few of us, we fancy, regard

Anno Domini from what we may call a subjective or purely personal point of view. We cannot, for example, picture to ourselves a male being who will deliberately and out of malice prepose go up-stairs, lock his dressing-room door, and sitting down in front of his looking-glass study his features in the glass and note the havoc which length of days has wrought on a countenance once, in somebody's eyes at all events, pleasing to behold. Beau Brummell may, for all we know or care to know to the contrary, have done something of the sort; but we think of Beau Brummell rather as a "very, very pajock," than a man of bones and sinews. Even when we quarrel with nature and resent the fact that our hair and teeth do not last out our time, we do not saddle Anno Domini with the responsibility.

"*Delicta majorum immeritus lues.*"

While we may not regard our doctor as invariably and on all points infallible, we thank him for teaching us the thought that in the matter of scanty locks and decayed teeth we are the innocent victims of the excesses of our ancestors, rather than sufferers for our own works and deservings, or even our own ages. On occasions when our hairdresser, who apparently persists in mistaking us for Tittlebat Titmouse and expects us to buy his infallible hair-restorer, favours us with the old stereotyped remark, "Hair getting a little thin on the top, sir," it is a wholesome

and comforting reflection that our great-great-grandfather is to be held accountable because he would drink that extra bottle of port night after night. And when the dentist pulls a long face over the condition of our teeth, we feel sure that our great-great-grandmother either indulged in too many sweetmeats or habitually over-ate herself. We do not in the least degree in the world wish to convey the idea that we grudge the old folk their port wine or their sweetmeats; on the contrary, we hope that they enjoyed them at the time, and were never haunted by the thought that their self-indulgences would be visited on the heads of an unborn posterity. But it is manifestly unfair to credit our dear friend Anno Domini with the disasters which ancestral gluttony has inflicted on modern generations.

We have been assured, and here again our authority is good, that when some old village gossip tells us—she means it for a compliment—that we are looking very poorly, she really wishes us to understand that we are looking very old. And probably there are some days on which we both look and feel older than on others. But if left wholly to our own reflections—setting aside, that is, other people's personal remarks—we shall decline to entertain the idea that there is any fixed law of nature that shall compel us to feel one whit older when April Fool's Day comes round again than we do now on these Calends of

February. From a personal point of view we are in the habit of regarding Anno Domini not as a master, but as a servant to be employed upon convenient occasions.

"Going to the play to-night, old fellow?"

"Oh, no; I am much too old for theatres."

Anglicè. "I have got something better to do to-night."

"Going to Mr A's party?"

"No; I'm afraid I'm rather past that sort of thing."

Anglicè. "No fear: I went to one of Mrs A's parties last month, and there wasn't a decent-looking woman in the room."

"Coming to play cricket at Woolwich next week?"

"No, no; that's a little beyond me, you know—I can't get down to them now."

Anglicè. "Catch me playing at Woolwich again till they have relaid the ground. I got cut over here twice last week, and that is enough for one season."

"Would you like to come and call with me at the B's to-day?"

This from the wife of our bosom.

"Well, no, dear; you see, I've got a touch of that silly rheumatism, and I am rather taking care of myself."

Anglicè. "What an extraordinary question! Did any woman ever really know a man who liked paying calls? What is the good of a wife if she cannot leave her man's cards for him?"

When at another time of

year the same lady, with some want of tact, suggests that partridge-driving in January or wading a trout-river in April is not altogether a good thing for our rheumatism, we feel justly aggrieved. Our rheumatism, as a lady of her experience might have gathered, is part and parcel of our Anno Domini, a sort of *deus ex machinâ* to be invoked when we want him, and we most certainly do not require his services when there are partridges to be shot or trout to be caught. It is not, we feel, as if we had invited her to come out and carry our cartridges, or to shiver on the bank with our landing-net, and thus to occupy a position analogous to that which we are expected to assume in the afternoon-calling business.

"But," we seem to hear the lady say, "I *do* like watching you fishing when you catch anything."

"And I too, my dear creature, have on occasions hardened my heart to pay an afternoon call at a select house where I have been sure that there will be no new baby either *in esse* or *in posse*."

We knew a man in the flesh, not so many years ago, who elected to celebrate after a fashion of his own the festival of Anno Domini about once in every six months. Most active both in mind and body on all other days in the year, on these solemn occasions he posed for four-and-twenty hours as being very, very old, old enough to be his own great-grandfather, and

indulged himself in that isolation from society which we have heard ladies with High-Church tendencies describe as a Retreat.

We had occasion to notice that he was sufficiently weather-wise to select for the purpose one of those days which a fisherman's almanac might specify as being good for neither man nor beast. On such a day, wrapped up in a dressing-gown before a comfortable fire, he would invite the respectful sympathy of his family, who quite entered into the spirit of the thing and understood that the master of the house expected to be cosseted, posseted, and generally made much of. Brandy-gruel and favourite titbits were administered at seemly intervals, and though we do not remember that straw was laid down in the street or that the door-knocker was muffled, a discreet parlour-maid was careful to whisper her answers to inquiring visitors with all the gravity due to so solemn an occasion.

"It is one of master's bad days, sir, and I am afraid you cannot see him."

The visitor had no cause for being unduly anxious. Experience would have taught him that if the next day was fine and bright the phoenix would rise from its ashes, and a rejuvenated Æson would gladden the hearts of his countrymen by discarding the dressing-gown and resuming the ordinary garb and habits of a vigorous nineteenth-century Englishman.

Most men, however, seem to view the advance of age from what we may call an objective point of view, critically studying the performances of their elders or contemporaries, and regulating their own line of conduct accordingly. We know one man, for instance, who for years past has never omitted to greet our own appearance in the cricket-field with the same remark, slightly personal, but always well-meant — "Awfully glad to see you playing here to-day, old fellow; you know that you are ever so much older than I am." And this puts us upon our mettle at once. For do we not feel that we are for the nonce serving as an object-lesson, and that there is somebody on the ground who is, if possible, even more keenly interested in our success than we are ourselves? And we can go home and sleep the sleep of the just that night, buoyed up by the conviction that while others may have noted our shortcomings, and possibly resented the presence of an old fossil on the side, one man at any rate has been equally ready to observe any redeeming features in our play. There is a species of satisfaction even in the thought that we have one trumpeter surviving; for we know that for months to come he will find in our humble self a precedent for not giving up all semblance of juvenility, and that if any contemporary less energetic than himself ventures to suggest that cricket is a young man's game, an answer will be ready on his tongue.

"Too old to play cricket? What nonsense! Why, I met old What's-his-name playing the other day, and he got a heap of runs, and he's years older than I am."

If the pair of us, the veterans of our side, have been fair subject for criticism on the part of our juniors, how shrewdly in our turn have we watched the performances of the youngsters, half fancying that in our prime we were better men than they are now; sure in our own mind that in the years to come few of them will feel as vigorous as we feel ourselves to-day, sceptical perhaps as to the absolute superiority of young steel over old iron. And if it so happen that by any chance Ulysses, favoured by the goddess, temporarily seems to regain his pristine strength and to bend the bow with more ease than Telemachus, how sweet the triumph, how unbounded the satisfaction to feel that there is some life in the old dog yet? We are both of us on the best of terms with *Anno Domini* for weeks to come, and so far from feeling oppressed by weight of years, inclined to give ourselves credit for more of them than we are really carrying.

But to reverse the picture, and regard the object-lesson from another point of view. On those bad days which come only too often, when time and everything else seems to be thoroughly out of joint, when the wind blows from the east or the ground is slippery, when the eye is faulty, and the muscles refuse to work pro-

perly, when the catches are dropped and the ball will persist in going between our legs, when, as a climax to our misfortunes, some volatile young gentleman is kind enough to run us out—who so grieved as our trumpeter? In the fall of Hector—this reads rather as if there were two trumpeters, but we must pose as his Hector just for this once—he foresees the ruin of Troy, in our discomfiture he recognises his own fate, and that night he goes home very sorry—for himself. We will hope that he may find some comfort in the thought that we really, after all, are "years" older than he is, and so thinking, may postpone the sale of his bat and pads for a period, at all events.

But *Anno Domini* has also, from the objective point of view, a sadder tale to tell. Some ten years ago we sat up smoking well into the small hours of the night in the company of an old army man, who had received his commission in or about the year that 'Maga' first saw daylight. Time had dealt kindly with him; he was upright as a dart, in full possession of all his faculties, a brilliant pianist, and a most cheery and interesting companion. Suddenly, in the middle of a story of some adventure he had met with early in the century, he interpolated, almost by way of apology, "Of course, all those fellows are dead now. It's a devilish odd thing, sir, but you've no idea how many of my contemporaries are dead;

quite extraordinary, I call it." And as if the remark had set him thinking, he shortly relapsed into silence, and we got no more stories out of him that night.

On our own shoulders *Anno Domini* may seem to sit lightly enough, the decay of tissue that must be going on in our bodies may be unaccompanied by any disquieting symptom; but when we watch the narrowing circle of our contemporaries, and miss the faces of those "who have toiled and wrought and fought" with us, we cannot help asking ourselves the question why the one should have been taken and the other left.

"*Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon*," the blaze, if the wind sets this way, will reach our own hearth next, and there will be yet another gap in the circle. It may be that, as the years roll on, our sense of pain, as of pleasure, grows less acute, and we become, comparatively speaking, callous; but it is only callous, comparatively speaking, after all, and to most of us, as we look round in vain for the old familiar faces, will come home the words in which Kingsley describes the feelings of the Argonauts when they landed on the shores of their beloved Hellas: "And their joy was swallowed up in sorrow while they thought of their youth, and all their labour, and the gallant comrades they had lost." Apart from this, there is yet another way in which *Anno Domini* is in the habit of forcibly reminding us of his presence. It is an old saying that

we may be thankful that we do not see ourselves as others see us. Sometimes, however, we come perilously near the brink of so doing. Absorbed in our work or amusements, we are apt to grow, happily, unconscious of the flight of time, and possibly for months together nothing special or untoward occurs to remind us that we are not so young as we were. Then comes a rude awakening. One day we suddenly run up against an old friend whom we have lost sight of for many years. When we had last met him—alas! a very long time ago—we had regarded him as the embodiment of manly strength and beauty, a veritable king of men—one of those marvellous athletes to whom no feat of physical strength and endurance seemed to come amiss. Now he is nothing but a very ordinary mortal: there is absolutely nothing about his appearance to suggest that he was ever at any period of his existence comely to behold. The springy gait has become an ungainly shuffle; instead of the lithe figure which we once admired, we now shudder at a rotundity of form which might awake the envy of Mr Weller senior; the well-favoured face has become muddy-complexioned, and scored with deep lines; when he laughs we see the gaps in the "ivory palace," when he takes off his hat we note the baldness. Even his clothes—and he used to dress so well, and we happen to know that he is not a poor man—are vilely made and vilely put

on. In short, the disillusion is complete.

Our first feeling is one of genuine sorrow: it is a lamentable misfortune, we say to ourselves, that a fine figure of a man should have run to seed like that so early in life. Presently we proceed to impart our thoughts to some one else. We have a cup of tea at the club with a mutual friend, a man of the same standing as ourselves and our fallen idol, but a man, be it remembered, whom we are constantly in the habit of meeting. To him we unburden our soul.

"I ran up against old J. to-day," we remark, "and hardly knew him; in fact, should not have known him at all if I had not been told who he was."

"Why, I always thought that you prided yourself on your memory,—never forgot a face, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, I very seldom do forget a face"—this rather hotly; "but you never in your life saw a man so altered: you would not know him yourself if you met him in the street."

"Oh yes, I should; I happen to see him pretty often, and I stay with him occasionally. Perhaps you have not met him lately?"

To that proposition we cordially assent. We admit that we have not met old J. for a long time, never, in fact, since—since—how the years do fly, to be sure!—why, never since we took our degree; and how many years ago was that?

Our companion, who has, though he does not boast about

it, a marvellous memory for facts, at once pounces upon the year.

"And old J.," he adds, "got a third in history the year after. Well, you know, old man, you and I are not quite so young as we were. I should imagine that J. is very likely thinking that you are aged a bit!"

No need to say anything more. "Thou art the man." The truth has come straight home to us at once; we do not require to be told a second time that J. has observed the change in ourselves quite as readily as we noticed the deterioration in him.

"Saw old A. to-day," we seem to hear J. telling some one; "horrible old creak he looks now: quite sad to see him."

It is, we will venture to hope, only when a rencontre of this type has temporarily disorganised our nervous system, or when a touch of liver has caused us to feel out of charity with mankind in general and ourselves in particular, that we go to bed at deadly feud with our old friend Anno Domini. For that one night at least we feel that we have a legitimate ground for complaint against him. He has been altogether too much in evidence, and has elected to bring the unpleasant fact of his existence before our eyes in an over-obtrusive and wholly unfriendly manner. Now at last we seem to have viewed him not as in a glass darkly, but face to face in all his hideous naked reality. We court sleep

in vain; our brain is preternaturally active. Morbid and unsettled, we review the past, a whole tide of recollections comes surging up and flooding our mind, here and there the recollection of honours grasped or prizes won, mere oases in the desert, a *sauce piquante* to give relish to a nauseous olla-podrida of baffled schemes, disappointed hopes, lost opportunities, unfulfilled purposes.

We decline to believe in the existence of a middle-aged man, to whom a night spent in thoughts like these is an absolute stranger. For even self-satisfaction—to the possessor, at all events, most comfortable of all possessions—must have its limits.

Let us hope that the sun will be shining into our bedroom window in the morning and will dissipate the gloomy thoughts that have broken our rest; that the cheery song of the birds may charm away the evil spirit that has haunted us; that our vitality, if not our manhood, may come to our rescue and refuse to allow us to be enslaved by a mawkish and morbid sentimentality. Let us invoke the aid of our classical knowledge and take old Cato's wise advice, "We must resist old age and fight against it as a disease."

Let us make up our minds to keep with us in middle age, and further still, something of the youth, agreeing with the old Roman that "he who follows this maxim may become an old man in body, but never in heart." Or let us open the

book of Harrow song, and learn a lesson from that.

To "look back and regretfully wonder what you were like in your work or your play," is an unsatisfactory process. We cannot put back the clock or replace ourselves, except in fancy, in the scenes of our schoolboy triumphs or reverses. But there may be still left for us

"bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest
or fun,
Fights for the fearless and goals for
the eager,
Twenty and thirty and forty years
on."

Improved medical science, and a more perfect knowledge of the laws of hygiene, seem to have made men in these modern days "so strong" that they "come to fourscore years," but it is more or less left to the octogenarian himself to decide whether he will remain to the end an active and useful member of society, or cumber the ground by playing the part of an automatic grumbling machine. As yet we hardly feel educated up to the point of being able to analyse the feelings of 'Maga's' contemporaries. But among men of our own generation we seem to know many who live every day of their life with the determination to take Anno Domini as he comes, and to make the best of him; not a few who waste the present either in regretting the past or moaning over the future. Men of this latter type, if taken to task on their habit of accentuating their own misery by constant grumbling, plead excuses of indifferent

health, torpid liver, or chronic indigestion.

"It's all very well for you to talk," they tell us; "but if you had to live the life that we do," &c., &c.

For the real invalid we are unfeignedly sorry. Our sympathy for the valetudinarian extends unto the third and fourth generation, whom we shall expect to be "*sans* hair, *sans* teeth, *sans* everything" at a very early age. Chronic indigestion and torpid livers seem to suggest self-indulgence and gluttony either personal or hereditary.

Some of our contemporaries are silent by nature, and seem to grow more reticent each year; and here is at once an interesting problem to be solved. It is a rejuvenating pastime to set oneself seriously to work to discover whether these silent members of society are merely men who were not only born without intelligence, but have also failed to pick up any idea in their way through the world, or whether they are those strong silent men on whose lips we hang, when they do speak, in the certainty that what they say will be well worth the hearing. Most of us probably talk too much, and that thought again sets us wondering why Anno Domini, though he limits our activity and sensibly affects our eyesight and powers of hearing, allows the human tongue to wag on to the end of the chapter with undiminished vigour. If we may count the art of conversation as a virtue,

we are tempted to borrow a phrase from Aristotle and decide that the silent man approaches the mean state more nearly than he who runs into the opposite extreme. Young men are on the whole complaisant to the old fogies of our standing, and are not uncivil enough to wish to push us off our stools if we on our part are wise enough to be decently chary of our conversation. There are even occasions when it may interest them to hear of things that happened before they were born. But in the days when we had to struggle with our Homer, Nestor used to bore us consumedly with his long-winded narrations of his youthful experiences. Achilles and Hector, Ajax and Æneas, we were prepared to accept as real personages: they dealt in hard blows and bloody deeds, matters that commended themselves to the boyish mind; and in consideration of the fact that they knew no better, we condoned the offence of their talking an outlandish dialect. But we drew the line at the Geranian Knight altogether, and when he told us how he had vanquished Clytomedes, overthrown Anchæus, &c., &c., we were inclined to vow with Betsy Prigg that "we don't believe there is no sich person."

At a later period of our existence we were grievously tormented by a long-winded old party, a sort of one-man one-story individual. He too, like the Greek veteran, was

more or less mixed up with horses, and used to drive us out to various rivers in years when we went fishing in Cornwall.

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old ;"

but the minstrel had a keen sense of duty, and clearly thought that his duty lay in entertaining his fare. Possibly the readers of 'Maga' would feel as much bored as we used to feel if we attempted to inflict upon them that interminable story. We will briefly say it was the tale of a youth who used to fish the Cornish streams somewhere in the dark ages, who never failed to catch the respectable total of three dozen and a half, and generally met with a series of misadventures in the course of the day. The story always commenced in an interrogative style.

"I was a-wondering, sir, if as how you was the young gen'man as used to come to these parts," &c., &c.

For three years, at the rate of some five or six times per year, we denied the imputation, and listened with resignation to the yarn. But there came a limit to our patience, and, alas! to our veracity. In an evil hour we boldly tried the experiment of asserting our identity with the mythical youth. The result was disastrous: not one jot or one tittle of the legend was suppressed, and we were furthermore pestered by a series of conundrums all commencing

with the phrase, "And don't you mind as how?"

At last there came to our rescue a fisherman friend from London, keen on sport, dour of nature, unsympathetic to a degree as an auditor of long yarns, wholly uneducated in the art of suffering fools gladly. We put him to sit in front of the dogcart and told him that he would find the driver a most entertaining companion. Rather to our surprise, even he, the unsympathetic man, being preoccupied in making up a cast, sat through one recitation and grunted assent at proper intervals. But the second reading he nipped in the bud in the most unfeeling manner.

"I was a-wondering," began Jehu.

"Well, I shouldn't if I was you—it's a bad habit. But if you were wondering whether I was the young gentleman and so forth, as I told you yesterday, I was nothing of the kind, and I don't want to hear anything more about him. You are paid to drive and not to talk, so just look after your horse, and don't talk to me."

The young man of the present day may be forgiven if he declines to listen with rapt attention to the lengthy tales of his seniors, and may earn the thanks of society at large if he invents a polite way of suppressing that common pest, the *raconteur* whose stock-in-trade consists of a fixed number of stories to be told with varia-

tions. This particular type of story-teller should be condemned to bear in a future state the penalty of the evil thoughts and wicked words which he has evoked from others in this world. Kindly affectioned as we feel that the rising generation is inclined to be towards those of maturer age, let us forbear while in their company to prematurely usurp the office of Nestor and to prose of doughty deeds by others unrecorded and unsung, "*quorum pars magna fui.*"

"I wonder what the old man's handicap at golf is," we can hear them say. For they may know—as what golfer does not know?—that there is a really old man at St Andrews who can still cut the combs of many a youngster, and who, instead of talking of what he could do in the years that are past, is ready to show us what he is capable of to-day.

Let us postpone the evil day for weaving romances of our past prowess till we can tell them to our grandchildren, who may appreciate that form of fairy-tale. It will hardly enhance the satisfaction of the youngster who has done a thing well himself to be told that there was a time when we could have done it better, nor shall we gain advantage in the present by investing our past with an imaginative halo.

Rather let us take the good things that the gods have bestowed on this latter-day generation—the bicycle, the golf-club, the hammerless gun—and try to hold our own with the youngsters in the present; and in the future let us hope there may be "a something ere the end," some work not unbecoming the humblest of the contributors to the pages of the ever-vigorous, though now octogenarian, 'Maga.'

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD.¹

CHAPTER XX.—HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HOME for the holidays! What a joyous sound the words have for little ears! Holidays—home! Two iridescent words of rainbow-promise, expectation in all its warm witchery of dream and enchantment, of indolence and eager activity, of impulses unrestrained, and of constant caresses. For me, alas! how much less they meant than for happier children; but even to me the change was delightful, and I welcomed the hopes it contained with all the lively emotions of imaginative childhood. First there was the excitement of the voyage, then the fresh acquaintance with the land I had left two years ago, my own quaint and melancholy land I was about to behold again through foreign glasses; then the captivation of my importance in the family circle, the wonderful things to tell, the revelations, the surprises, embroidered fact so close upon the hidden heels of invention!

My mother came to take me home. She stayed at the Ivies. It was summer-time, and all the rose-bushes were blood-red with blossom, and one breathed the fragrance of roses as if one were living a Persian poem. Not a white rose anywhere, but red upon red, through every tone from

crimson to pink. Is it an exaggeration of imagination, or were the Lysterby lanes and gardens rivers of red, like the torrent-beds of the Greek isles when the oleander is a-bloom? For, looking back to the summers of Lysterby, I see nothing on earth but roses, multiplied like the daisies of the field, a whole county waving perfumed red in memory of the great historic house whose emblem in a memorable war was the red rose of Lysterby.

Of my mother's stay at the Ivies, though she stayed there several days, I remember little definite but two characteristic scenes. Walking across the lawn toward where she stood in the sunshine talking to Sister Esmeralda, I see her still as vividly now as then. She made so superb a picture that even I, who saw her through a hostile and embittered glance, stopped and asked myself if that imperial creature really were my mother. The word mother is so close, so familiar, so everyday an image, and this magnificent woman looked as remote as a queen of legend. Her very beauty was of a nature to inspire terror, as if the mere dropping of her white gold-fringed lids meant the sentence of death to the beholder. My companions round about me were

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prone in abject admiration, and of their state I took note with some measure of pride.

Not so had Polly Evans's mother been regarded; not so was even Lady Adelaide, the Catholic peeress who came to benediction on Sunday, regarded, though she had the haughty upper lip and inscrutable gaze of sensational fiction.

How to paint her, as she stood thus valorously free to the raking sunbeams that showed out the mild white bloom and rose-leaf pink of her long, full visage? She wore on her abundant fair hair a black lace bonnet, trimmed with mauve flowers and a white aigrette, and the long train of her white alpaca gown lay upon the grass like a queen's robe. I remember my admiration of the thousand little flounces, black-edged, that ran in shimmering lines up to her rounded waist. She was in half mourning for my grandmother, whose existence I had forgotten all about, and brave and becoming, it must be admitted, were those weeds of mitigated grief. As I approached, she turned her fine and finished visage, with the long delicate and cruel nostrils, and the thin delicate red lips, to me, and her cold blue glance, falling upon my anxious and distrustful face, turned my heart to stone. I felt as Amy Robsart, my favourite heroine, must have felt when she encountered the gaze of royal Elizabeth. Elizabeth, handsome, tall, and stately, with long sloping shoulders and full bust, not the Elizabeth of history; an Empress Eugenie without her feminine charm and

grace, of the most wonderful fairness I have ever seen, and also the most surprising harshness of expression. I have all my life been hearing of my mother's beauty, and have heard that when the Empress Eugenie's bust was exposed at the Dublin Exhibition, the general cry was that my mother had been the sculptor's model, so singular and striking was the resemblance between these two women of Scottish blood. But then and then only, in one brief flash, did I seize the insistent claim of that beauty always closed to my hostile glance. Then and then only was I compelled, by the sheer splendour of the vision, to own that the mother who did not love me was the handsomest creature I had ever beheld.

The other episode connected with her visit that has stamped itself upon memory is typical of her rare method of imparting knowledge to the infant mind. We were driving in a fly through the rose-smelling country, and it transpired, as we approached a railway-station, that we were going to visit Shakespeare's grave. "Who is Shakespeare?" I flippantly asked, looking at my sister, who sat beside my mother.

Pif-paf! a blow on the ear sent sparks flying before my eyes, and rolled my hat to the ground. Two years inhabiting a sacred county and not to have heard of the poet's name! a child of hers, the most learned of women, so ignorant and so unlettered! Thus was I made acquainted with the name of Shakespeare, and with stinging

cheek and humiliated and stifened little heart, is it surprising that I remember nothing else of that visit to his tomb? Indeed it was part of my pride to look at nothing, to note nothing, but walk about that day in full-eyed sullen silence.

My mother had not seen me for two years. This was the measure of maternal tenderness she had treasured up for me in that interval, and so royally meted out to me. Other children

are kissed and cried over after a week's absence. I am stunned by an unmerited blow when I rashly open my lips after a two years' separation. And yet I preserve my belief in maternal love as a blessing that exists for others, born under a more fortunate star, though the bounty of nature did not reserve a stray beam to brighten the way for that miserable little waif I was those long, long years ago.

CHAPTER XXI.—OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

The most vivid remembrance of my first return to Ireland is the sharp sensation of ugly sound conveyed in the flat Dublin drawl. I have never since been able to surmount this unjust antipathy to the accent of my native town. The intolerable length of the syllables, the exaggerated roundness of the vowel sounds, the weight and roll of the eternal *r*'s—it is all like the garlic of Provence, more seizing than captivating.

And then the squalor, the mysterious ugliness of the North Wall! The air of affronted leisure that greets you on all sides. A filthy porter slouches over to you, with an indulgent, quizzical look in his kindly eyes. "Is it a porther ye'll be wanting?" he asks, in suppressed wonderment at any such unreasonable need on your part. When he has sufficiently recovered from the shock, he lounges in among the boxes, heroically resolved to make a joke of his martyrdom. He meets your irritated glance with

a reassuring smile, nods, and drawls out cheerily: "Aisy, now, aisy. Sure an' 'twill be all the same in a hundred years." When at last your trunks are discovered in the disorderly heap, he volunteers, with the same suggestion of indifferent indulgence: "I suppose 'twill be a cab or a cyar you'll be wanting next." By implication you are made to understand that the cab or the cyar is another exorbitant demand on your part, and that properly speaking you should shoulder your trunk yourself and march off contentedly to your inn or lodging or palace. "If ye loike, I'll lift it on to the cab for you," he adds, good-naturedly.

There are travellers whom these odd ways of Erin amuse; others there are who are exasperated to the verge of insanity by them. But they amply explain the lamentable condition of the island and the imperturbable good-humour of the least troubled and least ambitious of races. The porter's

philosophy resumes the philosophy of the land: "Aisy, now, aisy. Sure an' 'twill be all the same in a hundred years."

With patience and good-humour on your side, and much voluble sympathy and information on that of your driver, you are sure to arrive somewhere, even from such remote latitudes as that of the North Wall and the Pigeon-house. You are jerked over two lock-bridges, and you thank your stars with reason that the discoloured and malodorous waters of the Liffey have not closed over you and your luggage. The catastrophe would find your driver phlegmatic and philosophic, with a twinkle in his eye above the infamous depths of mire that suffocated you, assuring you that when a man is ass enough to travel he must take the consequences of his folly. For Erin and Iberia, moist shamrock and flaunting carnation, meet in their conviction that the sage sits at home and smokes his pipe or twangs his guitar in leisure, while the fool alone courts the perils of foreign highways.

As soon as the hall-door opened, and I stood with my foot upon the first step of the familiar stairs, a chorus of young voices shouted my name in glee. "An—gel—a!"

How flat and strange and inharmonious sounded that first greeting of my name in ears attuned to accents shriller and more thin! The English Angela was quick and clear; but the long-drawn Dublin Angela set all my teeth on an edge, and such was the shock that the

ardour of my satisfaction in seeing them all again, and of appearing in their midst as a travelled personage, was damped.

"How odd you all talk," I remember remarking at tea, and being promptly crushed: "It's you with your horrid English accent that talks odd."

Still, in spite of this slight skirmish, they were glad enough to see me. The quaint little booby of Kildare, whom they had bullied to their liking, had grown into a lean, delicate, and resolute fiend, prepared to meet every blow by a buffet, every injustice by passionate revolt. I no longer needed Mrs Clement's submissive protection. I had tasted the glory of independent fight, and henceforth my tormentors were entitled to some meed of pity, though justice bids me, in recording my iniquities, to remember that their misfortunes were merited and earned with exceeding rigour.

The first thrill of home-coming, that inexplicable vibration of memory's chord, which so early marks the development of the creature, and signifies the sharp division of past and present, ran like a flame through all my body when the noise of Mrs Clement's big bunch of keys, rattling below stairs, reached me through the open drawing-room door.

"Mrs Clement is downstairs!" I shouted joyously, and instantly the band of blond-headed scamps carried me off in triumph.

Into whose hands has that sombre town-house of my parents passed? Heaven grant the children that play there are

happier than ever I was ; but if the old store-room, with the big linen-presses, and the long china-press with upper doors of wire-screen, the long table and square mahogany and leather arm-chairs and sofa, gives to the occupants to-day half the pleasure it always gave me, they are not to be pitied whatever their fate.

The wide window looked out upon a hideous little street, but in front there was a stone terrace, with two huge eagles, where Mrs Clement kept pots of plants and flowers that, alas ! never bloomed, watered she them never so sedulously ; and above the terraces, if you ignored the sordid street, the sunset traced all its fairest and rarest effects upon the broad arch of heaven that spanned the street opening. Those Irish skies ! you must go to Italy and Greece to find hues as heavenly. How many a sorrow unsuspected, that filled me with such intensity of despair as only childhood can feel, has been smoothed by that mysterious slip of sky between two dull rows of houses, against which in the liquid summer of blue dusk the eagles, with all the lovely significance of a romantic image, were sketched in sculptured stone. I dried my eyes to dream of lands where eagles flew as common as sparrows. I cannot now tell why, but I remember well that I grew to associate that distant glimpse of heaven from the old store-room with the isle of Prospero and Miranda. And when I learnt the Sonnets—which I knew by heart, as well as “The Tempest” and “The Merchant of Venice” before the holidays

were over—I always found some strange connection between the abortive, sickly cowslips and primroses Mrs Clement cultivated on her terrace in wooden boxes and those magic lines—

“From you have I been absent in the
spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all
his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every-
thing.”

What can it be that poetry says to children, since they can neither understand the rhythm, nor metre, nor beauty, nor sentiment of it ? And the child who (as I was then) is susceptible to the charm of poetry that sweeps through the infinite, weeps with delicious emotion without the ghost of an idea why. I was but a child of nine, when my sister in response to my prayer, with my cheek still stinging from that blow along the Warwick road, opened the fairyland of Shakespeare to me. With a rapture I would I now could feel, I thrilled to the glamour of the moonlight scene of the “Merchant.” We never went to bed without rehearsing it, each in turn being Jessica or Lorenzo. I only remember one other sensation as passionate and vivid and absorbing, my first hearing of the Moonlight Sonata, also at an age when it was perfectly impossible that I should understand more than a mouse or a linnet a particle of its beauty or meaning. Yet there they stand out in extraordinary relief from a confusion of childish impressions, two distinct moments of inexplicable ecstasy, the reveries of Lorenzo and Jessica and the impassioned utterance of the master’s soul in

the divinest of sound played, possibly not well, by my eldest sister's governess in a soft summer twilight so long ago.

Meanwhile I have left Mrs Clement, excited and pathetic, holding my thin little visage in the cup of her folded palms. She was just as faded and fair and melancholy as ever, and the same young man's head showed in the brooch frame on the unchanged black silk gown. She kissed me several times, and stroked my hair, and expressed amazement at the change in me. And while she, dear kindly soul, was only thinking of me, there was I, volatile little rascal, looking around me, delighted to see again the beautiful big red-and-white cups, and smell the spices of the cupboard. Has tea, have bread-and-milk, ever tasted again as these modest luxuries tasted in those beautiful cups? The very remembrance of them brings the water of envy to the mouth of age. I forget the miseries of childhood only to recall the pleasure I took in that warm and rich pottery, and the brilliant effect of bowls and plates and cups upon the morning and evening damask.

And that first night at home, four little girls sleeping together in two large beds, three night-dressed forms perched on a single bed, while I, the stranger returned from abroad, mimicked Mr Parker for their shrieking delight, and held my night-dress high up on either side to perform the famous curtsey of Queen Anne. And then a furious shout outside on the landing, and my mother's voice—

“What's the meaning of that

noise? Go to sleep instantly, or I'll come in and whip you all round.”

A sudden scamper of white-robed limbs, and in a twinkling four heads are hidden under the sheets. Silence down the corridors, silence throughout the high old house; only the breathing of night, and four little heads are again bobbing over the pillows.

“Oh, I say, Angela, we didn't tell you, there's a new baby upstairs. Susanna! Did you ever hear of such a name? Everybody has pretty names but us. Birdie was so jealous when it came, because nurse said her nose would be out of joint, that she tried to smash its head with a poker one day. She was caught in time.”

And so there was. Another lamentable little girl born into this improvident dolorous vale of Irish misery. Elsewhere boys are born in plenty. In Ireland, —the very wretchedest land on earth for woman, the one spot of the globe where no provision is made for her, and where parents consider themselves as exempt of all duty, of tenderness, of justice in her regard, where her lot as daughter, wife, and old maid bears no resemblance to the ideal of civilisation, —a dozen girls are born for one boy. The parents moan, and being fatalists as well as Catholics, reflect that it is the will of God, as if they were not in the least responsible; and while they assure you that they have not wherewith to fill an extra mouth, which is inevitably true, they continue to produce their twelve, fifteen, or twenty infants with alarming and in-

credible indifference. This is Irish virtue. The army of inefficient Irish governesses and starving illiterate Irish teachers cast upon the Continent, forces one to lament a virtue whose results are so heartless and so deplorable. If my most sympathetic and most unsatisfactory race were only a little less virtuous in its own restricted sense of the word, and a tiny bit more rational! And not content, alas! with the iniquity of driving these poor maimed creatures upon foreign shores in the quest of daily bread, hopelessly ill-equipped for the task, without education, or knowledge of domestic or feminine lore, incapable of handling a needle or cooking an egg, without the most rudimentary instinct of order or personal cleanliness,¹ indifferent in the matter of baths and linen, so incompetent, and vague, and careless,—these same parents at home expect these martyrs abroad to replenish their coffers with miserably earned coin. I have never met an Irish governess on the Continent who had a sou to spend on her private pleasures, for the simple reason that she sent every odd farthing home. It's the iniquitous old story. Irishmen go to America, marry, and make their fortunes; but the landlord and shopkeeper at home are paid by the savings of the peasant-girls, without a "Thank you" from their parents. Let Jack or Tom send them a five-pound note in the course of a prosperous career,

"Glory be to God, but 'tis the good son he is," piously ejaculate the old folk. Let Bessy or Jane give them her heart's blood, deny herself every pleasure, not only the luxuries but the very necessities of life, and the same old folk nod their sapient heads,—"'Tis but her duty, to be sure."

Needless to say, this inappropriate burst of indignation was not inspired in those days by the sight of my new little sister in her cradle, as white as milk, with eyes like big blue stars, the eyes of her Irish father, soft and luminous and gay. She dwelt on earth just eighteen months, and then took flight to some region where it is to be hoped she found a warmer nest than fate would have offered her here below.

My grandmother was dead, but Dennis and Mary Ann still lived with my uncle Lionel. What a joy our meeting! So "thim English" hadn't made mince-meat of me! I was whole and sound, Mary Ann remarked, but mighty spare of flesh and colour. "Just a rag of a creature," Dennis commented, as he lifted my arm. "Why didn't ye write and tell us ye were hungry, alannah?"

"I did so," I promptly retorted; "but Sister Esmeralda rubbed it out, and put in something else which wasn't a bit true."

"Troth, and 'tis meself 'ud enjoy givin' that wan a piece of me moind."

The whiff of the brogue was

¹ I make this statement for the benefit of my country-people. If they could but know the partly earned reputation of Irishwomen on the Continent for untidiness, personal uncleanness, and incompetence!

strong enough to waft you to the clouds. But how good to be with these two honest souls again! Uncle Lionel gave me a crown-piece, when he had tortured my cheek with his shaven chin, and called me a little renegade because of my English accent, and then I went out to the garden, neglected ever since the death of my grandfather.

Where was Hamlet, and whither had vanished Elsinore? Where was the youth with the future revolutionary name, who used to come bounding over the hedge, cheerily humming "Love among the Roses"? There were no roses now, and the house next door was to let.

After the trim gardens of England, this desolate old slip of garden, where weeds and thick grasses grew along the uncared paths, seemed a cemetery of dead seasons. Fruit-trees that bore neither blossom nor fruit; flower-beds where never leaf nor flower now

bloomed; alleys where last year's autumn leaves still lay; broken pots that used to make such a gay parterre of geraniums of every hue when my grandfather lived; defoliated rose-bushes, now mere summer urns of unfulfilled promise, and scarce a red bunch on the currant-boughs. And the pool, with the circle of watering-cans above, now rusty and untouched, where I used to watch for the first faint line of shadow cast by the gathering dusk, which stole across its clear face in keeping with the stealing flight of light above—how dead and sad all this seemed, despite its quaint familiarity. I was but a child, and yet as I stood once more in that neglected garden, I had some premonition of the immitigable sadness of remembrance, the feeling that there was already a past that had slipped through my fingers, as the waters run ceaselessly from the fountain of life to mingle with the still river of death.

CHAPTER XXII.—A PRINCESS OF LEGEND.

"Is childhood dead?" Lamb asks; "is there not in the best some of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments?" Can I now, without a responsive thrill, see myself flash into the unaltered dulness of that Kildare village, a little princess of legend, with the glory of foreign travel about me, the over-seas cut of frock and shoes, the haughty and condescending consciousness of superiority?

They were all so visibly at my feet, so glad to worship and

admire, so eager to praise, so beset with wonder. I was to spend a week in their midst, a delightful week, as long as a story, as brief as a play, a puff of happiness blown across the bleak wind of solitude, a prolonged and hilarious scamper through sensation as vivid and vital as morning light.

Mary Jane was there, with the unchanged oiled black ringlets, and in my honour she wore them bound with a bright blue ribbon. Louie came out from town to behold me, and gazed

in stupefied awe. I had been in a ship across the sea. I had traversed half of England in a railway-carriage. Had I seen an elephant? Mary Jane wanted to know if I had seen the Queen.

No; but I had seen a naked lady, with beautiful golden hair down her back, ride through the town of Lysterby on a white pony, while twelve lovely pages in silver and gold and satin rode before, and twelve lovely maidens with long velvet cloaks lined with white satin rode behind her. This sounded as grand as a royal procession, and I glided ingeniously over the ignominy of having been to England and not having seen the Queen.

Mary Jane's mamma gave me a bowl of milk and a plate of arrowroot biscuits, and as I devoured them, with what a splendid air I recognised the old and faded views of New York! I scorned my past ignorance, and off-handedly mentioned that "You know, the sea isn't a bit like the pond." And then the search for a brilliant and captivating comparison — arm extended to suggest immensity; heaving wave, rolling ship.

"Isn't she wonderful?" they cried; "and the fine language of her!"

From cottage to cottage, from shop to shop, I wandered, intoxicated by the incense of admiration. I embroidered fact and invented fiction with the readiness of the fanciful traveler. Sister Esmeralda became an unimaginable fiend, who had persecuted me as if I had been the heroine of the fairy-tale I

was acting, till the entire village was fit to rise and shout for her blood.

"The likes of that did you ever hear?" a gaunt peasant in corduroy would ask his neighbour in dismay.

"Troth and 'tis thim English as is a quare lot. Beat a little lady as is fit to rule the lot of them, and lock her up in dungeons along with spirits and goblins, and starve the life and soul out of her! Sure 'tis worse they are than in the days of Cromwell."

Naturally, in the amazing record of my experiences, the hidden bones and marble hand of my old friend, the White Lady of the Ivies, played a prominent and shuddering part.

Under the influence of such an audience I tasted the fascinating results of suffering. I was in that brief week repaid for all the previous slights of fortune. I reposed in the lap of adulation, and turned my woes into a dramatic enjoyment. I had suffered; but the romantic activity of my imagination, with a natural mirthfulness of temperament, preserved me from the self-centred and subjective misery of the visionary, and from the embittering anguish of rancour. Once I had excited the local mind against Sister Esmeralda and the wretched superiress of the Ladies of Mercy, my anger against them vanished, and they simply remained in memory as picturesque instruments of misfortune. But for the moment I was too full of the joy of living for anything like morbid self-pity. I preferred to loll on the grass beside Bessy the apple-

woman, and treat all the children of the green to her darling trays of apples with uncle Lionel's bright crown-piece. Bessy never tired of assuring me that I was a wonderful creature, which I fully believed, and Louie made frequent mention of his thirst to be old enough to marry me. It soothed him to hear that he was much nicer than Frank, the horrid Lysterby boy. Louie had not made his first confession, and he was thrillingly and fearfully interested in the tale of mine.

"You know," I dolefully remarked, "the priest won't let you confess any of the nice interesting-looking sins, with the lovely big names, like a-dul-tery and for-ni-fi-ca-tion and de-fraud-ing. He makes you tell awful little sins, like talking in class and answering a nun, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh, but I say," shouted Louie, wagging a remonstrative head, "the priest can't prevent you from saying you committed adultery."

"Yes, but he says you didn't; and then it seems you're telling a lie to the Holy Ghost, and you may be struck dead in the confessional-box."

This Louie regarded as an excessive risk to run for the simple pleasure of confessing a nice big sin. He thought the matter over

in bed that night, and communicated to me next morning his intention to confess to having stolen two marbles from Johnnie Magrath, and having licked Tim Martin.

"You know, Angy, I really did lick him, he's such an awful beast, and made his nose bleed rivers, with a black dab under his eyes as big as my fist; and here are the two marbles I stole."

He went back to town that afternoon, with his little grey eyes moist over the brimming smiles of his lively comic mouth. His was a hilarious depression, a rowdy melancholy, emblematic of the destiny in store for him. He grimaced wonderfully, with screwed-up eyelids and twisted and bunched-out lips, and kept on muttering all the time we walked together to the coach-house where the mail-car started from "It's an awful shame, so it is. A fellow can't do what he likes, but there's always somebody bothering him and ordering him about."

Dear, honest, little playmate! That was the last, last glimpse I had of him. We exchanged our last kiss at the top of the village street, and I wildly waved my handkerchief until a deep bend of the long white Kildare road hid the car, as it seemed to roll off the flat landscape.

CHAPTER XXIII.—MY FIRST TASTE OF FREEDOM.

My parents had taken a house at Dalkey, with a garden a dream of delights, that ran by shadowy slopes and bosky alleys

down to the grey rocks where the sea seemed to become our very own, as it rolled over the rocks, and made, from time to

time, when the tide ran high, little pools along the sanded fringes of the garden. The house was large and rambling, and of a night when the waves roared and the artillery of the heavens shook at the foundations of earth, it afforded us enormous gratifications of every kind. We were fascinated by terror, and shuddered in silence during the long nights when our parents were kept in town by a theatre, a race, a party. Then we were left in the charge of our eldest sister, a young person of a sentimental and despotic turn of mind. She ruled us with a rod of iron, and then invited us to weep with her over the poems of Adelaide Ann Procter. And while she read to us in a tremor of ardent sensibilities the legend of Provence, she ruthlessly confiscated 'Waverley,' 'Kenilworth,' 'Rob Roy,' which I kept under my pillow, and read aloud at night to my younger sisters. Novels she held to be the kernel of every iniquity under the sun, but Longfellow and Adelaide Ann Procter were the sole ennobling influences of life. She was sustained in this crooked conviction by a pensive little stitcher, who used to come and sew and mend for us all several hours a-week, and could recite in their entirety "Evangeline" and the "Golden Legend."

A quaint and original figure this white-haired, sad-eyed little stitcher. She had had her romance, stranger than Evangeline's. Her lover had gone to America, and had fought in the Federal war. With a few sav-

ings, she followed him across the Atlantic, and sought him out in State after State, walking several leagues a-day; with lifts here and there in waggons, subsisting for months on a daily crust and a root or two, to end her dolorous peregrinations in a hospital with her dying lover's head upon her faithful breast. She returned to Ireland the heroine of a real novel, with black hair bleached and eyes dim from weeping. She had won the right to be cheerless, and stand with flowing eyes "on the bridge at midnight," and tell us "in mournful numbers life is but an empty dream."

We were a wild lot, no doubt, and worked wonders in villany and mischief. Even our sister's sentimentality at times succumbed to our monstrous spirits; and she forgot Longfellow and Miss Procter, to drop into Irish farce. All the houses round about us were filled with boys and girls of all ages up to sixteen. We needed no introduction to form a general family of some thirty or forty vagrants and imps of both sexes.

The head of the troop was a red-headed youth, destined to adorn the medical profession, and a pale proud-looking boy of fourteen, my first love, Arthur by name, of an exalted family, and now, I believe, a distinguished colonel. When we joined the boys on the cricket-field, I always picked up his balls and handed them to him reverentially, and my reward was to be told in an offhand way that "I was a nice little

thing." To me he was Quentin Durward, Waverley, with a dash of Leicester and Prince Ferdinand. He certainly was quite as handsome and distinguished as any of these decorative heroes. His father, an amiable, high-mannered old lord, sometimes treated us to fireworks; and then his sisters, prouder than ever Cinderella's could have been, would come out and smile down benevolently upon us all, with the air of court-ladies distributing prizes at a village festival. Arthur himself was a very simple boy, extremely flattered by my mute adoration, which he encouraged by all sorts of little airs and manœuvres.

It was the red-headed leader who invented the most delightful entertainment in the world. He formed us into a band of beggars. He played a banjo and sang nigger songs, and Arthur, in shirt-sleeves, with a rakish cap rowdily posed on his aristocratic golden head, went round with a hat to gather coin. We went from house to house, an excited troop of young rascals, sang and danced and begged and shouted in each garden until the grown-up people appeared and flung a sixpence, sometimes even a shilling, into Arthur's hat. The old lord occasionally rose to half-a-crown. The parents enjoyed the fun as much as we did, and never pretended to recognise us.

What tales we invented! What lies we told! One pretty little girl, with brown ringlets round the rosiest of

faces, won a half-sovereign from my stepfather, who was smoking on the lawn when the band invaded his solitude, by assuring his honour that she was "the mother of fourteen children, with their bed-clothes on her back." When she flung the sparkling piece into Arthur's hat, he shouted "Gold!" and a frantic cheer went up from the band. We rushed off in a joyous body next day to Killiney Hill, and had a feast of lemonade and oranges, and toffee and cake. The red-haired chief paid the bill with a flourish, and if there was any change he kept it.

Each parent took his turn in providing the company with an official feast. The old lord monopolised the fireworks. My stepfather instituted races. A wealthy barrister, our neighbour, inveigled a circus for our delectation; and seven delightful old maids, who lived in a kind of castle of their own, outdid all the fathers royally by a regatta of our own. All the boatmen of Dalkey were hired, and each boat ran up a sail. Mighty powers! what a day that was. Were ever youngsters so gratified, so excited, so conscious of being a little community apart, with the sea and the land for its entertainment?

And there was an amiable old judge, who offered us the freedom of his big orchard, where the apples grew in quantities, and we climbed the trees like squirrels, and devoured fruit without fear or restraint.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER FROM SALAMANCA.

LONDON, 2nd January 1899.

MY DEAR BLACKWOOD,—You have done me the honour of inviting me to contribute a paper to the thousandth number of ‘Maga,’ and have suggested that I should take for its subject a letter which I showed you one evening when you were dining with me in London, written by my uncle from the battlefield of Salamanca, describing some of the incidents in the battle, and telling how my father received his wounds there. You also suggest that I should give from other sources some remarks about the soldier element in my family. I would not for the world be absent from ‘Maga’s’ thousandth number; and I send you a copy of the letter from Salamanca, with a few remarks about my family, any portion of which you are welcome to publish in any form that may seem best in your eyes.

The youngest son of a youngest son, I have, of course, not inherited any family papers. The letter from Salamanca was given to me by my mother shortly before her death in 1870. It has a remarkable interest to me, for it contains the handwriting of three brothers—my uncle Edward, afterwards Sir

Edward, my father William, and my uncle John, afterwards Sir John. My father died in 1844, when I was six years old; and my uncles, whom I seldom saw, were elderly men when I was still a child. But, a few years ago, a lady living in Lincolnshire most kindly sent me a packet of papers and letters that had come into her possession, some of which are more than a century old, and which enable me to give you some information as to the last three or four generations of my family, in case you think any portion of it of sufficient interest for publication.

I may mention that there were formerly two main branches of the Brackenbury family, in the counties of Durham and Lincolnshire respectively.¹ Surtees, the learned author of the ‘History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham,’ expresses the opinion that the Brackenburys of Lincolnshire are the original stock, and shows, by an extract from the will of Richard Brackenbury, gentleman-usher to Queen Elizabeth, that the two branches at that date acknowledged their kinship. The Durham branch became extinct in 1869, on the death

¹ The connection of the family with the county of Kent was short-lived. King Richard III. gave to Sir Robert Brackenbury, the Lieutenant of the Tower, a cadet of the Durham branch, the lands of Earl Rivers and other lands in Kent, and made him Governor of Tonbridge Castle. Sir Robert fell at Bosworth; he was posthumously attainted with the late king in the first year of Henry VII., and his Kent estates became confiscated to the Crown.

of the late Miss Hannah Brackenbury, who by her will founded the Brackenbury¹ scholarships at Balliol College, Oxford. It is to the Lincolnshire branch that I belong.

My great-great-grandfather, Carr Brackenbury, was Receiver-General for the county of Lincolnshire. He married first a daughter of Joseph Gace of Panton and Harwicke; secondly, a daughter of Sir John Tyrwhitt of Stainfield, Bart. He died in 1741, having had thirteen children by his two wives.

My great-grandfather, Carr Brackenbury of Harwicke and Panton, married a Miss Booth of Ashby Puerorum and Aswardby. She had £1500 a-year and £40,000.² His rent-roll for the year ending Michaelmas 1788 is in my possession. It includes property at Donnington, Raithby, Halton Hologate, Lusby, and Aswardby, of the net yearly value of £1536, after deducting taxes and tithes. At his death in 1763 he left the bulk of his property to his eldest son Robert Carr, but Skendleby to his son Edward. It is with his descendants that our close connection with the military, naval, and consular services of the Crown commences.

My grandfather, Richard, was born in 1758. In 1776 he entered the 70th Regiment of Foot. In 1777, when only eighteen years of age, he married a daughter of Admiral George Gunn of Edinburgh.

A letter to him from his uncle John, while speaking of his indiscreet action in marrying at his age, and regretting that the lady brings him but a small fortune, is couched in very kind terms. The writer says: "I cannot turn my back on you for one youthful indiscretion, and as a proof hereof, I herewith send you a small remittance to the value of £20." He also commends to my grandfather's perusal and serious consideration "the following lesson, well worthy the attention of all young married couples—viz., to please and be pleased, to bear and forbear, to wink and forgive."

In 1780 his mother, who, after my great-grandfather's death, had married again, died; and Aswardby came to my grandfather. It may interest Lincolnshire landowners of the present day to know that in that year the average gross rental of this property was under 13s. an acre, and the net rental, after deducting tithes, under 11s.

My grandfather soon left the army, and settled down at Aswardby: he joined the Royal Third Regiment of Militia in the county of Lincoln, of which, in February 1805, he became lieutenant-colonel. His commission, signed by the Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven, Lord Lieutenant of the County and City of Lincoln, lies before me, bearing that 30s. stamp which, until comparatively recent date,

¹ The Durham branch always spelt the name thus.

² See Brackenbury of Lincolnshire, in Foster's 'The Royal Lineage of our Noble and Gentle Families.' Hatchards, 1887.

officers of the army had to pay upon every step of promotion.

My grandfather had ten children. Two of the daughters married into the Brackenbury family, and one of them became the mother of the late George Brackenbury, C.M.G., formerly H.M. Consul at Lisbon; Henry Brackenbury, first of the 61st Regiment, afterwards major in the 2nd Queen's Regiment, and now of her Majesty's Body-guard; and Joseph, who, when an ensign in the 32nd Regiment, was killed at Chinhut, outside Lucknow, in the Mutiny of 1857. Of four sons who attained the age of manhood, John, the eldest, Edward, and William, my father, entered the army. Robert entered the navy. He appears to have been sent home from St Helena, in a dying condition, on board the merchant ship "Cuffnells," where he died on 16th July 1803. I have the letter from the mate of the ship announcing the death to my grandfather, and a kind letter written in August by Lord Buckinghamshire, condoling with my grandfather on the loss, and saying he need not think of returning to the regiment before the 1st of September.

The brothers John Macpherson, Edward, and William are the three whose handwriting appears on the Salamanca letter. John entered the 25th Light Dragoons, and appears to have been quartered first at Winchester, and then at Maidstone. I gather that he was named after his godfather, John Macpherson. This gentleman had

been a writer in the Honourable East India Company's service, and was one of the executors to John Gunn, Ensign of Foot and Quartermaster of Cavalry, whose will, dated at Cuddalore in the East Indies in 1774, lies before me. I have two letters from him to my uncle, one of which is so quaint as to be worth reproducing in full:—

"BROMPTON, near LONDON,
10th December 1798.

"Many thanks, my dear sir, for your game. It comes at a fortunate hour, when the Prince and Lord Huntly are to eat a mutton-chop with me at Brompton. They cannot guess what Brackenbury Macpherson could send it, but I will tell them.

"I hope you continue to enjoy your health, and are well amused with your public duty. And pray, *remember*, that if you do not lead, to a certain degree, a *sober and religious* life, the spirit of your worthy Grandfather will not be at rest, even in Heaven.—Yours truly,

"JOHN MACPHERSON.

"Lieut. JOHN MN. BRACKENBURY,
Maidstone Barracks."

Is it not too delightful—the advice from the man with whom the future George IV. was going to eat a mutton-chop? And that limitation as to sobriety and religion, "to a certain degree"! One wonders if his anticipations of the evening before him compelled him to insert that saving clause.

The other letter is curious only for one passage. It was rumoured that the regiment was ordered to America, and my uncle evidently did not wish to be sent with it; so the wily Macpherson, while advising him to act with his brother officers as if he wished to have health and leave from his family to embark with them, says: "In

the meantime I hint to yourself only, that if your father can engage to get a certain number of recruits for the regiment, you are to be left on the recruiting service." That is how they did jobs a hundred years ago.

My uncle, like his father, did not stay long in the army. He, too, married young, and early began to become the father of a large family. I am told that at this time he obtained an appointment for three years to superintend arrangements for saving the lives of shipwrecked sailors on the Lancashire coast. I gather that this must have been in connection with the life-saving rockets invented by Sir William Congreve, from the fact that it was through the influence of Sir William Congreve and Mr Macpherson that he was appointed Consul at Cadiz in 1823. This was one of the consulates whose holders were not permitted to trade.

Lord Beaconsfield thus describes him in a letter to his father dated Cadiz, July 14, 1830:—

"The English Consul here maintains a very elegant establishment, and has a very accomplished and amusing family. He prides himself on making all English of distinction dine with him every day. Fortunately his cook is ill, for being French and a very good one, I should have sunk under it. But Mrs Brackenbury receives every evening, and

whenever one is at a loss, it is agreeable to take refuge in a house which is literally a palace covered with pictures, where the daughters are all pretty and sing boleros."¹

My uncle had always been led to consider himself the heir to his uncle Robert's property, but the latter, late in life, married a young woman, and when the will was read everything was left to her for her life, and the reversion only to my uncle. At her death the property had deteriorated; the reversion had, I expect, been mortgaged to pretty nearly its full value, and the property had to be sold.

In 1845 he was made a knight of the Hanoverian Guelphic order.² He died in 1847, leaving, besides daughters, three sons, all now dead: Robert, rector of Brocklesby, domestic chaplain to Lord Yarborough, and private chaplain to the Duke of Cleveland; John Macpherson, who succeeded him as Consul at Cadiz; and William, who, after a short spell of service in the navy, entered the consular service, and died when Consul at Vigo. The first two left no issue; the last was the father of Rear-Admiral John W. Brackenbury, C.B., C.M.G., now second in command of the Channel Squadron, and Colonel Maule C. Brackenbury, C.S.I., R.E., now manager of the North-Western Railway of India.

¹ Home Letters written by the late Earl of Beaconsfield in 1830 and 1831. London: John Murray. 1885.

² He had a particular objection to his name being misspelt or mispronounced as "Blackenbury," which it frequently is, and is credited with having said to his friend Admiral Rous, who was a constant sinner in this respect, "Rous, I warn you that if you take that liberty with my name again, I shall take the same liberty with yours."

Edward Brackenbury, the second of my father's brothers, and the writer of the letter from Salamanca, inherited the Skendleby property from his uncle Edward. I remember him well, a fine, tall, soldier-like figure. He married twice. He sold out in 1847, and lived thenceforward on his property. On his death in 1864 he left two sons, the eldest of whom was in the Royal Horse Artillery, and served in the Zulu campaign, but retired from the army and sold Skendleby.

The services of my uncle Edward are thus described in Hart's 'Annual Army List' for 1859 :—

"Lieut.-Col. Sir Edward Brackenbury served with the 61st Regiment in Sicily, in Calabria, at Scylla Castle, and at Gibraltar in 1807-8. In the Peninsula from 1809 to the end of that war in 1814, including the battles of Talavera and Busaco, Lines at Torres Vedras, pursuit of the French from Portugal, battle of Fuentes d'Onor, storming and capture of Badajoz—horse shot in advancing to the attack; battle of Salamanca—took a piece of artillery from the enemy guarded by four soldiers close to their retiring column, without any near or immediate support; retreat from Burgos, actions at Villa Muriel and Osma (horse shot), battle of Vittoria, siege, two assaults, and capture of San Sebastian, passage of the Bidassoa, battles of the Nivelle and the Nive, actions in front of Bayonne near the mayor's house, on the 10th, 11th, and 12th Dec. (slightly wounded and horse shot), blockade of Bayonne and repulse of the sortie. Has received the war medal with nine clasps; is a Knight of St Fernando of Spain; a Knight of the Tower and Sword, and a Commander of St Bento d'Avis of Portugal."

My father, too, entered the

61st Regiment. The few letters of his which I possess are written either to his father or mother, and are mostly on subjects of no interest outside the family circle. I find him, however, writing from Guernsey in August 1808, and endeavouring to persuade his father to purchase for him a lieutenancy in the 12th Regiment, which was for sale. But the money for the step was not forthcoming, and he writes in September to his mother, explaining the difficulties he labours under, with only his pay to live on; and says, "But never mind, I am happy and contented."

Then there occurs a gap in the correspondence. My father must have been sent from the 2nd battalion to join the 1st battalion, which embarked at Gibraltar for Portugal on 9th June 1809. He was present at the battle of Talavera on 28th July of that year, and was severely wounded, being shot between the shoulders. The battalion had 13 officers and 236 soldiers killed or wounded in the battle. The army then retreated. In the official Historical Record of the Regiment, it is stated that "on the advance of the enemy, the Spaniards abandoned Talavera, and the wounded officers and soldiers of the 61st fell into the hands of the French"; but I think my father must have accompanied our retreating army, for I never heard of his having been a prisoner in French hands, and it is scarcely possible, had he been so, that it should never have been mentioned in my presence. On the 5th July

1810 I find him writing from Milford, on his way to join the 2nd battalion at Fermoy, and in July 1811 he writes from Newry. The next letter shows that he had again gone out to join the 1st battalion in Spain. It is dated Castello Bianco, 2nd June 1812, and is to his father.

"My last letter," he says, "dated at Albuera camp, was addressed to my mother. Since that time our movements have not been either considerable or necessary, although sometimes very fagging. We are now on the move to join Lord Wellington, it is supposed, in active movements in the north of Spain. We expect to advance into the interior. The French force, it is said, is not very efficient. I am sorry I cannot give you a good account of my health; a continual pain in my side (from the Talavera wound) and a cough are by no means favourable indications. I am tired enough of this country. Had I known that hard marching, bad living, and no fighting would be my fate, I never would have left Ireland. We heard the other day that Perceval is shot. I wish individual interest or revenge may prove the murderer's intention."

His wish for fighting was soon enough to be gratified, as the following letter, to which the above is but the preface, will show. Let me once more say that the letter is by my uncle Edward, then commanding one of Beresford's Portuguese regiments, that the postscript in it is by my father William, and the note as to the loss of officers by my uncle John:—

"SALAMANCA, 24 July 1812.

"MY DEAREST PARENTS,—I have but a moment to write a few lines which I hope may be in time for the

Post for England as should you see the papers before you receive this you will be naturally in a state of uneasiness. The Almighty has been pleased once more in the midst of the most imminent danger to spare the life of both your sons. My dear brother William is wounded, but under my care; and with good surgical attendance is doing well: You will see by the papers he is severely wounded, but let me assure you my dear parents that there is no danger. I must now in duty describe to you his wounds, which he received when having grasped the Colours of the 61st Regt^t within 25 yards of the French Column. He received the first ball through the Left foot, which passed through the bone, but as it has neither touched the ankle Joint, nor the Joints of his toes, his foot is safe, nor will he (I hope) be lame in consequence of it, although the cure may be tedious: the second ball he Received in the left side of his Face which broke the Jawbone; it is now setting; the wound is suppurating, He converses freely and takes nourishment without much pain. His noble and manly spirit surpasses anything I ever witnessed, and he is patient to a degree beyond what I can describe, which is a great cause of his being quite free from fever, he thinks nothing of his sufferings. I dress his wounds for him, and shall be able to remain with him some days longer.

"So Glorious and Compleat a Victory has never been achieved by British Arms we had a general action in which the French were defeated, and worsted in every part, our army is following them up and whole Regts. of the Enemy throwing down their Arms and endeavouring vainly to escape: what their loss is I know not but a proclamation this morning stated it at fifteen thousand, Lord Wellington says 3,500 will cover our loss; we think the French cannot stand this side Madrid this is my idea also; but take care what we write never appears in Public. The 61st left *21 officers killed and wounded out of 26 who entered the action, the remaining Five with 75 men only gained the Hill they were

destined to take and destroy the enemy. I fought with my Portuguese Regt. who behaved well and bayoneted a Column of the French, you will scarcely believe how I could have Escaped, when I assure you I was cutting away in a Solid Column with my Common regulation Sword: but Providence protected me as it did at Badajos, when I mounted the Ladder at the Head of my Regt. Bill will write a postscript, believe me my dearest Parents your ever dutifull son,

"EDWD. BRACKENBURY."

* "N.B.—The 'Gazette' announces
24. J. M. B."

"MY DEAR PARENTS, by the description my brother has given you of my Wounds, you will perceive I am severely hit, but God has been graciously pleased to spare us both and I am thankfull I have a Volume to write you of Ned's unparalleled courage, but I must wait until I get a little more Strength. I will thank you to write on receipt of this to my Brother John—to my sister Jemima, and to my Uncle William. I remain my dearest Parents yours by every tie of Affection.

"WILLIAM BRACKENBURY,
Lt. 61st Regt."

It is not my intention to dwell upon the battle of Salamanca. Those who wish to refresh their memories of it have only to turn to Napier's 'Peninsular War.' No other pen will ever write a description more graphic than his. He speaks of the sixth division, to which the 61st belonged, as having "restored the fight" at the crisis of the battle, and says, "The 61st and 11th Regiments won their way desperately, and through such a fire as British soldiers only can sustain." What that means may be gathered from the following extract from the Historical

Record of the 61st Foot,
page 32:—

"Casualties at the battle of Salamanca—

	Officers.	Soldiers.
Strength in the field	27	420
Killed and wounded	24	342

Remaining	3	78
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Six reliefs of officers and sergeants were shot under the colours."

The colours were actually carried to the top of the hill by Privates William Crawford and Nicholas Coulson. Crawford was instantly promoted to sergeant; the same rank was offered to Coulson, but he answered that he was over rewarded already by the cheers and thanks of his comrades and the approbation of his officers. Those colours are now in Gloucester Cathedral.

Now, my dear Blackwood, I ask you to try and imagine what would be said if a regiment were to suffer such losses in these days, when it is the fashion to think that war omelettes can be made without breaking eggs, when the generals who conducted the campaign in Tirah were hounded at because one or two battalions lost a few officers and men, a mere fraction of the losses in this one battalion at Salamanca? Why, the losses in this one battalion were heavier than those in the whole two British brigades at Omdurman. What a howl would now be raised if one regiment were to lose five-sixths of its officers and men in one action! Would any general's reputation survive

what would be called such a disaster? But in those days, in spite of such a "Gazette," Wellington was not hounded at and accused of ignorance and folly. What is it that has come over the nation? How are we ever to make war if such a spirit prevails?

Mark, too, how my uncle says, "*Take care what we write never appears in public.*" How different from the spirit in which the private letters of officers, criticising their generals anonymously, are now published far and wide. Is it all part of that want of respect for authority, that "one-man-is-as-good-as-another" doctrine, which has grown up as a natural consequence of the growth of democracy? How different, too, the tone of these letters to the tone in which sons address their parents now, when "Dear governor" and "Yours ever" have taken the place of "My dear parents" and "Your ever dutiful son" or "Yours by every tie of affection"!

My uncle's hopes were not fulfilled. The wound in the foot made my father incurably lame. There is a sad letter from him to his father, written in February 1813. "I have suffered so much," he writes, "these last three years" (since the first wound received at Talavera) "that I have learnt to consider illness as a matter of course."

In the following year, 1814, the 1st battalion returned from Spain, and the 2nd battalion was disbanded on 24th October. In November my father was with

his comrades of the Peninsular war at Newry, and writes thence more cheerfully. He has met with the congratulations of many of his old companions, and is well pleased at the change. He assures his father he has no intention, as rumoured, of volunteering for America, and had never had an idea of it. "Volunteering," he writes, "is a bad system where a man has not certain prospects of bettering his situation. Besides, I find myself inadequate to common regimental duty at home in consequence of my wound."

It was at this time that he first met my mother, a Miss Atkinson of Millvale, a girl of sixteen. But it was not till several years later, 1823, that, my father having then retired from the army, they married.

The following is the record of my father's services, taken from Hart's 'Army List' for 1844, the year of his death:—

"Lieut. Brackenbury served in the Peninsula with the 61st, and was wounded between the shoulders at the battle of Talavera; at the battle of Salamanca he was shot through the left foot and left cheek."

Three sons survived my father. The eldest, Richard, entered the 61st Regiment, was on Wyndham's staff at Cawnpore, and died, unmarried, of cholera at Poona, just before the regiment came home in 1859. The second, Charles, entered the Royal Artillery, served in the Chestnut troop of Horse Artillery in the Crimean war, and was a Major-General and Director of the

Artillery College when he died in 1890.

My brother Charles gave two sons to the army. Both, after serving in line regiments, entered the Indian Staff Corps. The elder, Charles, died of typhoid fever, contracted in the Bolan Pass in 1885. The younger, Lionel, was killed at Manipur in 1891.

Such, my dear Blackwood, is the record for which you have asked me. I have wandered away from the Salamanca letter; but perhaps this brief record of a family that has done its share of service for the State may not be without interest. In the three generations sprung from my grandfather, who was himself a soldier, we have given twelve officers to the army, including two generals; three to the navy, including an admiral; and four to the consular service. We have, among us, taken part in the following campaigns: the Peninsular war (nine general actions), the Sikh war, the

Crimean war, the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, the Ashanti war, the Zulu campaign, the Egyptian campaign of 1882, the Nile expedition of 1884-85, and various campaigns on the Indian frontier. Two have been killed in action, two have died of disease incidental to active service, one was invalided from wounds. And the pity of it is that in the next generation there is no representative of the family in either service. Nor, thanks to early marriages, large families, and service almost exclusively in professions which, however honourable, are not lucrative, is there an acre of land left to us. Let us hope that those families to whom the lands have passed may give as many loyal servants to the Crown as did that which has lost them. In that case there will be less to regret in this decay of an old family.—Believe me, my dear Blackwood, yours most sincerely,

HENRY BRACKENBURY.

THE SWORD OF CORPORAL LACOSTE.

"'Tis many a wise Man's hap, while he is providing against one Danger, to fall into another : And for his very Providence to turn his Destruction."

CORPORAL LACOSTE—cuirasier in the following of Murat, the Rupert of an Imperial army—had had a long dream, chiefly of a roaring thunder of surf bursting upon jagged rocks. And, as the storm of water thrashed the very pinnacles that toppled into mist, he had seen the ribs of cliff laid bare and bleeding—as it were the laceration of a living land that he looked on. Then, "*Corne et tonnerre !*" he had seemed to cry to himself, "the very world is torn by some inhuman power, and flows to the sea in rivers of purple!" and he heard the bells of the ocean, receding innumera- bly, choke at their moorings, muffled and congested with the floating scum of carnage that no wind might ruffle and only God's fire cleanse.

Now, in a moment, he saw that what he had taken for land was in truth a great cliff built up of human bodies—a vast reserve of human force accumulated by, and for the use of, a single dominant will. And this cliff was washed by the waves of an ocean of blood, to which its life contributed in a thousand spouting rivulets. And it was compact of limitless pain; and the cry of torture never ceased within it. And suddenly the dreamer—as in the way of dreams—felt him- self to be a constituent agony of that he gazed upon—a pulp of suffering self-contained, yet

partaking of the wretchedness of all.

Suddenly there was a faint stir and pushing here and there into the mound, a quiet soft heaving such as a mole makes ; and whenever this ceased a moment, a shriek, thin as a needle, pierced the very nerve of the mass. And, with horror indescribable, the dreamer felt the approach of the thing, test- ing and feeling at one point or another, until it reached and entered his breast. "Hideous and unnameable!" he would have screamed, but clinched his teeth upon the cry ; for, lo ! it was but a little familiar hand, plump and white, that groped within his ribs, seeking to find and snap the tendons that held his heart in place.

Then he found voice, and whispered in his extremity, "Spare me, my Emperor !" but the hand neither shook nor hurried, severing his chords of being one by one, until it could lift the heart from its socket and fling it to the waves that leapt like wolves beneath. And, at the instant of the lifting, it was as if a tooth of flame were thrust into him and withdrawn ; and thereafter he fell cold—colder, waxing blithe and pain- less, until he was moved to laugh to himself with a secret ecstasy of applause.

"A good soldier has no heart. Of a truth *le p'tit caporal* must now as always have his way.

And he has done it so deftly that I scarce feel a wound."

The very association of the word seemed to open his eyes, morally and physically. Immediately he was conscious of a slit of blinding daylight; of the grip upon some exposed parts of his body of a frost sharp enough to hold him by the legs like a man-trap. Yet, save for these partial seizures, he appeared to be reclining under a blanket so suffocatingly thick that he could not account for his certain conviction that the heat was slowly retiring from it.

All in a moment he had comprehended, and was struggling to relieve himself of his incubus. It rolled from him as he emerged from under it. It fell ridiculously into the caricature of a dead dragoon. Corporal Lacoste knew the thing for a mess-sergeant of his late acquaintance. He nodded to the body as he sat himself down in the snow.

"Thou never servedst a comrade so well before, sergeant," said he; and, indeed, he would surely have died of the frost in his wound had not this unconscious trooper given him of the heat of his own vitality.

"But, what made the man delay his going till the sun rose?" thought Corporal Lacoste.

He looked again, and started.

The dragoon's throat had been pierced by a sword-thrust. A thread of vermilion yet crawled from it down his swarthy neck, like the awkward tracing by a schoolboy of a river on a map.

Corporal Lacoste screwed his eyes, intuitively and obliquely,

to get glimpse of his own right shoulder. There was a sensation of wet numbness thereabouts. Something had pricked him pretty deeply—possibly the point of the very murderous weapon that had finished off the dragoon.

"It was when I dreamt of the tooth of flame," thought Corporal Lacoste. "There have been vampires here amongst the wounded."

It hardly troubled him, this familiar experience. Those of Murat's hated *beaux sabreurs* who fell alive and had the misfortune to be left for dead, must always run the risk of mutilation. It was enough for him that the blow that had prostrated him had failed of its deadliness; that his senseless condition had not been made by the frost everlasting; that he owed his salvation to the accidental superimposition of a wounded dragoon.

He took his dazed head between his hands, as he sat, and indulged a little retrospect of the events that had preceded his downfall, as he dwelt upon the scene before him.

That was marvellous enough to a Gascon. He crouched in the bed of a precipitous defile that joined higher and lower terraces of the Amstetten forest. Beneath him, the gully went down with a rush of trampled snow, in the swirl of which dead horses and men and the wreck of accoutrements, half-buried in a foam of white, seemed the very freebooty of a frost-stricken waterfall. It was a strange picture of furious motion held in suspension—the more won-

derful for its framing. For all the trees, great and small, that over-stooped the lip, and sprouted from the sides, of the pass were hung with monstrous lustres of ice, up which millions of little reflected suns travelled like beads of champagne rising in specimen-glasses.

Of the stunning effectiveness of these icicles, as a species of natural artillery, Corporal Lacoste had had a recent demonstration. His mind now was slowly electrotyping, in the midst of a clearing obscurity, certain images impressed upon it during the moments antecedent to his collapse. He recalled the weird long ride through forest vaults so roofed with snow that the world had seemed one vast tent propped by countless poles. He recalled how here and there a sluice of sunlight pouring through a rift overhead had reminded him of that strange Roman Pantheon that he had once seen when serving in the military suite of M. Barthollet, the appraiser of works of art to the Directory. He recalled how, jingling blithely in his saddle, in the wake of his swashbuckler general, with all the glory of the late capitulation of Ulm tingling in his careless heart, he had started to the sudden shout, the recoiling shock of ambush; and had seen and heard the outlet of this very glen, down which Murat and his advance-guard were riding, clank to the wheel of an Austrian regiment, that shut upon it like a gate of steel. He remembered the thunderous rush that succeeded—the charge of

the *beaux sabreurs* down the defile—the crash, the retreat, the rally; and again he saw the young artillery officer—some *cadet inconnu*—gallop his two pieces into position, and, at the critical moment, discharge his buzzing canisters of grape into the welter of the enemy.

Corne et tonnerre! what a clearing of the pass! It had been like cleaning a pipe-stem with a fizz of gunpowder. But, at the same time, a catastrophe quite unexpected had resulted. For the explosion had brought down a very avalanche of snow and icicles from the weighted branches a hundred feet above; and these terrific bolts, bursting as it were in a cloud of smoke, had salvoed on helmet and breastplate of friend and foe alike, with a sound like the clanging of enormous cymbals, and had hurled horses and men in one shouting ruin to the ground.

And it was precisely at this point that Corporal Lacoste's perceptions had been severed, and so left for the night as clean-ended as a pack of straw in a chaff-cutter.

But destiny—his particular Atropos—was now to turn at the knife again—for a time.

"To be floored by an icicle!" he muttered, twirling his fierce moustache. "*Corne et tonnerre!* it is after all a weapon unknown to courage and passion. This Queen of the snow is a barbarous fighter. Yet all night she kisses the wounds of her victims that they may not bleed. She woos to her embraces by the twin snares of hurt and pity. It is an amiable artifice,

not unfamiliar to the experience of us that ply the sword. Whom a woman strikes she loves. My faith—but she was a chill bed-fellow, nevertheless!”

He was feeling now very sick. His wounds, opening to his returned vitality, were beginning to run afresh. He rose and looked about for his helmet. It lay, a mere crushed tin kettle, under the dead dragoon. But his sword was flung aside uninjured, and this he recovered and slipped back into its scabbard.

“It retires with a hiss. *Mon Dieu*, what a poisonous snake!” he said; and then he took off his neckcloth and fastened it about his battered head.

It was while he was thus engaged that his vision, wandering afield, rested on a figure that moved at the far end of the glen. This figure—that appeared to be the only thing living in all the length of the pass—had an odd appearance to the dim eyes of the corporal. It was squat, and of fantastic garb and gesture; and to his weak exalted percepts it presented itself as a gnome, crept, like a hound from the womb of sin, out of some icy dark crypt of the forest. Now and again it would stoop; now and again fling a goblin dance; and then all of a sudden it seemed to catch sight of the tall shape standing high in the lift of the defile, and stopped motionless and shaded its forehead with horizontal palm.

Now, in a moment it appeared to set an extinguisher on its head, literally, as if subduing an unholy flame; and im-

mediately it came up the glen with a quick elastic step, the cone standing back at a rakish angle.

The creature drew near.

“*Beaucoup de bruit pour rien!*” muttered Corporal Lacoste, with a rallying twinge of self-contempt, for the thing had resolved itself into nothing more formidable than a little fat monk in a cowl; and “*Bénédicité, mon père*,” he added, as a concession to a certain traditional superstition that yet affected him.

“My cap is already doffed, or I would pull it off to your reverence,” he said, leavening his grace with a pinch of mockery. “But—*corne et tonnerre!* I am forgetting. You will only converse in your own detestable tongue.”

“I know a little French,” said the monk, promptly.

“*C’est bien*,” cried the soldier, but without surprise; for, indeed, he could not comprehend how one could speak any other language from choice.

“And what was my father doing down there?” he asked. “And why did he dance?”

The monk had steady little brown eyes, of the shape and fulness of a rabbit’s. His face was round, ruddy, and extremely dirty; his chin peaked and under-hung; his stomach shaped like a case-bottle, but a hogshhead in capacity. He had on a hooded cassock, the original black of which had paid a fine interest of coppery blotches to the investors of *trinkgeld* in that hallowed paunch; and he was altogether a very typical example, it must be admitted,

of a filthy little Bavarian priest.

"I looked," he said—"yes, I looked for one or two yet in the state to receive the *viaticum*."

"And that was a good thought, *mon père*; but the frost-demon had an earlier and a better. Still, it does not explain why you danced."

The monk kept each of his hands thrust up the wide sleeve of the opposite arm. He seemed to hug himself over some nameless jest—the physical condition of what was thus concealed, perhaps. But he was more ostentatious of his teeth, the under-row of which broke up his conscious smile into unlovely intervals, and were like little dilapidated gravestones to the memory of deceased appetites.

"I danced because the cold bit my feet," he said.

"Oh!" said Corporal Lacoste. "And is not the cold, like the sunlight, a dispensation of Providence?"

"Of Providence, assuredly—yes, of Providence."

The soldier smacked his chest, consequentially but feebly.

"Behold a Providence, then, that favours its recreant children at the expense of its ministers! That which is your chastisement hath been my salvation. So it rebukes the arrogance of priestcraft, and demonstrates it more an honour to be a soldier than a monk."

The stranger lifted his elbows and embraced himself, drawing in his breath.

"Sometimes," he said, suddenly giggling and voluble, "it sanctifies, we understand, the double gift. The Bishop of

Beauvais, he was soldier and divine: the Archbishop of Canterbury also. It is good to be either in its season—very good to be both. To know to put one you slay on the road to heaven, eh?"

"If there is time. But, *mon père*, do you always stop to show him the way?"

He took the monk invitingly by a sleeve, and led him to the dead dragoon.

"He is passed before I come," said the *curé*.

"It is all a question of tenses," said the corporal. "Come or came: which is it? And who killed him, my father?"

"How,—do you say?"

"Why, dead men do not bleed if you stick them through the neck."

"Doubtless that is so."

"And he hath lain on me all night like a toast; yet I wake to find him with the fresh blood running."

"It must be, then, that the sun-warmth broke anew his wound that the frost had closed."

"*Corne et tonnerre!* It was a fine lance of sun-warmth to go clean through his neck and into my shoulder."

The priest rolled his eyes, so as to show little parings of white at their edges. His fingers seemed to twitch within the sleeves. Suddenly he burst out, sputtering—

"You damned devil, if you think that I, a servant of God, killed this man!"

Corporal Lacoste was inexpressibly shocked—as much to hear this snake of profanity hiss from an anointed vessel, as to

find that he had been understood to suggest a charge so execrable. At the same time his instincts as a soldier were hard set to discount a truism.

"I ask only for information," he cried, dismayed. "A dead man struck does not bleed. If you are priest only, there may be those of the flock abroad who would give their pastor an opportunity to exercise his office."

The monk mumbled to himself, like any angry layman.

"Those and those! But, it is you that empty the land—that desolate the hearths—that convert the innocuous hind into a beast of desperation!"

He was gesticulating violently with his shoulders.

"They crashed down the defile!" he yelled, wheeling himself about: "they carried all before them with atrocious glee—the hopes, the happiness, the innocent life of the poor jocund foresters. Follow, you, down the glen! Track the storm by its litter! Go, rejoin your comrades of blood, that the measure of your iniquity may be theirs."

Corporal Lacoste stood amazed.

"My father," he said, "the rebuke may be just; but the long night and many leagues by now stretch between me and mine. And I am a wounded and famished man."

Perhaps he was discreetly humble in his realisation of the fact that he was abandoned alone to the perils of a hostile country.

"*Confiteor Deo omnipotenti*," he began to murmur, joggling

a drowsy memory. He bowed his head and struck his dented breastplate, his expression studiously set to the very formula of deprecation.

The rabbit eyes seemed all pupil in their searching watchfulness of him.

"God forbid!" said the priest at last, "that I deny succour to the worst of His erring sons. But what is this courage that, in its aggregate, roars down the world, and, disintegrated, cries for help, abasing itself before the least of its would-be victims?"

His tone and speech, to the common hearing, were sufficiently fraught with a sarcastic bitterness. But, in moments of excitement, he would relapse into his native Low German, the barbarous gutturals of which, shouldering their way amongst the crisp bowing idioms of the more courtly tongue, would confound the intelligibility they sought to emphasise. Therefore Corporal Lacoste—whose hearing, indeed, was at the moment a diffuse faculty—took no umbrage of the affront, and recognised only that the priest—as he pushed by him to pass on his way—was pattering *aves* innumerable in expiation of his late verbal transgression.

At what number he ceased, having squared his account with Heaven, it did not appear; and in the meanwhile he was going with his dancing step up the glen, having first signed to the wounded soldier to follow him.

Before Corporal Lacoste's eyes the goblin figure rose from terrace to terrace of the

pass, mounting to the chill black portico, as it were, of the forest above. Reaching this, it turned, beckoned, and faced about—and immediately darkness took it at a gulp.

Instinctive mockery, some old-worn rags of reverence, contempt, and trepidation were all confused in the soldier's mind with an ever-present consciousness of suffering. His skull—as he reeled in pursuit of the gnomish thing by endless corridors of trunks, stark and silent, above which the roof, like slabs of stone, let in slits and blotches of piercing light—seemed to sway to the roll of a shifting cargo of quicksilver, his legs to move independent of any will to control them. But through all he never lost sight of the fact that he was a *beau sabreur*. His sword, flapping against his thigh, was a link long enough to connect any apparent discrepancies in mind or matter. He longed very ardently, nevertheless, for a period to be put to his pain and fatigue.

Still the priest went on before, flitting and hopping like some ungainly lob of the underworld, by glades of thronging gloom as voiceless and sightless as the streets of an excavated city. Once or twice only he turned about sharply as he sped.

"It pleases you," he would demand, "to know how your comrades left you without thought or care where you fell?"

"*Mon père*," the cuirassier would cry, answering, "it pleases me in that my abandonment means their success. Pity

is, in truth, a flower; but one cannot stop to pick flowers during a pursuit."

Again, to emphasise a final inquiry, the monk had fallen back a little.

"What is this emperor, then, to you?"

"He is my god!" Corporal Lacoste had answered promptly.

"Be the measure of his mercy thy judgment," had been the reply; and thereat they had come into a sudden mist of twilight, that broadened and increased until it broke into the blinding glare of day beating upon a little house set in the flat of a snowy clearing.

Corporal Lacoste started, hung fire, and dropped his hand to his sword-hilt.

"A tavern!" he exclaimed.

The priest wheeled round and faced him, his head cocked derisively in the shadow of his cowl.

"And what better house of rest and entertainment to a brave *chasseur* of the Emperor?" said he.

"But the people, my father! It is to lead a blind man into a nest of hornets!"

"Truly, if you fear the stings of beauty. There is no peril other than that."

The frost was in the trooper's blood, and sickness in his brain.

"Lead on!" he cried. "A gallant soldier dreads neither man nor devil."

They went forward to the house. It was a mean enough little shanty, sloughing piece-meal its skin of rough-cast. From the thatched lean-to of the porch, that went up to the broken shingles of the roof

above, a pole, with a withered fardel of heather tied to its end, stuck out like an ironical finger-post to signify to the convivial wanderer any direction but that immediately behind it.

Nevertheless, the two men passed under, walking straight into a ramshackle kitchen, where only the figure of a solitary wench moved in a world of disorder.

She was busying herself desultorily near a great open hearth, above which projected a wedge-shaped chimney-hood of battered plaster, with an iron chain and hook pendulous from its sooty maw. A crazy wooden partition cut the room at a third of its length; and over this appeared the top of a ladder, on whose highest rung a squatting hen reposed. Some steaming dish-cloths drooped from a line; parings and foul greasy scraps littered the corners into which they had been kicked; and the brick floor was everywhere sodden, as from the precipitated atmosphere of much unsqueamish revelry.

"Wilma, *mein mädchen*," said the priest, softly.

The girl glanced round and up, as she stooped. The gallant Corporal's heart seemed to fill to so great an extent as to ease the throbbing of his wounds. This composed, this actually stolid-looking jade in her stone-grey petticoat and striped corset and degraded slippers — *corne et tonnerre!* she was a very Hebe, a wall-peach, a china-rose of prettiness. One might wish to cull her face at its slender neck like a flower, and put it in a vase of fragrant

water to watch the blue eyes bud and open.

"Here," said Corporal Lacoste, "I may divest myself of all fear save that this love is plighted to another."

The girl expressed no surprise, no concern, very little interest. Indeed she did not understand a word that he spoke. But the priest interpreted.

"He would swear his heart to you at the outset. He is a wounded enemy that had not the courage to enter until I assured him that you were alone. Now he would willingly value his life at the price of your favour. Wilt thou minister to him, Wilma?"

"Ask him," said the girl, in a low dull voice, "why the perils here when all our manhood is flown to Vienna?"

The soldier stood smiling, and desperately catching himself from an inclination to faint.

"But it is right, is it not, Wilma," continued the priest, without heeding her answer, "to forgive our enemies, though they come like the wolves at night into a peaceful fold, wantonly harrying and destroying? '*Et dimitte nobis debita nostra.*' Yet we must trespass to be forgiven; and heaven loves a repentant sinner, Wilma."

"Where is my father?" said the girl (they seemed to talk at cross-purposes). "Hast thou left him down there?"

"I saw him watching us from ambush. Be assured he will follow soon."

The girl turned away.

"The stranger, like any other," she said coldly, "can

share, for the paying, in whatever he and his devil-comrades have left us;" and with that she went to feel her drying dish-clouts.

The priest turned upon the Corporal.

"It is the custom in our Bavarian inns," said he, "for the guest to bring his own food. Wine, you will understand, is another matter."

"*S'il ne tient qu'à Ça!*" cried Corporal Lacoste jovially. "I have meat in my haversack and louis-d'ors in my pouch. We will make a feast, my father!"

He was so direfully in need of stimulant that he would do nothing till he had drunk.

"Here!" he shouted arrogantly, conscious of the hesitation of the other; and he fetched out and clapped upon a plank-table hard by a fistful of jangling pieces.

"Put them away," said the priest, his eyes quite rigid in their sockets. "My profession is one of faith."

He profited by demonstration, however, to give an entirely generous order. Wilma attended to it with the cold tranquillity that seemed to characterise all her actions. She was like a beautiful cataleptic.

The hole in Corporal Lacoste's head served as no vent, apparently, to the heady Steinwein. The core of heat it represented appeared rather to aggravate the potency of the fumes. He reddened, he sang, he rattled; by the time he had put down his share of the first bottle he was clamorous with good-fellowship and braggadocio.

"*Oh, mon Dieu Jésus!*" he cried; "to accuse us of stripping you when, in this chance corner, I find such wine and such beauty!"

The monk was no coy toss-pot. He pledged the other glass for glass, till his heated face glared forward of its cowl like a great opening nasturtium bud. He showed, moreover, a tendency to coarseness and violence of speech that effectively counter-buffed the soldier's insolence.

Corporal Lacoste's veins were flushed to their remotest channels. They made up in fever what they had lost in measure. Once he suddenly leapt to his feet.

"To pluck the fruit that will not fall!" he shouted — and staggered away from the table.

In a moment the priest had risen and thrown himself upon him. He was little and underweighted; but he held the cuirassier in a clutch as crippling as that of a "scavenger's daughter."

"You go to insult the maid!" he shrieked. "My God, I will tear your heart out!"

Corporal Lacoste vainly struggled, shaken with crapulous laughter.

"But for dessert to the feast!" he protested: "my lips only to the warm side of the peach!"

The part profile of Wilma, seated knitting against the farther lintel of a rough opening in the partition, seemed unruffled by the least interest or apprehension. It did not even turn towards the wrestling men. At the instant, as it happened, that these came to the

floor, the priest uppermost, the house-door was flung open, and a man ran into the room.

"Hold his hands from his neck, my father!" cried this new-comer, in a small biting voice; and, flicking a thin knife from his sleeve, he dropped quickly upon his knees at the head of the labouring soldier and raised his arm.

The monk uttered a stifled oath.

"Down, down!" he cried in fury, as if to a dog. "Don't you see the girl?"

The man leapt to his feet, springing straight from his soles backwards with an odd nimble movement. There he stood watching the soldier—his eyes as sharp as flint-stones—as the latter, released by the monk, scrambled upright, staggering.

The trooper, the instant he felt himself free, swept his blade from its sheath.

"The sword of Corporal Lacoste!" he shouted, the wild tipsy Gascon. "Is there a wolf here will set his tooth against that?"

The word might have been haphazard — or vinously inspired. For, indeed, the face and attitude of the man opposite him were curiously wolfish in character—the temples wide, the forehead sweeping downwards and forth into a pinched snout, the projecting underjaw spiked with savage teeth and hung with tangs of brindled hair. If, for the rest, the creature was phenomenally small and lithe and active for a Bavarian peasant, still it was a peasant patently and clothed as such, from its close-bodied homespun

tunic belted by a crimson sash, and its rusty cloak buckled under the right arm, to its cap of mangy fur from which a flock of coarse hair fell upon its shoulders.

"The sword of Corporal Lacoste!" howled the soldier again, and spun his weapon so that it whistled, making an arc of light.

The stranger stood rigidly set, the hilt of his long lancet clutched against his shoulder, his head thrust forward like a pointing hound's. There could be no least doubt as to which would prove the deadlier adversary.

Now, as they stood a moment, watchful of each other, the apple in the peasant's throat flickered of a sudden; and immediately a rising moan, a very strange little ululation, began to make itself audible, and the man lifted his chin, as if to give some voice in him freer passage. At once the priest, in an ecstasy of haste, flung himself between the two.

"On the threshold of the Church!" he screamed; "and the girl looking on!"

For the first time, indeed, Wilma was alert.

The peasant relaxed from his rigid pose. Corporal Lacoste saw the man's tongue, curling like a red leaf, pass over and across his upper lip. The movement gave him a little thrilling shock, as if of terror.

"What am I to do, my father?" asked the creature.

The priest pushed back his cowl and passed a trembling hand across his forehead.

"The cards," he muttered confusedly, affecting an impos-

sible laugh. "Let us reconcile all over a bout at ombre."

He suddenly bethought himself, and repeated his proposal in French. The soldier threw his sword into the air, recovered it by the hilt, and returned it to its sheath.

"At bottle or pasteboard!" he cried: "*c'la m'est égal*—I am a match for the devil!"

He seemed, at least, a match for these commoner spirits. Luck stood at his shoulder, as was befitting when a *beau sabreur* of Murat staked against a clown and a Friar-Rush.

The three played and drank and wrangled up to midday of the blessed bright morn. Not a soul came in to disturb them. The neighbourhood, it appeared, was depopulated by conscription—stunned by fear. Only the girl moved staidly in the background of the reeking kitchen, quite silent over her simple duties, even when from time to time she brought a fresh bottle to the table and came under fire of the reckless trooper's badinage.

The play waxed fast and furious. Oaths and execrations, flying from fecund lips, seemed to swarm obscenely under the very rafters overhead. The monk, educated perhaps to the rich vocabulary of anathema, was peculiarly apt at fulminating expletive. He bawled and he cursed from the conscious standpoint of privilege. He never damned but to hell, or failed to translate his most consuming maledictions for the soldier's benefit.

Now it chanced that once during the morning Corporal Lacoste, happening to glance

up as Wilma fetched an empty jug from their midst in order to the replenishing of it, saw the girl's strange eyes fixed upon him in a curious stare. She looked away immediately; but he rose, took the jug from her with a "*permettez-moi, mam'selle*," and followed her to the rear of the premises.

The lip of the dog-man lifted. The priest caught his hand in a warning clinch.

"Between Angelus and Angelus, Wolfzahn," he muttered.

"What does he with the girl, then, my father?"

"What does he? The wine consumes his nerve. He is a man of gingerbread. Let him be."

"How came we to miss him down there? Between Angelus and Angelus, say'st thou? So! I will whet my tooth. But beware, my father! the dark in these days is an early guest. How came we to miss him—him and his fat gold pieces?"

"Hush! *Der Herr Jesus* recompenses otherwise the agents of His vengeance. Little Wolfzahn, the gold shall pay for masses to his soul—his, and the others. Not here, before the girl! The devil, I think, has commerce with her nowadays. Often I see him peep from the windows of her eyes. Between Angelus and Angelus: one snap of thy tooth—and there are twenty fresh indulgences to quit thee of thy purgatory."

"But, here, in the forest! Ah, *mein Vater*! when will thy indulgences quit me of this in the forest?"

The strange creature gave a sort of sob, a bay, and buried his face in his hands.

In the meanwhile Corporal Lacoste followed Wilma to the cellar. She neither invited nor repulsed him. She went down a flight of humid steps, through a square aperture in the floor, into a little musty cavern, the walls of which seemed all eyes. These were the "kicks" of bottles whose long snouts were thrust into wooden racks. Elsewhere a cask or two lolled on its belly, its tap run into purple like a drowsy drunken nose; and the tracks of snails went all over the ceiling.

The girl struck light from a flint, kindled a greasy dip, and, holding it in her hand, turned suddenly round on her escort. Her face was alive with some secret emotion. The soldier, in whose brain a wanton fever flared, swayed himself steady, endeavouring to return her gaze.

"Ludwig!" she whispered hurriedly—"my Ludwig that went with Wimpffen's dragoons to defend the pass,—my Ludwigchen that would have taken me out of hell. When I caught thy face against the light, *ach, mein Gott!* I could have cried in pain. Thou art so like him."

She held the candle nearer the fuddled stupid eyes. Her own glittered to them like sparks through a curtain of smoke. She drew back with a quick hopeless movement.

"But I forget," she murmured. "Thou canst not understand—nor would, nor would, though we spoke in one language."

She filled the jug, and went hastily past him. Then, at a thought, she turned, with her

foot on the first step, and spoke back into his very ear, "*Hüten Sie sich vor dem Wehrwolf!*"

"Wilma!" howled her father from above.

Corporal Lacoste reeled back to his cards, with an obfuscated impression that something of moment had been spoken to him. His soul, pregnantly engaged in hatching wind-eggs, squatted in a little private dark-house of cunning, from which it looked forth as full of self-importance as a monkey in a cage.

Now, again, play being resumed, the fetid air of the kitchen blattered with oaths. It was as if, approaching a dung-hill, the returned gambler had disturbed a settled cloud of flies.

Howl, and uproar, and the jangle of unbridled tongues! A knife was drawn; the soldier staggered to his feet, and his chair crashed on the floor. At the moment a timepiece tinkled out midday from some attic above. The priest flung up his arm and yelled, "Angelus, Angelus, ye swine of the Gad-arenes!"

He fell upon his knees. "*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ,*" he began to gabble.

"*Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto,*" responded the peasant, who, at the word, had pulled from his breast a little leaden image of St Christopher carrying a baby Christ, and prostrated himself before it.

But as to Corporal Lacoste, it was for him to drop upon the floor and asleep simultaneously.

Something—it might have been a savagely restrained kick

—aroused the slumbering man. He started up, sitting, and beat away a red-hot film of cobwebs that seemed to stretch and flicker before his eyes. Slowly at first, then by sickening leaps, consciousness returned to him. He looked vacantly from point to point of the frowsy kitchen. Wilma sat knitting as though she had never moved; the dog-like peasant crouched on the hearth, his red eyes glinting back the ember-glow; and whenever he yawned a little singing whine issued from his throat. The priest, his hands as heretofore vanished up the meeting cuffs of his cassock, his cowl pulled forward over his eyes, stood a yard withdrawn from and looking down upon him. At the sound of the first word between them the creature before the fire flashed alert.

"The noon draws on," said the monk. "If you wish to track your comrades in safety you must be out of the forest before dusk."

The trooper got to his feet. He was steady enough on them now. It was his head that seemed to roll and totter.

"I have delayed too long already," he cried peevishly. "What does the sword of Corporal Lacoste in this ignoble den? To death or victory, my father—if I but knew the way!"

The monk whistled to the man on the hearth.

"Up!" he cried; "he would have us show him the way—to victory or death. The issue is his."

He turned to the soldier.

"It is the will of God that shall be wrought at the hands of His agents."

"Meaning thyself, my father?"

"Surely, and Wolfzahn here. Arise, and we will put thee on thy road."

"Thou wear'st His livery, at least. *Corne et tonnerre!* it is true a priest must not be judged out of his own mouth. To refute the devil one must speak the devil's tongue. And, after all, thy face rounds as jovial as an English rennet."

"Hasten!" cried the peasant from the door, to which he had run. "I can hear far off the dusk striking amongst the trees like a wood-reeve."

"A moment, Wolfzahn!" exclaimed the priest. "One parting dram of brandy for a lock to the stomach!"

As Corporal Lacoste took his *petit-verre* from Wilma he was troubled by a desperately elusive thought of some confidence that had passed between him and her. Then he remembered that they had no word in common. It could not be. As for any temptation to gallantry, the nausea following debauch had robbed him of all inclination to it.

But glancing back once, when he had swaggered from the house into the shuddering chillness of the snow without, it startled him to see, as he thought, the white face of the girl pressed against the lattice. The sight, the shadow, gave him a momentary thrill of uneasiness—something like a strange swerve of the heart that was surely inexplicable

in a *sabreur* of the great army.

After the turn of noon a sombreness of cloud had usurped the happy throne of morning. The forest had fallen into deathly silence. The trees were ranked stiffly, each seeming to edge into each in terror of some nameless oppression. From the hollows came trooping grey spectres of mist that climbed the branches to overlook the travellers, or peered stealthily from behind enormous trunks. Not a voice, not a sound but the squeaking crunch of the wayfarers' feet as they trod the beds of snow that had silted through the openings in the roof above, broke the vast quiet.

This was a matter of concern to the swashbuckler Corporal, who rose many times from the deep waters of his dejection to clutch at some straw of comfort in the shape of a monosyllabic utterance by one or other of his guides. It was of no use. The straw would sink with him, leaving him again submerged.

Suddenly light grew upon them—light wan and grudging, but still a beacon of hope. At the same moment their ears were aware of a long quarrelling moan—a diffuse liquid snarl uttered and echoed from a score of points on the ground below them on their left. The peasant, who led, sprang at the instant behind a tree, from the covert of which he looked forth and down into a narrow sloping defile—that very riven pass in which the wounded soldier had spent the night.

The priest stood stricken, petrified, where he had halted at the top of the glen, in a wedge of white slanting mist. The wondering trooper hurried to join him.

"*Mon Dieu Jésus!*" cried the latter, dumfounded; "is it that way we must go?"

The gorge was dotted with wolves—ravenous, unclean. Wherever a shapeless bulge of cloth, a hooped flank of man or charger projected, there a bloody snout burrowed and tore, spattering the white with red.

Corporal Lacoste drew and whirled aloft his sabre.

"Forward, comrades!" he shouted. "It is the sword of Corporal Lacoste!"

He was a man again—a *beau sabreur* of the wild Murat in face of immediate danger. He ran down into the glen alone and slashed at the first brute he reached. It fled screaming, a near-severed ear flapping against its jaw as it galloped.

He paused a moment, turned, and beckoned to the two above him. They were drawn together, and the priest, it appeared, was frantically beating back the other from descending.

"*Canaille!*" hissed Corporal Lacoste between his teeth, and he faced about once more to his business of aggression.

The alarm was gone abroad. The beasts, converging from their isolated positions, were forming into a compact body.

To the tactician, the moment of rally offers as full opportunity for assault as the moment of retreat. Either is the twilight of disorder. Corporal Lacoste snatched a flung cloak

from the ground, wrapped it about his left arm, and with a screaming *huée!* charged down upon the foe.

At the very outset the wings of the dastard troop folded back before the furious onrush, leaving the formation a wedge. The point of this the soldier crumpled up, thrusting and threshing. His blade flung aloft a spray of crimson; the whole hotch-potch of writhing shapes seemed to boil into hideous jangle; he shrieked again and again as he drove his way into it. Then in a moment the pass was won. The pack, recoiling upon its rear to escape the swingeing flail, fell into demoralisation, showed its panic tail, and went off in a wind of uproar down the glen.

The instant they were vanished, the monk and his companion descended from their coign of "reserve." The soldier held out his dripping weapon mutely, and with a stare of scorn.

"It is, in truth, a blade worthy of the arm that wields it," cried the priest cringingly. His voice shook. He kept glancing furtively at the peasant by his side. This man's eyes had a strange glare in them, and his mouth was dribbling.

Corporal Lacoste cleansed his sword scrupulously on the cloak he had appropriated.

"Dishonouring blood," he said, "for the imbruing of a noble weapon! But—*corne et tonnerre!*—a king must take tribute of chief and villain alike. At least, now, the stain is wiped away."

He ran the sword back into its scabbard with a clank.

"*En avant!*" he cried disdainfully, and swaggered off down the defile.

Perhaps for a mile they proceeded in this order, the *beau sabreur* indulging his fancy with a priest and a peasant for lackeys. Now and again he would turn and cry "Which way?"—but, for the rest, he condescended to no familiarity with cravens.

By-and-by the dead air lightened, the trees thinning so as to make but a ragged canopy of the snow overhead. Then the toiling monk quavered out a "halt!" to him that strode in front.

"Monsieur," he panted, "it necessitates that we part at the cross-track."

"How, then!" exclaimed Corporal Lacoste, facing about.

The two men advanced. The peasant passed the trooper a half-dozen paces, and wheeled round softly. They were all by then come into a little open dell, drowsy with snow, into which the fog drooped from above, like smoke in the down-draught of a chimney. Not a twig of all the laden bushes stirred. The very heart of nature, frozen and constricted, had ceased of its audible beating.

The priest pulled his cowl farther over his eyes.

"My God, the cold!" he muttered. Then he appeared to shudder himself into fury.

"Have we not brought you far enough? Thither goes the road to St Pölten and Wien. *Mein Gott*, the assurance, the assurance——!"

He leapt back. The point of the wolf's tooth had almost pricked him as it shot through Corporal Lacoste's throat.

"*Stehen sie auf!* ah, you devil!" he sobbed, as the dog-man threw himself upon the quivering tumbled body, snarling and quarrelling with the knife that would not be withdrawn.

Suddenly a terrible lust overtook the onlooker. He tore the trooper's sword from its sheath and slashed at the senseless face till the blade streamed.

"The blood of a wolf!" he screeched,—“of a ravisher and despoiler! Unbuckle me the scabbard. It shall stay here—the red shall stay, and mingle presently, for all his boasting, with that of the beasts to which he was kin!”

For long the winged flakes had fallen, the huddled labyrinths of the forest been dense as with the myriad settling of ghost-moths. Here, indeed, was the spinning-mill of Fate, drawing steadily, relentlessly, from the loaded distaff of the clouds, working an impenetrable warp for the snaring of forfeited lives.

Lost, gasping, and horror-stricken, the monk stumbled aimlessly onward, the trooper's sheathed sword clasped convulsively—half unconsciously—under his arm, the trooper's gold clinking in his mendicant pouch. He beat his way anywhere whither among the glimmering trunks, and the terror of hell was in his soul.

For, not a hundred paces of their return journey had the murderers traversed, when the

blinding hood of the snow-wraith shut upon the shameful scene—upon all the woodlands of Amstetten, blotting out the voiceless passes, obscuring and confusing the familiar avenues of retreat. Too well then these men realised, out of their knowledge of it, the menace of the dumb eclipse—of the trackless silence that no instinct might interpret. But the fulness of dismay was for one only of the two.

In a minute they were astray; at the end of an hour, two hours, they were still ice-bound wanderers—white spectres of the living death. And so at last the natural dusk, weaving weft into warp of darkness, had crept upon them; and a greater fear, long-foreshadowed, had knocked at the priest's heart—a sickening thud to every step he took. Then his eyes, straining in the inhuman blackness, would seek frantically to resolve the character of that that pattered at his side; and he had jibbed as he walked, daring neither to question nor to touch.

Suddenly an attenuated whimper, that swelled to a piercing yap, had sounded at his very ear, and something had leapt from his neighbourhood and gone scurrying into the darkness.

Then he knew that what he had dreaded had befallen, and the utter ecstasy of horror entered into and possessed his soul.

Now, all in a moment, he broke from the thronged terrorism of trees into a little ghastly glen. A bursting sigh, compound of a dozen clashing emotions, issued from his lungs.

He could faintly see here once more; and he knew himself to have happened upon that very pass wherein he had been busy in the morning imbruening his hands, by wolfish proxy, in the blood of the wounded.

But he had not climbed a score of yards up the slope in a whirl of flakes when a guttural sound, that seemed to come from almost under his feet, shocked him to a pause. He stood, forcibly striving to constrict his heart lest the thud of it knocking on his ribs should betray him. For the wolves were in the glen again. His every nerve jumped to the consciousness of their neighbourhood.

The swinish sound went on. Suddenly the ticking wheel of Life touched off its alarum. Wrought to the topping-pitch of endurance, he gave way, uttering scream after scream in a mere paralysis of fright. The whole glen seemed to howl in echo: there came a snarling rush.

Who had shouted it?—"The sword of Corporal Lacoste!" The cry, he could have sworn, clanged in his frantic ears. It rallied him to recollection of

what he held in his hand. The sword! At least, in his despair, he could endeavour to do with it as he had seen done.

A score of rabid snouts budded through the gloom before him. He clutched at the hilt. Some latent memory, perhaps, of the stinging thrash of the weapon it looked upon kept the pack at bay a moment. But clutch and tear as the priest might, the blade would not come forth. The lust of hatred that had sheathed it, wet with the life of its victim, had recoiled upon itself. Corporal Lacoste still claimed his sword—claimed it by testimony of his blood, that had dried upon it, gluing it within its scabbard.

A low laugh issued from the thick of the pack—an unearthly bark confusedly blended of the utterance of beast and man. It was as if some one brute, intelligent above his fellows, had realised the humour of the situation.

A grey snout, grinning and slavering from a single long tooth, came nozzling itself through the herd.

The priest screamed and fell upon his knees.

BERNARD CAPES.

A VAGABOND POET.

ARTHUR RIMBAUD has suffered in all their bitterness the miseries of an indiscreet fame. To be celebrated unworthily is to be misunderstood; and despite his unsought glory the author of '*Une Saison en Enfer*' has been infamously treated by those who affect his worship. The works which he refused to publish have been printed in a dozen treacherous forms; more than one wit has forged successfully the poet's style; and at the very moment when he deemed himself forgotten, he was the chosen leader of a new school, the unconscious apostle of a foolish creed. Worse than this, the gossips laid hold of his life, and, ignorant of his maturer heroism, discovered a picturesque element in the unproved vices of his youth. So that he who shunned publicity has been vilified in the light of day; his works, unique prophecy of unfulfilled genius, have been hawked, despite his own suppression, upon every bookstall; and for long we have read his heroic adventures, and have studied his marvellous poems with a half-felt confession that we are looking over an unknown shoulder. But at last our curiosity is justified. A pious, if not too tactful, hand has drawn aside the veil, and we are not only confronted by the authentic text of the poet's works, but by the authentic record of his curious career. We may easily question any man's right to violate a pur-

posed secrecy; but those who are responsible for the perfect revelation of Rimbaud's life and poetry have an abundant excuse: they were driven to publish by the indiscretions of others, and they have discharged no more than the duty imposed upon them of vindicating their hero's memory. Had he died obscure, they should have respected his obscurity: traduced by half-knowledge, he must needs submit to the frank revelation of his friends.

He was already a legend, when his name was unheard outside the taverns of the Latin Quarter. From time to time came rumours of his death, and still more often echoes of his unaccustomed, intrepid career. Meanwhile, the foolish man who seeks a nerveless solace in the vices of others overlooked the talent of Rimbaud in the false record of his boyish indiscretion; and it seems worth while, now that the material is at hand, to brush away the scandals, and to draw an imperfect portrait of this misjudged poet. Arthur Rimbaud, then, was born at Charleville, of well-to-do parents, in 1854. No sooner was he sent to school than he displayed the astounding precocity which a few years later made him the wonder of Paris, and which, maybe, destroyed him at what, for the most of men, is the beginning of a career. His sense of literature was instinctive, and an insubordinate indolence was no bar to the

acquisition of knowledge. At seven he was already master of a lucid style, and at that early age he not only declared war against journalism but expressed the ambition which he cherished unto the end. "Moi, je serai rentier," he wrote in infancy, and it was in this unfulfilled desire that he met his hapless death. At fourteen, says his schoolmaster, he had translated Juvenal, Tibullus, and Propertius into French verse; he knew, moreover, Villon, Rabelais, Baudelaire, the Parnassians, and all the modern poets; he had even discovered for himself the charm of Madame Desbordes-Valmore, who now, after thirty years, is a fashionable poet. And he achieved all this without ever foregoing the privileges of an Ishmael. His hand, a strong one too, was raised against all the world, and he endured discipline with a recalcitrant ferocity. The truth is, he was never a boy. His period of imitation was brief, and insincere. On the very threshold of life he found himself, and if for a moment he echoed Baudelaire and the Parnassians, he was hardly fifteen when he shook off the trammels which have weighted many a poet to the grave. A man's temper, a man's intelligence, armed this boy against the government of others, and it is not remarkable that he soon deemed school, even with the most sympathetic of masters, a common prison-house. That he should have been happy was impossible, and the reminiscence of 'Une Saison en Enfer' strikes a note of sincerity. "Ah! that

life of my childhood," he writes, "the highroad in all weathers; unnaturally sober, more disinterested than the noblest of beggars, proud of knowing neither country nor friends, what folly it was. And I alone perceived it." Indeed he was conscious always of his own unruliness, of his own vagabond spirit. In another brutal passage of autobiography (written, be it remembered, at eighteen), which reveals him as the Whitman of France, and which tells but half the truth, he explains the gipsydom of his youth. "I owe to my Gallic ancestors," he says, "my blue-white eye, my narrow brain, my awkwardness in the struggle. I find my clothes as barbarous as theirs. But I do not oil my hair. The Gauls were the most foolish flayers of beasts and burners of crops known to their age. From them I get idolatry and the love of sacrilege;—oh! all the vices, anger, lust,—'tis magnificent, lust—above all, falsehood and idleness. I have a horror of all trades. Masters and workmen, all are peasants, ignoble. The hand on the pen is stronger than the hand on the plough." And so he sets forth his lack of restraint, his scorn of conduct. But he utters no complaint: even if he understand not the law, he is of those who "sing at the hour of punishment," and it was with as little fear as money that at fifteen he left home and took to the road.

His goal was Paris, his aim for the moment poetic glory. Though still a penniless child, his pocket was full of audacious

verses, his head was packed with a generous contempt of others. But for all his profound acquaintance with literature, he knew nothing of life, and while his cunning kept him concealed beneath the seat of the railway-carriage until the journey's end, he could not escape from the station without a ticket. The war had just broken out, and the police had no difficulty in denouncing for a spy this uncouth boy with an accent fresh from the Ardennes. So Rimbaud was sent off to Mazas, where he remained twelve days, and whence he was restored, after identification, to Charleville. Thus began his years of fearless wandering. Wherever he went, he was ragged and half starved, still loyal to his muse, and indifferent to the usages of his fellows. His only inn bore "the sign of the Great Bear," and he journeyed in a fierce spirit of solitude, a stranger to "orgies and the companionship of women." Thus he saw visions, to which other eyes are blind. "As I tramped along the highroad," he wrote, "of winter nights, without lodging, without clothes, without bread, a voice gripped my frozen heart: 'Weakness or strength; thou art strength. Thou knowest not whither thou goest, nor why; open every door, answer to every one. Thou wilt not be killed any more than if thou wert a corpse.' In the morning I had a look so lost, a face so dead, that those whom I met perhaps did not see me." And after each journey, with the half-confessed instinct of a homing beast, he sought refuge in

his mother's house at Charleville, where, if he found no sympathy, he might at least lie down in the corner that he knew. And then no sooner was he recovered from fatigue than he had turned a deaf ear to the familiar reproach, and was tramping down the road again.

But it was not until the war had made way for the Commune that Rimbaud conquered the appreciation of Paris. He arrived to enrol himself among the insurgents after a hungry, dishevelled tramp. It is not surprising that the Communards, struck with pity at the boy's lean and haggard look, made a generous collection for him; it is less surprising that he instantly spent the money for their benefit. However, the butchery of this belated revolution soon disgusted him, and once more he fled to the Ardennes; but in a few months he was back in Paris, and introduced under the auspices of Verlaine to the world of letters. His success—of curiosity—was immediate, and not remarkable, when we remember that he was no more than seventeen and yet the author of the "*Bateau Ivre*." Of his character and appearance at this time we have abundant evidence. Violent and contemptuous, he made no attempt to conciliate opinion or to tame his temper. Those who knew him then render but one account: he was more like a wild beast than a poet, and he only broke his morose silence by such monosyllables as cannot be set forth in print. But he was an untutored youth

among men, and more accustomed to the highway than to literary clubs; and at least it may be put down to his credit that the most extravagant flattery failed to turn his head. Even when the Olympian Hugo himself dubbed him "Shakespeare Enfant" he broke into a laugh, and he treated the sincere appreciation of Banville with no better respect. This in itself, when all men clamour for recognition, is a point of sympathy, and this unworldly determination not to "get on" more than condones a ferocity of temperament. So installed by friends, he remained in Paris until 1872, when, suspected for his part in the Commune, he fled with Verlaine to Belgium, and thence to London. Thus he lived again the life of the scholar gipsy—poor in money, rich in companionship. He worked, he wrote, he taught, never regretting in penury the debauch which the last sovereign had purchased. Born with the faculty of assimilation, he easily acquired English, and so began his vast collection of foreign tongues; and he was able, whenever he would, to earn the hard bread of a tutor. But a quarrel with Verlaine put an end to his wandering life. He was alone without a penny in a strange country, and no sooner had he acquired the means of travel than he followed his friend to Brussels, determined upon a final reckoning. Verlaine suggested that they should set out once more upon their travels; and when Rimbaud obstinately announced his re-

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turn to the Ardennes, Verlaine fired on him with a revolver. One shot might have escaped notice, but a second attracted the police; and while the one poet was captured by Belgian justice, the other was tended in the hospital.

The gossip tongue of scandal has been only too busy with this disastrous friendship, and as usual the tongue of scandal has wagged without knowledge of the truth. Those there are for whom no poet is complete without a vice, and the same spirit of tattle which has elevated Shelley's Harriett into a heroine would degrade without warrant the memory of Arthur Rimbaud. Concerning whom no more is certain than that he left Brussels determined to forget not only the friendship of Verlaine but the practice of poetry. Once again he met Verlaine, and then the meeting was unsought by him. A tutor in Germany, he believed himself safe from pursuit; but Verlaine discovered his hiding-place, and came to insist upon reconciliation. The scene was grotesque, and acted on either side in the spirit of melodrama. Verlaine, wishing no doubt to amuse the friend whom he had shot, came in the habit of a brigand, an indiscretion quite sufficient to disgust Rimbaud, who for the moment was scrupulously exact. However, a sort of truce was made between the two poets, a truce no sooner made than broken. For Rimbaud, still furious at the other's revolver, followed Verlaine into the forest, and gave him a sound thrashing. The influence of

the strife upon the two men was characteristic. The feebleness of Verlaine not only continued to regret the friend, but persuaded him to an indiscreet publication of the friend's works. Rimbaud, a man of stronger fibre, savagely shut down a past which had become distasteful to him. Probably he never again mentioned the name of Verlaine; and assuredly he would have been incensed, with justice too, had he ever known that poems lent in confidence had been betrayed to print.

But, after all, a quarrel is an incident of the commonplace, and what is far more interesting than Rimbaud's parting from Verlaine is his separation from poetry. At eighteen he had laid aside his lyre for ever, as our grandfathers would have said; and the single essay of his maturity is to be found in the archives of the Geographical Society. To whomsoever had the effrontery in after-years to mention his poems he had but one reply, "Ridiculous, absurd, disgusting." But, after all, this desertion of his art is not so strange as it appears. He had never in any sense been a professional man of letters. Doubtless, poetry was to him one among the many trades which he detested. He wrote, when he wrote, with the facility of impulsion, and while he did not care for the praise of others, he never knew the foolish ambition of seeing his words in print. One pamphlet only did he publish himself—his marvellous '*Saison en Enfer*'—and it is characteristic that

he destroyed the whole edition as soon as printed, partly because he disapproved his own work, partly because the pages were set askew. So from 1872 onwards he was no longer a poet, and with a truly admirable discretion he never again mentioned the exploits of his youth. Those who met him in Africa might have guessed from his silence that there was something in the past which he preferred to forget. But none, not even the traveller Borelli, who knew him well, could detect in this purchaser of ivory and gold-dust a poet, with whom criticism was still busy. Precocity may half explain the sudden abandonment of an art, practised in childhood with unique distinction; but explanation is superfluous, and no man has the right to question an abandonment which was, in the phrase of Verlaine, logical, honest, and inevitable.

In 1873, then, Arthur Rimbaud, poet, died; and there grew up in his stead another Rimbaud, whose wider ambition might still be realised. The aspiration of his verse is naturally vague and heroic. His prose poems have an elemental space and largeness which are rare in French literature. Uncertain desires, ill-imagined aims, are hinted on every page: the essence, in brief, is as indefinite as the form. But no sooner did he cast poetry aside than this wild boar of the Ardennes declared a single worship, an eternal dream—the East. He, too, like a greater than he, turned his eyes to the Orient, and, ab-

sorbed by the cult of the dawn, determined to change the cold sky of France. So he prophecies of the future in the best-quoted passage of his works: "Here I am upon the Breton beach. How the towns twinkle in the evening! My day is done. I leave Europe. The sea air shall burn my lungs; lost climates shall tan me. To swim, to trample the grass, to hunt, to smoke above all; to drink strong liquors, like boiling metal, as did our dear ancestors round their fires." At last his mind was made up, and if he did not instantly turn his project to fact, it was because he did not think himself properly equipped.

For the master quality of this feckless wanderer was a hard practicality; and though in an austere gaiety of heart he would throw away an opportunity, though he would squander in a night the money that might have taken him to his goal, he would not set out upon a journey unprepared. "I would keep my place," he says somewhere, "upon the top rung of this angelic ladder of good sense." And it is characteristic that once he had resolved upon the East he began the study of German. For him who had the gift of tongues the acquisition was easy, and after a few months at Stuttgart he took to the road, with the Cyclades as his distant goal. At Altorf, his slender purse was empty; he crossed the St Gothard on foot, and stumbled into Milan, weary and half-starved. Here the kindness of an Italian lady saved his life,

but ill-luck clove to him, and being sunstruck at Leghorn, he was forced to ask the aid of his consul, who sent him back to France. The next few years he passed in turbulent wandering. Now he is at Vienna, robbed by a cabman, to whom he had shown a too facile generosity; now he enlists in the Carlist army at Marseilles, and having touched the "shilling," forthwith deserts. Wherever he went he supported himself by begging, or by such unskilled labour as portering in the docks. And at any rate he proved that, despite a complex civilisation, the cultured gipsy, that prince of the Middle Ages, is still a possibility. Of course he had the temperament of his trade. He could, if he would, adapt himself to all societies, and in these enterprises his marvellous faculty of adaptation stood him in good stead. Acutely conscious of his own talent, he proclaimed it in a passage of half-humorous reproach. "But who has made my tongue so perfidious," says he, "that until now it has guided and kept safe my idleness? Without making use of my bodily strength, and more idle than a toad, I have lived everywhere. There is no family in Europe which I do not now know. I mean families such as mine, which cling to the Declaration of the Rights of Man. I have known every son of these families."

Perfidious is too mean a word for his eloquent tongue—*persuasive* would better have described its quality; as since it was inspired by a not too scrup-

ulous morality, it was indeed a formidable ally. But by this time Rimbaud had narrowed his ambition to a point, and it is not astonishing that now and again he believed that the end justified whatever means he chose to employ. For a while he contemplated the career of a missionary; but, his paganism revolting, he crossed Belgium, on foot as usual, and at Amsterdam enlisted in the Dutch army. Shipped to Java, he immediately deserted into the jungle, and lived for a while an uncertain life with the beasts of prey, his brothers. Thence he worked his passage home in an English ship, and having at last discovered an easy method of money-making, he enlisted recruits himself, and sold his ragged regiment to Holland for a comfortable sum. At last his end seemed attainable; but a few days in Hamburg, where he meant to take ship, dissipated his little fortune, and he was next employed as interpreter in a circus, which was bound for a tour in Scandinavia. From Stockholm he was returned to France by his consul, and then at last he realised his hopes. A Hamburg firm offered him employment at Alexandria. Once more he crossed the St Gothard on foot, setting out with a grim humour to walk to Egypt. Presently he is heard of in Cyprus, where as foreman of the works he watched the making of the Governor's palace; and it might be a source of pride to the Englishman who rules this fortunate isle, that a man of rare genius had a hand in the building of his house.

But at last—it is in 1880—Arthur Rimbaud had found his true career. Now he began that life in Africa to which he was devoted until his death. Established first at Aden, then at Harrar, he made long journeys into the desert, whence he returned with a rich treasure of gold, perfumes, and ostrich feathers. With his notorious facility he mastered the native languages, and won the native confidence. He travelled far afield, and everywhere was received with a respectful enthusiasm. The Arabs and Abyssinians recognised a friend in this proud, exclusive Frenchman, and it is said that, however disturbed the country, he might go where he would without risk or hindrance. Nor was his ambition bounded by the mere hope of gain. He was determined to take civilisation wherever he found profit. His demand for books is incessant; but it is practical science, not literature, which engrosses him. He is curious concerning tanneries and artesian wells; he orders treatises upon masonry, mineralogy, and naval architecture. How far has he journeyed on the road of life, since he left Verlaine half-conscious in the Black Forest! In truth, this French poet, whom idle curiosity has turned into a scandal, was more richly gifted in the art of colonisation than any of his contemporaries. Had France many sons heroic as Rimbaud, she would not be compelled to deplore her policy wherever she unfurls her flag. But Rimbaud was no comedian: he could not win a triumph in

the journals. He did his work, and treasured his reward, without discovering his success to the politicians of Paris. In Abyssinia he was a veritable pioneer. He knew the court of Menelik, to whom he sold guns and the munitions of war, long before that King of kings became the object of European intrigue. M. Ilg, the sovereign's favourite minister, recognised the services, and deferred to the experience, of Arthur Rimbaud. The natives regarded with awe this tall, lank, large-handed, blue-eyed Frenchman, who spoke their tongues, espoused their just cause, and permitted no familiarity. Being a trader, and loving the dark man better than the white, Rimbaud was incensed against the policy of all nations. He did not foresee (how should he?) the ultimate success of Great Britain. But he was witness of our misguided failure twenty years since, and could not look forward to a desert tranquilised by railways and sound administration. "Gordon is an idiot," he wrote with his habitual frankness; "Wolseley is an ass." But for his own country he reserved the bitterness of contempt. "I believe," said he, "that no country has so stupid a colonial policy as France. If England makes mistakes and incurs expenses, at least she has serious interests and an important outlook. But no power ever knew so well as France how to squander its strength and money for pure loss, and in impossible regions." However, for himself he needed the protection of none, and ten

years of African toil were rewarded not only with consideration, but with a sufficient measure of wealth.

Meanwhile he won golden opinions, not only for his knowledge but his character. The scholar gipsy was as dead as the poet; there remained the just man of affairs, the patron of the oppressed. One trait only did he preserve from the wreck of his ancient qualities—contempt. His wit was as caustic as ever; he was no less scornful of other men's follies than when he murmured monosyllables in the Latin Quarter. Among his own countrymen he made enemies, and he made them righteously. He could tolerate neither stupidity nor unjust dealing. A traffic in bad coffee inspired him to a literary effort, and quite honourably he concealed the true kindness of his heart beneath a mask of malice and satire. But if he was hostile to the charlatan who trades upon the credulity of a subject race, he was full of charity for all who made appeal to him. Still, remembering his own years of wandering, he gave whatever was asked, his coat or his dinner. "His charity, discreet and large," said an ancient colleague, "was the only thing he dispensed without a sneer." And it is not difficult to understand the rare and aristocratic temperament, at once generous and insolent, which inflicts pain on the unworthy as easily as it succours those who demand legitimate aid. Meanwhile his scientific research had been intelligent and profound. So well did he know the country

wherein he followed his trade, that the traveller Borelli was justified of the compliment he paid him. "The end of our voyage," said he, "was very different; he journeyed for his commerce, I journeyed for science and curiosity. How far better would science have been served had we exchanged our rôles?" When, indeed, has science paid a more generous tribute to commerce!

But all the while he was dissatisfied with his lot. The romance of the East failed to satisfy his imagination, as poetry itself had failed. Deep down in his nature was the common desire of a well-ordered life. "Is it not miserable," he wrote, "this existence without family, without intellectual occupation?" Again and again he formulates in his letters the simple ambition which had at last taken hold of him. "Of what use," he cries, "are these comings and goings, these adventures among strange people, these fatigues, these languages, wherewith my memory is packed, if I cannot, after many years, seek repose in some town that pleases me, and find a family, or at least a son whom I shall educate to my view, . . . and see grow up a man powerful and rich through science?" To this end all his efforts were bent. The "lost climates," of which he had written so many years ago, had tanned him to some purpose; he was weary of solitude, of Africa, of money. If only he could save enough to follow the profession which he had chosen at seven years of age! *Moi, je*

serai rentier, he had written in his childhood, and wealth was almost in his grasp, when disease and death overtook him.

It was at Harrar—in 1891—that his weakness was first revealed. A swollen knee interrupted the activity of his life. Unable to walk, he rode on horseback, and when he could no longer put foot in stirrup he transacted his business from a window, whence he could watch the scales and the hand that held them. But the disease increasing, he was forced to return to Alexandria, and a journey through the rainy desert hastened the malady; and when he arrived at Marseilles, there was no hope for his life save amputation. How bitter and unexpected a return to his native land! Nearly twenty years before, he had looked forward with pride and courage to this return. "I shall come back," he had written in '*Une Saison en Enfer*,'—"I shall come back with limbs of iron, a dark skin, a fierce eye; by my mask, they will think I am of a strange race. I shall have gold: I shall be lazy and brutal. Women take care of infirm savages returned from a hot country. I shall mix in politics. Saved!" And there he lay in a hospital in Marseilles, where amputation had put an end for ever to his tireless activity!

But no sooner was he a cripple than he was devising means of transit. He would learn afresh to sit upon a horse; he would return instantly to Harrar, settle his affairs, come back to France,

marry, and write the works that still moved inchoate in his brain. Alas! the struggle was over, the fight was fought, or at least only one adversary was left—disease, at whose hands he was to suffer defeat. For a while he sought refuge in his native Ardennes; then he would move, all disabled, to Paris, and his journey across the capital is the saddest episode in a sad career. He had scarce been there since the days of his early triumph, the triumph which he was resolved to forget, and yet hoped, it may be, to renew. But it rained, and the day was cold, and the streets affrighted him, and he thought that at Marseilles he might see the sun. So he drove but from one station to another, crawling desolately back to the hospital, where some weeks later he died. And his noblest epitaph is the Ras Makonnen's comment on his death: "God calls back to Himself those whom the earth is not worthy to bear."

So ended a strange and strangely broken career, which may now be contemplated without scandal or sentimentality. Reckless admirers have done their best to complicate the life of Arthur Rimbaud, but the man was as free from pose as the poet; above all, he was one of the rare few who know the excitement both of action and of words. As a man of action he was more nearly complete than as a poet. His verses remain a fragment; his admirable work in Africa was wellnigh finished. He had been the pioneer of a new

civilisation; he had known the distant countries whereof his youth had dreamed. But what of his poetry? His own opinion was uncompromisingly fierce. Had he lived, he would have taken up the pen again—so much he declared in his last days. But he would not have continued the work of his youth—that he found was absurd. Yet, posterity will not indorse his verdict. Of course he was not among the great poets of the world,—one does not expect masterpieces at eighteen. Much of his work was marred by the arrogant brutality of boyhood; now and again he disgusts his reader from sheer wantonness. None the less, such poems as the "Bateau Ivre," "les Voyelles," and half-a-dozen others, will hold an eternal place in the Anthology of France; while his bold treatment of verse, and his determination to discard the ancient trammels, have had a conspicuous influence upon the literature of the last decade.

But it is in his prose-poetry that he is most genuinely himself. Here no comparison is possible save with Walt Whitman; yet if Rimbaud be described as the Walt Whitman of France, the description must be made with the utmost reserve. Indeed he had a more delicate fancy, a finer feeling for tradition, an infinitely better knowledge of literature, than the American, with whom he shares certain tricks of style and a vague, brusque method of presentation. It is unlikely that he ever saw 'Leaves of Grass,' though he had a perfect know-

ledge of English, and was in London during 1872, when perhaps Walt Whitman's name was known to a few. But Whitman had hardly by that time penetrated Soho, within whose purlieus Rimbaud must have found refuge. However, it is by his marvellous essays in poetic prose that Rimbaud will be remembered, and their relation to 'Leaves of Grass' is but a matter of curiosity. The 'Illuminations' (an English title, borrowed from the gold and red scrolls of our childhood) are rather experiments in folk-lore than a record of life. 'Une Saison en Enfer,' on the other hand, is a medley of experience and prophecy. It was Rimbaud's literary ambition to be less a poet than a *voyant*, a seer, and in this strange pamphlet, which alone he committed to type, we have a vision of what he might have accomplished had not activity killed inspiration. In some such form as this, we may imagine, he would have translated the knowledge which he had gained under the African sun, and therefore we may the more bitterly regret his untimely death.

And side by side with the instinct of creation there grew always the faculty of acquisition. As he said himself, his head was full of strange languages; at Harrar he mastered the elements of many sciences. Once, in his childhood, when a piano was denied him, he learned that instrument by practising upon a painted board; and the strange irony, which made him a myth long before he died,

converted him into a vicious monster, when he was only a youth of astounding industry and undisciplined talent. His character, which might seem a tangle of contradictions, was in reality a marvel of simplicity. Its note was sincerity—sincerity to his own nature. He was determined to reach his goal, at whatever cost, and in despite of scruples. He wrote poetry, because the impulse was imperative. He refrained from publication, because in the writing the impulse was satisfied. He travelled on foot, because the lack of money was no hindrance to his wandering spirit. He visited Africa, a slave to the Orient, and he stayed to make a fortune, because, after all his voyages, the desire to live a well-ordered life in his own land survived all the passions of his turbulent spirit. When he was sixteen he wrote two lines which may serve as a key to unlock the secret of his career:—

"Fleur eternel des immobilités bleues,
Je regrette l'Europe aux anciens parapets."

Yes, he explored the "blue immobilities," and he regretted Europe, as he might once again have sighed for Africa, had he returned well and wealthy to the Ardennes. His biographer describes him, with some justice, as a kind of Peer Gynt.

"Qu'il vienne, qu'il vienne
Le temps dont on s'éprenne,"

he sang; and it is the worst tragedy of his life that this time never came to him.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

WILDFOWL-SHOOTING IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

FAR out in the Western Atlantic, separated from the mainland—as some of us have too good reason to know—by very stormy seas, lie a number of islands which differ greatly in their natural characteristics, and especially in their fauna, from the rest of Scotland. You look in vain here for the ordinary features of a Highland landscape. There are no great pine-woods covering the hills with their sombre green; no fringe of graceful birches along the burn-sides and round the lochs; no narrow well-defined straths and glens. On some of these islands—great stretches of country, thirty or forty miles long—you will not see a tree at all, large or small. On a particular shooting of some 30,000 acres a ten weeks' residence has so far only revealed to the writer one stunted willow struggling for its existence by a small lochan far out on the moor. Picture—instead of these great mainland woods, and high mountains, and rich pastures, and arable—a country for the most part flat, nowhere for many miles rising above 500 or 600 feet. Dot over it countless fresh-water lochs, from tiny tarns a gunshot across to big three- or four- or five-mile stretches, and then throw the sea all over it, so that every hollow which is not filled with fresh water is, at high tide, filled with salt. Nothing strikes a stranger more than the almost universal pres-

ence of the sea. You have it all round you, lying placidly glistening under the bright winter sun, or rolling in great waves—tearing and striving with the rocks, always—stormy or quiet, dull or bright—of a beautiful pale green. But then you have it inland as well—miles inland you come across it—finding its way by thousands of narrow crooked channels far into the country, carrying its shells and seaweed into the middle of the moors.

It takes a stranger a long time to get into his head and understand the ways of this far-wandering salt water: though it helps him in his sport, it sometimes causes him a good deal of trouble and extra labour. You stand in the middle of a seemingly flat plain, miles away from the sea proper, which you can hear sullenly roaring outside. For miles around you lies a level expanse of brown-yellow land. This land is dotted over, it is true, with innumerable sheets of water, large and small; but a man who knew only Caithness Flows or the Moor of Rannoch would think he would have little difficulty in threading his way between them, and getting safely to the lodge. He knows in which direction that harbour of refuge lies. But let him try it—for the first time—by himself. When he reaches it, it will be at cost of walking which will cause him no little astonishment and vexation. If

it lies to the north you may have to start by going due south,—not for a few hundred yards to get round a lochan, but perhaps for a couple of miles, for the sea is all round you. You are on what is in reality an island, and in getting off it, by a stony natural track or a wade through soft grey mud beloved of widgeon, you only get on to another island. The sea runs up narrow channels, and then opens out into a loch. At low tide, except for lines of seaweed here and there, you might be tempted to drink at such a place. At low tide no salt water gets into these lochans, at high tide it fills them, and there is one place, and one place only, where you can win across.

When this obstacle to progress has been overcome, another presents itself. The place is like a maze, and the ground—the dry ground, or what there is of it—is very rough. It looks level, but it is in reality the roughest and most tiring country to walk over we have ever seen. Everything must be carried on men's backs. No comfortable fat pony can follow you here, with cartridges and coats and lunch: the surest-footed and most experienced pannier pony in the Highlands would be of no use at all. In hot weather this is a drawback to shooting, for there is no drinking-water in all this region—no springs; and the loch-water, even where the sea cannot get at it, is brackish and disagreeable. The ground is soft, and after rain very wet and exceedingly

broken up, and your progress is made by a series of jumps over jumpable places and scrambles over deeper obstacles. This description of what is really a very fascinating district, though it perhaps hardly sounds so from what we have related of it, does not, of course, apply to anything but the flat lands. On some of the islands there are fine bold-peaked mountains, which often look higher than they really are, owing to their rising so directly from the sea-level.

There are many good sportsmen, counting the cartridges they fire each year by the thousand, who have never shot a wild goose—perhaps never seen one, unless high up in the heavens, working his clamorous way south or west in the autumn, or north in the spring. It was once the fortune of the present writer—a rare fortune it was, and little likely to be repeated—to find himself, on a wild December afternoon, standing—in a heaped-up position, it is true, but still on his legs—on a perfectly level, bare, mud flat, within fifty yards of probably a thousand brent geese. All day he had been watching them from behind dykes and rushes and knolls on the shore of the Cromarty Firth, and when the short day began to wane he had reluctantly to make up his mind that it was impossible to do anything with them, and that it would be well for him to start on his long tramp home, gooseless. The tide was running out, and the geese were left sitting in a dense phalanx on a sort of mud island. The

wind was blowing almost a hurricane. The landowners and foresters of Easter Ross had good cause to remember that particular afternoon, for their trees fell before it, not only by thousands but by square miles. More out of curiosity than anything else—for who ever heard of any one walking up to wild geese in the open?—the man climbed over the dyke, and waded slowly through the shallow water towards the black mass of birds, the salt spray from the pools covering him thickly as he advanced—the wind blowing in such a fashion that its pressure on the body caused a kind of suffocation; and he will never forget his feelings when, after struggling on for four or five hundred yards, he found himself within gunshot of the brent. Of course they saw him—the moment he crossed the dyke a thousand eyes were looking at him; but they were afraid to rise, their sagacity for once deserting them. They must have thought it was better to face the approach of this stumbling biped than to get on the wing in the teeth of the great hurricane. They had to get up at last. Something like a couple of ton of geese strove to rise against the wind, then were blown in a confused struggling mass over the man's head, and he got five with his small gun.

Occasionally we picked up a brent. Long and patient watching and much exposure gave us once in a while a reward; but the rewards were very few, and the exertions

very great. A man on shore will make little of it with wild geese in the Cromarty Firth.

And now, after the lapse of years, in this December and January 1898 and 1899, we found ourselves among the Hebridean islands, once again in the home of the geese. From the room where we write this we can often see on a clear day with a glass a hundred bernicle and a score of the great grey lag at the same time, whilst brent are only hid from us by the line of low sandhills which keep out the sea. But, as the keeper often remarks as he shuts up the glass, "I spy them, but the thing is to get them into the bag." The day after we reached the lodge we made an expedition seaward in search of geese. For this sort of work each man wants a big gun—preferably an 8-bore—as well as a 12-bore. There was a heavy sea running: we could see miles outside the breakers coming in, rising up over isolated rocks, and hiding them for long intervals with far-flying white water. But our course was a well-protected one, and we ran out four or five miles merrily enough under the big brown sail. We had been much amused by a little comedy which had been enacted at the tiny village where we got the boat. We were late—there were many things to see to the first day—and keen and impatient to be off. But a council was held at the door of the chief man's house which did not admit of hurrying. Two old men and two young men took part in

it: one of the former stood for some time apart, on the roof of his low cottage, and when he made up his mind to join the debate, he walked down the thatch with his hands in his pockets, as if that was the best and most natural way possible to come. We could take no part in this consultation, which was carried on in Gaelic (in this island the majority of the old people can speak no English), and we listened with anxious and foreboding minds to the long-drawn-out arguments. We could take no interest at the time in the curious low houses, with the deep heavily-tied-down thatch, and tiny windows deep set in the very thick walls. They must be saying, we feared, that it was too rough to go out, or that it would become so soon. At last the keeper—unwillingly, deprecatingly—translated the verdict: the men, besides the not immoderate pay for themselves, wanted 2s. a-day extra for the boat. Hitherto 1s. a-day had been the price. The extra shilling was agreed to. "For this day only," explained the keeper; and when they had sought from our faces confirmation of his words, preparations were commenced for getting under weigh. We christened the head elder of this village "Columbus": he was an experienced navigator, and a very nice old fellow as well.

In no place where we have ever been—probably in no other place in the British Islands—is to be seen a sea so full of wild-bird life as we saw that day. Hundreds of cormor-

ants sat in solemn black rows on the rocks, or swam with graceful crested heads close to the boat, or flew across the sea. A dozen pintail duck—sea pheasant—tempted us to follow them before we were well on our way. We came quickly round the shoulder of an island, and a score or more of herons—we counted forty one day on the wing at once—would be up, tumbling uneasily about till they got into their ordinary, long, easy flight. Great flocks of disturbed widgeon and mallard wheeled to and fro, taking good care these to keep out of gunshot, no matter how long and heavy the gun might be. Before night we had seen eider-duck and teal, and great "skeins" of bernicle and grey lag geese; whilst multitudes of sea-swallows, curlews, plovers, and gulls of every kind and size swooped and swooped about. And the sea was full of seals: we saw perhaps only a score or so that day; but when the weather is calm, and the sun shining, they may be counted by hundreds, sitting on the warm rocks, or bobbing up and down in the pure pale-green water. There was an indescribable feeling of freshness and sweetness and wildness in the air and in the sea-scape. It was scenery which even a keen sportsman might enjoy without having a gun in his hand.

One of the most satisfactory features in shooting in a country of this kind is its perfect wildness and naturalness. The very hoodies were natural, or perhaps some would say un-

natural, and cared nothing for us. When snipe-shooting the next day with a setter, we were several times within easy distance of these grey-backed depredators, and it was amusing, and almost provoking, to see them flapping unconcernedly away. "We don't bother about them at this time of the year," said the keeper; "they are mostly strangers from other islands, and don't do any harm now."

As the sea, in the flats just described, fights with and creeps into the land, so here the land fights, but in a less effective fashion, with the sea. The coast is dotted with hundreds, probably without any exaggeration it may be said with thousands, of islands—from sharp jagged rocks which just give footing to the cormorants, to green patches which will only feed one sheep or a couple of geese; and from these again to others which are a mile or a dozen of miles round. The navigation in and about these skerries is most intricate, and for the first day or two you soon become bewildered on the sea, just as you were before on the land, and lose all marks, and are constantly wondering which way you came, and whereabouts is the north. The tide flows strongly past them and round them, and it was very difficult for us to tell, when we were running before the wind, whether the brown mass of heaving seaweed was concealing treacherous rocks, or would give a safe passage to the boat. But the men knew the difficult coast intimately:

this was their play-ground and their work-ground, and day or night made little odds to them. Each little cove and rock and narrow passage was familiar to them, and all the turns and twists of the tides; and with Columbus steering and holding the sheet in his hand, we never felt any uneasiness, even when the boat heeled over to the fresh north wind, and no passage appeared to our uneducated eyes to lie through the rocks towards which we so swiftly ran. We landed on a green island—green with rich long grass all above high-water mark, and purple and brown and yellow with rock and seaweed below it—where we had seen some geese settle; but they had taken up a perfectly inaccessible position for our purpose, and no stalking, however careful, could get us within a shot of them. So it was arranged to move them, and it fell to the lot of the narrator to take up his position with one of the men and his two guns at a certain point, while the others sailed round the island to put them up. Driving, carried on in this fashion, is always uncertain work; and here it may be said that unless the man who makes the arrangements knows his work and has studied the habits of the birds, getting a shot would always be a fluke of the largest kind. So it was with no very great expectations that we hid behind a knoll and waited. Half an hour passed and nothing came: they must be off some other way, we agreed, and the boat will be coming round the point soon. But they were

not off. Suddenly, "The geese! the geese!" cried the gillie, and round the corner of the land, and coming right at us, were five of the bernicle. They came almost over our heads, and gave a quite possible though high shot. We had barely time to get the big gun cocked—a hammerless 8-bore would be invaluable for this sort of work—when they were upon us, and the charge of No. 1 and the slugs with which it was loaded delivered themselves harmlessly in the air,—at least that is our opinion, though Angus declared one was hit. To tell the truth, a bunch of geese coming past are not such easy birds to hit as might be thought. Their size is deceiving; they always appear to be nearer than they really are; and their pace is deceiving, as many a man has found out who has fired, as he thought, well in front of a leading bird, and seen the second or third in the line fall. Very, very provoking are these birds sometimes: it is when you least expect them that you have them oftenest within shot. After a long day spent in this particular country, one of our party set off to walk on in advance of the trap. He deliberated whether to carry his gun with him or not, and decided not to burden himself with it. Two miles farther on five or six of the wary grey lags flew over his head within twenty yards,—so close that he could have killed one with a charge of small shot. When out after ducks a day rarely passed without a sudden cry of "Geese!

geese!" and a dropping of each member of the party into the hole nearest to him.

In the middle of a dreary waste of moor—using the adjective only in its conventional sense, for the place was never dreary to us—separated by miles of peat and water from any other habitations of men, stands a little beehive-looking cottage, in which lives, of all people in the world, a tailor. This roof stands up for a long time as a landmark to you, slowly crossing the moor. It is four miles in a direct line from the nearest hamlet; but you have to travel nearly eight over the seemingly level but really most broken up country before you reach it—by devious sea-paths, slippery with seaweed, or greasy with mud—round lochans and tarns—jumping in and out of crumbling peat-ditches,—a most trying mode of progression to a tired man. Why a tailor should have settled in such a place was a constant mystery to us. "He had lived there always," was the only reason given us. But there he was, with his "goose" and his little red account-book, diligently stitching away before the tiny window. Good cloth of every pretty shade and pattern can be bought in the district for 3s. a-yard. The wool from off the native sheep, dyed by the natural dyes, is spun by women and girls in every house almost, and woven, chiefly also by women, in many parts of the island. Eight yards will make a suit for a man, and if he takes it to the tailor living in the waste, with buttons and braid and thread and lining, that

artist converts the raw material into fit clothing at the following prices: 1s. 6d. for a pair of knickerbockers; 1s. 6d. for a waistcoat; and 2s. 6d. for a coat. "But he will charge *you* more," said our informant; "perhaps he might charge *you* as much as 3s. 6d. for a coat." And very good articles did the tailor turn out. But if the natives of this part of the world are particular as to their garments, it must be a terrible business being "fitted"—having to go back, after two or three previous visits, across all those miles of peat and water, carrying with you the coat that caught you too much under the arms, or the knickerbockers that dragged at the knee,—thrusting your now unwelcome face for the third or fourth time into the irritated man's house, and demanding still more of his attention and alterations.

The geese are very fond of this quiet district. One stormy afternoon, just as two of us had fired at some mallard, a bernicle goose came down on the top of us, and passed on little if at all damaged by the one barrel of small shot which was all that could be directed against him; and later on that same day two grey lags played the same trick, and sailed valiantly on unharmed—perhaps forty yards over the heads of three men who were at the moment hid in a hollow. They were always playing us tricks of this kind, coming when they were not expected or wanted, and successfully hiding or absenting themselves when we were looking

out for them and wanting them very much. They eluded us and deluded us many and many a time, and often had the laugh of us. But everything comes to those who wait patiently,—this is as true of wildfowl-shooting as of anything,—and one day—two days indeed—we turned the tables, and got fairly on the top of *them*. On the first occasion we made two stalks, one lasting some three hours and the other not much more than as many minutes, and killed four. But this was a small affair to what followed a week later, and we may fancy that in the 'Gander Gazette,' or whatever may be the publication which has the largest circulation among the islands, a mourning border surrounded the paragraph which announced the catastrophe.

After an unsuccessful day's hunting among the islands, with but three teal and a mallard to show for the two guns, a keeper, a gillie, and three fishermen, to say nothing of a big brown-sailed boat and a retriever, we saw late in the afternoon a lot of geese on a point a mile or so away. So, giving up the idea of shooting at some eider-duck which were swimming placidly about us, we made for the point, and a rapid and vigorous bit of stalking on easy ground got us within a reasonable distance of perhaps fifty bernicle. We got two barrels of an 8-bore and one of a 12-bore loaded with A, B.B. and No. 1, right into the middle of them—an ideal shot—and could hardly believe our eyes when the slain were col-

lected. Nine geese—nine great, fat, wary, bernicle geese—lay on the green. The lady, and the crew, and the retriever, who were all close at hand, arrived breathlessly in a few minutes on the field of action, and we only wish we could phonetically set down here the Gaelic exclamations of delight which poured from the lips of the natives. "Clever, clever, clever!" was all the English which one of the old men could collect for the occasion; but the way he said it showed what he meant. That was a triumphant progress home we made that night! Everything was in our favour: the big sail seemed proud of its cargo, and drove the heavy boat along in famous style. Every one talked at once, and all claimed the chief credit of the bag, either in seeing it first, or shooting it best, or running after it fastest, when it was crippled; and every one said that it was the finest bit of spying and stalking and shooting and picking up that ever was seen in the Hebrides. The black dog, who arrived after all the cripples were stopped by the small guns, sat and looked as if he had retrieved the whole nine; whilst the lady explained to every one that the remaining geese flew over the boat, and that if she had had her little rifle she would certainly have got one more goose, if not two.

Our party was divided that day, and the other division, who were shooting some miles away, got two geese and two ducks, so our bag that day was the best up to the end of the old year of 1898, and probably

will be so to the end of the season—eleven geese, three teal, and three mallard. Great were our jubilations and self-congratulations. Now we had got the better of the geese, and would teach them how to behave. And then, the very next day, the geese got the better of us, and laughed at us then and many a time afterwards. These geese were all bernicle; but in ten days we got specimens of the other two kinds—brent and grey lag. The first of the latter kind was got by the keeper, who had gone to wait for widgeon at a point on a sea-loch. It was one of five which flew straight at him—hiding as he was behind a rock; and the shot put up about ninety more, which formed themselves into a mighty line, and swept majestically away to safer quarters. And so, later in the evening, we others, who had taken up our position at night-fall in various potato-fields, from which all the good potatoes had been lifted, and all the small ones eaten by cattle, and consequently had seen nothing—we had to offer our congratulations to the triumphant Coul, arriving as he did with his 8-lb. goose slung on his back.

No wonder that small shot fired at even a short distance makes little impression on the thick coat of feathers and great strong wing-joints of this splendid bird. "I heard the shot rattle like hail on his wings," is often said by the disappointed goose-hunter, who, armed for an encounter with a duck, has had suddenly to grapple with

this more formidable antagonist. A keen, patient, and observant man, a good stalker is Coul, and well deserves a bit of luck now and then. Stalking grey geese, to our mind, is more difficult work than stalking a stag, for you must get nearer to them than you need do to a deer, and you have not the latter's horns to help you. You may easily tire out and deceive a stag's gaze at a hundred yards, but not a goose's at fifty. We were often greatly struck by their sharpness. One day we were lying flat on the ground, with a little knoll between us and six grey lags on the water. The knoll was well fringed with rushes, and it would have been a perfectly safe thing to have peeped cautiously over the side of it at a deer. The geese were a hundred yards away, but they noticed something the moment the head was raised a few inches; and when after a long wait it was as slowly and deliberately lowered, they were up and away without a moment's notice, clanging and harking as if they had seen a circus, instead of the half of one disappointed face.

So two kinds of geese were accounted for, and now a brent had to be secured. There were often a lot of brent on the sea or sand when the tide was low, not far from the lodge, but they were very wary. One wild day, when the rain was lashing the earth, and a high north wind making an ugly sea outside, we tried a drive. One gun hid himself among some rocks away to the south, another far

away to the north, and the middle man went out as far as the tide would let him, collected what little seaweed there was at hand, and built himself a sort of hiding-place. It was but a pitiful one—a little heap about two feet high, and it seemed a mockery to crouch behind it and pretend to be hid at all. The tide—so it was announced—was going out. In this faith he put up this shelter; but it was really coming in. The ends of angry waves lapped about the frail erection, swaying it about, and soon it only could be kept together at all by resting the heavy gun-barrels on it. Stooping down to conceal as much of his undesirable person as possible, he stooped too low, and a rather farther than ordinary reaching wave lapped pleasantly into the top of his waders, and half filled them. So he waited there, testing in this fashion the temperature of the Atlantic, a blinding rain beating on his face, his hands and gun all sand gritted with his labour of wall-erecting, hunched up in as uncomfortable and awkward a position as a man could well be in—nay, in as ridiculous a one, for who could expect that any goose would come near such an object! But a goose did come: perhaps the birds were deceived by the very openness of his stratagem; perhaps they mistook the swaying brown patch for some of the seaweed, with which the dry beach was plentifully bestrewed. A dozen of them came past far out of shot, and then another dozen, and then five; and these last, struggling with the wind, actu-

ally flew right down upon the watcher, and only found out their mistake when within a long shot. They turned out to sea quickly enough, and the B.B. in the first barrel did them no harm; but a slug from the S.S.G. in the left found out one of the birds, and he left his companions, and after a short flight fell with a great splash far out to sea. Triumphant joy on the part of the man behind the seaweed, all his troubles being at once forgotten; then horror as he realised that unless the bird was dead—if he was only winged—he would swim right out to sea, and there was no dog within a mile of him. Far out, bobbing up now and then on the top of a wave, he could see the black brent. Surely he is swimming out—he is lost! Then anxious suspense for a minute or two. He seems to be nearer—he *is* nearer—he is coming in—he is *dead*! Great happiness then behind the seaweed shelter. The goose took a long time to drift in, but at last arrived. The man waded out to meet it, seized it by the black neck, and carried it with triumph to the shore, leaving the seaweed wall to be swept away by the next wave—wet to the skin, cold to starvation-point, gritty as a stone mill, but perfectly happy.

There were not, in our part of this island-shooting, very many crofters, and this was an advantage; but here and there they were to be found in good-sized villages. We went one day to shoot snipe in some

marshes close to one of their settlements, and found the whole place in an uproar. Long before we got to the houses we heard great shouting and barking of dogs, and at first thought that the sappers must have found out some serious error in their survey, and had arrived in force to put things right. For from the sea-shore and up to the road, and away over the moor as far as we could see, was a line of men and boys, posted at regular intervals, carrying long flag-poles, and seemingly all the paraphernalia of engineers. Wild shouts, begun on the mountain top, were passed from one to another, till they reached the end of the line at the sea. We wanted to get a few boys from this village to act as beaters; but boys were not to be had for love or money that day. The proprietor had given his small tenants here an increase of land, and the people were hard at work running out their boundaries. It was easy to see that every man, woman, and child in the place was intensely interested in the work. Probably each thought that if he or she was absent they might suffer some loss, and nothing would induce them to come with us. Never was such a Gaelic hubbub heard before!

The only creature which appeared indifferent to it all was a seal, who climbed out of the sea, and sat himself down on a sunny rock not very far from the village. He seemed to take no interest in the proceedings, and deliberately turned his back on the land, at times sleeping, and at times rubbing himself

comfortably against the rough stone. So he was stalked with great success, two men creeping along the reef. It was an operation which required the greatest caution, as the rock he sat on was directly above a deep pool in the sea, and the slightest alarm would send him headlong into it—too quickly for a shot. And besides the difficulty of moving noiselessly on the rocks, the countless air-chambers in the seaweed, which popped as they were trod on, were as likely as not to frighten him. We watched the whole proceedings from the shore with great interest, a powerful glass bringing the seal and his pursuers within a few yards. When the shot was fired, he died so instantly that we could not detect the slightest movement in his body. In some parts seals are very plentiful; but the regular expedition which is to be directed against them has not yet taken place. It was pretty to watch them climbing smoothly, all dripping from the sea, sitting comfortably on the warm rocks, flapping their tails now and then, and swiftly and instantaneously disappearing at the smallest sign of danger. We did not want to do much harm to the seals, and looked upon them with very friendly eyes. But occasionally one was useful: his skin made a mat, his oil was very good for the cattle, and the rest of him deposited at the foot of an apple-tree was supposed to ensure a good crop of that pleasant fruit.

Our church and the burial-ground which belonged to it

were, as is often the case in the Highlands, far apart from each other. The latter occupied a little knoll in the middle of the “machar,” close to the sea (*machar* is the fine sweet pasture or links lying along the shore). The knoll was thickly covered with graves, nearly all with no other mark than a small rough stone from the hillside at the head, and another at the feet. There was no fence of any kind round the place, and the grass was cropped as close and short as a lawn. This wind-swept burial-ground was very ancient, and in it rested many generations of people. Many drowned men lay here, lost in those stormy seas; and it was sacred to the memory of many others who would have been placed here if the strange tides and strong currents had been more merciful, and had given up their dead. As we looked at this lonely place of burial we thought of others dedicated to the same use—of Westminster Abbey, and Stoke-Poges, and of grim formal cemeteries round London. A Highland graveyard is often an untidy one, rank with long damp grass and nettles; yet there appeared nothing careless, but rather the reverse, in the look of this little hill, marked only by its humble stones, and taken care of by the sheep. Seen as we saw it first on a stormy December Sunday afternoon, there was nothing melancholy or dreary about it, and its rude and absolute simplicity seemed to offer a more fitting and pleasant

resting-place than the most decorated and splendid cathedral could afford. Here the hard-working crofters and fishermen came at the last—carried to it, some of them, for very many miles: you see by the roadsides the little heaps of stones which at the top of a brae mark where a coffin is put down for its bearers to rest. And here to the end of time the salt spray flies over them, and gulls and curlew call above them, dead, just as they used to do living.

The lady of our party—sometimes we had two ladies with us, but always one—was much interested in the home industries of the people, especially in their spinning and dyeing and weaving operations. A peat-stack or a house-roof was often decorated with great hanks of yarn, stained with crottle or heather tops, or tinted a lovely blue by indigo. "We will go," she said, "to that big island some day, and see the weavers who live there. There are a great many women-weavers there, and only one man." When we said the idea was a capital one, and that we could combine some rock-pigeon shooting with the other business, she objected: the day was to be devoted to weavers, and nothing else. She collected a good deal of information as to these and kindred matters from one of our island domestics—Marion, sunny-tempered Marion, who rose to every emergency, and never was put out by the constant demands made upon her by hungry men, coming in and going out at

all hours of the day and night, and always clamouring for tea.

Considering the vast number of ducks of all kinds which inhabit these islands, and the sea which surrounds them, they are not, in the winter at any rate, easy to get hold of. If there is frost, the bag will increase rapidly; but in open weather stalking and driving and flight-shooting are uncertain enough. Ducks caused us at times intense annoyance—nearly as much as the geese. It is by flight-shooting they are to be accumulated most rapidly, and for flight-shooting you want so many things at the same time that you rarely get them all,—a good sky, a tide at the right height, and a stormy night, the more wind and rain the better. How often we went off in high hopes—dragged by the patient beast we called, owing to his facial peculiarities, "the moose," to a loch three or four miles away. Perhaps the morning had been so stormy that it was impossible to get out: then we consoled ourselves for the wasted hours by the thoughts of that evening's flight,— "Just the very night for a big bag—a howling gale and the tide full." So off we would set, drive as far as we could, and then turn across the rough moor. By this time the wind had generally lulled, and ominous patches of clear sky began to show themselves. About 4.30 our positions would be taken up, a mile or so separating the three or four guns. Each man sat himself on his little folding waterproof seat, got his car-

tridges ready, put a comforter round his neck if he was wise, lit his pipe, cocked his gun, saw his retriever was as much out of sight as possible, and then began intently staring out into the sky in front of him, and, in about eight times out of twelve, something was sure to go wrong. The wind would die away altogether, just when we wanted its help. This was bad enough. We could, however, make a shift to do more or less without the wind, if the sky kept good. But the sky rarely did behave itself pleasantly: the clear patches generally got bigger, the huge banks of clouds vanished, and often far less than an hour turned what had been a dull grey-white heaven into one of steely star-sprinkled blue. Then, let the ducks come as thick as you like, you could not see them. You heard them,—the widgeons purring and whistling; teal with their sharper, weaker imitation; the mallards with their croaking quack,—all the swift rustlings of their wings, but the rest you have to take on trust. Overhead comes a great company of widgeon—a hundred of them—and they pass within long shot; but unless they cross the moon, if there is a moon, or a little bit of friendly cloud, you cannot make them out, stare as you may. The calm night makes them fly high, the dark-blue sky hides them; and twenty ducks, flying against the wind towards you, if they have clouds for a background, are worth a thousand of these sky-scraping invisible birds. If, however, the

two chances out of the twelve are in your favour, you will be rewarded for the other bad nights. Good flight-shooting is the perfection of sport. The swish of wings is lost on stormy nights—the wind, and perhaps the roar of the surf, drowns all minor sounds; but the birds can be seen coming up at you in twos and threes and in great companies, each individual clearly silhouetted against the grey sky, offering sometimes easy, sometimes difficult, but always exciting, shots. A good retriever knows far better than his master how things are going,—never stirring if the duck has been missed, off like an arrow if his wonderful eye has seen it fall or stagger. But with the best of dogs many birds are lost at this kind of work: they dive, and in the stormy water or in a strong tide nothing can be made of them.

If the getting into these places in the gloaming was a little intricate, getting out of them after the flight was over, and it was almost dark, was sometimes a very difficult business indeed. There were deep wide cuttings to fall into, and many holes; stones slippery with seaweed and mud to jump upon; what seemed firm ground was generally water, and what looked like a hill a hollow. Once one of our party took a bicycle-lamp with him and said *he* would show us the way out. But it was not, that first night, a success. “I canna make out this lamp,” said the keeper, snuffing the faintly glowing wick for the third or fourth time with his fingers; and at

last it was discovered that the lamp contained wick alone, and no oil. Then, the dangers of the moor surmounted, we struggled up the peat-track to the main road where the dog-cart was waiting, and jogged home: each man full of the adventures—often of the misadventures—which had befallen him.

As yet—we write at the beginning of this January 1899—we have done little more than touch on the fringes of the shooting. The snipe-ground has been practically unvisited; the golden plover have been left in peaceful possession of their bare grey hills. The big shots at widgeon—"I got ten with my twelve-bore one day, so what might not you knock over with two barrels of your eight"—are yet unmade. No ice lies on the lochs by the sea, with just the one open place where the stream begins to run out, watching which a man could do more on a good night in half an hour than by a week's work at other times. As yet but ten kinds of wildfowl proper have been secured, and we hope to make it nearer

twenty before we leave. The expeditions against the eider and the pintail, and that far-away one, not to be undertaken in any weather, to the ten-mile-out rock where the great Atlantic seals dwell, have all yet to be made. Neither have we space here to relate the proceedings of that eventful day, when, after a successful stalk on twenty cunning grey lag, we found ourselves cut off from the mainland by a very angry sea, and only just managed, under the skilful guiding of Columbus and his crew, to reach the shore, drenched to the skin but safe. It rests with that great arbiter, the Editor, to say whether an account of such exciting doings will appear later on in the pages of 'Maga.' If he nod approval it is well, and if disapproval it is well also. For the remembrance of our doings here will be—to some of us at any rate—a perpetual feast, a beautiful remembrance, blown to us by strong fresh salt breezes, passing to us from over green sunlit or storm-beaten seas—always fresh and sweet.

GILFRID W. HARTLEY.

THE LOOKER-ON.

'MAGA'S' THOUSANDTH NUMBER—THE LESSON OF THE MADAGASCAR PAPERS—
THE RUSSIAN PEACE PROPOSALS—THE BISHOPS AND THEIR TOO PRIESTLY
PRIESTS—MR LECKY ON MR GLADSTONE: AND THE BOEHM STORY.

WHEN the reader comes to this page, he will near the end of the thousandth number of 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Somewhere in the house No. 45 George Street, Edinburgh, there should be a room wherein the unmatched regiment of which this is the completion should be lodged—they and no others. It is so proper a thing to do that we may suppose it done. The room is not a small room, and it is long. On one side, where the light falls upon their dusky uniform, the nine hundred and ninety-nine are ranged, with no company but the cabinets in which the records of their history are stored. It *must be* a large and long room, for many ghosts walk there by night and by day, as on a dear old familiar parade-ground; and they are the ghosts of a sort of people who cannot be imagined as a crowd. Your Walter Scotts, and Lockharts, and Christopher Norths, your Ettrick Shepherds, and De Quinceys, and Maginns, are not in that character. Of living people, I fancy I have heard, only two ever enter the room; for we do not count as a person the operative force behind the broom and the duster which keep all fresh and bright within these four walls. And the two——

the Glamis story (I believe them all), the way to the ghost-chamber in the castle is known, and known to two persons generation after generation. The owner of Glamis is one of them—the other, his heir. Both visit the ghost-chamber from time to time (presumably to sign new bonds with their blood), and, one after another, these fortunate unfortunate men wear a look as if they would never smile again, on emerging from their first interview. At No. 45 George Street the case is similar, but with a happy difference. Though the whole establishment knows the way to the 'Maga'-room, no one overpasses its threshold but the reigning Blackwood and his natural or nominate successor. There they walk by times: for the pleasure of its ghostly company in more meditative moods—at all times with the satisfaction, inspiration, confirmation in good works, which come of looking on those stalwart long lines of Blackwood magazine. One excellent consequence of this practice will be mentioned presently: it has now to be said that, though a fine gravity is seen on the face of the Blackwood who enters and leaves that room for the first (or indeed at any) time, it is not at all the expression of one who will never smile again. As to

According to one version of

the signing of bonds, &c., that is done in the counting-house—in blood if it pleases you to insist on the fancy, but with a flowing hand and a cheerful countenance.

From my informant in all this I learn that the deposition of the Thousandth Number in this same room is likely to be a greater occasion, and even more ceremonious, than Mr Blackwood himself may think. In externals and things visible it will be a very simple affair. Carried by the young heir of the Blackwoods, it ought to be taken in like a crown on a cushion; though I don't suppose it will be *really*. But some eyes that will see it carried in will see it borne with stately circumstance — whose eyes, may be guessed. There will be present William Blackwood the first, in his garb as he stood at the door of his house “clothed in plain apparel”; and John Wilson and Lockhart as they figured so bravely in life, with their high collars and resplendent shirt frills and Hessian boots that Mrs Oliphant tells us of; and John Blackwood and his elder brothers, William the First's successors, but only these. The other ghosts will come in after the deposition of the Thousandth Number — wishing to show by their absence at that moment their sense of to whom it belongs. These four stand first as the founders and makers of a miscellany which, “leaping all at once into the knowledge, the curiosity, and the attention of the book-loving world,” has kept its high place for a thousand moons, as the poets of

the period would have phrased it. But it is of the first three that we think when we say, “If only they were here to witness the birth of this 999th child of their boisterous, hazardous, famous No. 1!” But they will be,—here in the long room in George Street where they often meet at night, as I believe, and so does Mr Lang.

An excellent consequence of visiting the long room occasionally for the refreshment of memory and purposes of thought was hinted at in the second paragraph of these remarks. It is that ‘Maga’ has had a steadier continuity of character than anything of the kind that can be named. Change with the times, of course; but only as the times measured by years and generations change the faithful and sincere. Minds change under the same influences; and it might almost be that the same mind, so influenced, has carried on the Magazine from the first number to the thousandth. So it is, too, that ‘Maga’ has a personality more individual, more constant and pronounced, than is seen in any other creature of its kind; and what I mean by personality in a periodical publication (strong clear character is one interpretation of the word) is a great thing. Now this, I suppose, is very much due to the faithful and emulous continuance of well-tried tradition—every way honourable. Also, it is due to the pride which each successive Blackwood has had in the Magazine,—his constant devotion to it. It would

almost seem that 'Maga' is everything at 45 George Street, so much thought and care does it receive; and most naturally too. Its associations are all fortunate and glorious, as the long, long list of its contributors would show—though I say it who am the least of them; and William Blackwood the third would be merely ungrateful if he withheld the pains that he so abundantly bestows on his dear 'Maga.'

* * *

A great commotion in the Church, a second explosion in the ruins of the Liberal party, relax the long strain of attention to foreign affairs. Yet the Radical schism is said by the schismatics to have all to do with foreign policy, the wisdom of *their* view has been further illustrated by what came of acting on it in Newfoundland and Madagascar, and the bold scheme of government adopted for the Soudan has thrilled Manchester and Europe with a new sensation. The Soudan proclamation announces the strongest act of self-assertion that any British Government has ventured on for years. There is risk in it, of course, but risk wisely taken; though what makes it risky, and what makes it wise, may just as well be left unmentioned at present. We will leave that matter and turn to where we may find a good deal of general instruction. For the lately published Madagascar papers teem with significant matter of various kinds—all of importance, and all with

an immediate bearing on current affairs abroad and at home.

No grievance that is not a grievance out-and-out can be satisfactory to honest minds. There should be no doubts, no suspicion of contributory action on our own part to detract from the righteousness of complaint. Now it happens that our Madagascar grievance against the French is entirely without flaw. It is as substantial, as irrefragable, as luminous (and in certain ways to be mentioned presently as valuable) as any stone fresh from the wheel of the diamond-cutter. The French Governments with whom the business lay have brought it to absolute perfection as a case of injurious bad faith acting against a policy of trustful give and take. The details are so well known that they need not be recited here. The chouse by which our merchants have lost their Madagascar trade is simplicity itself; while it is as plain as the high heavens that all we contributed to it was a generous abandonment of distrust. Wherever that is the case injury is doubly hurtful; and that the offence complained of in Lord Salisbury's despatch of July 9 is a singularly bad example of the kind is uncontested even by the offender. Now this makes it offensive in the third place; for the injury which is neither denied nor redressed, but meets its accusers with staring indifference, stabs again. Here, then, we have a grievance satisfactory to the most exacting moralist, and therefore one which the Government is free to remedy

with as much rigour as may seem to it judicious. Brought to the knowledge of the country by the Foreign Office, we pass it back for appropriate action, and so far have done with it.

But while the Government seeks compensation for damages in this affair, we may profitably debate among ourselves some considerations arising from it with which the French have nothing to do. From the dissensions in the Liberal leadership it appears that even after the lesson of the last twenty years there are violent differences of opinion as to the right conduct of foreign affairs. Not the least hopeful way of composing these differences would be, I think, to take the Madagascar papers as a ground of debate upon them. There is no likelihood that what is still called the Manchester party would assent to such a discussion; but if only they would, they might confidently ask for another and yet another on any special text of their own choosing.

Supposing such an arrangement made, and a conference of the factions started by reading the aforementioned July despatches, a Rosebery spokesman might open debate by calling attention to the most striking thing about them, though not the most suggestive, perhaps. Many Englishmen must have found it difficult to believe that their Government could make the gravest representations known to diplomacy, upon the most evident and most serious infractions of obligation, without receiving the least

attention. And no Englishman believes, probably, that a system of conduct in relation to foreign Powers which leads to that result can be wise, or ought to be continued. Yet, here is a case (not the only one, however) in which formal protest against what would be called cheating in other affairs is treated with something worse than silent neglect. The French Minister listens, makes no reply, turns his back on the protest, and gives orders for a repetition of the offence. Strange as it may seem, this is no exaggeration of the later French methods with our Foreign Office—methods apparently imitated from Prince Lobanoff's. They come out glaringly in the Madagascar affair; and therefore the question is whether diplomatic paralysis *can* be the outcome of a wise course of policy, or whether, mayhap, it is a policy forced upon England by inability to contend against insolent wrong. The facts being quite beyond dispute, the one faction in the supposed conference would have a right to demand of the other direct answers to both these questions. That it would get them is another matter; but yet they would not pass without reply. They are questions which must be answered in the breast of every Englishman who considers them, and, but for the cursedness of partisanship, that would wellnigh end the quarrel.

There is still the question, however, as to what the course of policy is that produces a result so intolerable. Here there is more room for dispute.

It is clear, however, that all our arrangements with France as to Madagascar, and especially those under which Lord Salisbury assented to a French protectorate of the island in 1890, were based upon the calculations of a policy commended as generous. "Do but get rid of jealousy; drop these antiquated, ridiculous, unworthy suspicions of 'the foreigner'; enter frankly upon a policy of reciprocal consideration and trust, and doubt not that its manifest advantages ensure an immediate and emulous response." Most grateful doctrine this, and subject to one doubt only,—the doubt whether it brings as much safety to those who practise it as glory to those who preach it. Though without hopeful experience, our Government resolved to give this teaching a chance where it seemed most likely to succeed in practice. Full scope was allowed to a graceful, confiding, give-and-take policy in our dealings with France—especially in Madagascar, where it could be tried pretty exhaustively, as in a ring-fence. In short, this is the policy which ended in the manner above described. Not, of course, that its application was confined to the adjustment of French and English interests in Madagascar, or that its lamentable consequences appeared nowhere else.

At the supposed conference, therefore, the Manchester party would be asked to say what they think of this policy now. Though they seem hardly aware of it (Mr Morley's case, for ex-

ample), it has certainly been tried. It has been attempted, too, where the more clear-eyed spirits of that faction have always seen the richest and most certain harvest of reciprocal magnanimity that any Continental nation is likely to show,—I mean, in France. Neither can it be called an interrupted or prematurely abandoned experiment. It was persisted in till it yielded its full crop of natural consequences; the only one which, possibly, has yet to appear, being a singularly bloody war. Conceivably, however, the Manchester revivalists might refuse to form general conclusions upon experience with France alone. They might argue that the trust-and-confidence policy in foreign affairs is too beautiful to be abandoned after one disappointment, considering especially that at the very moment when failure is most severely felt, a way is opened for repeating the experiment in another direction. And that is certainly the case: another and a larger opportunity has arrived. Yet in a conference intended to reconcile differences, if that may be, the Manchester faction might be expected to declare their opinion as to how the trust-and-confidence policy works out so far as it has got. Candour upon that point might even assist themselves to a more trustworthy judgment when they condemn the later action of the Government in regard to France, rage against Lord Rosebery and his friends for supporting it, and commend a relapse into generous credulity

at the invitation of France's great ally.

Upon another point the publication of the Madagascar papers compels a self-searching of hearts; and who but the dissidents of the Liberal party can love the process least? In their ranks is to be found the greater number of those politicians whose first, second, third idea of British foreign policy is an understanding with France. Firstly by its revolutions, secondly by its perhaps more admirable literature, France is as fascinating to some political minds in England as Paris is to every Frenchman. America may be destined to take its place in their esteem, but till now a French foreign policy has been the ideal of modern Radical statesmanship.

And as an unattainable ideal there could be no wonder at it, no objection to it. The strange disturbing thing was that an Anglo-French alliance should be considered so readily achievable that it could be supposed comfortable, and that if once put together it could be trusted to last. Yet these assumptions were all included in the Radical scheme of foreign policy, though none of them had much warrant, and the last was in the highest degree improbable. French statesmen and French soldiers have strong reasons for rejecting an exclusive *entente* with the British Government. The heart's desire of the French people is for an "understanding" against England—in which they see large promise of pleasure and advantage—not with England, which has

few attractions of any kind for them. The reasons for doubting that an English understanding with France the susceptible, France the irascible, France the unstable, could be reckoned upon for six consecutive months need not be recalled. But neither these reasons nor any other considerations disturbed the faith of certain influential Radicals in their Opposition foreign policy—which therefore became a source of disturbance itself. Its existence announced to the Continental Powers, one and all, that the conduct of affairs at the Foreign Office was never to be depended on for long, but would change with every change of Government. When the strange eventful history of Lord Rosebery's Administration is known we may find—most likely shall—that its discords were not inconsiderably swelled by the resolute objection of some members of the Cabinet to anything that might offend the French. That Lord Rosebery and his faction should be so indifferent on this score as to aid Lord Salisbury in exacting respect from the French Government is one of the greater grievances of the other faction; and no doubt it was thought that much could be made of it in "the country." But no. All this has been altered by the publication of the Madagascar papers. They authoritatively make known causes of complaint far beyond the licence of the diplomatic game, and comprehensible by every man who has ever lost a shilling to a sharper.

And this is why I said a while ago that our Madagascar grievance is as luminous and in certain ways as valuable as any stone fresh from the diamond-cutter's wheel. It enlightens in many directions, and to great profit in all. Our least gain by it is its reflection on the sagacity, practicability, promise, of the Radical French foreign policy. Its bearing on the trust-and-confidence policy in foreign affairs is of immeasurable importance; and the lesson could not have been more timely.

* * *

Lord Salisbury gave in to the French protectorate of Madagascar on condition that British trade with the island should suffer no special injury at the hands of France in consequence. Had any inconsiderate scribe then suggested the possibility that the condition would be disregarded, and that the French Government might even use its permitted advantages to destroy the British trade with Madagascar altogether, we know what would have been said of that rash man. We also know, however, that he would have been right. Yet when we are asked to consider the Russian proposal for a general suspension of armaments by sea and land, no man can ask what private, what selfish, what *ruse* motive may hide in the proposal without risk of denunciation: cynic again.

But that is absurd; and all the more absurd because it is quite within the rules of the game for any Government to

make a suggestion of that sort for its own convenience alone. Much licence is allowed to international rivalry; so much, at any rate, that should one nation see its advantage in dissuading other nations from strengthening their armaments, it may lawfully do so. Even though the intention is to overreach and overmatch these other nations, no law is broken and no obligation violated. It follows, therefore, not only that such proposals as this from Russia *must be* suspected, but may be suspected with propriety.

"But does it make no difference that the Russian invitation is said to proceed from the Czar's own breast and to have none but kindly motives?" No difference whatever. That is only a part of what may be properly suspected. It is said! In order to dissuade, some means of dissuasion must be used. This "it is said" is a means employed in the present case; and therefore, and since no wise man allows himself to be turned from one purpose to another without knowing why, it is precisely what rightful inquiry should be addressed to first of all. The Russian proposal may be truly the Czar's own, and the inspiration of an evangelist. But he may be only an honest gentleman like the first Emperor William, in the hands of advisers more or less like the late Prince Bismarck. Neither in reason nor morals has the evangelist conjecture any superiority over the honest gentleman theory; and even though it had, these things must be looked into. They

must be looked into, and it is nobody's fault if, the scheme being really the Czar's, investigation must take the same somewhat rude cross-examining shape as if Count Muravieff or M. de Witt were known to be the author. Only one means of scrutiny is available.

The first-occurring observation is, that there is no peculiarity in the assigned motives of the proposal. Though a great many people on platforms seem to think otherwise, these motives are no more divine in a czar than in a schoolmaster or a shoemaker—unless we are to take it that a czar must be celestially good if he wishes to fight his battles at a reduced cost, and with weapons no more horrible than he is storing at present. In truth, the Russian Emperor is so little singular in having these desires that every sovereign, every Minister, every soldier, sailor, and citizen in Europe, shares them. There is no such thing as a Government that does not wish to have its own way in peace, nor one that would not rejoice to lessen its war-office charges and still be able to beat off any attack; neither is there one of them but loathes the thought of spending more money upon more awful means of slaughter. It is the Czar only, however, who comes forward to propose the agreement that we know of. Then perhaps he feels the horror and the expense of modern warfare more acutely than do other Governments. Or it may be that in addition to this motive, which is named, there are others unmentioned. Per-

haps these other motives are of a different character—possibly of a strategic character, and such as are employed in war to deceive an enemy, delay his forces, repair a weak place, or gain a position of advantage.

Thus the inquiry begins; and as soon as it begins we perceive that the existence of unmentionable motives is less surprising than their absence would be. They need not be set forth anew, being already familiar to the mind of every reader of these pages. With a thousand apologies to the Czar, they have been often mentioned in the public press as not quite negligible. How could they be slighted, indeed, when all the while that his English missionaries were proclaiming the Czar's heartfelt anxiety for arrest of armaments, his own dockyards and arsenals were the busiest of any? Others were busy too, but there was seen the most violent, most "feverish activity." Considering that Russia is of all European countries the safest from attack and most constant in aggression, considering too that it is her war-preparation which sets the standard for other Powers nowadays, what is the fair inference from that? To speak within bounds, let us say that after inquiry, as before, the motives of the Czar's proposal may be suspected with propriety. In particular we may suspect without blame that our first suspicion was correct. England, for example, is asked to bind herself not to increase her armaments for a while because Russia, content with bringing her own prepara-

tions to a point now almost attained, wishes to employ some years and all available cash "in consolidating, colonising, arming, and fortifying her enormous acquisitions in the Far East." These might be described without much exaggeration as actual operations of war. Immediate operations *for* war they certainly are. "Of such is the laying of strategic railways, the construction of fortified harbours, the establishment of military colonies, the enlistment and the drilling of native soldiery where all these things may be turned into distant means of further acquisition, further coercion." It is incredible that these unique advantages are not contemplated by the Russian Government as a result of carrying the peace proposal into effect.

What purported to be a second circular of the Czar got into publication last month, with assurances that it was entirely genuine; and it was so treated for days. But whether because it was ill received, or for some better reason, its authenticity has since been denied. Possibly (the truth is not known when we print) this second circular may have been meant for the Governments alone, not for the public. We read in it, indeed, that it is thought better to begin with "a preliminary interchange of ideas on the subject between the Cabinets, in order to prepare the way for diplomatic discussion"—or perhaps to ascertain whether there is anything to discuss. And in order that such preliminary interchange of ideas

may begin at once, "if the present moment is considered opportune," the specific proposals of the Russian Foreign Office are made known: (1) Arrest of armaments for a certain fixed period—which, for reasons indicated above, could not be agreed to. (2) Mitigation of the horrors of modern warfare: an unspeakably desirable object, made ridiculous by interdict of submarine torpedo-boats, ships built to ram without danger to themselves, and other scientific means of attack and defence beyond hope of being given up. (3) "Acceptance in principle of the employment of good offices in mediation and optional arbitration, in cases which lend themselves to such means." This would be mere superfluity. Every Government knows the value of good offices, &c., in cases which (in its own opinion) lend themselves to such means. No Government is willing to accept good offices against its own judgment, and compulsion is out of the question.

To the deplorably large number of Englishmen in this age who bring good hearts and bad judgments to all such affairs, the publication of these proposals was a prodigious disappointment. They really seem to have persuaded themselves—being mostly of a Radical turn—that problems which have outworn the brains of thousands of philosophers and statesmen might easily be solved by a czar if he once applied his mind to the task. They may still hope that the second Nicholas will succeed in it; but as for the suggestions recited above,

and believed to be his, they were immediately condemned as vague, utopian, impracticable, and for some part absurd. But they are really not more so than the best that are likely to come from St Petersburg.

Yet the Czar might do more for peace than any potentate on earth, could he turn his mind in another direction. He might make a new map of his enormous dominions, including Manchuria, itself large enough, fertile enough, rich and populous enough, to form a little kingdom. And, map in hand, he might proclaim that, in return for a pledge of non-interference with any part of his possessions, or with their government in any shape, he would bind himself in similar engagements to all the world—seeking no extension of territory or dominion for twenty years. Nothing that he can invent would do half as much for peace as that, if truly meant. We know of two great and powerful communities, at the least, who would listen gladly to such an offer; while as for Russia herself, it is certain that all the resources and energies of her Government, fully employed for twenty years, could not over-improve her vast estate. But we need not look for such a Russian peace proposal as that.

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The heads of the Church, like the chiefs of the State, have been taking lessons from the laity; and after long resistance to conviction the bishops are nearly as much

persuaded as their correlatives in statesmanship that toleration may be carried to a vicious extreme. The bishops need not be vituperated. Decency enjoins that they should be addressed in terms of respect even when their worst shortcomings are complained of. Yet if they, too, are to be faithfully dealt with, it must be said that they are chiefly to blame for the present troubles in the Church. But there is another and a better reason for displaying that truth before them, which is that they do not seem heartily convinced of it even yet; and since there is little hope of clearing the Church of the treacheries that infest it unless by their hands, they cannot understand too well how much the growth of these treacheries and the insolence of them are due to allowance: that is to say, allowance by the guardians and justiciaries of the Church, the bishops themselves.

How truly that is the case came out at a meeting of the Upper House of Convocation in May last. On that occasion a petition from the brawling Mr Kensit was discussed—a petition resting on the charge that services “largely those in use in the Church of Rome, and taken from the Roman Missal and other books belonging to that Church,” were in many places imported into the Reformed Church of England. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided, twenty-two bishops were present to hear the accusation, and not one of them denied it by so much as a word. It was

not even suggested that the brawler's statement of facts was falsified by exaggeration. On the other hand, one bishop admitted that he knew of services in his own diocese which were "opposed to the principles of the Church of England"; another that "undoubtedly" services were going on which were "absolutely alien to the Church of England—the kind of services that brought about the Reformation three hundred years ago;" a third was reported to have said that the difficulty was caused by ecclesiastical marauders; a fourth declared his belief that "the ritualistic practices which they all deplored were not their chief difficulty: they had to deal with secret societies which were undermining the Church of England." The Archbishop himself admitted the existence of men in the Church who are at least false to the engagements under which they planted themselves in her benefices. Yet with all this the hesitation of the bishops to act against these dishonest priests, their timidity in face of the teachers of doctrine "that brought about the Reformation," was painfully and even shockingly evident at this same Convocation. Of the worst of the practices complained of it was said that "they need, *if possible*, some restriction." For the men who act as aliens and foreigners in the Church, and who seem to belong to secret societies for undermining its doctrine, the Archbishop declared that he could not think of prosecution—"that was a long way off."

For his part, "he had never interfered since the time when there had been a general agreement [among the bishops] not to prosecute. He never interfered unless the matter had been regularly brought before him"; and he thought that offenders would be sufficiently brought to book by personal command and admonition. They should be reminded of the distinct promises they had made to use the forms prescribed by the Prayer-book, and be called upon to observe it. "In many cases, he thought, they [the bishops] would find no resistance to their authority." But if resistance, no prosecution. For contumacious dishonesty in the Church prosecution was still "a long way off."

This was at the beginning of the stir which, originating with Mr Kensit, was evidently believed by the Upper House of Convocation to be as transient as it was vulgar. Vulgar it was called everywhere, but especially among a sort of persons who, ever on the look-out for new forms of æsthetical enjoyment, were seeking it now in high Anglo-Catholic ritual. We saw a very different character in the agitation, and knew that it could not be transient from the hour when the bishops' conversation about it was reported in the newspapers. So much improbity in the Church acknowledged, and so much indifference to it in an open conclave of the bishops—it could not be endured; and this we said without loss of time in the plainest language at command.

This was the first serious

word on the subject; for till then, and for long afterward, no one could utter a syllable against what was much more than ecclesiastical dishonesty without accusation of raising the wretched old No Popery cry. In truth, the cry was No Treachery; and as time went on it was justified by ever-accumulating evidence. It became more and more manifest that the Church harboured many men answering to Bishop Southwell's description—agents, seemingly, for undermining the doctrine they were vowed to maintain and were paid to teach. As, little by little, this became known, little by little the bishops grew bolder in duty, "owned up" as to the true state of the case, spoke out resolutely against offenders, and at length resolved to take action to suppress their offences. They are preparing a regulative measure for the purpose.

This is well, if the measure proposed embraces a means of suppressing the offenders, when they persist in wrong-doing. There still seems to be some doubt as to whether that is really intended; but we must suppose that it is. The plain way is to remove the offender from the office he has betrayed and apparently means to betray. Imprisonment is for many reasons objectionable; deprivation is objected to on the score that it takes from the offender his means of livelihood: but why should that be considered cruel in the case of a man who proposes to live by breach of trust, and on what ground of propriety can he be assisted so to live?

The plea that the Romanising Anglican often succeeds in drawing a large congregation, is in many cases an extremely good and benevolent man, and therefore ought not to be disturbed in his Romanising, will not hold. Scores of professed Roman Catholic priests live saintly lives, and bring many souls out of darkness. If the Romanising Anglican may properly be kept in the Church for the reason assigned, then how wise it would be to get rid of some of our orthodox but ineffective clergy and open their churches to the ministration of those earnest Roman priests! But we will not argue the matter. Deprivation is not contemplated, save in the case of persistent faithlessness, and there it is obviously necessary and deserved.

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When 'Maga's' Looker-on said last month that the most gracious, most reconciling, and altogether perfect way of writing Mr Gladstone's Life was to make of it a complete apologia, he fancied that he was throwing out a suggestion no less conciliatory than novel. Apparently, however, it is not liked by some of Mr Gladstone's friends, who cannot bear the association of his name with the word apology in any sense. Yet it is certainly true that to give the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number a biography of Mr Gladstone should be compact of veritable exposition and righteous excuse. It is what is wanted, both by

ourselves and on his own behalf. Of passionate attack, passionate vindication, passionate panegyric of a statesman who was himself all passion, there has been enough and to spare. He is now to be explained, if possible,—the most interesting and improving and friendly thing that can now be done with him.

If that seemed a reasonable opinion a month ago, it must seem more so now to the many who forgot how much in Mr Gladstone's career awaits the just apologist. For since then public attention has been called to a not *very* important revelation in Lord Selborne's Memoirs, and yet one which darkens the dubieties that cloud a once-refulgent name. The sudden dissolution in 1874, literally within a few days of the time appointed for the meeting of Parliament, was a great surprise. Lord Selborne explains that it was resolved upon by Mr Gladstone alone, for his private convenience only. It seems that, according to the opinion of his Chancellor, his Attorney-General, and other high legal authorities, the Prime Minister ceased to be a member of that Parliament in the autumn of 1873; and this he was told. For in August of that year Mr Gladstone had added to one office of profit under the Crown the assumption of another—the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to wit; whereby he had vacated his seat in the House of Commons. His course was now a simple one,—to offer himself to his constituents for re-election.

And yet not simple; for his seat—Mr Gladstone represented Greenwich then—was by no means a safe one. It was not unlikely that he would be rejected; and whether for that reason or another he persuaded himself that his place in Parliament had not been vacated at all. But this being a legal matter, he seems to have felt less secure in self-persuasion than he usually was, and so went further—persuading himself that certain great lawyers agreed with him, when in fact they did not. Supported by this imaginary legal opinion, he did nothing. Time went on; the opening day of Parliament approached; the formidable consequences of sitting and voting in the House of Commons without warrant, apprehension that he, the Prime Minister, might be marched out of that assembly in debate on the Address, took larger and more substantial proportions every day; till at last, as Lord Selborne says, “a dissolution was the only escape.” Therefore dissolution (and irrecoverable disaster, for the whole crop of Liberal misfortune was sown in 1873-74) was determined on; and that, apparently, without a word of consultation or explanation with his colleagues.

How shall a friendly biographer of Mr Gladstone approach incidents like this except by the way of apology? or the revolt in the Liberal party before the dissolution? or the bribing offer to abolish income-tax which scandalised the dissolution? or the desertion of his party after the smash of the dissolution?

How otherwise deal with the exposition and the criticism of Mr Lecky, so closely following on Lord Selborne's and Sir Edward Hamilton's, and in effect so much the same? Mr Lecky is the boldest of the three, he being a professed historian, and less entangled in the ties of personal affection and association. But when he praises, he praises as do the others; when he doubts or condemns, it is the same verdict in another and a clearer tongue; and what all say of the man (which is one thing) and the statesman (which is another) is but the expression of the higher general opinion, formed and fixed long ago.

Of course Mr Lecky has to pay for his bolder speech. Though they have passed with far less protest from Mr Gladstone's old partisans than might have been expected, such statements as that "the texture of his intellect was commonplace" are to some of them a new and inexplicable sort of blasphemy. Yet the word "texture" gives perfect truth to the phrase, and is its illumination at the same time. Besides, who is excused from knowing that intellect is not temperament, nor temperament intellect? "There is such a thing as an honest man with a dishonest mind" has also given offence, but apparently not much—which is well. For it is so true a saying, and to reject it would be so unwise; seeing that to do so would close the apologetic path to a liberal understanding of Mr Gladstone's wondrous character. In another passage Mr Lecky lights the

way along the whole length of this path. "Whatever may have been the case in the first moment of inception, I at least have little doubt that in the subsequent stages of his policies he was not only genuinely sincere, but also in a high state of moral incandescence." And no doubt that is true.

Mr Lecky's worst offence is when, speaking of Mr Gladstone's kite-like eyes—the resemblance struck everybody who ever saw them—he quotes an illustrative story told by Boehm. And yet how mildly does the historian re-tell the tale! Thus it stands in his firmly written and impartial page:—

"Boehm, the sculptor, told me that he was once present when an altercation between Gladstone and a Scotch professor took place, and that the latter started up from the table to make an angry reply, when he suddenly stopped, as if paralysed or fascinated by the glance of Gladstone; and Boehm noticed that the pupil of Gladstone's eye was visibly dilating and the eyelid round the whole circle of the eye drawing back, as may be seen in a bird of prey."

Now hear the story as it was told to me by Boehm, and learn how carefully Mr Lecky has been to guard himself against over-colouring.

Boehm may not have been a heaven-born sculptor (indeed, the Liberal opinion now is that he was the other thing), but he was at any rate a singularly observant, singularly quick-witted man, skilled in the ways of the world, his conversation a web of sound texture and lively colours, and (as it seemed to me) with all the learning if

not the genius of his art. To listen to his bright informing talk was one of the greatest pleasures of its kind that I have ever known. One evening, when we were alone together, a piece of portraiture much talked of at the time came into the conversation, and with it the advantage of painting over sculpture in expressing character. Boehm seemed willing to admit that painters "had the pull," though they had it in ever-diminishing degrees as the two arts neared the point of perfection. This led to some discourse on the practice of portraiture as an aid to deciphering character by eyesight, which Boehm modestly thought it must be: "at any rate," said he, "most of us who take any thought about the matter come to pretty positive conclusions as to what lies within and below the faces we study and the heads we handle." From that he went on to speak of some particularly striking contours, with their tale of good and bad or strange and rare; and amongst other studies to pause upon he mentioned the head and face of Mr Gladstone. His head, said the sculptor, was a deceiving head — distinctly larger than it looked. "One of the largest I have ever handled, and one of the" strangest I will say, though it was not the word that Boehm used, with a little laugh to make light of it. Strange, however, will do, for Boehm went on to say that the lines of the head were in curious conformity with the most striking feature of his face—the

brilliant, changeful, hawk-like eye. "And as to that," said Boehm, "I'll tell you a story."

From this narration it appeared that after making four or five busts of Mr Gladstone (but I forget how many) he found a commission for another bust rather troublesome, from fear of producing something indistinguishable from a copy of what he had done before, perhaps more than once. It chanced, however, that he had been invited to stay for a week or so at a house in Scotland where Mr Gladstone was also to be; and seeing in that piece of luck opportunities of catching some characteristic of the great man unobserved before, Boehm accepted the commission. But, one after another, the days of the visit went by, and neither in the house nor out of the house did Mr Gladstone favour the artist with any new presentation of himself. Boehm's time was nearly up, when, coming down to dinner one evening, he found a new arrival — Professor Blackie. Blackie's place at table that evening was opposite Mr Gladstone; and there he sat in great impatience when, at the wine and walnuts period, Mr Gladstone sang out in illustration of the way in which, as he believed, Homer was chanted, not recited. This Professor Blackie could not endure to listen to. "Mr Gladstone," he cried, "I don't believe a wurr'd of it!" Said Boehm: "I naturally looked towards Mr Gladstone to see how he would receive *that* shot; and marked how the outer lids of his eyes

widened to the fulness of their steady glare. Something he said, too, that nettled the choleric Blackie; who, knuckling the table as he rose to speak, had only got as far in what he had to say as "Mr Gladstone, if there is one thing——" when his tongue stumbled and he sank back into his chair in confusion. Again I looked to Mr Gladstone, and understood. The inner lids" (here Boehm held two fingers of one hand upright and parted them) "the inner lids were opened. They had been opened on Blackie, and he had looked into the Pit."

You understand what was meant by the outer and the inner lids, but I did not—could only guess: but while guessing aright, as it happened, asked for an explanation. "Go to the Zoo for it," said Boehm. "Take your umbrella. Make your way to the place where the eagles, vultures, falcons, and suchlike creatures blink on their perches. Select a bird. Stare at him with insult, and you will see the outer eyelids expand as Mr Gladstone's did. Poke at him with your umbrella: the filmy vertical lids (nictitating membrane) through which he looks at the sun and opens to paralyse his prey will part; and then you will see what

Blackie saw, and understand his feelings."

This story was told to a painter whose name all the world knows, as we were walking together. He stopped dead in the street to say, in an awed voice hardly his own, "It's true! I've *seen* it!" and so resumed his walk. But though twenty Boehms could tell twenty tales of this kind, it would be impossible to think of Mr Gladstone as predatory. Like most others, this is a fault that takes many shapes; but, though he was eminently destructive, I suppose that he had it in none. Its opposites were among his virtues, of which he had many more, no doubt, than came into play in public life. Perfect analysis of his character might even show that it had but one grave fault, in the nature of a misfortune. Everything in him seems to have been subject to the ferments of a drop (we may imagine it falling from the finger of some malignant genius at his birth) of essential unverity. Look into all that he is ever blamed for or that is disliked in him, the little things and the great, and one of these ferments will be found at work. And the true idea of them is not that he commanded them, but that they commanded him. It was a possession.

A NOTE ON EASTERN POLICY.

IN the recently published life of Augustus, Duke of Grafton, his opposition to Pitt's anti-Russian policy in 1791 is recorded in emphatic terms, and it is clear that the Whig statesmen of that day generally favoured Russian aggression, whether at the expense of Turkey or Scandinavia. But Pitt, with his keener eye and more prescient genius, foresaw that the extension of the Muscovite empire, especially in Europe, would not be for the happiness and welfare of mankind. His attempt to check the Russian advance failed, and he underwent the bitter mortification of being compelled to withdraw his proposed "Russian armament." But it may be said that the policy he then announced has commended itself to most of our leading statesmen, especially on the Tory side, up to the last two or three years; and it may be worth while considering whether sound policy justifies any material departure from it.

Summed up shortly, it means that Russia shall not obtain Constantinople, and all that is implied in that word.

What, then, has recently happened which should make England change her view on that subject, and consent to lose the advantages and the position she secured by so profuse an expenditure of blood and treasure in the Crimean War?

Two reasons are popularly assigned for this momentous

and far-reaching change in national policy: first, the Bulgarian atrocities; second, the Armenian massacres. In the interest of historic truth it may be worth while to say a few words as to the origin of the former outbreak. A short examination will show that England, however unintentionally, is not free from blame in the matter, and that the atrocities, whether many or few, sprung to a great extent from her blunders during and after the Crimean War.

When the English Government determined not only to go to the armed assistance of Turkey, but, undeterred by Napoleon's failure in 1812, to invade Russia, it was manifestly important to secure allies wherever they could be found, especially if near the scene of projected action. Accordingly, a diplomatic agent, Mr Longworth, was despatched to Schamyl's headquarters in Circassia, with instructions to urge that gallant mountaineer to prosecute the war he was waging against Russia for the independence of his country with increased vigour. What inducements Mr Longworth offered we do not know; but by the end of the war not a fort, not a blockhouse, was in Russian occupation along the whole eastern littoral of the Black Sea. Now what was the reward given to the Circassians for their gallant and successful

co-operation with the Allies? By the Treaty of Paris they were left to the tender mercies of their implacable enemies: why? because, owing to the bungling and blundering conduct of the war in the Crimea, the gallant Turkish army, which had single-handed defeated the Russian invaders in every engagement until they were joined and superseded by their Western allies, was refused permission to go to the relief of Kars, then sorely pressed by the Russians, until it was too late. At last the indignant protests of the heroic commandant of Kars, and the repeated requests of Omar Pasha, prevailed, and that able general was allowed to march to the relief of the sorely beleaguered city, only, on arriving within sight of it, to see the Russian flag waving over it. Kars then thus became the great card for Russia to play in the diplomatic game at the Congress of Paris, and she willingly exchanged it for Circassia. The brave but uncivilised inhabitants of that unconquered country, seeing themselves thus sold into the hands of their inveterate enemies, rather than submit to that hated rule, fled, to the number of some 40,000 souls, across the Black Sea to Bulgaria, where the Sultan allotted to them land and houses; but between Bulgarians and Circassians no sympathy or amity could possibly exist, and the latter, as time went on, only became more and more discontented with their lot, and ready to

break out into violence and outrage against their unneighbourly neighbours. This was the origin of the Bulgarian atrocities, for which Turkey was not responsible, but England and Russia primarily were. We submit, therefore, that in those transactions which Mr Gladstone so recklessly used as a justification of Russia's attack on Turkey in 1877, no valid reason is to be found for a reversal of England's secular policy in the East.

The second reason assigned for that change is more plausible—viz., the Armenian massacres; and it may at once be admitted that the Porte's attitude in the matter has been in the highest degree unsatisfactory. It neither prevented, nor repressed, nor inflicted punishment, nor apologised for the manifold murders and outrages committed upon the unhappy Armenians. Probably the Sultan's Ministers did not dare acquaint Europe with the truth that the Turkish troops in those parts were ill-led, ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-paid, and were not to be trusted to fight against the Kurdish marauders, by whom most of the crimes laid to the charge of the Turks were committed.

It should not be forgotten that one of the safeguards against maladministration in Anatolia devised by Lord Beaconsfield—viz., the appointment of military consuls in the disturbed regions—had been abandoned by his successors, and that a great moral check against "crime and outrage"

had been thus removed out of the way of Kurds and other caterans.

While, then, admitting that the persistent failure of Turkey to effect the promised reforms in her Asiatic provinces, and the unchecked perpetration of outrages in Armenia, justify the withdrawal of the friendly offices due by England to her in virtue of the cession of Cyprus, the question of policy still remains to be considered; and it does not appear to us to be wise or patriotic in consequence of those deplorable events to execute a *volte face* in our Eastern policy, and become accomplices with Russia in her traditional progress to the Dardanelles.

But it may be asked, How does it appear that the weight and influence of England have been thrown into the Russian scale? The shortcomings of Turkey, the bad faith and folly of the Porte, may be demonstrated and denounced, and yet the old policy may be substantially maintained. Certainly: and up to the period when the Russian nomination of Prince George to the vice-throne of Crete broke up the European Concert, it was permissible to take that view. But when the two Conservative Powers, Germany and Austria, found themselves compelled to withdraw rather than consent to an inequitable arrangement urged by Russia in her own obvious interest, and England sided with Russia, in spite of the legitimate protests of the Porte, it became manifest to Europe that England had abdicated the *rôle* she

had so long and consistently played at Constantinople, and that her place of power and influence there had become vacant. Then followed perhaps the most melodramatic stroke of diplomatic strategy since Napoleon pretended to adopt the Mussulman faith in Egypt. Without difficulty, with little delay, but with all preparations carefully made, and the ground rendered secure beforehand, the German Emperor stepped into the place at Constantinople vacated by England, and by ostentatiously accepting the lavish hospitality ostentatiously offered him by the Sultan, announced to all the world that in Germany Turkey had a fast friend on whom she could rely for at any rate good offices, if not for active military assistance. To render this more apparent and more impressive, the Empress appeared on the scene, and at the great banquet sat on the Sultan's right hand. After all this the Turks may be pardoned if they thought that Bulgarian atrocities and Armenian massacres were blotted out of the page of history, and that the Sultan, victorious over Greece, and hand-in-hand with Germany, need no longer dread Russian aggression, or the interference of the Western Powers. Nor would this impression be diminished by the Emperor's subsequent progress to and demeanour at Jerusalem. The Crimean War, we all know, had its origin in the conflicting claims of France and Russia about the Holy Places; but on the recent occasion those an-

tagonistic Powers were hardly in evidence at all. It was Germany, and German Roman Catholic or Protestant communities, which figured in the public eye.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that by this masterly manœuvre the German Emperor has captured Constantinople, the Sultan, his splendid army, and Palestine. The great lift to German commerce which will result from this happy *coup de main* is obvious; but, of course, it will be asked, Is this addition to German influence in the near East likely to last? Making allowance for the mutability of all mundane policies, we see no reason why it should not last for many years. Germany, in seceding from the Cretan concert, had the active support of Austria; and Austria, as is well known, has the active support of the most powerful of the Balkan States, Roumania. With equal ingratitude and folly, Russia after the fall of Plevna, which she owed to the gallant co-operation of the Roumanian army, threw over in the most cynical way the claims of Roumania, and appropriated to herself the territory coveted by her ally. Of Austria's traditional determination to prevent the absorption by Russia of the Black Sea, Constantinople, or the Dardanelles, there is no doubt; the German Emperor therefore knows, and, what is not less important, the Sultan knows, that behind Germany at Constantinople stand Austria and Roumania.

In time, perhaps, the wave

of fanaticism against Turkey, which of late years has been potent enough in this country to deflect her traditional Eastern policy, will have spent its force, and England will resume her position as guardian of the Dardanelles. Should that time arrive, in what condition will she find the Mediterranean? Will France at one end see her present confederate, Russia, predominant at the other? Or will the triple alliance of Germany, Austria, and Roumania have succeeded in barring her exit from the Euxine? Something will probably depend on the future management and government of Crete. By placing, at the instance of Russia, a Greek prince and a member of the Greek Church at its head, the four Powers have incurred a serious responsibility towards Turkey and Europe; and, arguing from the past, it is not very easy to believe that if, encouraged by Russia, or even without that encouragement, Prince George one fine day proclaims the annexation of the island to Greece, any effective steps will be taken to prevent it. Then will have been set the shameful example of a small Power, hopelessly defeated in an unjust aggression on a powerful neighbour, not only saved from merited punishment by the interference of Europe, but actually rewarded for its misdoing by an accession of territory diplomatically filched from the unjustly assailed and victorious Power.

On the other hand, the past

career of Greece since she became a kingdom does not warrant a belief that in her hands Crete is likely to develop into an efficient naval or military station; and on a general survey of the whole situation in the Levant, it is permissible to hope that, with the exception — truly a large and serious exception — of the substitution of Germany for England at Constantinople, and the gradual extension of German commerce at the expense of English throughout the East, no revolutionary changes in what is popularly called the near Eastern question will occur for years to come. In arriving at this comfortable conclusion the admirable fighting qualities of the large and easily mobilised Turkish army has not been overlooked, nor the probability of its being officered in the future by German officers even more than is the case now. Whether under German influence the Turkish navy is destined to undergo a resurrection, and become again a powerful factor in national defence, remains to be seen.

NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS AND POPULAR DEMANDS.

ON the eve of the fifth session of the present Parliament, with important domestic legislation immediately before us, and recent events which we need not particularise too closely but a short way behind us, it may be well to consider under what auspices Ministers enter on their task, and what prospect they have of bringing it to a successful issue. It is not to be denied that some dissatisfaction exists among their own followers; and perhaps the same might have been said of every Government that has lived into its fifth session for the last seventy years. But it must not on that account be supposed that this discontent is always of the same kind and can always be summarily dismissed with the consoling reflection that it is only what is common to all Governments. There are several forms of this complaint, to which all parties in turn are liable. Sometimes it arises from pure satiety, mere weariness of Aristides, and corresponds with the proverb that you may have too much even of a good thing. Sometimes it is only the querulous murmur of men who must be finding fault with something, and can never restrain this propensity for more than a very brief period. Sometimes, since in parties composed of heterogeneous materials it is impossible to please everybody, the rebellious feeling is sectarian. But there is also a

kind of discontent more deeply seated than either of these, and resting on more solid grounds. And truth compels us to acknowledge that the disapproval of the present Government which lurks in the Unionist ranks at this moment is not without some element of this description, and that it is exclusively due neither to transient peevishness on the one hand nor to sectional disappointments on the other.

Our readers well know the sentiments of 'Maga' on the foreign policy of the Ministry; and when we advise both Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, on the announcement of the Government measures, to judge them entirely on their merits, and not to allow themselves to be influenced by any external considerations, we shall not be misunderstood. It should be left to the Opposition to use mistakes in one department of administration for the purpose of discrediting others which are totally unconnected with it. We can hardly doubt that Conservatives in general will recognise the truth that a Minister who is unsuccessful in diplomacy may nevertheless be the most trustworthy guardian of the Constitution, and of the rights and liberties of all classes of her Majesty's subjects.

But the discontent referred to is not entirely confined to the foreign policy of the Government. Some there are who object to the whole tenor of

their recent domestic legislation, on the ground that it is practical socialism; others think that members of the Government have shown too much indifference to the growth of Ritualism in the Church, and that there is a danger that the Government may be pressed to take the matter into their own hands and pass a second Public Worship Regulation Act. It is difficult to say whether their refusal or their consent would be the more disastrous. The one would add fuel to the flame; the other would alienate thousands of the clergy, who have no sympathy whatever with Ritualism, but dislike Government interference still more. A third charge against the Government is their weakness in yielding to the clamour of a noisy minority on the question of vaccination—an error no doubt to be regretted, but scarcely sufficient to outweigh the claims of a Conservative Government to the confidence of a Conservative people.

Of these three troubles ahead of us,—the fear of socialism, the impatience of Ritualism, and the irritation created by compliance with an ignorant prejudice,—we propose on the present occasion to deal only with the first, as that has the widest scope, and will probably continue to operate as long as the Administration lasts. To those honest Conservatives, then, to whom socialism is a bugbear, we would offer, with all respect for their principles, the following considerations.

It may be, and often is, urged by a class of old-fash-

ioned Conservatives, that whatever democratic changes may have been rendered inevitable by the course of events it is for the democratic party to effect; that these changes can be made more safely through the agency of a Liberal Government controlled by a Conservative Opposition, than by a Conservative Government controlled by a Liberal Opposition; that the Conservatives, by allowing the Liberals a monopoly of office, could make much better terms with them than by keeping up a rivalry in which their opponents would be always bidding over their heads for Radical support, and could prevent the necessary changes from going further than they themselves would have been obliged to carry them had they held the reins of Government; and that in this position they would be at least equally useful to the constitution, and preserve more completely at the same time their own dignity and consistency. There is something attractive in this conception of a great defensive party treating the usual rewards of public life as dirt beneath their feet in comparison with their duty to the constitution, wielding power without place, and exercising an influence out of all proportion to their number, because known to be disinterested. It is a very pretty theory; and if we do not accept it, it is not because we do not understand or appreciate it, but because the only conditions which made such an arrangement either possible or desirable have ceased to exist.

Whether it could ever have been realised at any time,—whether a powerful political party could ever have been kept together on such terms,—is more than doubtful. A party which abjured office, and could offer no rewards to its adherents beyond the satisfaction of their own consciences, would find, we are afraid, that this inducement was not sufficiently powerful to bring many recruits to their colours—or, at all events, that class of recruits of which both parties stand most in need. Young men of ability, with their way to make in the world, however warm their sympathies with the Conservative cause, could not afford to labour where they could only reap barren honour. But it is waste of time to pursue the inquiry any further. The division of parties which the aforesaid theory presupposes survives only in name. During the last quarter of a century we have been passing through a transition period, from which we are only now emerging, with new political combinations, new conceptions of social duty and of the relations between class and class, and an awakened popular intelligence no longer to be satisfied with the Radical shibboleths which deceived a less instructed generation. The people begin to understand that the so-called Liberalism of Mr Gladstone was fast endangering the empire. The scales are dropping from their eyes, and a large majority of the nation—not a mere party majority—recognise in a wise and well

regulated Conservatism the best guarantee for both our moral and material greatness. They see that the interests of the Unionist party and the interests of the country are identical: that Radicalism would destroy public credit, and dry up the springs of commercial enterprise; would curtail our empire, and thereby contract our markets; would degrade or annihilate aristocracy, and with it a great school of culture, manners, and refinement; would overthrow a Church which is our best security for religious toleration; and through these various attacks on all that stimulates invention, energy, and adventure, on all that keeps alive our traditional respect for authority and order, on all that places a check on fanaticism or bigotry, would in time destroy our most precious and priceless heritage, the national character.

The Unionists have so completely identified themselves with a policy of constructive progress that the better part of the population is now thoroughly on their side. And it is for our rulers to say whether they will keep them so or not. If they will, there is only one policy for the Government to pursue. They must not be frightened by hard words, or by the groans of political nightmare. The only sure foundation on which our institutions can repose is a contented people. Let the people of this country see that their rulers are alive to their real wants, and ready to satisfy all their reasonable and natural aspirations, and we need have

no fear of either a bloodless *Jacquerie* or a tyrannical communism which is wholly alien to the national feeling, the national traditions, and national love of independence. Lord Salisbury and his colleagues have adopted the only Conservative method now open to them. They take their stand on the only ground which can make and keep the Unionist party the national party in the country. Their only possible policy is to ensure constitutional stability by the satisfaction of popular demands.

There is no reason why these demands should not be met by a Conservative Administration in a generous and sympathetic spirit, without either weakening the machinery of government or violating any of the fundamental laws by which society is held together. If this is socialism, then socialism is the truest Conservatism — the only Conservatism possible. But it is NOT socialism. What is really meant by the term is as likely to find support from the present Government as Plato's Republic. Socialism means that all is for society and nothing for the individual. How can State assistance to old age and poverty be so described? If it can, then the greatest socialist who has ever figured among English statesmen was Pitt himself.

Many years ago, when Mr Chamberlain spoke of "ransom," he made choice of an unlucky word to express an unquestionable truth. What he really meant was nothing but what has been practically in opera-

tion for the greater part of the century, and long before. The poor law, the repeal of the corn laws, the substitution of direct for indirect taxation, the successive extensions of the franchise, have all been, under different names, forms of the same policy. That it has been sometimes pushed too far, we should be the last to deny. What have been represented as popular demands have sometimes been unreal, serving only to cover the gratification of class jealousies and party animosities. But the principle has been recognised by both parties; and it is too late to protest against it now, even were there any wisdom in doing so. The people, we repeat, are in no sense hostile to existing institutions, to rank, property, and privilege. If they can get what they want without disturbing them, they will be perfectly contented. If they can obtain through Conservative channels those material comforts to which they consider themselves entitled, Chatsworth and Drumlanrig, Blair and Belvoir, Lambeth and Bishopthorpe may go on for ever, for all the trouble they would take to overthrow them.

What we would insist upon is, that this outcry against socialism is a false alarm; that the legislation which has provoked it has no affinity whatever to socialism properly understood; and that the material comforts, self-respect, and independence of the working-classes may be promoted by State assistance, without deviating one hair's-breadth from the truest Conservative

principles. The more contented the people are, the more secure are the Crown, the Church, the aristocracy, and the whole social system under which we live: the more the working-classes become owners of property, the more will they respect its rights: and the more they are protected from the tyranny of employers, the less will they relish the tyranny of Trades Unions. Will any one affirm that the Conservative majorities at the last three general elections, combined with the more Conservative tone of all sections of the labouring population, is not largely due to the attitude taken up by the Conservative and Unionist leaders? Why do the Liberals and Radicals find that the weapon from which they had hoped so much has lost its edge, and that to get up any popular agitation against the House of Lords is a hopeless task? Why cannot they find men of property and position to contest vacant seats? Is it not because of a general belief that the ascendancy of the united party which now supports Lord Salisbury is for the best interests of the country? Is it not in great measure because the people begin to see that Conservatism is on their own side, and that by supporting the institutions which they were once taught to revile they may gain all they desire more readily than by pulling them down? The party now led by Lord Salisbury has become really and truly a national party, and as such must of course take cognisance of what all classes in the nation want.

Conservatives have learned their lesson, and understand at last that if the constitution, the Empire, and the social organisation of Great Britain are to be handed down to posterity uninjured, we must make the people their protectors. It is this conviction by which the Conservative and Unionist party is now animated. All other distinctions are obsolete, except that between a party which represents great national and popular interests, and that which is made up of cliques and coteries, each in pursuit of special objects of its own, and inspired by no common purpose, unless the gratification of some of the meanest passions of human nature may be called one.

The chairman of Mr Morley's meeting at Brechin said they met "under a sense of re-established prestige abroad." That, at all events, said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, must be Lord Salisbury's doing; and that it would not have been done by the Liberals, we know on Mr Asquith's own testimony. Mr Chamberlain's weighty argument at Wolverhampton, to show that trade follows the flag, was a fitting pendant to Captain Sinclair's admission.

With regard to the work of next session, we must look to Mr Chamberlain's speech on the 8th of December last for the fullest account of it,—though we do not know whether it is exhaustive,—which has, of course, brought down the old accusation of socialism on his head. He is naturally most interested in that class of reforms with

which his own name is more immediately connected; and heads the list with a measure for enabling the working classes to become owners of the houses they live in. Secondary education is the next. London municipal reform is the third, and Mr Chamberlain couples with it the long-promised measure concerning Scottish private bill legislation. Some measure for the protection of workmen employed in dangerous trades completes the catalogue. With the question of old age pensions he all but undertakes that Government shall grapple before the end of this Parliament; and on this matter we may refer to some useful remarks of Mr Morley's in his speech at Montrose on the 19th of January. The Queen's speech will tell us, before another week is out, whether the lapse of two months has added to or taken away from this very substantial bill of fare.

As regards workmen's dwellings, Mr Chamberlain is quite right in saying that the contemplated measure is only the same in principle as those already passed both in Ireland and England to facilitate the acquisition of land. If there is nothing inconsistent with Conservatism in helping the tenant of a farm to become the proprietor, why should there be any in helping the occupier of a house to become the owner? Or if an Irish precedent is thought insufficient, we have Acts conferring on the English agricultural labourers exactly the same boon as we conferred on the Irish tenant. There may

be some practical difficulties, or rather inconveniences, in the case of houses which do not affect land. When a man buys a small farm he means to live on it for the rest of his life. But he may wish, or be obliged, to change his residence, and might find a difficulty in getting his money back. But the working man himself has probably thought over this objection, and does not apparently seem to regard it as a fatal one. But be this as it may, the proposed measure is only the further extension of a policy to which both parties have committed themselves, and Conservatives will be very ill advised if they offer any opposition to it now. We ourselves should not care to defend it merely on the ground that it had precedents in its favour. For reasons already assigned, we regard such a measure not as the lesser of two evils, and therefore only a negative good, but as a positive good in itself, and one which should have created a precedent had none been in existence.

Of secondary education we can only speak in very general terms. The bills introduced last session by the Duke of Devonshire provided only the machinery by which the new system was to work; and whether the Government measure, to which we are now looking forward, will be restricted to the same object, or be carried any further, perhaps the President of the Council does not even know himself. Last year's bill was limited to the creation of a Board of Education, to be a department of Government

ranking with the Board of Trade and the Board of Agriculture. The Science and Art Department was to be fused with it, and "any power with respect to the control or management of property forming the capital of any endowment, was to be exercised by the Charity Commissioners with the concurrence of the Board of Education." We believe it will be found that in this clause lies half the secret of the bill. It has been thought necessary to place some check on the "scheming" propensities of the Charity Commissioners. But what will have to be clearly understood is that no tampering is to be permitted with our old public school system. We fully acquit the Government of the slightest intention of doing anything to lessen the value of the training which fosters a type of character peculiar to Great Britain, and in the opinion of some of our wisest and greatest men has contributed largely to the foundation of the British empire, to our naval and military glories, and to the foundation of a political constitution which is without a parallel in the world. But we know that the best intentions on the part of the Legislature are not always able to check the indulgence of pet crotchets and mischievous prejudices by subordinate officials, and sure we are that if pedantic or bureaucratic theorists are allowed to meddle with these time-honoured institutions, we shall have an educational revolution such as the cultivated classes in this country will bitterly regret. It is a

pity that Professor Jebb, speaking on this subject about a fortnight ago, did not say something to allay the anxiety on this subject which confessedly exists.

We take it, however, that the London Municipal Bill will be the leading business of the session, and we do most sincerely trust that whatever may be the fate of other measures now upon the anvil, no disappointment is in store for us on this head. And by disappointment we mean not only the failure of the measure, but the passage of a weak and ineffective one. London wants a strong bill: one that shall not do things by halves; but shall put it wholly out of the power of the overgrown and unwieldy body which now governs the metropolis either to continue a system of taxation which has made it little short of odious, or to acquire an extended jurisdiction which will render it absolutely dangerous. The rate-payers of London have long groaned under the exactions of this most incompetent and extravagant authority. But if its claws are left unclipped, and a Radical Government come in, they will, maybe, groan still louder. If ground values are taxed, the householder will at once find his rent raised: and if voluntary schools are extinguished, his school-rate will be at least doubled. To both of these schemes the London County Council, in common with their Radical allies in Parliament, are known to be favourable. Mr Asquith has taken care of that. But even

without these aggravations, which, unless precautions are at once taken, are sure to come sooner or later, the Council has lost the confidence of the rate-payers, and a sweeping change has become necessary. In the outlying districts of London the number of empty houses is daily on the increase. Their former occupiers have been driven away from them by the rates: and the neighbouring shopkeepers have lost a valuable class of customers. Nor can the Council plead in extenuation that the money has been well spent. On the contrary, recent disclosures have brought to light a system of gross jobbery, which its authors have endeavoured to conceal by still grosser frauds. The old Municipal Corporations were abolished for no greater abuses; the Metropolitan Board of Works was abolished for less.

A speech made by the Duke of Devonshire on London government, just after the meeting of Parliament this time last year, will show that these remarks are no exaggeration. For all practical purposes the London County Council is the majority of the London County Council. A decisive Progressive majority was returned at the last election, in spite of the overwhelming strength of Conservatism in the London constituencies. It is useless, therefore, to look for any effectual resistance to the most disastrous and ruinous schemes within the Council itself: and if we wish to see what might happen with a Progressive majority in the

Council and a Radical Government in office at the same time, we need only look to the evidence given before the Labour Commission, and the Duke of Devonshire's comments upon it. How would the working man be the better for becoming the owner of his own house if the following little plunder plot were ever to succeed. The Progressives, or the more active section of them, are quite willing to face the contingency of the rates rising to 20s. in the £. Nay, they would regard it with positive satisfaction. "Here," says the Duke,

"You have the socialistic policy openly avowed. There is no pretence of superior economy or of better work. There is no pretence to the saving of the ratepayers' money. It is not advocated on the ground that the work would be better done or more cheaply done. It is acknowledged that probably the work would be more costly. It is advocated with the full intention and with the full foreknowledge that its cost would be enhanced. That cost would fall, without any benefit to the ratepayer, upon the owner; in other words, on working men—and there are many of them—who through building societies have acquired the freeholds of their own houses and cottages, and who now live in them rent free. Such a working man would, under Mr Sidney Webb's policy, find himself rated to the full extent of the rent which his less provident neighbour is now paying; and, without the smallest benefit to the ratepayer, the working man who had by his own prudence and forethought acquired the freehold of his dwelling would find himself no better off."

Thus, while it is the object of the Government to benefit the working man by helping him to become the owner of his dwelling-house, it is the

policy of the Council to render the boon of none effect by raising his rates to the level of the rent he would have paid had he remained a tenant. The socialism of the one scheme is to defeat the individualism of the other. If anybody wants to know what real "socialism" is, he need go no further. Here we have openly proclaimed as an article of the Progressive creed the virtual abolition of individual ownership.

All the Progressives on the Council may not be socialists. But socialism is the active energetic force which moves the whole body. The trades' unions are the wire-pullers; and

"The ratepayers need hardly call to mind," says Lord Onslow, "how the officials of the Council, in order to please their masters, were forced to cook the accounts and resort to artifice and fraud in order to cover up the disastrous failure which had attended the municipalisation of works and labour. The Progressive members, and more particularly those on the Labour Bench, were constantly down at the works listening to the complaints of the men, and providing ticket men to see that none but trades unionists were employed at the works."

And now what follows?

"You might," says the President of the Council, "before very long have had a great army of working men in the direct employment of the County Council, a special and a privileged class, exercising a great, perhaps an overwhelming, influence over the elections; and no one can be blind to the dangers that might have been created by such a state of things."

What his Grace says we might have had, we still may have, if we do not take all the better care.

But this is not all. The question has a constitutional side to it as well as an economic one, and one of even greater and graver importance. The County Council, pledged to a policy of communism, would have "a great army" at their command, composed of a "special and privileged class" thoroughly organised, and under the control of men exercising an almost despotic authority over the labouring population. A Radical Government would, sooner or later, place the London police at their disposal. And we beg our readers calmly to reflect on the position which they would then occupy. They would hold their sittings within a mile of the Houses of Parliament. They could bring ten thousand men together in any part of the metropolis they chose at an hour's notice. They could forbid the police to interfere; and a band of ruffians, in overwhelming numerical strength, would be at liberty to occupy Palace Yard while Parliament was sitting, and threaten the life of every member who ventured to withstand their will.

This is no fanciful picture. The thing has happened before. Sir Robert Walpole and his friends had to fight their way out of the House of Commons with drawn swords. In June 1780 a furious mob was in possession of the lobbies till nine o'clock at night, and they only dispersed when they knew that the Life Guards were approaching. Many members of both Houses were seriously injured. Such a mob would be

far more dangerous now, because, whatever the particular grievance which had moved their passions for the moment, their leaders would have ulterior objects in view, and would use them as tools for effecting it. There is no saying to what extremities such disorders might proceed before either the soldiers were called in, or the County Council for very shame directed the police to act. Such are the beginnings of all revolutions. And it is this consideration which forms the strongest ground of all for the new London Government Reform Bill.

The Opposition have been too much occupied with internal dissensions to keep up their customary attacks on the Government during the parliamentary vacation. And hardly a single Radical speech has attracted much attention except Mr Asquith's, to whom we ought all to be grateful for the opportunity of enlivening a rather dull recess which it afforded to Lord Salisbury and Mr Chamberlain. The dry sarcasm with which the Prime Minister treated the proposed abolition of the House of Lords, and the smart but logically correct description given by the Colonial Secretary of Mr Asquith's "new congregation," were both of the best. "It seems to be a commonly received opinion," said Lord Salisbury, "among our opponents that the House of Lords is to be swept away. I do not know how it is to be done, because the prospect of the House of Lords itself lending any assistance to that operation is re-

mote." This is in the Premier's favourite style. And he repeated what the Liberals have never attempted to deny, for the assertion is plainly unanswerable, that the people are not likely to be in any great hurry to destroy an institution the effect of which is to prevent sudden revolutions from being sprung upon them against their own convictions, and he gave Fox's India Bill and the Home Rule Bill of 1893 as instances. If the House of Lords will not abdicate, it can only be deposed by violence—in other words, by a revolution, which might or might not mean civil war. However, according to Mr Asquith, speaking again on the 17th December, the Liberal party has quite made up its mind to face all risks, in order to deprive the people of the only political court of appeal which they now possess. He said it was quite unnecessary to go into any details, the truth being that he had none to go into. The Liberals, who are all agreed, he says, are nevertheless as much at a loss to explain how the thing is to be done as Lord Salisbury himself. It may be that the "inextinguishable faith" with which Mr Asquith accredits them is to be sufficient by itself. If faith can remove mountains, why should it not remove the House of Lords? The Liberals have certainly nothing else to rely upon.

We are afraid, however, that the age of miracle is past, and that Mr Asquith will soon have to dispense with another somewhat cumbersome vestment for

which he has no further use. Home Rule, Local Veto, and Welsh Disestablishment are already gone; and if the party goes on stripping itself at this rate, it will soon be stark naked. But to that we are coming. "Mr Asquith," says Mr Chamberlain, "seems to be addressing a new congregation, from which Irishmen, Teetotallers, and Non-conformists are excluded, and only the great Liberal party is to remain." There was once upon a time an advocate, who after pleading the cause of a worthless client with great ability, and bestowing many eloquent eulogies on his numerous virtues, looked round to the place in court where he had been sitting. He had vanished. He could not stand it. Half the orator's panegyric had been lavished upon nothing. And such is likely to be the case with Mr Asquith's eloquent tribute to "the imperturbable patience and loyal subordination" of the great Liberal party. If he looks over his shoulder for it, he will look in vain. Seriously speaking, if we deduct Home Rulers, Teetotallers, and Liberationists from the whole motley array, we take out all the substance and leave only the idea. It is often said that a party without ideas is in a poor way. But an idea without a party is even more to be pitied. The Liberal idea has lost its way, and is wandering about through forests and deserts in search of some material garment wherewithal to clothe itself.

The above pages were written before the publication in the

'Times' (January 17) of a letter from Mr Goldwin Smith, which to a certain extent travels on the same lines. But though it may very probably point to a consummation to be expected at no remote date, it is not to be looked for immediately. Supposing, as the writer says, that the party system is moribund, it is not yet dead; and its last expiring struggles we may be sure will be attended by violent convulsions. The few warning words uttered by Lord Salisbury at the Constitutional Club are perhaps even better worthy of remembering at such a crisis as the present than in ordinary times. We are not to imagine, he says, that the helpless condition of the Liberal party at the present moment is necessarily permanent. They are few in number, without unity, without a policy, and without a leader; they are rent by schisms which only some overpowering temptation can temporarily smother. But we must not be led away by appearances to suppose that we have nothing more to fear from them. The sting of the wasp that is scotched but not killed is always the sharpest. The groups which now stand apart from each other may be reunited at any moment, and they remind Lord Salisbury of the divided groups of tribes which in Egypt and India threaten us from over the border:—

"These groups seem to be utterly divided among themselves—to have no common leader, perhaps no common object; but if on the Afghan or the Egyptian border opportunities shall occur, and they shall see some chance

of carrying out a holy war or securing much-desired loot, they may at once in one moment be gathered together by the prestige and the force of some leader that may arise among them. And so it is with the enemies we are confronting. At any moment a Mahdi or a Mad Mullah may arise, and they will bear down upon you to carry out the Jihad and to carry away the loot. I therefore entreat you, notwithstanding these flattering symptoms, to remain in your ranks and to keep your powder dry. There may be plenty for you to do much sooner than you expect."

We see no signs of the new prophet at present. The Liberal party, if it can be said to exist after Mr Asquith's evisceration of it, is in much the same plight as Sir William Harcourt once told us the Armenians were in, after help had been promised them, as he alleged, by England. They must, he thought, be crying out with the lady in Bluebeard, "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?" If all the Liberals can see by looking out of the window is Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, truly they are in "a parlous state." Mr Morley has resigned his post, and Mr Asquith cannot leave his briefs. If it were possible for Sir William Harcourt to come back again he would be less able to command the allegiance of the whole Liberal party in the House of Commons than he was before. The compliments recently exchanged between Mr Asquith and Mr Morley are not forgotten in a hurry. If the rent were patched up the sections of the party would be only pinned together, with the probability of the pins running

into them every time they stirred.

How can Mr Morley or Sir William Harcourt, a smaller Englander than even his faithful henchman, — who, indeed, says that he is not one at all, thereby indicating the existence of another rift, — ever reunite with a section which the member for the Montrose Burghs describes as something between a monkey and a toad, with the tail of the one and the fasting powers of the other? The creature is not a chameleon which lives on insects. It is a Liberal Imperialist like Mr Asquith and Lord Rosebery, who live on open questions; or, to judge by Mr Asquith, on shadows. In this flattering description of Lord Rosebery's following Mr Morley includes the chameleon's power of changing its hues, and on this point Mr Asquith had to listen to an unpalatable truth. He *has* changed "the broad-brimmed hat and drab attire of the Quaker for the plumes and flashing scarlet of the Crusader." He admits that he made a mistake in condemning the Egyptian expedition when it first set out, and that he now applauds it, because of its brilliant success. His opposition to it was very likely quite honest, but what are we to think of his judgment? The Government who despatched it had no doubt of its success, and they were right. Mr Asquith chose to prefer his own private opinion, and was wrong. With what face can any public man who has made such a dangerous mistake as this

come forward to solicit our confidence in his sagacity or statesmanship? He has given himself away.

We know not how Mr Morley distinguishes between the "pagan pride of empire" and the British pride of those great soldiers and statesmen "who made the majesty of this realm." Mr Asquith talks much more common-sense when he refers to the conduct of the Rosebery Liberals on the Fashoda question. To show that England was unanimous was the surest means of preventing war. He very naturally resents the imputations thrown broadcast by Mr Morley on his former colleagues, and refutes them with a warmth which augurs ill for any future reconciliation. Pointing to the phantoms of

great Radical changes which may hereafter become living realities, he declares that they can only be carried out by a party which is "catholic, comprehensive, disciplined, and united." We are glad to hear this, as we may still sleep in peace. And he adds: "If there were in their midst the strife and animosities of sections and the factions which some people believed existed, they must be trampled down and cast out before the party could once more become a potent instrument of reform." We commend these words to Mr Morley and Sir William Harcourt. To be trodden under foot by Mr Asquith would be scarcely a political euthanasia. But it is delightful to see how these Radicals love one another!

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BYGONE DAYS.

BY MRS CHARLES BAGOT.

My father, Josceline Percy,¹ was born in 1784. At thirteen years of age he was appointed as a volunteer of the first class to H.M.S. *Sans Pareil*, carrying Admiral Lord Hugh Seymour's flag, and joined her at the Nore. His uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, having given him, the former a chest of plate, and the latter a medicine-chest, to take to sea with him, the boy was so laughed at for bringing such luxuries that he threw the medicine-chest overboard, and the plate would have shared the same fate had it not been handed over to the charge of the ship's purser. The *Sans Pareil* was ironically called the

"House of Lords" from having several noblemen's sons on board of her, and, naturally, these youngsters came in for an extra share of rough treatment. I remember my father saying that for two years he never sat down to a meal, as he and the other lads who had just joined were not allowed to enter the midshipman's mess, but had to snatch their food as best they could.

My father was afterwards appointed to the *Victory*, under Lord Nelson, on the Mediterranean station, who sent him with private despatches to the Queen of Naples, and letters to Lady Hamilton, which he was instructed to deliver into her

¹ Admiral Percy was a son of the Earl of Beverley. His eldest brother subsequently succeeded to the dukedom of Northumberland, on the death, in 1865, of his first cousin, Algernon, the fourth duke.

own hands. The Queen presented him with two magnificent old silver lamps; and, on his return from Naples to rejoin H.M.S. Victory, Lord Nelson gave him a sword, saying to him, "Young man, I envy you! at your age, and in these times, you ought to have a fine career before you."

After the Convention of Cintra, when the French agreed to evacuate Portugal, he had orders to convey General Junot, then a prisoner in the hands of the English, to La Rochelle. Junot and my father became great friends. He meant to have made himself King of Portugal. He told my father that he was the son of an *avocat*, and owed his advance to being able to read and write, which in those days was an honourable distinction in the French line regiments. He acted as Secretary to Napoleon, when the latter was the colonel of the regiment in which he, Junot, was a sergeant. On one occasion (I forget at which battle the incident occurred) he was writing on a drum-head at Napoleon's dictation, when a cannon-ball struck the earth close to them. "Nous ne manquerons pas de la poussière, mon colonel," he remarked, calmly. He began his brilliant career from that day, and, when talking of it to my father, said, "Now Napoleon is an emperor, and I am a duke!"

"We do not acknowledge in England that General Bonaparte is an emperor," replied my father to this remark; "neither do we admit that he has a right to confer titles in

another kingdom, more especially when that title and position is already held by a native of that kingdom."

At that time there was a Portuguese Marquis d'Abrantès.

Every morning Junot used to take out a miniature of his wife and kiss it. She was a very beautiful woman.

On leaving my father's ship, Junot gave him a magnificent dressing-case with gold fittings. Whilst at La Rochelle, my father was invited to dine with the French naval officers there, but he thought it more prudent to decline the invitation, lest he might not be permitted to return to his ship.

Junot himself came to urge him to accept it, and pledged his honour that all would be well, and that no deception was intended. "Would you pledge your honour that, should orders arrive from Paris to seize me and detain my ship, you would not feel obliged to obey them?" asked my father.

Junot replied that he could not do so, should such orders arrive, and retired. His visit was followed by one from the French Admiral, who also urged him to accept their invitation. My father told him that, though he had implicit confidence in the honour of the French officers, he could not accept their hospitality. "Because," said he, "I do not acknowledge your Emperor, and will not trust his Government."

My father always spoke of Lord Nelson as having a singular power of attaching all under his command to himself, from

the highest officers to the lowest cabin-boy serving under his flag. Lord Nelson's sense of religion was sincere and strong. He brought it with him into his profession, and it never left him. My father, who knew him intimately, said, "Though it" (his religious feeling) "did not keep him from the great error of his life, it ought to be remembered that few were ever so strongly tempted; and I believe that had Nelson's home been made to him what a wife of good temper and judgment would have made it, never would he have forsaken it." A great cause of quarrel and dissension between Lord and Lady Nelson was the latter's son by a former marriage, who was not a satisfactory person from Lord Nelson's point of view.

My father never forgave Captain Hardy for turning up all hands, and ordering the ship's tailor to sew up his pockets on the quarter-deck. My father had had the early morning midshipman's watch; it was in the North Sea, the weather was bitterly cold, and Hardy had found him with his hands in his pockets.

When Lord Nelson was commanding the Mediterranean Fleet, and was lying off the Spanish coast, the captains of two Spanish frigates, just arrived from America, sent to entreat an audience of him, merely to give themselves the gratification of seeing a person whom they considered to be

the greatest seaman in the world. Captain Hardy took their request to Lord Nelson, and urged him to comply with it. Notwithstanding the Admiral's peevish reply of — "What in the world is there to see in an old withered fellow like myself?" he ordered that they should be admitted.

Lord Nelson always wore short breeches and silk stockings, and at that moment his legs were bound up at the knees and ankles with pieces of brown paper soaked in vinegar, and tied on with red tape. This had been done to allay the irritation arising from mosquito-bites. Quite forgetting his attire and the extraordinary appearance which it presented, Lord Nelson went on deck and conducted the interview with the Spanish captains with such perfect courtesy that his singular appearance was quite obliterated by the charm of his manner, and the Spaniards left the ship with their high opinion of him thoroughly confirmed.

He was very peevish about trifles, and would sometimes say to Captain Hardy, "Hardy, it is very hard that I cannot have my breakfast punctually when I order it!"

Nelson subsequently got my father his lieutenancy, and he was appointed to the *Diadem*, whose boats he commanded at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope. In 1810 he was given, appropriately enough, the command of *H.M.S. Hotspur*.

I recollect hearing from him that on one occasion, when the *Hotspur* was ordered to destroy

some French gunboats which threatened the island of Guernsey, the French pilot purposely took her under the enemy's forts. An officer of the vessel, whose name I cannot remember, told me that my father was in such a rage when he discovered the treachery, that had his arms not been held he would have shot the pilot there and then with his pistol. The story of this engagement may be worth relating as typical of the many encounters at sea between the English and the French in those stirring days.

The Hotspur engaged, single-handed, three French gunboats and several forts. Owing to the pilot's treachery she had been almost run aground within easy range of the land fortifications, and was thus exposed to a cross-fire. The action was a hard-fought one, and lasted from six o'clock on a September evening until midnight.

Before going into action the ship's company was mustered in order to ascertain that the men were ready and fit for the work before them. Only one man was missing, and he was subsequently brought up by his mess-mates in an intoxicated condition. My father ordered the man to be placed inside the captain's galley, which had been hoisted up amidships, and there he was laid, nothing more being thought about him. During the heat of the action a voice was frequently heard announcing in what direction the French were firing, and where the Hotspur's shots fell short or wide of their mark. It was only when the violence of the

fight abated, and the din and smoke diminished, that my father's repeated demands as to who the informant was could be answered, and it was discovered that the voice proceeded from the drunken man in the galley. When he was ordered down, it was found that he had been completely sobered when the action commenced, but that, true to discipline, he had not ventured to move from his position, whence he had been able to see much that was invisible to those on the deck below him. The galley in which he had been placed was riddled with shot, but he himself had escaped, untouched. At the beginning of the action my father selected the two youngest boys on board to be his aides-de-camp, hoping thereby to keep them by his side on the poop. He chaffed them when they ducked their heads at the sound of the shot whizzing over them, and they soon became calm and steady.

At one moment he was obliged to send one of these lads to take charge of a gun on the quarter-deck, the firing of which was flagging, and the poor boy had barely reached the post which he was so proud to fill when a 24-pounder ball killed him instantly. The remaining little A.D.C., a young Hay, one of the Kinnoul Hays, my father was reluctantly compelled to send from his side on some errand, and, as he turned away to give an order to his first lieutenant, he heard a groan, and poor Hay fell, shot through the lungs. He was carried down below by the first lieutenant, and placed next to a marine whose leg had

to be amputated. This man, regardless of his own sufferings, supported the boy's head on his shoulder, and gave him all the water which had been brought to him. Hay lived an hour after he was struck, and just at the end he heard the cheering from the decks above which greeted the sinking of the French gunboats. With struggling breath he joined in it, giving a last faint hurrah for the honour of England, and so died. The bodies of the two boys were laid together, covered with a Union-Jack, at the door of the fore-cabin. On leaving the cabin next morning, my father found the flag partially removed, and the faces of the young heroes exposed. By their side were kneeling some old Frenchmen praying over their bodies. These men had been taken prisoners from some coasting vessel the day before the action, and it seemed that the boys had been very kind to them. They said to my father, "Not all the injury you can do our countrymen will compensate you for the loss of such lives as these!"

My father told me that after the three gunboats had been sunk and the forts destroyed, the surgeon insisted on his going down to have some food, which he did. On sitting down at the table, however, he kicked something underneath it, and, stooping down to see what it might be, he saw a sight which effectually prevented him from having any desire to eat, for he had kicked a mass of amputated arms and legs.

After this engagement the Hotspur had to proceed at once

to Portsmouth, for she had lost many men, and others were seriously wounded. The frigate herself was badly damaged. Her bulwarks were shot away, and she presented almost the appearance of a raft. During the anxious voyage home the men who had to undergo amputations at the surgeon's hands would not allow the latter to operate unless they were previously assured that the captain would be present. They declared that if he were there they would undergo anything, and so, of course, my father made a point of acceding to their wishes, though to do so was a great trial to him.

When the Hotspur made her number at Spithead she had to be taken into harbour for repairs. Crowds lined the shores and cheered her all the way to her moorings, and the ships saluted her as she was towed slowly by in her damaged and battered condition. My father subsequently received the thanks of the Admiralty on his quarter-deck, but he always said that not all the honours accorded to the Hotspur could compensate him for the sorrow he felt at the death of young Hay.

The sword that Nelson gave my father, and a beautiful model of the Hotspur—which the carpenter on board carved with a penknife, losing his eyesight in the process—are now preserved at my son's place, Levens. With these are the Duke of Wellington's gloves which he wore at Waterloo, and which his sister-in-law, Lady Mornington, my husband's grandmother, took off his hands when he returned to

Brussels after the battle. Lady Mornington was at Brussels with her daughter, Lady Fitzroy Somerset, who was daily expecting her confinement. Her old maid—a woman called Findlay, whom I recollect—could not be awakened when the sound of the firing at Waterloo was first heard early in the morning of that eventful day. Lady Mornington went herself to her maid's room, and, when she had succeeded in rousing her, the maid said, "Is the Duke between us and the French, my lady?" On being told that he was, she replied quietly, "Oh, then, my lady, I shall go to sleep again!" Lady Mornington told me that she took her daughter into the park at Brussels, hoping that she would not notice the sound of the cannon, as her husband, Lord Fitzroy Somerset—afterwards Lord Raglan—was at Waterloo, where he lost an arm. A French lady, however, rushed up to them and exclaimed to Lady Fitzroy, "*Mon Dieu, madame, n'entendez vous pas les canons?*" Shortly afterwards the carts containing the wounded began to enter the city.

Lady Mornington was the Duke of Wellington's favourite sister-in-law.¹ She accompanied him to Paris after the battle of Waterloo. The Duke gave her

the pen (a very bad and worn-out quill) with which he signed the capitulation of Paris, and this pen she gave to my husband. It was afterwards stolen from our house in Staffordshire. Lady Mornington lived to a great age. She and Lady Clarendon were twin-sisters, daughters of Admiral Forbes. Admiral Forbes refused to sign the verdict of the court-martial sentencing Admiral Byng to death. He always believed that a fog prevented Admiral Byng from seeing the French fleet, his neglect to pursue which caused him to be tried by court-martial and shot. On each anniversary of his execution Admiral Byng's family used to pay Lady Mornington a formal visit, all dressed in the deepest mourning, in grateful recollection of her father's testimony to their father's innocence of the charge which had been brought against him.

My uncle, Henry Percy, was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo, and had the glorious task assigned to him of taking home the despatches announcing the victory and the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon. He found Napoleon's cloak, left with his carriage on a mound near the battle-field. The cloak was too cumbersome to be

¹ She was Lady Maryborough at that time (1815), wife of the Duke's eldest brother. Her eldest daughter, Lady Mary Wellesley, married the Hon. Charles Bagot, afterwards Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B., Ambassador at Paris, St Petersburg, &c., and Governor-General of Canada. Sir Charles and Lady Mary Bagot's eldest son—the late Colonel Charles Bagot, for many years Assistant Master of the Ceremonies to her Majesty the Queen—married, in 1847, Sophy Louisa Percy, the authoress of these reminiscences.

taken away, so my uncle cut off the clasps, consisting of two large brass bees linked together by a serpent. This clasp and a book found in the carriage were left to me, and are also at Levens.

He left the Duchess of Richmond's ball the night before the battle, and had no time to change his dress, or even his shoes, before going into action. When he received orders to go to England with the despatches he posted to Antwerp, and there took the first sailing-boat he could find to convey him to Dover, where he landed in the afternoon. He found that a report of the victory had preceded him there. The Rothschilds had chartered a fast sloop to lie off Antwerp and bring the first news of the battle to the English shore—news which was to be used for Stock Exchange purposes.

My uncle's confirmation of the rumour of a great victory was received with the greatest relief and enthusiasm. At that time the hotel-keeper at Dover, a certain Mr Wright, had the monopoly of the posting arrangements between that port and London. He immediately placed his best horses at my uncle's disposal, and despatched an express to order fresh relays all along the road. Besides the despatches my uncle took the two captured eagles of the Imperial Guard with him. These, being too large to go into the carriage, were placed so as to stick out of the windows, one on each side. In this manner he drove straight

to the Horse Guards, where he learnt that the Commander-in-Chief, at that time the Duke of York, was dining out. He next proceeded to Lord Castle-reagh's, and was told that he and the Duke of York were both dining with a lady in St James's Square. To this house he drove, and there learned that the Prince Regent was also of the dinner-party.

Requesting to be shown immediately into the dining-room, he entered that apartment bearing the despatches and the Imperial eagles with him. He was covered with dust and mud, and, though unwounded himself, bore the marks of battle upon his coat. The dessert was being placed upon the table when he entered, and as soon as the Prince Regent saw him he commanded the ladies to leave the room. The Prince Regent then held out his hand, saying, "Welcome, Colonel Percy." "Go down on one knee," said the Duke of York to my uncle, "and kiss hands for the step which you have obtained." Before the despatch could be read my uncle was besieged with inquiries after various prominent officers engaged, and had to answer "dead" or "severely wounded" so often that the Prince Regent burst into tears. The Duke of York, though greatly moved, was more composed.

By this time my uncle was exhausted from fatigue, and begged the Prince's permission to go to his father's house in Portman Square. The crowd was so great in St James'

Square that he had the greatest difficulty in getting through it, and reaching my grandfather's house, which was soon surrounded by anxious multitudes begging for news of relatives and friends. My uncle told them that the victory was complete, but that the number of killed and wounded was very large. He told them that he would answer more questions next morning.

He said that the agony of suspense and grief which he witnessed made him insensible to the joy and triumph of the victory, and that he could only think of the awful price at which it had been gained.

Lady Mornington told me that when she went to see the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo, and congratulated him, he put his hands before his face and sobbed, saying, "Oh, don't congratulate me! I have lost all my best friends."

As Rear-Admiral, my father was appointed to the command of the Cape of Good Hope Station in 1841. We sailed from Portsmouth on board the Winchester, my father's flagship. At that time the Brazils were included in the command of the Cape Station, and we spent some time in Rio Janeiro, where we were most hospitably entertained by the English Minister, Mr Hamilton. We made many long riding excursions through beautiful tropical scenery and vegetation, the orchids and air plants being most wonderful. For a fortnight we

rode all day and danced all night, and then left for the Cape of Good Hope, after vowing eternal friendship to many people at Rio whom we never saw again or heard of. We anchored in Simons Bay, and went to stay at Government House, with Sir George and Lady Napier, until the Admiralty House was ready for us.

Six months after this we went to Mauritius, to stay with the Governor, Sir William Gomm, and his wife. Port Louis in those days was very healthy, and we stayed both there and at Réduit, the Governor's country place. Mauritius was in my father's station, and the dinners and balls given for us were endless. The most interesting visit we paid was to an old French gentleman, a Monsieur Genève. He was over ninety, and had left France at the time of the Revolution. In manners, dress, and deportment he belonged to the *ancien régime*. He had a large property on the Black River, and when we arrived we were received by him and all his family under a large banyan-tree. There were *pavillons* or large huts, dotted about all over a big lawn—one for my father, another for my sister and myself, and so on. The dining-room and drawing-room *pavillon* contained also Monsieur Genève's own rooms. In a large village near were all his emancipated slaves, who were devoted to him and his family.

At Bourbon, whither we went after leaving Mauritius, we were

entertained by the French Admiral Bazoche, whom my father had fought in the old war. He showed us the greatest hospitality, and he and my father, when we were not riding about the island, used to sit together and spin war yarns all day. I was sometimes called on to interpret between them. He gave a large official dinner in our honour, and at the end of it stood up and proposed the Queen of England's health.

We were to have gone on to Madagascar, but the French officials gave my father so alarming an account of the fever which they declared was raging there, that he did not like to expose us to it; so, much to my disappointment, the intention was abandoned. I have since thought that even in those days (1842) the French were jealous of English men-of-war visiting Madagascar, and that the authorities had orders to prevent my father visiting the island, and therefore exaggerated the danger from fear of our doing so.

The next cruise we took in the Winchester was up the West Coast of Africa. H.M.S.S. Sappho, Thunderer, Bittern, and Conway accompanied the flagship, and every evening the Winchester lay-to during dinner-time, and the captains of the ships dined with us.

After we left Benguela, the officer of the watch came down to the fore-cabin while we were at luncheon, and said to my father—

"A sail in sight, sir, with

very raking masts—a slaver, probably."

"Make all sail and chase her," ordered the Admiral. An officer came down to report at intervals how we were gaining upon the vessel. As we drew near her, a gun was fired from the Winchester, which was answered by another from the slaver. Our boats were then ordered out—the cutters and a launch, fully armed. On seeing this, the slaver went about, and tried to run for the mouth of a river on the coast; but she was soon overtaken, and had to surrender. The following morning, her captain was brought on board the Winchester, and my father saw him in the after-cabin. He was a handsome young Spaniard, and wore beautiful clothes, his coat being adorned with silver filigree buttons, and altogether he was clearly a great dandy. He and my father spoke together in Spanish, which I did not understand. He declared that the captain was not on board, and that he was merely the supercargo; but I believe that this subterfuge was always made.

I went on board the slave-vessel with my father. The captain's cabin was very smart. There were plenty of nice books in it, and every luxury, and his guitar, with blue ribbons tied to it, was lying upon a sofa. The slave-deck was a terrible sight, and I shall never forget it. The miserable creatures were crowded on it, doubled up, with their knees touching their chins. Twice a-day they were

ordered to the upper-deck, for the sake of the fresh air, and to prevent them dying, which many tried to do in order to escape from their miseries. If they were unable to rise from their cramped position and walk, they were flogged unmercifully until they did so. This slaver was "condemned," and sent to Sierra Leone, and the slaves, of course, liberated. I remember hearing that if liberated slaves fell into the hands of the Boers at the Cape, they were so cruelly treated that they preferred their days of slavery, when they often found kind masters.

We had a black servant called "Jumbo." He was a Christian, and very intelligent, and we always heard that he had been a prince in his own country. He could recollect the agony of being torn from his home and sold in the Brazils as a slave. Whenever a slaver was condemned, Jumbo so far forgot his civilisation as to dance his native war-dance and sing with joy. He came to England with us, but could not stand the cold, and, moreover, he was terrified when he saw the steam of his breath on a cold day, because he thought his inside was on fire! We sent him back to the Cape of Good Hope to Admiral Dacres, who succeeded my father at Simons Bay, and were very sorry to part with him.

Sir James Ross and Captain Crozier, in H.M.S.S. *Erebus* and *Terror*, anchored in Simons Bay on their way home to England from their Antarctic

explorations. My father asked them to stay at the Admiralty House while they were there, and they remained some time with us.

Sir James Ross and Captain Crozier were the dearest of friends, attached to each other by their mutual tastes, and by the dangers and hardships they had shared. Their hands shook so much that they could scarcely hold a glass or a cup. Sir James Ross took me in to dinner one evening, and said: "You see how our hands shake? One night in the Antarctic Circle did that for us both. There was a heavy sea running, and a fearful gale. Icebergs were all round us, and in front of us a wall of ice, for a rent in which we knew we must steer in order to find the passage through it. It was a pitch dark night, and we could only guess where the gap in the ice-wall was by seeing one part look blacker than the rest. Both *Erebus* and *Terror* steered for the blackest bit. We could not see each other for a long time, and each of us thought we had run the other down."

Sir James told me that this episode had shaken their nerves more than any other peril of that perilous voyage. Captain Crozier told me that on neither of their ships had any one been ailing, but at Simons Bay many of them fell ill, and suffered terribly from the heat, though it was winter at the time of their visit.

After our return to England, my father was subsequently made Commander-in-Chief at

the Nore, which post he held till 1854. In the meantime I had married, and my naval experiences came to an end.

I well recollect Talleyrand. On one occasion, Lord Westminster gave what was then called a breakfast, at Moor Park. King William IV. and Queen Adelaide were there, and the Corps Diplomatique came down from London to it. We children were sent to play in the garden while the party were at luncheon, and were ill-mannered enough to flatten our noses against the dining-room windows to see what was going on inside.

The King saw us, and asked my father whose children we were, and, to his annoyance, he had to reply that we were his own. The King sent for my brother and myself, and kept us beside him, giving us ices and fruit, and was extremely kind to us. My father told me to look well at M. de Talleyrand, who was sitting opposite, as when I grew older I should read a great deal about him. He was deadly pale, and looked like a death's head. I also well remember Madame de Gontaut at The Grove, Lord Clarendon's place. She was a most amiable and amusing old lady.

I was present with my mother at the Queen's coronation in Westminster Abbey. We had to be in our places in the Abbey in low dresses, at four o'clock in the morning. I "came out" at the ball given at Stafford House on the night of the Queen's

marriage, and danced with old Lord Huntly, who made a point of dancing with every *débutante* because he had danced with Marie Antoinette!

In the summer of 1847 my husband and I stayed in Grosvenor Square with his grandmother, Lady Mornington, in order that I might make acquaintance with the Wellesley family. My mother-in-law, Lady Mary Bagot, Lady Mornington's daughter, was dead, but while we were there the Duke of Wellington, Gerald Wellesley, who became Dean of Windsor, and Lord Cowley, our ambassador in Paris, were frequent visitors in the house. Having been brought up by my father to think of the Duke of Wellington as the greatest man living, or who ever lived, I naturally felt very shy of him.

Lady Westmorland, my husband's aunt, asked me one night to go with her to her box at the opera, as my husband was on guard that night. The Duke came with us, and Lady Westmorland told him that I was very frightened of him, so he took my hand and held it throughout the first act of the opera, which only made me still more shy! However, my fear of him soon passed, and I asked him for a piece of his hair, and also for some of that of his famous charger, "Copenhagen," the horse he rode at Waterloo. Lady Mornington had already given me some of his hair as a young man, and next morning his valet brought me a packet containing his hair as an old

man, and some cut off "Copenhagen's" mane. This hair, and the horse's, are set in the frame of a miniature (now at Levens) of the Duke, which he gave to Lady Mornington when he went to India as Sir Arthur Wellesley. He was at that time so "hard up" that Lady Mornington gave him his socks, and, indeed, most of his outfit.

The Duke of Wellington said that, when he received the report at Brussels, on the night of the 15th June, that the French had driven back the Prussians and advanced to Quatre-Bras (thirty-six miles in one day, thirty miles of which were fought), he looked at the map, and would not believe it possible.

The Duke told Lady Mornington: "I have taken a good deal of pains with many of my battles, but I never took half the pains I did at Waterloo. By God! there never was such a battle. 150,000 men *hors de combat*. Blucher lost 30,000—I can account for 20,000, and the French loss may be fairly reckoned at 100,000 more."

General Arthur Upton (born 1777) asked the Duke what he should have done had the Prussians not come up in time. The Duke replied: "The Prussians were of the greatest use in the pursuit. If they had not come up in time, what should we have done? Why, we should have held our ground. That is what we should have done! Our army was drawn up into a great many squares, with the cavalry riding among them. I saw it

was necessary to present a length of front to the enemy, so I made them fall into line, four deep. That manœuvre won the battle: it was never tried before.'

After the pursuit of the French army to Genappe, the Duke of Wellington and my uncle Henry Percy returned to Waterloo. The Duke was very low, and said to my uncle: "I believe that you are the only one of my A.D.C.'s left." My uncle replied, "But we ought to be thankful, sir, that you are safe!"

"The finger of God was upon me all day—nothing else could have saved me," was the Duke's answer.

My uncle replied that he had feared that the Duke was a prisoner when he had got amongst the French.

"I got away through the 95th Regiment three times during the battle," said the Duke.

Sir Peregrine Maitland told me that he had such a raging toothache during the battle of Waterloo, that he never knew how he got out of the wood in which the Guards lost so many of their officers and men, and that he could tell me absolutely nothing about the battle. His wife was the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, a daughter of the Duke of Richmond. It was a runaway match, and the Duchess, who was furious at the marriage, had the bad taste when speaking of her daughter to call her "Barrack Sall"!

Sir Peregrine told me that

the enthusiasm for the Allied Armies after they entered Paris was immense, and that the fickle Parisian mobs made themselves hoarse with shouting "Vive nos amis les ennemis!"

Before Louis XVIII. was obliged to fly from Paris, the 19th March 1815, he sent for Fouché and wished him to take the department of the Police. Fouché informed the King that it was too late, and frankly told him his reasons for thinking so.

M. Blacas, who was present, twice interrupted him by saying, "Monsieur Fouché, you forget that you are speaking to the King."

Fouché, indignant at being interrupted, turned upon Blacas, and retorted: "Monsieur Blacas, your impertinence compels me to tell his Majesty that you were fourteen years in my pay as a spy upon him when he was in England!"

The King burst into tears, and broke up the conference.

When Talleyrand returned from the Congress, the Duc de Berry persuaded the King to dismiss him, and at his first audience with Louis XVIII. the King was markedly cold to the great Minister. Talleyrand demanded an explanation, and was informed that he was no longer in the King's confidence.

Talleyrand went privately to the Duke of Wellington, with the result that the Duke told the King that the only condition upon which he would support his Majesty's interests was

that M. de Talleyrand should be retained in office.

The following is from a letter of my uncle, Lord Charles Percy, dated Paris, 8th July 1815:—

"Lord Wellington decided to enter Paris yesterday. I believe none of the Prussians knew of it; I am sure none of his A.D.C.'s did. They, poor souls, were left in a state of edifying ignorance of all his measures, even of those of the least importance, so much so that when we left headquarters upon our respective horses, not one of the company, except the Lord Paramount, knew how he was to enter it [Paris]—whether in state or not, and if there was to be a review previously.

"The result was that he rode into Paris, followed by his suite, without demonstration of any kind, nor were there twenty people assembled. His house is situated at the extremity of the Champs Elysées and the Place Louis Quinze, therefore, before any rumour could reach the inhabitants, he was safely housed. The tricolor flag continued to fly over the Tuileries, the Invalides, and the Place Vendôme, and the Corps Législatif continued their sittings under the accursed ensign as if the city had not capitulated and they were still masters of their own proceedings.

"Twenty thousand Prussians marched immediately into the town, and the boulevards were crowded to see the sight; but no feeling was discoverable. The English troops are en-

camped in the Bois de Boulogne and have possession of the Barriers, but are not to take up their quarters at all within the walls of Paris."

*Extracts from Lord Charles
Percy's Journal.*

"On Thursday, the 2nd May 1816, I received an order from Lord Hertford to command my attendance at Carlton House, to be present at the marriage of H.R.H. Princess Charlotte Augusta to the Prince of Coburg at 8, or between 8 and 9 o'clock P.M.

"Accordingly, at half-past eight o'clock I reached Carlton House. Pall Mall was pretty full of people; guard of honour in the courtyard, &c.

"I was conducted through the great hall to a room in which were the foreigners, great officers, &c., and in a few minutes Princess Charlotte's old and new establishment were ordered into the room, where the Queen's attendants were. Loud cheering announced the arrival of Prince Leopold, and in about a quarter of an hour we all moved forward to be present at the ceremony.

"The Queen and the Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, and Sophia of Gloucester were led out into the room appropriated for the ceremony, and there was, of course, considerable crowding after them.

"When I got into the ball-room I went round behind the Queen and Royal Family. The Queen sat on a sofa to the left of the altar, the Princesses in a row on her right, the Dukes

of York, Clarence, and Kent opposite.

"The company stood in an elongated semicircle the whole length of the room. The Prince Regent stood in front of the altar, a little to the right. When everybody was settled in their place, the Lord Chamberlain returned to the closet and brought forward Prince Leopold dressed as a full general. He walked up to the altar, bowed to the Prince, Queen, and Royal Family, and looked a little distressed. The Lord Chamberlain then returned for Princess Charlotte, and every eye was fixed on the door in silence. She came forward, neither looking to the right nor to the left, dressed in white tissue, with diamonds round her head, and no feathers. The Prince Regent led her up to the altar and pressed her hand affectionately; she betrayed no other emotion than blushing deeply. The Archbishop of Canterbury commenced the service, which he read distinctly, though somewhat tremulously, and Princess Charlotte was very attentive to the service, repeating the prayers to herself after him.

"When he addressed himself to Prince Leopold, 'Will you take this woman, Charlotte, to be your wedded wife?' the Prince answered in a low voice. When he addressed a similar question to Princess Charlotte, she answered, '*I will*,' very decidedly, and in rather too loud a voice. She looked very handsome, and her manner was resolute and dignified, without being bold.

"Immediately after the service she threw herself upon her knees, and seized the Prince Regent's hand, kissing it with every appearance of affection and gratitude. He, in return, kissed her on the forehead and raised her up. She then kissed the Queen's hand, and then the Princesses on the cheek. She kissed Princess Mary repeatedly, and said to her, 'You are a dear, good creature, and I love you very much!' She shook hands with the ladies who came up to congratulate her, saying to them, 'Did I not behave well? could you hear all my answers?'

"The signatures then took place, by the Queen and the Royal Family, the Officers of State, &c. This was a tedious business, and after it was over the Royalties returned into the closet. The procession of Royalties closed with the Princess Charlotte and the Prince of Coburg, who received the congratulations of the company as they passed. Mr Disbrowe summoned me to the closet, where Princess Charlotte presented me to the Queen, and I kissed hands.

"Princess Charlotte and her husband left the house and drove through the parks to Oatlands Park. I ought to have been there to hand H.R.H. into the carriage, but I did not know that I had to do so, and therefore was absent. After the departure a circle was made, and the Queen went round with the Prince Regent.

"The Queen then played at cards. The Princesses sat in different rooms, and ices, tea, and bridecake were liberally dis-

pensed. About one o'clock the Royal Family returned to Buckingham House, and the Prince kept some of the Ministers and household to supper.

"November the 6th was a heavy day in these kingdoms. Princess Charlotte died at 2 A.M., after being delivered of a still-born son at 9 the previous evening, and having got through her labour favourably. The calamity was first announced to Lord Bathurst and the Duke of York, who were nearest to Claremont. The Duke and Lord Bathurst met at York House, and at once proceeded to Carlton House, having first of all sent an express thither to prepare the Prince Regent. When they arrived at Carlton House they found that the Prince, who had been absent, had already arrived, and was lying down, having missed the messenger on the road. Finding no tidings awaiting him at Carlton House, the Prince had sent to the Home Office, and there learned that Princess Charlotte had been delivered of a still-born son, but was going on very favourably. Bloomfield was immediately summoned, and told to communicate the deplorable event to the Prince. This he refused to do, saying that he thought it would kill him. The Duke of York therefore told him to go into the Prince's room and announce to him his and Lord Bathurst's arrival from Claremont, intending thereby to alarm him and in some manner prepare him for the intelligence. The message, unhappily, had no

such effect, and when they entered his room the Prince said, 'It is a sad disappointment to me, and will be so to the country, but, thank God, my daughter is doing very well.'

"A long pause succeeded his words, and then Lord Bathurst said, 'Sir, I am sorry to say our news is bad.'

"'What is it?' asked the Prince. 'I command you to tell me instantly the whole extent of my misfortune.' They then announced the death, and the Prince remained for some minutes aghast and speechless, holding his hands to his head. He then rose and fell into the Duke of York's arms, weeping bitterly.

"Lord Bathurst and the Duke of York afterwards returned to Claremont, where they found Prince Leopold as composed as he could be in his broken-hearted state.

"When Sir Richard Croft announced to Princess Charlotte that her child was still-born, she said, 'I am satisfied. God's will be done!'

"The Prince of Coburg is overwhelmed by his bereavement. He follows the wheel-tracks of the carriage in which they last drove together. He was much shocked at her embalmment, which was unexpected, and, having got into the room unobserved with the coffin, was found on his knees almost senseless.

"I went yesterday (November 18) down to Windsor, to be present at the funeral of Princess Charlotte, with the Lord-Steward, Lord Cholmondeley,

and Sir William Keppel. The whole road from London was covered with carriages, caravans, horsemen, and pedestrians all hurrying to Windsor. We reached the Queen's lodge, ready dressed, at about a quarter before four. There appeared to be no assembling-room prepared, but two or three dinners. I went through the garden to the Lower Lodge, where were the Prince of Coburg and his attendants, and also those of the late Princess. In the garden I met the Dukes of Sussex and Cumberland returning from paying Prince Leopold a visit. On reaching the Lodge, I received a paper of instructions, ticket, scarf, and hatband of crape. I remained at the Lodge and dined with Baron Hasdenbrock, Colonels Addenbroke and Gardiner, Sir Robert Gardiner, and Dr Short.

"Before dinner the Prince of Coburg retired into the room where the coffin was. His dinner was sent from our table, so was also that of Lady John Thynne and Mrs Campbell. During dinner Prince Leopold sent down for some woodcock.

"After dinner I wished to go into the room where the coffin was, but the Prince had again gone to it.

"About a quarter past seven a royal carriage conveyed Baron Hasdenbrock, Sir Robert Gardiner, and myself to the cloister door. We had to wait at least an hour, and there was a good deal of talking, which was the reason, I suppose, why I found the ceremony so little affecting.

"Prince Leopold and the ladies walked, supported by the Dukes of York and Clarence, after the coffin. The Prince was crying, and his lips quivered violently. They sat down on three chairs, covered with black velvet, in front of the altar. The service was very badly performed by the Dean of Windsor, who, when he left his stall, instead of going up to the coffin, read the service over the heads of the chief mourners and supporters. He also read the prayers consigning the body to the dust before it was lowered into the grave. Then followed some singing, also ill performed. It was like a stage burial, as the coffin seemed to be lowered down through a trap-door, and no dust was cast upon it.

"The ceremony concluded by Sir Isaac Heard, the Garter King-at-Arms, in his full robes, a very old man, rehearsing her style, &c. This he did in a very feeling manner, and was so overcome that he dropped into the arms of the persons behind him at the conclusion. Prince Leopold then retired, giving orders that the vault should be left open in order that he might pay a last farewell to the coffin. The rest of the assembly then dispersed pell-mell, having first crowded round the vault and cast a sorrowing look at the coffin deposited in its final receptacle.

"It is singular that the

troops presented instead of grounding their arms. Hasdenbrock, by Prince Leopold's command, wrote to Bloomfield to beg that the Prince Regent would order a vacant place to be left by Princess Charlotte's coffin for his own, which was done."¹

No one who did not live in the days of the passing of the Reform Bill can imagine the excitement which it produced in the country.

My uncle Hugh (the Duke of Northumberland) wrote to my father to ask him if he would come with all his family to Alnwick from Scotsbridge, our house in Hertfordshire, saying that the castle could be armed and provisioned if a revolution broke out. My father, however, did not take so alarming a view of the situation. After the bill was passed, Rickmansworth, the little town near us, was illuminated. Only Scotsbridge and the vicarage were not so. The mob forced their way into the backyard of Scotsbridge, saying that if my father would not illuminate they would break all the windows and enter the house.

My father loaded his revolver, and sent out word that he would shoot the first man dead who crossed the threshold of a door that led into the hall, where we were all assembled.

The message had a salutary effect, and after breaking some windows the mob withdrew to

¹ As Prince Leopold became King of the Belgians, this, of course, was not ultimately carried into effect.

the vicarage and ordered the vicar to illuminate, and to give them the keys of the church in order that they might ring the bells. The poor vicar was so frightened that he ran up to his bedroom, whence he threw the keys out of the window, and soon we heard a merry peal of bells.

Speaking of family anecdotes, my father told me that in his grandfather's time a trunk, evidently made to fit into a carriage, was found in a lumber-room at Alnwick Castle. On being opened, it was discovered to be filled with gold pieces. Nobody alive knew

how it came to be so, and it was supposed to have been prepared for some journey which had to be suddenly abandoned, and that it had been totally forgotten. Some robbers broke into Northumberland House intending to carry off the plate. They had penetrated into the plate-room, and were about to depart with their booty, when one of them happened to touch an old silver doll which had a clock-work mechanism inside it, and it began to walk. The thieves were so terrified that they fled, leaving everything behind them. The doll is at Alnwick, and still, I believe, walks.

THE HEART OF DARKNESS.¹

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

II.

"ONE evening as I was lying flat on the deck of my steamboat, I heard voices approaching—and there was the nephew and the uncle strolling along the bank. I laid my head on my arm again, and had nearly lost myself in a doze, when somebody said in my ear, as it were: 'I am as harmless as a little child, but I don't like to be dictated to. Am I the manager—or am I not? I was ordered to send him there. It's incredible.' . . . I became aware that the two were standing on the shore alongside the forepart of the steamboat, just below my head. I did not move; it did not occur to me to move. I was sleepy. 'It is unpleasant,' grunted the uncle. 'He has asked the Administration to be sent there,' said the other, 'with the idea of showing what he could do; and I was instructed accordingly. Look at the influence that man must have. Is it not frightful?' They both agreed it was frightful, then made several bizarre remarks: 'Make rain and fine weather—one man—the Council—by the nose'—bits of absurd sentences that got the better of my drowsiness, so that I had pretty near the whole of my wits about me when the uncle said, 'The climate may do

away with this difficulty for you. Is he alone there?' 'Yes,' answered the manager; 'he sent his assistant down the river with a note to me in these terms: "Clear this poor devil out of the country, and don't bother sending more of that sort. I had rather be alone than have the kind of men you can dispose of with me." It was more than a year ago. Can you imagine such impudence!' 'Anything since then?' asked the other, hoarsely. 'Ivory,' jerked the nephew; 'lots of it—prime sort—lots—most annoying, from him.' 'And with that?' questioned the heavy rumble. 'Invoice,' was the reply fired out, so to speak. Then silence. They had been talking about Kurtz.

"I was broad awake by this time, but, lying perfectly at ease, remained still, having no inducement to change my position. 'How did that ivory come all this way?' growled the elder man, who seemed very vexed. The other explained that it had come with a fleet of canoes in charge of an English half-caste clerk Kurtz had with him; that Kurtz had apparently intended to return himself, the station being by that time bare of goods and stores, but after coming three

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hundred miles, had suddenly decided to go back, which he started to do alone in a small dug-out with four paddlers, leaving the half-caste to continue down the river with the ivory. The two fellows there seemed astounded at anybody attempting such a thing. They were at a loss for an adequate motive. As to me, I seemed to see Kurtz for the first time. It was a distinct glimpse. The dug-out, four paddling savages, and the lone white man turning his back suddenly on the headquarters, on relief, on thoughts of home—perhaps; setting his face towards the depths of the wilderness, towards his empty and desolate station. I did not know the motive. Perhaps he was just simply a fine fellow who stuck to his work for its own sake. His name, you understand, had not been pronounced once. He was ‘that man.’ The half-caste, who, as far as I could see, had conducted a difficult trip with great prudence and pluck, was invariably alluded to as ‘that scoundrel.’ The ‘scoundrel’ had said the ‘man’ had been ill—had recovered. . . . The two below me moved away then a few paces, and strolled back and forth at some little distance. I heard: ‘Military post—doctor—two hundred miles—quite alone now—unavoidable delays—nine months—no news—strange rumours.’ They approached again, just as the manager was saying, ‘Nobody unless a species of wandering trader—a pestilential fellow, snapping ivory from the natives.’ Who was it they were

talking about now? I gathered in snatches that this was some man supposed to be in Kurtz’s district, and of whom the manager did not approve. ‘We will not be free from unfair competition till one of these fellows is hanged for an example,’ he said. ‘Certainly,’ grunted the other; ‘get him hanged! Why not? Anything—anything can be done in this country. That’s what I say; nobody here, you understand, *here*, can endanger your position. And why? You stand the climate—you outlast them all. The danger is in Europe; but there before I left I took care to——’ They moved off and whispered, then their voices rose again. ‘The extraordinary series of delays is not my fault. I did my possible.’ The fat man sighed, ‘Very sad.’ ‘And the pestiferous absurdity of his talk,’ continued the other; ‘he bothered me enough when he was here. “Each station should be like a beacon on the road towards better things, a centre for trade of course, but also for humanising, improving, instructing.” Conceive you—that ass! And he wants to be manager! No, it’s——’ Here he got choked by excessive indignation, and I lifted my head the least bit. I was surprised to see how near they were—right under me. I could have spat upon their hats. They were looking on the ground, absorbed in thought. The manager was switching his leg with a slender twig: his sagacious relative lifted his head. ‘You have been well since you came out this

time?' he asked. The other gave a start. 'Who? I? Oh! Like a charm—like a charm. But the rest—oh, my goodness! All sick. They die so quick, too, that I haven't the time to send them out of the country—it's incredible!' 'H'm. Just so,' grunted the uncle. 'Ah! my boy, trust to this—I say, trust to this.' I saw him extend his short flipper of an arm for a semicircular gesture that took in the forest, the creek, the mud, the river, —seemed to beckon with a dishonouring flourish before the sunlit face of the land a treacherous appeal to the lurking death, to the hidden evil, to the profound darkness of its heart. It was so startling that I leaped to my feet and looked back at the edge of the forest, as though I had expected an answer of some sort to that black display of confidence. You know the foolish notions that come to one sometimes. The high stillness confronted these two figures with its ominous patience, waiting for the passing away of a fantastic invasion.

"They swore aloud together—out of sheer fright, I believe—then pretending not to know anything of my existence, turned back to the station. The sun was low; and leaning forward side by side, they seemed to be tugging painfully uphill their two ridiculous shadows of unequal length, that trailed behind them slowly over the tall grass without bending a single blade.

"In a few days the Eldorado Expedition went into the

patient wilderness, that closed upon them as the sea closes over a diver. Long afterwards the news came that all the donkeys were dead. I know nothing as to the fate of the less valuable animals. They, no doubt, like the rest of us, found what they deserved. I did not inquire. I was then rather excited at the prospect of meeting Kurtz very soon. When I say very soon I mean comparatively. It was just two months from the day we left the creek when we came to the bank below Kurtz's station.

"Going up that river was like travelling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings. An empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest. The air was warm, thick, heavy, sluggish. There was no joy in the brilliance of sunshine. The long stretches of the waterway ran on, deserted, into the gloom of overshadowed distances. On silvery sandbanks hippos and alligators sunned themselves side by side. The broadening waters flowed through a mob of wooded islands; you lost your way on that river as you would in a desert, and butted all day long against shoals, trying to find the channel, till you thought yourself bewitched and cut off for ever from everything you had known once—somewhere—far away—in another existence perhaps. There were moments when one's past came back to one, as it will sometimes when you have not a moment to spare to yourself; but

it came in the shape of an unrestful and noisy dream, remembered with wonder amongst the overwhelming realities of this strange world of plants, and water, and silence. And this stillness of life did not in the least resemble a peace. It was the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention. It looked at you with a vengeful aspect. I got used to it afterwards; I did not see it any more; I had no time. I had to keep guessing at the channel; I had to discern, mostly by inspiration, the signs of hidden banks; I watched for sunken stones; I was learning to clap my teeth smartly before my heart flew out, when I shaved by a fluke some infernal sly old snag that would have ripped the life out of the tin-pot steamboat and drowned all the pilgrims; I had to keep a look-out for the signs of dead wood we could cut up in the night for next day's steaming. When you have to attend to things of that sort, to the mere incidents of the surface, the reality—the reality, I tell you—fades. The inner truth is hidden—luckily, luckily. But I felt it all the same; I felt often its mysterious stillness watching me at my monkey tricks, just as it watches you fellows performing on your respective tight-ropes for—what is it? half-a-crown a tumble——”

“Try to be civil, Marlow,” growled a voice, and I knew there was at least one listener awake besides myself.

“I beg your pardon. I forgot the headache which makes

up the rest of the price. And indeed what does the price matter, if the trick be well done? You do your tricks very well. And I didn't do badly either, since I managed not to sink that steamboat on my first trip. It's a wonder to me yet. Imagine a blindfolded man set to drive a van over a bad road. I sweated and shivered over that business considerably, I can tell you. After all, for a seaman, to scrape the bottom of the thing that's supposed to float all the time under his care is the unpardonable sin. No one may know of it, but you never forget the thump—eh? A blow on the very heart. You remember it, you dream of it, you wake up at night and think of it—years after—and go hot and cold all over. I don't pretend to say that steamboat floated all the time. More than once she had to wade for a bit, with twenty cannibals splashing around and pushing. We had enlisted some of these chaps on the way for a crew. Fine fellows—cannibals—in their place. They were men one could work with, and I am grateful to them. And, after all, they did not eat each other before my face: they had brought along a provision of hippo-meat which went rotten, and made the mystery of the wilderness stink in my nostrils. Phoo! I can sniff it now. I had the manager on board and three or four pilgrims with their staves—all complete. Sometimes we came upon a station close by the bank, clinging to the skirts of the unknown, and the white men rushing out of a tumble-down hovel, with

great gestures of joy and surprise and welcome, seemed very strange,—had the appearance of being held there captive by a spell. The word ivory would ring in the air for a while—and on we went again into the silence, along empty reaches, round the still bends, between the high walls of our winding way, reverberating in hollow claps the ponderous beat of the stern-wheel. Trees, trees, millions of trees, massive, immense, running up high; and at their foot, hugging the bank against the stream, crept the little begrimed steamboat, like a sluggish beetle crawling on the floor of a lofty portico. It made you feel very small, very lost, and yet it was not altogether depressing that feeling. After all, if you were small, the grimy beetle crawled on—which was just what you wanted it to do. Where the pilgrims imagined it crawled to I don't know. To some place where they expected to get something, I bet! For me it crawled towards Kurtz—exclusively; but when the steam-pipes started leaking we crawled very slow. The reaches opened before us and closed behind, as if the forest had stepped leisurely across the water to bar the way for our return. We penetrated deeper and deeper into the heart of darkness. It was very quiet there. At night sometimes the roll of drums behind the curtain of trees would run up the river and remain sustained faintly, as if hovering in the air high over our heads, till the first break of day. Whether it meant war, peace, or prayer we could not tell. The dawns were heralded

by the descent of a chill stillness; the wood-cutters slept, their fires burned low; the snapping of a twig would make you start. We were wanderers on a prehistoric earth, on an earth that wore the aspect of an unknown planet. We could have fancied ourselves the first of men taking possession of an accursed inheritance, to be subdued at the cost of profound anguish and of excessive toil. But suddenly, as we struggled round a bend, there would be a glimpse of rush walls, of peaked grass-roofs, a burst of yells, a whirl of black limbs, a mass of hands clapping, of feet stamping, of bodies swaying, of eyes rolling, under the droop of heavy and motionless foliage. The steamer toiled along slowly on the edge of a black and incomprehensible frenzy. The prehistoric man was cursing us, praying to us, welcoming us—who could tell? We were cut off from the comprehension of our surroundings; we glided past like phantoms, wondering and secretly appalled, as sane men would be before an enthusiastic outbreak in a madhouse. We could not understand, because we were too far and could not remember, because we were travelling in the night of first ages, of those ages that are gone, leaving hardly a sign—and no memories.

“The earth seemed unearthly. We are accustomed to look upon the shackled form of a conquered monster, but there—there you could look at a thing monstrous and free. It was unearthly, and the men were — No, they were not in-

human. Well, you know, that was the worst of it—this suspicion of their not being inhuman. It would come slowly to one. They howled, and leaped, and spun, and made horrid faces; but what thrilled you was just the thought of their humanity—like yours—the thought of your remote kinship with this wild and passionate uproar. Ugly. Yes, it was ugly enough; but if you were man enough you would admit to yourself that there was in you just the faintest trace of a response to the terrible frankness of that noise, a dim suspicion of there being a meaning in it which you— you so remote from the night of first ages—could comprehend. And why not? The mind of man is capable of anything—because everything is in it, all the past as well as all the future. What was there after all? Joy, fear, sorrow, devotion, valour, rage—who can tell?—but truth—truth stripped of its cloak of time. Let the fool gape and shudder—the man knows, and can look on without a wink. But he must at least be as much of a man as these on the shore. He must meet that truth with his own true stuff—with his own inborn strength. Principles? Principles won't do. Acquisitions, clothes, pretty rags—rags that would fly off at the first good shake. No; you want a deliberate belief. An appeal to me in this fiendish row—is there? Very well; I hear; I admit, but I have a voice too, and for good or evil mine is the speech that cannot

be silenced. Of course, a fool, what with sheer fright and fine sentiments, is always safe. Who's that grunting? You wonder I didn't go ashore for a howl and a dance? Well, no—I didn't. Fine sentiments, you say? Fine sentiments, be hanged! I had no time. I had to mess about with white-lead and strips of woollen blanket helping to put bandages on those leaky steam-pipes—I tell you. I had to watch the steering, and circumvent those snags, and get the tin-pot along by hook or by crook. There was surface-truth enough in these things to save a wiser man. And between whiles I had to look after the savage who was fireman. He was an improved specimen; he could fire up a vertical boiler. He was there below me, and, upon my word, to look at him was as edifying as seeing a dog in a parody of breeches and a feather hat, walking on his hind-legs. A few months of training had done for that really fine chap. He squinted at the steam-gauge and at the water-gauge with an evident effort of intrepidity—and he had filed teeth too, the poor devil, and the wool of his pate shaved into queer patterns, and three ornamental scars on each of his cheeks. He ought to have been clapping his hands and stamping his feet on the bank, instead of which he was hard at work, a thrall to strange witchcraft, full of improving knowledge. He was useful because he had been instructed; and what he knew was this—that should the water in that

transparent thing disappear, the evil spirit inside the boiler would get angry through the greatness of his thirst, and take a terrible vengeance. So he sweated and fired up and watched the glass fearfully (with an impromptu charm, made of rags, tied to his arm, and a piece of polished bone, as big as a watch, stuck flatways through his lower lip), while the wooded banks slipped past us slowly, the short noise was left behind, the interminable miles of silence—and we crept on, towards Kurtz. But the snags were thick, the water was treacherous and shallow, the boiler seemed indeed to have a sulky devil in it, and thus neither that fireman nor I had any time to peer into our creepy thoughts.

“Some fifty miles below the Inner Station we came upon a hut of reeds, an inclined and melancholy pole, with the unrecognisable tatters of what had been a flag of some sort flying from it, and a neatly stacked wood-pile. This was unexpected. We came to the bank, and on the stack of firewood found a flat piece of board with some faded pencil-writing on it. When deciphered it said: ‘Wood for you. Hurry up. Approach cautiously.’ There was a signature, but it was illegible—not Kurtz—a much longer word. Hurry up. Where? Up the river? ‘Approach cautiously.’ We had not done so. But the warning could not have been meant for the place where it could be only found after approach. Something was wrong above. But what—and how

much? That was the question. We commented adversely upon the imbecility of that telegraphic style. The bush around said nothing, and would not let us look very far, either. A torn curtain of red twill hung in the doorway of the hut, and flapped sadly in our faces. The dwelling was dismantled; but we could see a white man had lived there not very long ago. There remained a rude table—a plank on two posts; a heap of rubbish reposed in a dark corner, and by the door I picked up a book. It had lost its covers, and the pages had been thumbed into a state of extremely dirty softness; but the back had been lovingly stitched afresh with white cotton thread, which looked clean yet. It was an extraordinary find. Its title was, ‘An Inquiry into some Points of Seamanship,’ by a man Tower, Towson—some such name—Master in his Majesty’s Navy. The matter looked dreary reading enough, with illustrative diagrams and repulsive tables of figures, and the copy was sixty years old. I handled this amazing antiquity with the greatest possible tenderness, lest it should dissolve in my hands. Within, Towson or Towser was inquiring earnestly into the breaking strain of ships’ chains and tackle, and other such matters. Not a very enthralling book; but at the first glance you could see there a singleness of intention, an honest concern for the right way of going to work, which made these humble pages, thought out so many years ago, luminous with another than a

professional light. The simple old sailor, with his talk of chains and purchases, made me forget the jungle and the pilgrims in a delicious sensation of having come upon something unmistakably real. Such a book being there was wonderful enough; but still more astounding were the notes pencilled in the margin, and plainly referring to the text. I couldn't believe my eyes! They were in cipher! Yes, it looked like cipher. Fancy a man lugging with him a book of that description into this nowhere and studying it—and making notes—in cipher at that! It was an extravagant mystery.

"I had been dimly aware for some time of a worrying noise, and when I lifted my eyes I saw the wood-pile was gone, and the manager, aided by all the pilgrims, was shouting at me from the river-side. I slipped the book into my pocket. I assure you to leave off reading was like tearing myself away from the shelter of an old and solid friendship.

"I started the lame engine ahead. 'It must be this miserable trader — this intruder,' exclaimed the manager, looking back malevolently at the place we had left. 'He must be English,' I said. 'It will not save him from getting into trouble if he is not careful,' muttered the manager darkly. I observed with assumed innocence that no man was safe from trouble in this world.

"The current was more rapid now, the steamer seemed at her last gasp, the stern-wheel flopped languidly, and I caught

myself listening on tiptoe for the next beat of the float, for in sober truth I expected the wretched thing to give up every moment. It was like watching the last flickers of a life. But still we crawled. Sometimes I would pick out a tree a little way ahead to measure our progress towards Kurtz by, but I lost it invariably before we got abreast. To keep the eyes so long on one thing was too much for human patience. The manager displayed a beautiful resignation. I fretted and fumed and took to arguing with myself whether or no I would talk openly with Kurtz; but before I could come to any conclusion it occurred to me that my speech or my silence, indeed any action of mine, would be a mere futility. What did it matter what any one knew or ignored? What did it matter who was manager? One gets sometimes such a flash of insight. The essentials of this affair lay deep under the surface, beyond my reach, and beyond my power of meddling.

"Towards the evening of the second day we judged ourselves about eight miles from Kurtz's station. I wanted to push on; but the manager looked grave, and told me the navigation up there was so dangerous that it would be advisable, the sun being very low already, to wait where we were till next morning. Moreover, he pointed out that if the warning to approach cautiously were to be followed, we must approach in daylight—not at dusk, or in the dark. This was sensible enough. Eight miles meant nearly three hours'

steaming for us, and I could also see suspicious ripples at the upper end of the reach. Nevertheless, I was annoyed beyond expression at the delay, and most unreasonably too, since one night more could not matter much after so many months. As we had plenty of wood, and caution was the word, I brought up in the middle of the stream. The reach was narrow, straight, with high sides like a railway cutting. The dusk came gliding into it long before the sun had set. The current ran smooth and swift, but a dumb immobility sat on the banks. The living trees, lashed together by the creepers and every living bush of the undergrowth, might have been changed into stone, even to the slenderest twig, to the lightest leaf. It was not sleep—it seemed unnatural, like a state of trance. Not the faintest sound of any kind could be heard. You looked on amazed, and began to suspect yourself of being deaf—then the night came suddenly, and struck you blind as well. About three in the morning some large fish leaped, and the loud splash made me jump as though a gun had been fired. When the sun rose there was a white fog, very warm and clammy, and more blinding than the night. It did not shift or drive; it was just there, standing all round you like something solid. At eight or nine, perhaps, it lifted as a shutter lifts. We had a glimpse of the towering multitude of trees, of the immense matted jungle, with the blazing little ball of the sun hanging over it—all perfectly still—and

then the white shutter came down again, smoothly, as if sliding in greased grooves. I ordered the chain, which we had begun to heave in, to be paid out again. Before it stopped running with a muffled rattle, a cry, a very loud cry, as of infinite desolation, soared slowly in the opaque air. It ceased. A complaining clamour, modulated in savage discords, filled our ears. The sheer unexpectedness of it made my hair stir under my cap. I don't know how it struck the others: to me it seemed as though the mist itself had screamed, so suddenly, and apparently from all sides at once, did this tumultuous and mournful uproar arise. It culminated in a hurried outbreak of almost intolerably excessive shrieking, which stopped short, leaving us stiffened in a variety of silly attitudes, and obstinately listening to the nearly as appalling and excessive silence. 'Good God! What is the meaning——?' stammered at my elbow one of the pilgrims, —a little fat man, with sandy hair and red whiskers, who wore side-spring boots, and pink pyjamas tucked into his socks. Two others remained open-mouthed a whole minute, then dashed into the little cabin, to rush out incontinently and stand darting scared glances, with Winchesters at 'ready' in their hands. What we could see was just the steamer we were on, her outlines blurred as though she had been on the point of dissolving, and a misty strip of water, perhaps two feet broad, around her—and that was all. The rest of

the world was nowhere, as far as our eyes and ears were concerned. Just nowhere. Gone, disappeared; swept off without leaving a whisper or a shadow behind.

"I went forward, and ordered the chain to be hauled in short, so as to be ready to trip the anchor and move the steamboat at once if necessary. 'Will they attack?' whispered an awed voice. 'We will be all butchered in this fog,' murmured another. The faces twitched with the strain, the hands trembled slightly, the eyes forgot to wink. It was very curious to see the contrast of expressions of the white men and of the black fellows of our crew, who were as much strangers to that part of the river as we, though their homes were only eight hundred miles away. The whites, of course greatly discomposed, had besides a curious look of being painfully shocked by such an outrageous row. The others had an alert, naturally interested expression; but their faces were essentially quiet, even those of the one or two who grinned as they hauled at the chain. Several exchanged short, grunting phrases, which seemed to settle the matter to their satisfaction. Their headman, a young, broad-chested black, severely draped in dark-blue fringed cloths, with fierce nostrils and his hair all done up artfully in oily ringlets, stood near me. 'Aha!' I said, just for good fellowship's sake. 'Catch 'im,' he snapped, with a bloodshot widening of his eyes and a flash of sharp teeth

—'catch 'im. Give 'im to us.' 'To you, eh?' I asked; 'what would you do with them?' 'Eat 'im!' he said, curtly, and, leaning his elbow on the rail, looked out into the fog in a dignified and profoundly pensive attitude. I would no doubt have been properly horrified, had it not occurred to me that he and his chaps must be very hungry: that they must have been growing increasingly hungry for at least this month past. They had been engaged for six months (I don't think a single one of them had any clear idea of time, as we at the end of countless ages have. They still belonged to the beginnings of time—had no inherited experience to teach them as it were), and of course, as long as there was a piece of paper written over in accordance with some farcical law or other made down the river, it didn't enter anybody's head to trouble how they would live. Certainly they had brought with them some rotten hippo-meat, which couldn't have lasted very long, anyway, even if the pilgrims hadn't, in the midst of a shocking hullabaloo, thrown a considerable quantity of it overboard. It looked like a high-handed proceeding; but it was really a case of legitimate self-defence. You can't breathe dead hippo waking, sleeping, and eating, and at the same time keep your precarious grip on existence. Besides that, they had given them every week three pieces of brass wire, each about nine inches long; and the theory was they were to buy their provisions with that currency in

river-side villages. You can see how *that* worked. There were either no villages, or the people were hostile, or the director, who like the rest of us fed out of tins, with an occasional old he-goat thrown in, didn't want to stop the steamer for some more or less recondite reason. So, unless they swallowed the wire itself, or made loops of it to snare the fishes with, I don't see what good their extravagant salary could be to them. I must say it was paid with a regularity worthy of a large and honourable trading company. For the rest, the only thing to eat—though it didn't look eatable in the least—I saw in their possession was a few lumps of some stuff like half-cooked dough, of a dirty lavender colour, they kept wrapped in leaves, and now and then swallowed a piece of, but so small that it seemed done more for the looks of the thing than for any serious purpose of sustenance. Why in the name of all the gnawing devils of hunger they didn't go for us—they were thirty to five—and have a good tuck in for once, amazes me now when I think of it. They were big powerful men, with not much capacity to weigh the consequences, with courage, with strength, even yet, though their skins were no longer glossy and their muscles no longer hard. And I saw that something restraining, one of those human secrets that baffle probability, had come into play there. I looked at them with a swift quickening of interest—not because it

occurred to me I might be eaten by them before very long, though I own to you that just then I perceived—in a new light, as it were—how unwholesome the pilgrims looked; and I hoped, yes, I positively hoped, that my aspect was not so—what shall I say?—so—unappetising: a touch of fantastic vanity which fitted well with the dream-sensation that pervaded all my days at that time. Perhaps I had a little fever too. One can't live with one's finger everlastingly on one's pulse. I had often 'a little fever,' or a little touch of other things—the playful paw-strokes of the wilderness, the preliminary trifling before the more serious onslaught which came in due course. Yes; I looked at them as you would on any human being, with a curiosity of their impulses, motives, capacities, weaknesses, when brought to the test of an inexorable physical necessity. Restraint! What possible restraint? Was it superstition, disgust, patience, fear—or some kind of primitive honour? No fear can stand up to hunger, no patience can wear it out, disgust simply does not exist where hunger is; and as to superstition, beliefs, and what you may call principles, they are less than chaff in a breeze. Don't you know the devilry of lingering starvation, its exasperating torment, its black thoughts, its sombre and brooding ferocity? Well, I do. It takes a man all his inborn strength to fight hunger properly. It's really easier to face bereavement, dishonour, and the

perdition of one's soul—than this kind of prolonged hunger. Sad, but true. And these chaps too had no earthly reason for any kind of scruple. Restraint! I would just as soon have expected restraint from a hyena prowling amongst the corpses of a battlefield. But there was the fact facing me—the fact dazzling, to be seen, like the foam on the depths of the sea, like a ripple on an unfathomable enigma, a mystery greater—when I thought of it—than the curious, inexplicable note of desperate grief in this savage clamour that had swept by us on the river-bank, behind the blind whiteness of the fog.

“Two pilgrims were quarrelling in hurried whispers as to which bank. ‘Left.’ ‘No, no; how can you? Right, right, of course.’ ‘It is very serious,’ said the manager’s voice behind me; ‘I would be desolated if anything should happen to Mr Kurtz before we came up.’ I looked at him, and had not the slightest doubt he was sincere. He was just the kind of man who would wish to preserve appearances. That was his restraint. But when he muttered something about going on at once, I did not even take the trouble to answer him. I knew, and he knew, that it was impossible. Were we to let go our hold of the bottom, we would be absolutely in the air—in space. We wouldn’t be able to tell where we were going to—whether up or down stream, or across—till we fetched against one bank or the other,—and then we wouldn’t know at first which it was. Of course

I made no move. I had no mind for a smash-up. You couldn’t imagine a more deadly place for a shipwreck. Whether drowned at once or not, we were sure to perish speedily in one way or another. ‘I authorise you to take all the risks,’ he said, after a short silence. ‘I refuse to take any,’ I said shortly; which was just the answer he expected, though its tone might have surprised him. ‘Well, I must defer to your judgment. You are captain,’ he said, with marked civility. I turned my shoulder to him in sign of my appreciation, and looked into the fog. How long would it last? It was the most hopeless look-out. The approach to this Kurtz grubbing for ivory in the wretched bush was beset by as many dangers as though he had been an enchanted princess sleeping in a fabulous castle. ‘Will they attack, do you think?’ asked the manager, in a confidential tone.

“I did not think they would attack, for several obvious reasons. The thick fog was one. If they left the bank in their canoes they would get lost in it, as we would be if we attempted to move. Still, I had also judged the jungle of both banks quite impenetrable—and yet eyes were in it, eyes that had seen us. The river-side bushes were certainly very thick; but the undergrowth behind was evidently penetrable. However, during the short lift I had seen no canoes anywhere in the reach—certainly not abreast of the steamer. But what made the idea of attack inconceivable to me was the

nature of the noise—of the cries we had heard. They had not the fierce character boding of immediate hostile intention. Unexpected, wild, and violent as they had been, they had given me an irresistible impression of sorrow. The glimpse of the steamboat had for some reason filled those savages with unrestrained grief. The danger, if any, I expounded, was from our proximity to a great human passion let loose. Even extreme grief may ultimately vent itself in violence—but more generally takes the form of apathy. . . .

“You should have seen the pilgrims stare! They had no heart to grin, or even to revile me; but I believe they thought me gone mad—with fright, maybe. I delivered a regular lecture. My dear boys, it was no good bothering. Keep a lookout? Well, you may guess I watched the fog for the signs of lifting as a cat watches a mouse; but for anything else our eyes were of no more use to us than if we had been buried miles deep in a heap of cotton-wool. It felt like it too—choking, warm, stifling. Besides, all I said, though it sounded extravagant, was absolutely true to fact. What we afterwards alluded to as an attack was really an attempt at repulse. The action was very far from being aggressive—it was not even defensive, in the usual sense: it was undertaken under the stress of desperation, and in its essence was purely protective.

“It developed itself, I should say, two hours after the fog lifted, and its commencement

was at a spot, roughly speaking, about a mile and a half below Kurtz's station. We had just floundered and flopped round a bend, when I saw an islet, a mere grassy hummock of bright green, in the middle of the stream. It was the only thing of the kind; but as we opened the reach more, I perceived it was the head of a long sandbank, or rather of a chain of shallow patches stretching down the middle of the river. They were discoloured, just awash, and the whole lot was seen just under the water, exactly as a man's backbone is seen running down the middle of his back under the skin. Now, as far as I did see, I could go to the right or to the left of this. I didn't know either channel, of course. The banks looked pretty well alike, the depth appeared the same; but as I had been informed the station was on the west side, I naturally headed for the western passage.

“No sooner had we fairly entered it than I became aware it was much narrower than I had supposed. To the left of us there was the long uninterrupted shoal, and to the right a high, steep bank heavily overgrown with bushes. Above the bush the trees stood in serried ranks. The twigs overhung the current thickly, and from distance to distance a large limb of some tree projected rigidly over the stream. It was then well on in the afternoon, the face of the forest was gloomy, and a broad strip of shadow had already fallen on the water. In

this shadow we steamed up—very slowly, as you may imagine. I sheered her well inshore—the water being deepest near the bank, as the sounding-pole informed me.

“One of my hungry and forbearing friends was sounding in the bows just below me. This steamboat was exactly like a decked scow. On the deck there were two little teak-wood houses, with doors and windows. The boiler was in the fore-end, and the machinery right astern. Over the whole there was a light roof, supported on stanchions. The funnel projected through that roof, and in front of the funnel a small cabin built of light planks served for a pilot-house. It contained a couch, two campstools, a loaded Martini-Henry leaning in one corner, a tiny table, and the steering-wheel. It had a wide door in front and a broad shutter at each side. All these were always thrown open, of course. I spent my days perched up there on the extreme fore-end of that roof, before the door. At night I slept, or tried to, on the couch. An athletic black belonging to some coast tribe, and educated by my poor predecessor, was the helmsman. He sported a pair of brass earrings, wore a blue cloth wrapper from the waist to the ankles, and thought all the world of himself. He was the most unstable kind of fool I had ever seen. He steered with no end of a swagger while you were by; but if he lost sight of you, he became instantly the prey of an abject funk, and would let that cripple

of a steamboat get the upper hand of him in a minute.

“I was looking down at the sounding-pole, and feeling much annoyed to see at each try a little more of it stick out of that river, when I saw my poleman give up the business suddenly, and stretch himself flat on the deck, without even taking the trouble to haul his pole in. He kept hold on it though, and it trailed in the water. At the same time the fireman, whom I could also see below me, sat down abruptly before his furnace and ducked his head. I was amazed. Then I had to look at the river mighty quick, because there was a snag in the fairway. Sticks, little sticks, were flying about—thick: they were whizzing before my nose, dropping below me, striking behind me against my pilot-house. All this time the river, the shore, the woods, were very quiet—perfectly quiet. I could only hear the heavy splashing thump of the stern-wheel and the patter of these things. We cleared the snag clumsily. Arrows, by Jove! We were being shot at! I stepped in quickly to close the shutter on the land-side. That fool-helmsman, his hands on the spokes, was lifting his knees high, stamping his feet, champing his mouth, like a reined-in horse. Confound him! And we were staggering within ten feet of the bank. I had to lean right out to swing the heavy shutter, and I saw a face amongst the leaves on the level with my own, looking at me very fierce and steady; and then suddenly, as though a veil had

been removed from my eyes, I made out, deep in the tangled gloom, naked breasts, arms, legs, glaring eyes,—the bush was swarming with human limbs in movement, glistening, of bronze colour. The twigs shook, swayed, and rustled, the arrows flew out of them, and then the shutter came to. ‘Steer her straight,’ I said to the helmsman. He held his head rigid, face forward; but his eyes rolled, he kept on lifting and setting down his feet gently, his mouth foamed a little. ‘Keep quiet!’ I said in a fury. I might just as well have ordered a tree not to sway in the wind. I darted out. Below me there was a great scuffle of feet on the iron deck, exclamations; a voice screamed, ‘Can you turn back?’ I caught sight of a V-shaped ripple on the water ahead. What? Another snag! A fusillade burst out under my feet. The pilgrims had opened with their Winchesters, and were simply squirting lead into that bush. A deuce of a lot of smoke came up and drove slowly forward. I swore at it. Now I couldn’t see the ripple or the snag either. I stood in the doorway, peering, and the arrows came in swarms. They might have been poisoned, but they looked as though they wouldn’t kill a cat. The bush began to howl. Our woodcutters raised a warlike whoop; the report of a rifle just at my back deafened me. I glanced over my shoulder, and the pilot-house was yet full of noise and smoke when I made a dash at the wheel. The fool-nigger had

dropped everything, to throw the shutter open and let off that Martini-Henry. He stood before the wide opening, glaring, and I yelled at him to come back, while I straightened the sudden twist out of that steamboat. There was no room to turn even if I had wanted to, the snag was somewhere very near ahead in that confounded smoke, there was no time to lose, so I just crowded her into the bank—right into the bank, where I knew the water was deep.

“We tore slowly along the overhanging bushes in a whirl of broken twigs and flying leaves. The fusillade below stopped short, as I had foreseen it would when the squirts got empty. I threw my head back to a glinting whizz that traversed the pilot-house, in at one shutter-hole and out at the other. Looking past that mad helmsman, who was shaking the empty rifle and yelling at the shore, I saw vague forms of men running bent double, leaping, gliding, distinct, incomplete, evanescent. Something big appeared in the air before the shutter, the rifle went overboard, and the man stepped back swiftly, looked at me over his shoulder in an extraordinary, profound, familiar manner, and fell upon my feet. The side of his head hit the wheel twice, and the end of what appeared a long cane clattered round and knocked over a little campstool. It looked as though after wrenching that thing from somebody ashore he had lost his balance in the effort. The thin smoke had blown away, we

were clear of the snag, and looking ahead I could see that in another hundred yards or so I would be free to sheer off, away from the bank; but my feet felt so very warm and wet that I had to look down. The man had rolled on his back and stared straight up at me; both his hands clutched that cane. It was the shaft of a spear that, either thrown or lounged through the opening, had caught him in the side just below the ribs; the blade had gone in out of sight, after making a frightful gash; my shoes were full; a pool of blood lay very still, gleaming dark-red under the wheel; his eyes shone with an amazing lustre. The fusillade burst out again. He looked at me anxiously, gripping the spear like something precious, with an air of being afraid I would try to take it away from him. I had to make an effort to free my eyes from his gaze and attend to the steering. With one hand I felt above my head for the line of the steam-whistle, and jerked out screech after screech hurriedly. The tumult of angry and warlike yells was checked instantly, and then from the depths of the woods went out such a tremulous and prolonged wail of mournful fear and utter despair as may be imagined to follow the flight of the last hope from the earth. There was a great commotion in the bush; the shower of arrows stopped, a few dropping shots rang out sharply—then silence, in which the languid beat of the stern-wheel came plainly to my ears. I put the helm hard a-starboard at the

moment when the pilgrim in pink pyjamas, very hot and agitated, appeared in the doorway. 'The manager sends me——' he began in an official tone, and stopped short. 'Good God!' he said, glaring at the wounded man.

"We two whites stood over him, and his lustrous and inquiring glance enveloped us both. I declare it looked as though he would presently put to us some question in an understandable language; but he died without uttering a sound, without moving a limb, without twitching a muscle. Only in the very last moment, as though in response to some sign we could not see, to some whisper we could not hear, he frowned heavily, and that frown gave to his black death-mask an inconceivably sombre, brooding, and menacing expression. The lustre of inquiring glance faded swiftly into vacant glassiness. 'Can you steer?' I asked the agent eagerly. He looked very dubious; but I made a grab at his arm, and he understood at once I meant him to steer whether or no. To tell you the truth, I was morbidly anxious to change my shoes and socks. 'He is dead,' murmured the fellow, immensely impressed. 'No doubt about it,' said I, tugging like mad at the shoelaces. 'And, by the way, I suppose Mr Kurtz is dead as well by this time.'

"For the moment that was the dominant thought. There was a sense of extreme disappointment, as though I had found out I had been striving

after something altogether without a substance. I couldn't have been more disgusted if I had travelled all this way for the sole purpose of talking with Mr Kurtz. Talking with. . . . I flung one shoe overboard, and became aware that that was exactly what I had been looking forward to—a talk with Kurtz. I made the strange discovery that I had never imagined him as doing, you know, but as discoursing. I didn't say to myself, 'Now I will never see him,' or 'Now I will never shake him by the hand,' but, 'Now I will never hear him.' The man presented himself as a voice. Not of course that I did not connect him with some sort of action. Hadn't I been told in all the tones of jealousy and admiration that he had collected, bartered, swindled, or stolen more ivory than all the other agents together. That was not the point. The point was in his being a gifted creature, and that of all his gifts the one that stood out pre-eminently, that carried with it a sense of real presence, was his ability to talk, his words—the gift of expression, the bewildering, the illuminating, the most exalted and the most contemptible, the pulsating stream of light, or the deceitful flow from the heart of an impenetrable darkness.

"The other shoe went flying unto the devil-god of that river. I thought, By Jove! it's all over. We are too late; he has vanished—the gift has vanished, by means of some spear, arrow, or club. I will never hear that

chap speak after all,—and my sorrow had a startling extravagance of emotion, even such as I had noticed in the howling sorrow of these savages in the bush. I couldn't have felt more of lonely desolation somehow, had I been robbed of a belief or had missed my destiny in life. . . . Why do you sigh in this beastly way, somebody? Absurd? Well, absurd. Good Lord! mustn't a man ever— Here, give me some tobacco." . . .

There was a pause of profound stillness, then a match flared, and Marlow's lean face appeared, worn, hollow, with downward folds and dropped eyelids, with an aspect of concentrated attention; and as he took vigorous draws at his pipe, it seemed to retreat and advance out of the night in the regular flicker of the tiny flame. The match went out.

"Absurd!" he cried. "This is the worst of trying to tell. . . . Here you all are, each moored with two good addresses, like a hulk with two anchors, a butcher round one corner, a policeman round another, excellent appetites, and temperature normal—you hear—normal from year's end to year's end. And you say, Absurd! Absurd be—exploded! Absurd! My dear boys, what can you expect from a man who out of sheer nervousness had just flung overboard a pair of new shoes. Now I think of it, it is amazing I did not shed tears. I am, upon the whole, proud of my fortitude. I was cut up to the quick at the idea of having lost the inestimable

privilege of listening to the gifted Kurtz. Of course I was wrong. The privilege was waiting for me. Oh yes, I heard more than enough. And I was right, too. A voice. He was very little more than a voice. And I heard—him—it—this voice—other voices—all of them were so little more than voices—and the memory of that time itself lingers around me, impalpable, like a dying vibration of one immense jabber, silly, atrocious, sordid, savage, or simply mean, without any kind of sense. Voices, voices—even the girl herself—now——”

He was silent for a long time. “I laid the ghost of his gifts at last with a lie,” he began suddenly. “Girl! What? Did I mention a girl? Oh, she is out of it—completely. They—the women I mean—are out of it—should be out of it. We must help them to stay in that beautiful world of their own, lest ours gets worse. Oh, she had to be out of it. You should have heard the disinterred body of Mr Kurtz saying, ‘My Intended.’ You would have perceived directly then how completely she was out of it. And the lofty frontal bone of Mr Kurtz! They say the hair goes on growing sometimes, but this—ah—specimen, was impressively bald. The wilderness had patted him on the head, and, behold, it was like a ball—an ivory ball; it had caressed him, and—lo!—he had withered; it had taken him, loved him, embraced him, got into his veins, consumed his flesh, and sealed his soul to its

own by the inconceivable ceremonies of some devilish initiation. He was its spoiled and pampered favourite. Ivory? I should think so. Heaps of it, stacks of it. The old mud shanty was bursting with it. You would think there was not a single tusk left either above or below the ground in the whole country. ‘Mostly fossil,’ the manager had remarked disparagingly. It was no more fossil than I am; but they call it fossil when it is dug up. It appears these niggers do bury the tusks sometimes—but evidently they couldn’t bury this parcel deep enough to save the gifted Mr Kurtz from his fate. We filled the steamboat with it, and had to pile a lot on the deck. Thus he could see and enjoy as long as he could see, because the appreciation of this favour had remained with him to the last. You should have heard him say, ‘My ivory.’ Oh yes, I heard him. ‘My Intended, my ivory, my station, my river, my ——’ everything belonged to him. It made me hold my breath in expectation of hearing the wilderness burst into a prodigious peal of laughter that would shake the fixed stars in their places. Everything belonged to him—but that was a trifle. The thing was to know what he belonged to, how many powers of darkness claimed him for their own. That was the reflection that made you creepy all over. It was impossible—it was not good for one either—to try and imagine. He had taken a high seat amongst the devils of the land—I mean literally.

You can't understand. How could you—with solid pavement under your feet, surrounded by kind neighbours ready to cheer you or to fall on you, stepping delicately between the butcher and the policeman, in the holy terror of scandal and gallows and lunatic asylums—how can you imagine what particular region of the first ages a man's untrammelled feet may take him into by the way of solitude—utter solitude without a policeman—by the way of silence—utter silence, where no warning voice of a kind neighbour can be heard whispering of public opinion. These little things make all the great difference. When they are gone you must fall back upon your own innate strength, upon your own capacity for faithfulness. Of course you may be too much of a fool to go wrong—too dull even to know you are being assaulted by the powers of darkness. I take it, no fool ever made a bargain for his soul with the devil: the fool is too much of a fool, or the devil too much of a devil—I don't know which. Or you may be such a thunderingly exalted creature as to be altogether deaf and blind to anything but heavenly sights and sounds. Then the earth for you is only a standing place—and whether to be like this is your loss or your gain I won't pretend to say. But most of us are neither one nor the other. The earth for us is a place to live in, where we must put up with sights, with sounds, with smells too, by Jove!—breathe dead hippo, so to speak, and not be con-

taminated. And there, don't you see, your strength comes in, the faith in your ability for the digging of unostentatious holes to bury the stuff in—your power of devotion, not to yourself, but to an obscure, back-breaking business. And that's difficult enough. Mind, I am not trying to excuse or even explain—I am trying to account to myself for—for—Mr Kurtz—for the shade of Mr Kurtz. This initiated wraith from the back of Nowhere honoured me with its amazing confidence before it vanished altogether. This was because it could speak English to me. The original Kurtz had been educated partly in England, and—as he was good enough to say himself—his sympathies were in the right place. His mother was half-English, his father was half-French. All Europe contributed to the making of Kurtz; and by-and-by I learned that, most appropriately, the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs had intrusted him with the making of a report, for their future guidance. And he had written it too. I've seen it. I've read it. It was eloquent, vibrating with eloquence, but too high-strung, I think. Seventeen pages of close writing he had found time for! But this must have been before his—let us say—nerves, went wrong, and caused him to preside at certain midnight dances ending with unspeakable rites, which—as far as I reluctantly gathered from what I heard at various times—were offered

up to him—do you understand? —to Mr Kurtz himself. But it was a beautiful piece of writing. The opening paragraph, however, in the light of later information, strikes me now as ominous. He began with the argument that we whites, from the point of development we had arrived at, ‘must necessarily appear to them [savages] in the nature of supernatural beings — we approach them with the might as of deity,’ and so on, and so on. ‘By the simple exercise of our will we can exert a power for good practically unbounded,’ &c., &c. From that point he soared and took me with him. The peroration was magnificent, though difficult to remember, you know. It gave me the notion of an exotic Immensity ruled by an august Benevolence. It made me tingle with enthusiasm. This was the unbounded power of eloquence—of words—of burning noble words. There were no practical hints to interrupt the magic current of phrases, unless a kind of note at the foot of the last page, scrawled evidently much later, in an unsteady hand, may be regarded as the exposition of a method. It was very simple, and at the end of that moving appeal to every altruistic sentiment it blazed at you, luminous and terrifying, like a flash of lightning in a serene sky: ‘Exterminate all the brutes!’ The curious part was that he had apparently forgotten all about that valuable postscriptum, because, later on, when he in a sense came to himself, he

repeatedly entreated me to take good care of ‘my pamphlet’ (he called it), as it was sure to have in the future a good influence upon his career. I had full information about all these things, and, besides, as it turned out, I was to have the care of his memory. I’ve done enough for it to give me the indisputable right to lay it, if I choose, for an everlasting rest in the dust-bin of progress, amongst all the sweepings and, figuratively speaking, all the dead cats of civilisation. But then, you see, I can’t choose. He won’t be forgotten. Whatever he was, he was not common. He had the power to charm or frighten rudimentary souls into an aggravated witch-dance in his honour; he could also fill the small souls of the pilgrims with bitter misgivings: he had one devoted friend at least, and he had conquered one soul in the world that was neither rudimentary nor tainted with self-seeking. No; I can’t forget him, though I am not prepared to affirm the fellow was exactly worth the life we lost in getting to him. I missed my late helmsman awfully,—I missed him even while his body was still lying in the pilot-house. Perhaps you will think it passing strange this regret for a savage who was no more account than a grain of sand in a black Sahara. Well, don’t you see, he had done something, he had steered; for months I had him at my back—a help—an instrument. It was a kind of partnership. He steered for me—I had to look after him, I worried about

his deficiencies, and thus a subtle bond had been created, of which I only became aware when it was suddenly broken. And the intimate profundity of that look he gave me when he received his hurt remains to this day in my memory—like a claim of distant kinship affirmed in a supreme moment.

“Poor fool! If he had only left that shutter alone. He had no restraint, no restraint—just like Kurtz—a tree swayed by the wind. As soon as I had put on a dry pair of slippers, I dragged him out, after first jerking the spear out of his side, which operation I confess I performed with my eyes shut tight. His heels leaped together over the little doorstep; his shoulders were pressed to my breast; I hugged him from behind desperately. Oh! he was heavy, heavy; heavier than any man on earth, I should imagine. Then without more ado I tipped him overboard. The current snatched him as though he had been a wisp of grass, and I saw the body roll over twice before I lost sight of it for ever. All the pilgrims and the manager were then congregated on the awning-deck about the pilot-house, chattering at each other like a flock of excited magpies, and there was a scandalised murmur at my heartless promptitude. What they wanted to keep that body hanging about for I can’t guess. Embalm it, maybe. But I had also heard another, and a very ominous, murmur on the deck below. My friends the wood-cutters were likewise scandalised, and with a better show of reason—

though I admit that the reason itself was quite inadmissible. Oh, quite! I had made up my mind that if my late helmsman was to be eaten, the fishes alone should have him. He had been a very second-rate helmsman while alive, but now he was dead he might have become a first-class temptation, and possibly cause some startling trouble. Besides, I was anxious to take the wheel, the man in pink pyjamas showing himself a hopeless duffer at the business.

“This I did directly the simple funeral was over. We were going half-speed, keeping right in the middle of the stream, and I listened to the talk about me. They had given up Kurtz, they had given up the station; Kurtz was dead, and the station had been burnt—and so on—and so on. The red-haired pilgrim was beside himself with the thought that at least this poor Kurtz had been properly revenged. ‘Say! We must have made a glorious slaughter of them in the bush. Eh? What do you think? Say?’ He positively danced, the bloodthirsty little gingery beggar. And he had nearly fainted when he saw the wounded man! I could not help saying, ‘You made a glorious lot of smoke, anyhow.’ I had seen, from the way the tops of the bushes rustled and flew, that almost all the shots had gone too high. You can’t hit anything unless you take aim and fire from the shoulder; but these chaps fired from the hip with their eyes shut. The retreat, I maintained—and I was right—was caused by the screeching

of the steam-whistle. Upon this they forgot Kurtz, and began to howl at me with indignant protests.

"The manager stood by the wheel murmuring confidentially about the necessity of getting well away down the river before dark at all events, when I saw in the distance a clearing on the river-side and the outlines of some sort of building. 'What's this?' I asked. He clapped his hands in wonder. 'The station!' he cried. I edged in at once, still going half-speed.

"Through my glasses I saw the slope of a hill interspersed with rare trees and perfectly free from undergrowth. A long decaying building on the summit was half buried in the high grass; the large holes in the peaked roof gaped black from afar; the jungle and the woods made a background. There was no enclosure or fence of any kind; but there had been one apparently, for near the house half-a-dozen slim posts remained in a row, roughly trimmed, and with their upper ends ornamented with round carved balls. The rails, or whatever there had been between, had disappeared. Of course the forest surrounded all that. The river-bank was clear, and on the water-side I saw a white man under a hat like a cart-wheel beckoning persistently with his whole arm. Examining the edge of the forest above and below, I was almost certain I could see movements—human forms gliding here and there. I steamed past prudently, then stopped

the engines and let her drift down. The man on the shore began to shout, urging us to land. 'We have been attacked,' screamed the manager. 'I know—I know. It's all right,' yelled back the other, as cheerful as you please. 'Come along. It's all right. I am glad.'

"His aspect reminded me of something I had seen—something funny I had seen somewhere. As I manoeuvred to get alongside, I was asking myself, 'What does this fellow look like?' Suddenly I got it. He looked like a harlequin. His clothes had been made of some stuff that was brown holland probably, but it was covered with patches all over, with bright patches, blue, red, and yellow,—patches on the back, patches on front, patches on elbows, on knees; coloured binding round his jacket, scarlet edging at the bottom of his trousers; and the sunshine made him look extremely gay and wonderfully neat withal, because you could see how beautifully all this patching had been done. A beardless, boyish face, very fair, no features to speak of, nose peeling, little blue eyes, smiles and frowns chasing each other over that open countenance like sunshine and shadow on a wind-swept plain. 'Look out, captain!' he cried; 'there's a snag lodged in here last night.' What! Another snag? I confess I swore shamefully. I had nearly holed my cripple, to finish off that charming trip. The harlequin on the bank turned his little pug nose up to me. 'You English?' he asked, all

smiles. 'Are you?' I shouted from the wheel. The smiles vanished, and he shook his head as if sorry for my disappointment. Then he brightened up. 'Never mind!' he cried encouragingly. 'Are we in time?' I asked. 'He is up there,' he replied, with a toss of the head up the hill, and becoming gloomy all of a sudden. His face was like the autumn sky, overcast one moment and bright the next.

"When the manager, escorted by the pilgrims, all of them armed to the teeth, had gone to the house, this chap came on board. 'I say, I don't like this. These natives are in the bush,' I said. He assured me earnestly it was all right. 'They are simple people,' he added; 'well, I am glad you came. It took me all my time to keep them off.' 'But you said it was all right,' I cried. 'Oh, they meant no harm,' he said; and as I stared he corrected himself, 'Not exactly.' Then vivaciously, 'My faith, your pilot-house wants a clean up!' In the next breath he advised me to keep enough steam on the boiler to blow the whistle in case of any trouble. 'One good screech will do more for you than all your rifles. They are simple people,' he repeated. He rattled away at such a rate he quite overwhelmed me. He seemed to be trying to make up for lots of silence, and actually hinted, laughing, that such was the case. 'Don't you talk with Mr Kurtz?' I said. 'You don't talk with that man—you listen to him,' he exclaimed with severe

exaltation. But now——' He waved his arm, and in the twinkling of an eye was in the uttermost depths of despondency. In a moment he came up again with a jump, possessed himself of both my hands, shook them continuously, while he gabbled: 'Brother sailor . . . honour . . . pleasure . . . delight . . . introduce myself . . . Russian . . . son of an arch-priest . . . Government of Tambov . . . What? Tobacco! English tobacco; the excellent English tobacco! Now, that's brotherly. Smoke? Where's a sailor that does not smoke?'

"The pipe soothed him, and gradually I made out he had run away from school, had gone to sea in a Russian ship; ran away again; served some time in English ships; was now reconciled with the arch-priest. He made a point of that. 'But when one is young one must see things, gather experience, ideas; enlarge the mind.' 'Here!' I interrupted. 'You can never tell! Here I have met Mr Kurtz,' he said, youthfully solemn and reproachful. I held my tongue after that. It appears he had persuaded a Dutch trading-house on the coast to fit him out with stores and goods, and had started for the interior with a light heart, and no more idea of what would happen to him than a baby. He had been wandering about that river for nearly two years alone, cut off from everybody and everything. 'I am not so young as I look. I am twenty-five,' he said. 'At first old Van Shuyten would tell me to go to the devil,' he narrated

with keen enjoyment; 'but I stuck to him, and talked and talked, till at last he got afraid I would talk the hind-leg off his favourite dog, so he gave me some cheap things and a few guns, and told me he hoped he would never see my face again. Good old Dutchman, Van Shuyten. I've sent him one small lot of ivory a year ago, so that he can't call me a little thief when I get back. I hope he got it. And for the rest I don't care. I had some wood stacked for you. That was my old house. Did you see?'

"I gave him Towson's book. He made as though he would kiss me, but restrained himself. 'The only book I had left, and I thought I had lost it,' he said, looking at it ecstasically. 'So many accidents happen to a man going about alone, you

know. Canoes get upset sometimes — and sometimes you've got to clear out so quick when the people get angry.' He thumbed the pages. 'You made notes in Russian?' I asked. He nodded. 'I thought they were written in cipher,' I said. He laughed, then became serious. 'I had lots of trouble to keep these people off,' he said. 'Did they want to kill you?' I asked. 'Oh no!' he cried, and checked himself. 'Why did they attack us?' I pursued. He hesitated, then said shamefacedly, 'They don't want him to go.' 'Don't they?' I said, curiously. He nodded a nod full of mystery and wisdom. 'I tell you,' he cried, 'this man has enlarged my mind.' He opened his arms wide, staring at me with his little blue eyes that were perfectly round.

(To be concluded.)

THE SINS OF EDUCATION.

It is only a month or two ago that a writer in 'Maga' complained that the famous Education Act of 1870 had disappointed the high hopes of its champions,—that, despite the vast sums spent upon the People's education, the People still prefers the penny novel-ette to any other form of literature. Of course it does, and it is far better that its choice should be honest than that it should be wise. The Act of Parliament which compelled the free and enfranchised citizen to read, did not provide him with taste; and though he can to-day make his mark upon a voting-paper with some degree of accuracy, he has travelled no farther on the road towards refinement or intelligence. Sometimes his growth suffers by overwork; sometimes his eye, once used to the sights of the hedgerow, is dimmed by the impact of print. But the Act, which the Don Quixotes of Liberal opinion designed to regenerate the world, did not do much more harm than good to the class for whose benefit it was passed. Its peculiar triumph is to have inflicted an injury upon those well-meaning persons, whose energy and enthusiasm forced it upon Parliament.

The Nemesis was sure and complete. The gentlemen who invented the new vice of illiteracy were certain that the millennium was at hand. They acknowledged that their own

standard of intelligence was high; but they declared that once the people was forced to learn, it would in a single stride scale the snow-clad heights of knowledge. The popular taste, said they, will be levelled up at the mere approach of education. A schoolmaster would suddenly jump into the midst of every village, like a wizard hurled up a stage-trap, and with spelling-book for wand would transform the honest bumpkin into a pious reader of the 'Quarterly Review.' But, alas! for the vanity of human hopes. The popular taste was never levelled up; the taste of the superior person was levelled down. The change was gradual, but it was irresistible, and it might easily have been foreseen. The School Boards of England created a "reading public" which required not instruction but printed matter. And straightway there arose a thousand ingenious mechanics, who devised and manufactured cubic yards of stuff that looked like books and papers. Writers, editors, venders determined to supply the new demand, with an anxious adaptability to the altered circumstances of the intellectual market. With wits enormously sharpened by the greed of gain, they discovered precisely what it was for which their patrons clamoured. They invented a new poetry which was doggerel, a new fiction which was "high-toned" and

sentimental, a new journalism which was vulgar and indiscreet. Now was the opportunity for the fair-minded Liberal to interpose. He might have objected that it was not for the triumph of absurdity that he had passed his philanthropic bill; he might have reminded the millions, whose eyes he had opened to the titillation of print, that there was something hidden in books besides sensation and eavesdropping. But he said not a word: he only leapt with an insane joy upon the scandal and triviality provided for his inferiors; and his joy was shared by the hardy Conservative, who had opposed the bill, and who, without the boon of universal education, might never have known how Lord Tom Noddy wore his whiskers at twenty-five, or what was the fashion of Miss Evelina Jones's frock, when eighteen years had written their legend upon that gifted actress's face. In brief, a fresh set of books and periodicals had been contrived for those who merely read "by Act of Parliament," and it was eagerly seized upon by the miracles of erudition and refinement who had hitherto solaced their leisure with serious reviews and ponderous histories.

The vice was there already, though it lacked opportunity; the hunger for vulgarity merely pined for want of sustenance. But no sooner was sustenance given it than the hunger grew voraciously, and to-day there are few men who will ever glut their appetite for what is mean and trivial. The taste, then,

which should have been levelled up has been levelled down; the School Board has imposed its fancy upon the whole community; the man, in fact, has told the master what to read, and the master has generally obeyed with a sad alacrity. Thus a spurious alloy has ousted the purer metals. Thus the literary currency has been debased.

Time was when reading was a leisured and scholarly pursuit, when the busiest man carried with him to the country such books as were not merely designed to annihilate the brain. In these brave days the classics were still remembered, and a skilfully edited Greek play might be rewarded by a bishopric. A century ago we find Charles Fox reading Porson's 'Orestes' and 'Hecuba,' on the recommendation of the wicked Grafton, and declaring that "this is the sort of reading I now take most delight in." Turn to the 'Memoirs' of Charles Greville, and you will see that, man about town as he was, he yet knew how to read, and to choose the best. The records of Messrs Blackwood and Murray, again, reveal to us a world which not long since passed away, a world which professed a sincere interest in such literature as was not ephemeral, and which was content to wait one month or even three for a political commentary. That an article in the 'Quarterly' should shake a Ministry seems incredible to this generation, which despises the fourth

edition of an evening paper, when the extra special lies hot-pressed upon the counter. Where, moreover, shall you match Mr Gladstone, who, being neither scholar nor man of letters, was yet a lover of books and a loyal student? He, at any rate, was not always content with the hasty success of the moment, and even in the midst of a political crisis he could so fully detach himself from affairs as to speculate upon Homer or divide the straws of theological controversy. But to-day the cheap novel is sufficient to beguile the "cultured" brain, which has cheerfully sunk to the level ordained for it by the majority.

So we are assailed upon all sides by books which are no books—by the novel, which follows the fashion of the hour, and which will be forgotten as soon as it has passed through the mill of the Circulating Library. It is curious, indeed, to note how easily the art of fiction, once practised for its own sake, has settled down to supply the popular demand. If theology be demanded, a dozen samples are on the counter at once; if the unravelling of dialect seems a pleasant pastime, a hundred new dialects are invented within the twinkling of an eye; if some astute practitioner discovers that the romantic movement is at last being felt in England, an army of false Dumas is instantly enrolled. And these curious examples of illiterate literature are seriously examined and compared. They have no other ob-

ject, of course, than to lull the lazy brain to sleep; and perhaps they achieve that humble object well enough. But the purveyors of fiction are not satisfied with the abundant pudding which is theirs. They would claim for their wares a critical consideration, and for themselves a comfortable corner of immortality by the side of Fielding and Thackeray. For the moment they seem to attain the summit of their will; but time is the sternest leveller of all, and he will throw them all into the common sepulchre of oblivion.

However, the hastily educated are not satisfied with the newest effects of fiction. They would scrape a bowing acquaintance with the masters who are dead and gone. So there are prepared for their delight countless reprints, pleasant to look upon and light to hold, which shall perform the trick of introduction. The reprints are prefaced by a brief essay, which gives the critics something to write about, and serves as a buffer between the hastily educated and the superhuman task of perusing a classic. Neither Dickens nor Scott can make a direct appeal nowadays to their readers. The shock is always decently broken; and if the reader never gets as far as the original, he at least knows what somebody else thinks about it. In brief, we live in an Alexandrian age, which only differs from its type in lack of erudition.

Of course the popularity of books which are no books is

of little consequence, and it would not matter at all if the sham specimens of literature were not confused with the real. But we in England are so democratic in our taste that we mistake success for merit, and we cordially believe that any writer who attaches a vast number of readers is gifted above his fellows. Now, in France, a country we constantly belittle because she is ill-governed, so gross a confusion is impossible. The line is harshly drawn between talent and popularity, and those novelists who rejoice in the largest circulation are not permitted to claim the title of *littérateur*. M. Georges Ohnet, for instance, is read by every sound burgess from Belgium to the Pyrenees, but his colleagues in the art of fiction refuse to recognise his existence. His vast success avails him nothing: he writes for the people, he belongs to the people, and save from the people he will never hear one word of approval. Were he an Englishman, the mere fact of his popularity would arouse the sympathy of his fellow-craftsmen; but being a Frenchman, he is of no more importance in the realm of art than a manufacturer of absinthe or the titled proprietor of a dry champagne. And who ever heard of Xavier de Montépin or of Jules Mary? Who knows the names of Vast-Ricouard or Dubut de Laforest? Nobody save their readers, who are counted by the hundred thousand.

But a still worse calamity has

overtaken England than this tiresome confusion between literature and fiction. Since the people has dictated what the country shall read, we have been assailed by the worst periodic press that Europe has ever known. For this degradation no blame attaches to the people, which knew precisely what it wanted, and could afford to back its fancy. We blame only those who, better trained to distinguish, laid aside all respectable reviews for the weekly or monthly rag-bags of gossip and sensation. These are the stuff upon which the vast majority of Englishmen chooses to starve its brain. In every one the same note of commonness is struck. The editor of the old-fashioned magazine — whereof, happily, there are a few examples still left in Great Britain — was (and is) anxious to discover the best talent he might. He would print only such literature as he was proud to see in type, and he was so shamefully lost to the commercial sense that he announced a policy from which no motive of interest could drive him. Now and again it was his good fortune to bring before the world an unknown novelist or a disregarded wit, and he took a very proper pride in his performance. Above all, he kept ahead of his readers, whom he forced to accept the good things he found for them, and he would have thought it shame to bow the knee at their dictate. Thus he produced (and still produces, alas! too rarely) a review which had a life and character of its own, and which,

being always sincere in opinion or preference, had the right and the faculty to exert an influence.

The editor of the new-fashioned magazine, which is manufactured by the ton, and which threatens to drive all competitors from the field, has other aims and other qualifications. He has no interest in literature or politics; he has little taste in wit or humour; but he knows precisely what the people want, and he is prepared to give it them. Not for the world would he anticipate his readers' taste or influence their opinion. His sole chance of success is to follow in their wake, and to satisfy with promptitude and resolution their advertised desires. He is almost as well skilled as the novelist in that delicate operation of feeling the public pulse; and though to us his methods are as mysterious as they are deplorable, we regard him and his achievement with awe and admiration. He is "up-to-date" (to use his own jargon), he is brisk, he is superficial. His contributors tell their readers exactly what they want to know; and if you wonder that any sane person should demand such knowledge, your wonder proves that you are unfit to fill the sacred office of a popular editor. Then having sated his "public" (the word is sacred) with superfluous knowledge, he displays to its ravished gaze the photographs of exalted personages whom it will never see, and pictures of ancestral halls

which it will never visit. This amiable snobbery is highly seasoned with a fine selection of stories, short, crisp, and to the point, of which every page contains a sensation, and every line a violation of taste and common-sense. Of course the one end and object of these magazines is a large sale. The modern editor crawls in obedient awe before his readers; he would think it a cardinal sin to give them anything better than the dried thistles that they ask; and a glance at one of those countless magazines which lie on every table, and are sold by the hundred thousand, convinces you that the popular editor never does violence to his conscience. Not one of these commercial articles would ever have been prepared for an educated eye, yet they are consumed (you cannot say "read") by thousands who should know better than to touch them. It is perfectly true, as is urged by their manufacturers, that they will not bring the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence. But, in revenge, the cheek of intelligence should be suffused with scarlet at their mere apparition.

Once a-month the world is covered by these slabs of printed matter, which, if laid out flat, would go ten, or twenty, times round the globe (see advertisements). Once a-week the insatiable public sits down to a feast of another sort. For one penny you may buy a fat bundle of snippets, and so embarrassing is the choice, that you will do well

to take the first that comes. With the worst in your pocket you cannot go wrong, for there is not one that will not reward your death with a neat villa, or offer you something less than the market odds that you will not be broken up in a railway accident before Saturday next. Some are bound in green, some in red, some in no colour at all; but whichever faction you support, you are certain to win a handsome prize, which may be worth a pound and may be worth a thousand. Such practical advantages as these would be sufficient to atone for the most lamentable shortcomings. But the snippet is never disappointing. Two poor halfpennies will purchase several hundred scraps of perfectly useless information, and many a time have we seen the honest reader's eye goggle at the expected feast. Only two qualifications are essential. First, the scrap must be brief, and secondly, it must be driven hastily from the memory by the next that follows after. The public is in a hurry, and cannot be plagued with the effort to remember anything. But its vacant mind must be filled between two jolts of a 'bus: its curiosity must be satisfied from one station on the underground to the next. Thus it is that our periodical literature is shaped by the lumbering conveyances which hurl us from our home to our office, and the historian of the future will find an interesting topic in the influence of cheap travelling upon the human mind.

Here also the taste of the

people has swamped the better intelligence, since the flood of snippets long ago overflowed the banks between which it was expected to keep its course. But in nothing has the popular ascendancy so clearly displayed itself as in the transformation which our journals have undergone during the last twenty years. A journal lives not for policy but for circulation, and therefore it is bound to conciliate the majority. As in Parliament, so in journalism, the minority may hardly hope for representation; and if we leave out of sight one or two serious prints which still find a profit in the old tradition, we shall see that the new method, dictated by those who thirty years ago could neither read nor write, reigns supreme. In style and in substance the change is equally manifest. The object of the new style is to catch the eye as quickly as possible, and to make the smallest demand upon the attention. Keeping this twofold object in view, the modern newspaper is a mixture of slang and headlines. Should an article happen to be continuous, its continuity must be masked, or it would never find a reader. So it is interrupted, at arbitrary intervals, by lines of meaningless capitals, which neither serve as a key to the meaning nor as a method of subsequent reference. Did these lines summarise the paragraph that followed them, after the fashion of a chapter heading, they might have their uses after all. But no, they are devised without any other thought than to beguile

the reader into a false belief. Again, the dialect in which the worst of our journals is written is not English at all; it is rather American in its inapposite drollery, and in the familiar nonchalance where-with its professors address valiant soldiers and distinguished statesmen. If they can discover a private nickname, you may be sure that they will print it, and so impart to their readers a subtle sense of acquaintance-ship with the great. But nowadays the journalist's most valuable asset is the historic present. That simple idiom has ere this made many a vast fortune, and has conferred upon the editor bold enough to use it a brilliant reputation. If you doubt the efficacy of this trick, turn to any of our popular papers, an evening sheet for choice, and note how vividly it brings before your eyes a scene that never was intended for your observation.

For our modern journals live by indiscretion. The ideal of the gentleman who debauched our press more effectively than anybody else was an "ear at every door, an eye at every keyhole." True, he never realised his ideal, but the intention was admirable, and the failure was not his fault. And in these words of the eminent evangelist are summed up the ambition of too many editors. Life should be lived in the open, so they say; and the people, the sacred people, has a right to know whatever goes on behind closed doors. It is a sad theory, and it is the sadder because the

very persons who should believe themselves victims are rather proud of their enforced publicity. The clothes, the tastes, the pursuits of a thousand nobodies are described daily for the delight of any stranger who has a penny to spare. A statesman's policy is not so interesting as his taste in pictures; and if we may believe the popular prints, nobody cares what a novelist writes, so long as every one knows where he intends to pass the winter. "Of course I never read anything," once said a journalist, "that is not written by some one otherwise remarkable. I haven't time to waste on mere literature." The "of course" is delicious, and perfectly sincere. But the confession throws a vivid light upon modern curiosity. The man in the street, who is the tyrant of the press, is as little interested in the policy of a politician as in the literature of a literary man. Yet he has a passion for uncovering the privacy of either. And if the politician takes to writing, or the literary man stands upon the hustings, they both acquire a sudden interest for their many-headed patron, who has never ceased to ask where they buy their clothes and what brand of bicycle they bestride.

But here we seem to arrive at a curious paradox. The same press which tells us all these things which we have no right to know, takes itself and its influence with uncommon seriousness. Yet if we look a little closely at the situation the paradox disappears. The

journal which conquers its vast army of clients by indiscretion acquires an instant power by its circulation"; and the knowledge that its lightest word will be read by thousands, and perhaps be remembered for five minutes, persuades the editor to dream of empire. In the old days, when the mass of our citizens could not read, our press was a pompous respectable institution. Content to be a servant, it collected all the news it could, and offered such simple comments as it deemed advisable. But now it would be a master; and "government by journalism" is a danger which threatens the whole world. It is a danger, moreover, which we cannot underrate, and of which we have already seen the ill effects. The great Delane had already arrogated to himself the authority of a Cabinet, and during the Crimean war hardly emerged with credit from his self-imposed task. And what Delane hinted forty years ago, half-a-dozen proclaim aloud to-day. An irresponsible journal offers its support to a Government on certain conditions; and the mere offer veils a threat that if the Government does not obey the irresponsible journal it will be assailed with the heavy guns of an enormous circulation. This is democracy with a vengeance, and it is the more deplorable because it is numbers and not intelligence that makes the influence. The journalist is independent of all save capital. He is self-elected, and he holds his office under no guarantees. A statesman is amenable at the

last to the polling-booth, and to the difficult opinion of his colleagues; the journalist, if he amuse his readers and find a good tipster, can still pervert the public opinion; and the harm that has been done in America by the Yellow Press may be accomplished in England, if all men accept the taste of the democracy. Nor is the influence of the journals difficult to explain. The craft of transferring thought to type is still mysterious. Four centuries have not sufficed to render Caxton's art familiar, and the uninstructed man, the newspaper's most powerful patron, believes that whatever he sees in print is true. Indeed it is easy for the pessimist to argue that the abolition of the Stamp Act, commonly described as a "paladium," was among the worst disasters of modern times. One fact only is of good augury: the boldest editor who ever mistook himself for an earthly providence now satisfies his taste for intrigue by conducting a matrimonial agency, and maybe he will prove an awful warning to the others.

The creation, then, of a new public, which could read, has not raised the standard of journalism, and this retrogression is the more remarkable, because while the old-time journalist was reputed a black-guard, the modern journalist is generally well-educated, and more often than not polished by a University training. But he lacks the tradition of his craft. The ancient inhabitant of Fleet Street may not have

been a gentleman, but he knew precisely how far the journalist might travel on the path of indiscretion. He had acquired, moreover, a style which, if it were not original, was serviceable enough; and he knew nothing of headlines and the historic present. But the modern journalist was forced to learn his trade afresh; he was driven to accept the new conditions; a scholar himself, he was asked to provide printed stuff for those who had a vast curiosity and no critical sense; and lacking the habit of the craft, he supplied without question the imperious demand. With a frankness which is half pathetic and wholly ingenuous, he speaks reverentially of his public, and he would have all the world believe that there is something holy in the satisfaction of an unreasonable request.

And this brings us to the element of comedy in the situation: the attitude assumed by the journalist towards his patron—the public. The public, then, in the eyes of the pious editor, is a peevish imbecile, whose every wish must be instantly granted, and whose mental weakness must be protected against the smallest strain. The public, you are told, cannot read long and serious articles; its intellectual capacity is bounded by the crisp paragraph; and you must never ask it to follow a long or serried argument. Moreover, the public is always busy; it has not time for literary pursuits; and though you are not told how it spends

its invaluable time, you may take it on the collective word of journalism that the public *has not time*. Perhaps it is so busy reading the prize snippets eagerly provided for it that it cannot think of anything else. But at least it is strange that the journalist who devotes his ingenuity to killing the public's leisure should be so solicitous concerning his patron's lack of it. Sometimes the solicitude is carried too far. The other day the tribulations of an ambitious apostle of culture were described with an exaggeration of sentiment. An honest citizen was persuaded to buy a book, and he chose the latest masterpiece of Mr G——t A——n. But on picking up the treasure, he discovered that the edges were not cut! Now, to read any sort of volume is a bitter tax upon the strength of the public, and, of course, the frail creature is never strong enough to use a paper-knife. So this particular specimen of the British public, with a critical acumen which does him credit, chose instead a masterpiece by Mr R——r H——d, whose leaves were cut ready for the sacrifice. In this instance, doubtless, he did himself no wrong. There are some authors whose books you may judge by their edges. But the fact remains, that the journalist related the anecdote with a crack in his voice, which proves that he at least was on the side of the poor jottering public, which cares so much for literature that it allows the palsied hand a greater share than the

atrophied brain in the task of selection. Thus the public is represented as a chronic invalid, by whose couch sits its physician, the journalist, holding the patient's pulse, obeying his vaguest caprice, and eagerly prescribing such remedies as will not disturb the throbbing of an impaired intellect.

But let it not be thought that we record these lapses from sound sense with an exaggerated displeasure. It is our object to record a change of taste, which would not be deplorable had it not spread too far. So long as journalism does not usurp the place of government, it matters little what relations it has with the public. For in all this competition of snippet against scrap, and magazine against its rival, literature remains unaffected. Once upon a time the periodical press of England was well acquainted with its literature; now if the two parties are not at enmity, at least they live on no closer than visiting terms. As the ear is necessary to sound, so some sort of public is necessary to the discovery of whatever is best in the art of letters. But that public may play its part of appreciation fifty years after the master is dead, and he will be a master all the same. Indeed, the great achievement of the last thirty years has been to accentuate the difference which exists and will always exist between what is print and what is literature. For the moment the ephemeral wins all the suffrages; the true literature is buried under a mass of print. But at the

last the ephemeral will be forgotten, and the true literature will outlast the follies of the hour. As a public cannot stimulate any of the arts, so all the arts will thrive, despite the public, so long as there is an artist to wield a pen or a brush. It is our single misfortune, which we owe to universal education, that ink and paper, the medium of noble prose and sounding verse, is also the medium of the solemn tons which are sold for literature every month, every week, every day, to the frail and pampered public. Yet though to-day confusion is easy, and even inevitable, to-morrow the distinction will be made plain. The flail of time passes over the world's threshing-floor, and only the grain is left behind.

Nor, in truth, is there any excuse for pessimism. Despite the wide advertisement of charlatans, the world is not yet beggared of literature. No generation has ever produced more than half-a-dozen masters; and though every day it becomes increasingly difficult to recognise the great, the great will be recognised in due season—and meanwhile those may hear who have ears to hear. None the less, it would be an act of serviceable courage to sweep the world free of the rubbish that clogs it in the false name of literature. Yet how shall this serviceable act be accomplished? By war, says one optimist. But war will no more make poets than poets will make war. Literature is not the after-calm of exploded gunpowder, and we English

have probably extracted from war, in time of peace, more material of romance than the clash of armies will ever furnish. No, the reaction will be more tranquil than battle. The public one day will discover the truth that it has not time to read rubbish. The dead men will cease to long for a trim villa, and the living will no more compete for an insurance policy. The magazines will die of their own prosperity, and literature, which has never languished, will no longer hide her head. But that, after all, is a side issue. The circulation of worthless print is not more closely related to the art of letters than the distribution of beer or buns. None the less, it is interesting to note that intelligence or refinement (call it what you will) seems to be a fixed quantity. The more you spread it, the thinner it becomes. And it is this truth

that the champions of popular education forgot. They hoped to raise the people, and they abased themselves. Nowadays every man reads by Act of Parliament, and the standard of cultivation has never been so low. But then legislators are the most reckless empirics. They know not, neither do they care, what will be the result of their sanguine reform. Once upon a time America professed that she would do justice to British literature, and she was merely protecting her own printers. So Mr W. E. Forster and his colleagues hoped to regenerate England, and they only made the fortune of the popular journalist. And it does not matter much; for to-day there are half-a-dozen living masters who will be remembered when all the journals have returned to pulp, and all the fortunes that they produced are spent upon good or evil works.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD.¹

CHAPTER XXIV.—MY ELDEST SISTER.

MY eldest sister was only fourteen, but she was already, had ever been, a sage and a saint. At the age of eight she had put her hand into a blazing fire in order to die the death of a Christian martyr. She shrieked dismally for several hours afterwards. Another time, staying with relatives in the country, she knelt in the gloaming in a big barn, praying with fervently closed eyes, in the hopes of being devoured by lions. She heard the distant growlings of an angry mastiff, and thought her prayer was granted, and that this was the ravening lion about to make a meal of her. She fell down in a fit of convulsions, and had to be nursed by several doctors.

When she came back to consciousness, with her hair shorn and wan little hands upon the coverlet, she recognised our tender mother seated beside her bed, and contentedly shortening her last new frock for my second sister. She offered up the mortification for her sins, and instantly said a prayer to her patron saint, Agnes. At dinner she never ate pudding or pie, not even damson-pie, for which I in those gluttonous days would have sold, not only my own soul, but hers as well; but after dinner she invariably

carried her share of these luxurious edibles to the nearest poor person.

She visited the poor continually, always provided with tea and sugar and such things; and Pauline, who accompanied her on these missions of mercy, assured me that she often saw the pet cases of misery dash under the bed excellent dishes of bacon and eggs and bottles of Guinness' stout, while the traditional invalid would jump into the bed, gather the clothes about her, and begin to whine, "Sure, your little ladyship, 'tis our lonesome selves as hasn't had bit or sup since last we saw your purty face."

My eldest sister was a bewitching beauty. She had large dusky blue eyes in constant communion with the heavenly spheres. She had ruddy golden hair that shone adown her back like pounded guineas, and her complexion was a thing to gape at. Indeed we had all inherited from our mother wonderful golden locks, and dazzling complexions.

This sentimental and saintly creature wrought the utmost havoc around her, and went dreamily through life unconscious or sublimely indifferent, with her gaze of impassioned sadness fixed upon her heavenly home. Youths went down before her like ninepins, and

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trembled when they addressed her. One lad of sixteen rode past the door with a crimson cravat, which he fondly hoped to be becoming, and the moody intensity of expression that betokens a broken heart. She minded him not. She was reading 'Fabiola' for the hundredth time in the front garden. The gate was open. In his amorous distraction the youth forgot the proprieties, and rode through the gate in lordly style. The door likewise was open, and the pony gallantly galloped into the hall.

My sister's dismay was nothing to the youth's. He stammered and stuttered and went so red that the wonder was he ever grew pale again. But we were used to these commotions aroused by our young Saint Agnes in the bosom of excitable youth. It did not hurt her, and it did not harm them. With gracious gravity she escorted the poor lad to the gate; but we who knew her knew that she was stifling with suppressed laughter. For my eldest sister had a pretty humour, even an irony of her own, and gaiety, as will be seen, was not contraband in her religion.

She constituted herself our veritable mother in that old rambling house of Dalkey. She ruled us like an autocrat, and punished us with a lamentable severity. To teach us self-control and fearlessness, she insisted that the smallest baby should be taken in her night-dress, half asleep, and flung into the wild Irish sea that

roared at the foot of the garden. No mercy was shown a recalcitrant babe. Howl she never so dolorously, she was plunged in head-foremost, sputtering salt through her rebellious lips.

At night, when our parents stayed in town, she gathered us together in the long low drawing-room, and insisted that we should examine our consciences, meditate, and say the Rosary aloud to keep away robbers and ghosts. All the boys got to know of this edifying practice, and outside the window a crowd of arch-villains would gather, and shout the responses derisively. We could hear Arthur's high-bred tones sing out "Holy Mary, Mother of God," above the deep bass notes of the red-headed chief. Arthur's brother, an elegant guardsman, staying with the old lord for a couple of weeks, often condescended to join the band of reprobates; and once I peeped out through the big chinks of the shutter, and saw the man of fashion, with the hall-light directly upon his lean and bronzed visage, eyes devoutly lifted to heaven in mimicry of my eldest sister's ecstatic gaze, and hands folded like those of a stained-glass picture: "Holy Mary! pray for me, a miserable sinner. Blessed St Agnes, help, oh help to convert me!"

Even the devotion of my eldest sister was unsettled, and we could see her mobile lips twitch. It sufficed to reveal to us that the autocrat was off guard, and we lay about the floor, and shrieked with delight.

Whenever he met my eldest sister upon the roads or rocks, the elegant guardsman raised his hat with the air of a prince, and never a hint about him of the nocturnal iniquities.

But austere as she was in all things pertaining to discipline and religion, she allowed us unbounded freedom out-of-doors. Some notion of our use of that liberty may be seized from the following ejaculations of an elderly bachelor, a political friend, who came to visit my stepfather, and was confronted with this young saint of the golden locks, the established mistress of a large household.

The elderly gentleman, looking out of the window in front, perceived two little boots dangling from the branch of a high tree, almost against the heaven.

"Who's up that tall tree?" asked the elderly gentleman.

"Oh, that's Angela. She always reads up there."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the elderly gentleman.

After further conversation, he walked down the room to examine the view from the back. In gazing across the sea, almost as far as Howth, he detected a rock point surrounded with heavy waves, and two little specks upon this rock.

"It looks as if there were some creatures in danger of being drowned," remarked the elderly gentleman.

"Oh, not at all. That's Pauline's rock. She and Birdie always go out when the tide is

out, and spend the whole day wading there, and they come back when the tide runs out again."

"My God!" cried the elderly gentleman.

Looking later up to the stable roof, he saw three little golden heads bent over cards.

"What's that?" he blankly asked.

"Those are the three youngest, playing beggar-my-neighbour on the roof."

"What extraordinary children!" muttered the elderly gentleman.

She devised a notable and original punishment for me whenever I flew into one of my diabolical rages. She would order Miss Kitty, the sentimental little stitcher, to hold my feet, a servant to hold my head, and while I lay thus on the ground in durance vile, she would piously besprinkle me with holy water, and audibly beseech the Lord and my guardian angel to deliver me of the devil. It would be difficult for me to conceive an operation more suitable as entertainment of the devil than my sister's pious and fiendish method of obtaining his dismissal. The first thing I inevitably did, when liberated, was to go into the yard, and pump all the holy water off my wicked person. Then, dripping like a Newfoundland, I would return to the house and decline to change my dress or shoes, in the vociferated hope of immediate death from consumption.

CHAPTER XXV.—OUR BALL.

All the children and young folk round about us had parents who, if they went into town of a morning, were safe to return at night. Most of them had mothers and aunts who lived at Dalkey all the summer. Only we were happy enough to be so neglected by indifferent parents as to possess a large house at our exclusive disposition four or five entire days and nights of the week. Picture our rare and wild abuse of that freedom, and imagine the envy it inspired in the bosoms of other children, of natures as independent as ours!

"I say," proposed the red-headed chief, "what a capital idea if we had a ball in your house some evening when *they're* away."

Between my eldest sister and me were two little maids, less of the rascal and less of the saint than either of us. Pauline, the teller of wonderful tales at Lysterby, seized upon the notion with avidity. A ball! our own ball, given by ourselves, and all the vagrant band between the dances refreshed by our ingenious efforts and exploits! It was a grand idea. How we clapped our hands, danced, and stamped our feet in the exuberance of content.

At first Saint Agnes demurred. She, after all, was the head of the house by deputy. Not only was she responsible for our immortal souls, but for our fragile bodies; above all, was she responsible for the state of the larder. It was she who

told the servant what to order at the general grocer; she who drew attention to the condition of the cellar, in provision for the horde of Sunday visitors, and the interminable file of eager friends who made a point of inquiring after the health of my parents and their progeny on band nights.

You never understand how extremely popular you are until you are in a position to entertain at a pleasant seaside resort, within easy distance of the metropolis, where a fashionable gathering meet twice a-week to listen to the evening band, and where there are regattas. The most distant acquaintance suddenly remembers that he is your dearest friend. Troops invade your garden; your drawing-room is never empty. Shoals devour the refreshments of your dining-room. At ten o'clock, when you are on the point of barricading your too hospitable doors, men arrive cheerily to bid you the time of day, and claim a whisky-and-soda. I speak of Dublin, naturally, where, as a rule, we begin our afternoon calls at midnight, and where the early awakened lark is safe to find us snoring. Inhabit that same seaside place in winter, and even your dearest friend will forget to remember that he knows you. Irish hospitality is justly famous. There is nothing to match it on the face of the earth. But Irish abuse of hospitality is, perhaps, insufficiently recorded, and there is nothing more speedily forgotten than

the unlimited favours of "open house."

My parents kept "open house" with a vengeance, which is the reason to-day that none of us possess the needful sixpence to jingle on the traditional tombstone. It was the reason also that, when our ball came off, we children were in a position to offer our thirty or forty miniature guests flowing bowls of innocuous lemonade by the dozens, ham-sandwiches, boxes of Huntley & Palmer's biscuits, baskets of apples purchased by the hundred by my stepfather from his friend the judge, whose orchards we daily pillaged. There was also claret and soda-water, and even genial port and sherry, for that portion of the community we regarded as "the grown-ups,"—Arthur, the red-headed boy, Saint Agnes, Pauline, and a few others of both sexes.

We discovered that my parents designed to sit out a play on a certain evening, which meant that they would never give themselves the trouble to catch the last train, and would sleep in town. Invitations were instantly despatched, Saint Agnes giving her consent reluctantly, but young enough to enjoy the prospect of the escapade. The ball was to open as soon as possible after the seven o'clock tea, for at Dalkey, in those days, all the children dined at two o'clock, and sat down at seven to a meal of tea and bread-and-butter, with barmbrack and buttered toast on high holidays.

By eight o'clock the long drawing-room was full. We lit

the clusters of tapers round the walls, which were reserved for the pleasure of our elders. The gas flared in every jet of the big chandelier. You might have fancied we were celebrating a Royal birthday, such was the brilliancy of our illuminated ball-room. Arthur had brought down, before tea, bunches of flowers from his father's hothouse, and Saint Agnes was ever a veritable witch in the arrangement of flowers.

The red-haired chief, as master of the ceremonies, wore a huge peony in his button-hole, and with what gusto he marshalled us about, told off couples, and shouted "Lancers now," or "Look out now, the Caledonian Quadrille." Three quaint little girls had been allowed to come with their governess, who entered heartily into the spirit of the thing, and never left the piano. Quadrille after polka, waltz after schottische, "Sir Roger de Coverley," mazurka, and gallop. And, between the dances, what riotous fun, when we cast ourselves upon the refreshments, and noisy boys risked death and assassination as they opened lemonade and soda-water bottles with a splendid flourish! Our elders might drink themselves to frenzy on whisky and yet remain more sober than we were as we capered and laughed and quaffed big draughts of harmless fluid. And the sandwiches we ate, the biscuits and apples we devoured, the bread-and-butter we munched, and flick, flack! there was Miss Montgomery at the piano, and dozens of little feet were

again twinkling about the floor.

I, proud being, danced twice with Arthur. We floundered in amazing fashion through a set of Lancers, the master of ceremonies shouting the while indignantly at our heels. And later he invited me to go through some mysterious measure he called a gallop, which consisted in a wild charge for the other end of the room, helter-skelter, couples knocking each other down delightedly, rolling over each other, and picking one another up in the best of tempers.

And then, as we mopped our faces, and drank lemonade, somebody proposed that I should give an imitation of Mr Parker. Arthur and I were the only travelled personages of the assembly. He had been to Eton and I had been to Lysterby, and it was his slightly sarcastic voice that determined me. "Oh, I say, by all means. I hear he was a capital fellow that dancing-master of yours, and you do him to a T."

To prove that I did, I began the *chassé-croisé*, to the tune of an imaginary violin, chanting Nora Creina, amid shrieks of approbation. How often since have my friends lamented my missed vocation! On the stage, whether actress or dancer, my fortune would long ago have been made, and as an acrobat I should have won glory in my teens. But old-fashioned parents never think of these things. If you are a girl, and fortune forsakes the domestic hearth, they tell you to go and be a governess, and bless

your stars that, thanks to their good sense, you are enabled to earn a miserable crust in the path of respectability. When they find a child with extraordinary mimic capacities, an abnormal physical suppleness, and a passion for the ballet, it does not occur to them that it would be wiser and more humane to seek to turn these advantages to some account, instead of condemning the little wretch to future misery and self-effacement as a governess.

Pauline, who knew every movement of the famous Mr Parker by heart, wandered out into the front garden with a lad of her own age to look at the stars and talk of their ideal. It was a few minutes after the hourly train from Dublin stopped at Dalkey, and as they sat on the wall discussing their favourite book of the hour, Manzoni's 'Betrothed,' they saw a large and lofty figure steadily approach the gate. Good heavens! It was my mother. Pauline was a creature of resource, and she had some understanding of that formidable person.

"Quick, quick, Eddie," she whispered. "Run in and tell Agnes to get them all out by the pantry-window, which shows into the laneway. I'll keep mamma outside talking about the stars."

Effectively, when my mother opened the gate, she encountered the solemn sentimental regard of a student of the stars. Nothing enchanted my mother like an unexpected revelation of intelligence in one of her children. She was a woman

of colossal intelligence, of wide knowledge, a brilliant talker, and at all times, whatever her temper, you could put her instantly into good-humour, and wean her thoughts from the irritating themes of daily life, by addressing yourself to her intellect, and speaking of remote subjects like the constellations, South Africa, the Federal War, Belgian farming, or the German empire. She knew everything, was interested in everything, had read everything, could talk like a specialist on any given subject, except mathematics and metaphysics, which she professed to hold in contempt. Another mother would have been staggered to find a girl of thirteen alone beneath the new-lit stars; but my mother found nothing at all odd in being begged to deliver a lecture on astronomy at that hour, and fell into the trap with ingenuous fervour.

And now I beseech you to conceive the scene inside. Ten minutes to clear the house of some thirty excited children, obliged to make a precipitous exit through a narrow pantry-window, stifling with hysterical laughter, and in danger of breaking their limbs upon the hard ground as they dropped into the lane that ran alongside the garden into the high-road. Ten minutes to clear the drawing-room of empty bottles and glasses and plates, and put the chairs and tables and couches into order. Ten minutes for us to scamper upstairs, and get into our night-gear in the dark. Good Lord!

what fun! One would willingly endure again the thrashing for those ten brave minutes of fire and fury.

"It was grand!" said Arthur next day to Pauline, after he had tried in vain to look woebegone over our castigation.

Only the body of the red-headed chief rebelled against the limited space of the pantry-window. What puffing and blowing and pushing to get his fat carcass through! "Steady!" shouted the servant, Bridget, a big-boned country girl; and with a bound she ran head-foremost like a charging bull, who meditates the destruction of his enemy. A crash outside, and we thrust anxious heads out of the window to ascertain if the unfortunate youth lay in pieces upon the ground. But no; with smothered laughter he was tearing down the lane for dear life.

With the last evidences of our feast effaced from view, we little ones trod on each other's heels in our flight up-stairs, and staid Agnes went outside, by the way, to induce her mooning sister to go to bed. She simulated the necessary surprise and delight on beholding my mother, and after a few more words upon the heavenly spheres, the three entered the house, now cast, as Agnes fondly believed, into complete darkness.

My mother carelessly explaining why she had decided at the last minute not to sleep in town, turned the handle of the drawing-room door. The tapers, forgotten in the fray, blazed away in all their fatal admission, though the gas of the

chandelier had been duly extinguished. The result was that soon the heavenly spheres were round about us instead of on high. Agnes and Pauline rapidly were made to see stars elsewhere than in the sky. When they lay prone and prostrate, not sure that their members were whole, up offended majesty came to us, shivering in our night-dresses. What did it all mean? she wanted to know. Empty bottles heaped up in the pantry corner, a ham vanished, tin boxes empty of their layers of biscuits, knives, plates, glasses, in tell-tale disarray, a broken pane in the pantry-window.

We had had our fun, and now came the bad quarter of the hour, when we were ex-

pected to pay the bill in thrashings. How our ears tingled, our cheeks pained, our heads ached, and our arms smarted! You see it was a very long account, and it took a good deal of blows to make it up. But even the most infuriated creditor is appeased in the long-run, when the gathering in of his dues implies the excessive expenditure of nerve and muscle as such a scene as that of our castigation. The strongest woman cannot beat a half-dozen of children throughout an entire night, and my mother retired, pleased to regard her life in danger by a consequent fit of nervous exhaustion and blood to the head.

(To be concluded.)

HODSON.

JUST forty-one years have passed since one memorable evening in March, when the headquarters staff of the army in Bengal stood in sorrowful assembly round an open grave in the grounds of La Martinière at Lucknow. At their head was Sir Colin Campbell, Commander-in-Chief in India, within a few days to be hailed as captor of Lucknow and final victor over the great sepoy revolt; and as the funeral service terminated, the veteran general, overcome by emotion, exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "I have lost one of the finest officers in the army!" The man who had earned such an epitaph from his chief was William Stephen Raikes Hodson, than whom no single man had done more towards completing the success of the British arms in the terrible struggle then nearing its termination. None had surpassed, if indeed any had equalled, his reputation for gallantry and unflinching determination; and to this day the mention of his name does not fail to evoke an interest to which the memories of his prowess lend the glamour of romance.

The story of Hodson's life has been told more than once, but in no case, perhaps, without partiality, favour, or affection, as the old military phrase has it—though it should be added that in some of the more prominent cases the prejudice has been all in disfavour of the subject of this paper.

A school friend and contemporary of Tom Hughes, Hodson had an eloquent supporter in that charming and enthusiastic writer; and there is a pleasant legend, which one would like to believe to be wholly correct, that the character of Harry East, the inseparable chum of our much-beloved Tom Brown, was a faithful portrait of "Larky Pritchard," as Hodson was called by his intimates at Rugby. In moral qualities, however, East, as drawn by Tom Hughes, does not resemble, because he is not the equal of, Hodson. One of the most merciless detractors of the latter has indeed given prominence to an estimate of his character as a boy, which declares him to have been "not of any high principle"; but how unfair such an estimate must have been, the reader may judge from the fact that he was selected by Arnold to be *præceptor* in a house where disciplinary reform was needed, and that the choice was fully justified by the results obtained. The master of the house at this time was Cotton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta; and it is no small testimony to Hodson's high character that such a man should afterwards have written of him: "I cannot say how much I regret that I shall not be welcomed in India by the head of my dear old house at Rugby."

It was, however, in his feats in athletics—especially in his

running powers—that Hodson resembled, and indeed seems to have been the model for, the character of Harry East. As a runner, Tom Hughes tell us, “he was almost unequalled, and showed great powers of endurance. None of his old school-fellows have been surprised to hear of his success [in India], or of his marvellous marches. Such performances only carry us back to first calling over, when we used to see him come in splashed and hot, and to hear his cheery ‘Old fellow, I’ve been to Brinklow since dinner.’” Indeed, the “Larky Pritchard” of those Rugby days must have pretty accurately foreshadowed, both in physical powers and in force of character, the future leader of the Guides and the founder of Hodson’s Horse.

Hodson was a born soldier, but there seems to have been some hesitation or difficulty about his following the career for which he was so specially suited. From Rugby he went to Cambridge, where he took his degree, and it was not until he was well on in his twenty-fifth year that he arrived in India, as a cadet in the Company’s service. This fact was the secret of many of the difficulties, as well as of some of the successes, of his subsequent life. On entering the Bengal army he found himself junior in rank to many men much younger than himself, a position little to the liking of one who was by nature inclined to be imperious and impatient of control, and accustomed in his early

youth to take a leading place amongst his associates. At the same time he realised, and rightly so, that by reason of his education, as well as of his natural gifts, he was intellectually the superior of most of those about him. It was not long before this superiority brought him prominently to the notice of the officers under whom he served: the fact marked him out as peculiarly fitted for extra-regimental employment, while his unfavourable position in his regiment made him particularly ready to accept any such special appointment.

It was with the native regiment to which he was posted on arrival in India (the 2nd Bengal Grenadiers) that Hodson saw his first service, together with fighting as hard and stern as any in which he was destined to take part in after years. His letters home give graphic descriptions of some of the great battles of the Sutlej campaign. Young and inexperienced as he was, Hodson could not but be struck by the unsteadiness of some of the native regiments, and his remarks are an interesting corroboration of the severe strictures passed by Major George Broadfoot on the *moral* of the Bengal army of that time. These strictures were published many years afterwards in Broadfoot’s *Memoirs*, and although attempts have been made to discredit his testimony, it cannot be doubted that the estimate formed by him was accurate. The army of Bengal, recruited almost entirely

from the Mussulmans and Brahmans of Rohilkhand and Oudh, had deteriorated in every way since the days when constant internecine struggles kept alive a warlike spirit in the country. The climate and the characteristics of the people alike conduce to a rapid evaporation of energy, when the motive for exertion is removed; and more than half a century under the *Pax Britannica* had worked much change in what had formerly been regarded as the best recruiting material in India.

These were the reasons which led Hodson, immediately the war was over, to apply for a transfer to a British regiment, and in May 1846 he was accordingly posted to the 1st Bengal European Fusiliers,¹ the most distinguished infantry corps in the Company's service. He was not destined, however, to do much duty in his new regiment. While at Lahore, after the Sikh war, he met for the first time Henry Lawrence, then a major, and just appointed President of the new governing body of the Punjab. No one ever came in contact with the eldest and noblest of the Lawrence brothers without being attracted as much by his commanding intellect as by his lovable and charming personality, and in this case the liking inspired by the older man was returned by him towards the young subaltern. In the following summer Hodson stayed with Major Lawrence at Simla, and how intimate they became,

and how thoroughly competent must Lawrence have been to form a just estimate of young Hodson's character, may be gathered from the fact that they spent several weeks together, not only in the same house, but sharing the same room. In the autumn of this year (1846) Hodson accompanied Lawrence on a prolonged expedition to Jummoo and the valley of Kashmir, and three years later the two men were again companions on a similar trip—in fact, Sir Henry Lawrence remained a firm friend and generous supporter of his *protégé* up to the time of the former's untimely death. Hodson's detractors have endeavoured to show that his "moral turpitude" on several occasions, notably in 1846 and 1849, forced Lawrence unwillingly to abandon his confidence in him. Nevertheless we find Sir Henry writing in 1850 to his brother George:—

"I have had a very nice tour with Hodson, who makes a good travelling companion, energetic, clever, and well-informed. I don't know why you did not take to him at Peshawar. He has his faults, positiveness and self-will amongst them."

And again to Lord Dalhousie in 1849:—

"From education, ability, and zeal there is no man in the Punjab better fitted to become an excellent civil officer. His faults are, that he is aware of his ability, and is apt to arrogate too much."

As late as 1853 Lawrence wrote to Lord Hardinge:—

"The present commander [of the

¹ Now the 1st battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Guides] is a young fellow, Hodson by name, whom you gave me at Lahore in 1847. He is a first-rate soldier, and as your lordship likes young officers in command, I beg to bring him to your notice for a brevet majority."

This letter was followed by one to Hodson himself, written in a most friendly strain, and dated July 18, 1853, from which the following is an extract:—

"By last mail I wrote to Lord Hardinge and asked him to get you brevet rank. You had better write to Sir C. Napier (but don't use my name, or it might do you harm) and say that if he moves in your favour you think Lord Hardinge will agree. If you could get local rank until you are a captain, it would be a great matter."

Now the writers who would have us believe that Hodson's "moral turpitude" as early as 1846 and 1849 came to the knowledge of Sir Henry Lawrence and destroyed the confidence of the latter in him, are shown by these letters to make, indirectly, a very serious charge against Lawrence himself. For they would represent that an officer, who was well known to have been guilty of gross dishonesty, was recommended by Sir Henry first for a civil post of trust and responsibility, and secondly, for a considerable advance in military rank. The accusations against Hodson here referred to are of a very vague nature; but even were it otherwise, the continued friendship and support of Sir Henry Lawrence would be sufficient disproof of their credibility.

In any case, however, the success of Hodson's career during his first eight years in India

was not marred by any public imputations on his character; and he was promoted from one confidential post to another with a rapidity which was as startling as were the achievements with which he proved the justice of his selection.

In the autumn of 1847, with but two years' service, he was appointed second in command of the Corps of Guides, then only lately raised by Henry Lumsden; and six months later he was delighted at receiving instructions to accompany an important mission, under Mr Vans Agnew of the civil service, which was about to start for Multan with the object of receiving over the government of that province from the hands of its ruler Mulraj. Subsequently, however, other arrangements were made, and Lieutenant Anderson of the Bombay army was sent with the mission in Hodson's stead. The latter was inclined to be disappointed at having missed the service; but this feeling was changed to one of thankfulness at his escape, when a month later came the news that Vans Agnew and Anderson had been treacherously murdered at the bidding of Mulraj. This outrage was the signal for a general rising of the Sikhs, which rapidly developed into the second Sikh war, and only terminated with the annexation of the Punjab. Meanwhile, when his appointment to Multan fell through, Hodson was appointed to be assistant to the Resident at Lahore; but it was in his military capacity as second in command of the Guides that he

served in the districts about Jullundur throughout the war, and discharged his duties in such a manner as to earn not only the acknowledgments of the Resident, Sir Frederic Currie, but the special thanks of the Governor-General for his activity, energy, intelligence, and personal gallantry.

The close of the war and annexation of the Punjab were followed by a year's work as an assistant commissioner, Hodson's connection with the Guides being at the same time severed, apparently for ever. But the life of a district civilian was distasteful to him, and during his tour in Kashmir and Thibet (already alluded to) he again impressed on Sir Henry Lawrence his preference for military service. The latter was, however, desirous that he should give the civil line a fair trial; and it was not until September 1852 that, to his great delight, Hodson was re-appointed to the Guides, this time as commandant in the place of Lieutenant Lumsden, who was going home on leave.

"I took command of the Guides on the 1st November, and twenty-four hours afterwards marched on service," wrote Hodson at the close of 1852, and the experience to which he alluded was a good example of what his life and work was to be during the next year and a half. The British occupation of the Punjab frontier was followed by an almost constant series of border raids, with counter-raids and punitive expeditions on our part. In such of the latter as took place in

the vicinity of Peshawar, the Guides had a prominent share; and during his tenure of the command of the corps, Hodson's name was continually conspicuous in the despatches regarding these little wars, coupled with glowing praise for gallantry, energy, and discretion.

But a dark period of trouble and disgrace was approaching the brilliant young officer, at a moment when he seemed to be on the highroad to fortune; nor did he ever again throw off the shadow of these trials except in the midst of the strain and excitement of the Mutiny campaign. Hodson had married in 1852, and in 1854 his little daughter, the only child of the marriage, died. In the midst of this affliction he found himself assailed by fresh troubles, even worse to bear, for they touched his honour.

Those who have learned to admire all that was noble in Hodson's character would willingly pass over these latter incidents as rapidly as possible; but, unfortunately, they have been brought so prominently forward, both during his lifetime and by those who have written of him since his death, that it is necessary to linger over the unpleasant details, if only in the effort to clear his memory of some of the charges against him.

Without going unduly into particulars, it should be premised that the charges against Hodson were of two distinct kinds. First were those of injustice, high-handedness, and

oppression in his dealings with natives,—notably that he falsely accused and wrongfully imprisoned a border chief in the Mardan district. For these acts Hodson was deprived of the command of the Guides by Lord Dalhousie, a punishment which was confirmed by the Court of Directors, with the additional sentence that he should not again be employed in any civil capacity whatever. That Hodson brought this on himself can hardly be doubted. However sincere may have been his conviction that his conduct was warranted by the circumstances, it is impossible to get over the fact that he imprisoned wrongfully, and in defiance of the orders of his superiors, a man against whom all his efforts could not produce a jot of satisfactory evidence. The faults which Henry Lawrence had noticed four or five years before were just those which were now his ruin — positiveness, self-will, an aptness to arrogate too much; and it must be confessed that such faults, unrestrained, are sufficient to render a man unfit to administer the affairs of an Indian district.

But now we come to the second class of charges with which Hodson was assailed, and which included falsification of accounts, and negligence, and even deliberate dishonesty in the money transactions connected with the command of the Guide Corps.

The accusations were first made by a British officer of the regiment, with whom Hodson was on anything but friendly

terms, and the charges formulated by him were so serious that the Chief Commissioner was compelled to order the assembly of a special court of inquiry to go fully into the matter. The court sat at Peshawar early in 1855, and took evidence from an immense number of witnesses, mostly natives, and with reference to a great variety of issues. No opinion was, however, recorded, and the whole proceedings were forwarded to army headquarters, where they were examined by the Judge Advocate-General. That officer animadverted in strong terms on the confused and unsatisfactory manner in which the inquiry had been conducted, and sent the proceedings back, with a request that the court would record their opinion on the circumstances which had come under their consideration. The court of inquiry thereupon declared that they considered that the accounts of the Guides, as placed before them by Lieutenant Hodson, were most unsatisfactory. Meanwhile, however, Hodson had demanded a more accurate and searching investigation of the regimental accounts than had been made by the court of inquiry; and in response to this demand Major Reynell G. Taylor, an officer of high reputation, who had been appointed to the temporary command of the Guides, consequent on Lieutenant Hodson's suspension, was directed to go in detail through the whole accounts of the corps. This duty Major Taylor performed with the most careful minuteness, and finally arrived

at the conclusion that the accounts were entirely correct in matters of fact, though the circumstances incidental to the peculiar services of the corps had resulted in very great confusion. This confusion, Major Taylor pointed out, had existed previous to Lieutenant Hodson taking over command, and the latter officer had made considerable efforts to remedy matters. Major Taylor, in writing to this effect to the Punjab Government, recommended that, as great publicity had been given to the sitting of the court of inquiry, which had taken an unfavourable view of Lieutenant Hodson's conduct, a similarly public court should again assemble to consider the results of his investigation. The Chief Commissioner forwarded Taylor's letter to the Government of India, through the Commander-in-Chief; but the latter did not concur in the necessity for the assembling of another court. This view was also taken by the Government, who declared that as Major Taylor, an entirely unprejudiced and competent judge, was satisfied with the correctness of the accounts, it would be sufficient for him to give Lieutenant Hodson an acquittance, and so close this harassing and painful business. But Taylor considered that something more than his brief letter was due to Hodson; and his request for a further court having been refused, he at once submitted to the Punjab Government a full report of his investigation, a copy of which was at the same time furnished to Lieutenant Hodson. This

report was forwarded by Sir John Lawrence to Simla; but it was there finally dealt with by the military secretariat, *nor was it ever shown either to Lord Dalhousie or to the Commander-in-Chief.*

Such, in brief outline, was the sequence of events connected with this unhappy affair; but it would be most unfair to Hodson's memory to refrain from calling more particular attention to one or two points which have not always been given the prominence which they deserve. Mention has been made of the immense number of native witnesses who gave evidence against Hodson before the court of inquiry, and of the variety of the charges against him, although the assembly of the court was the result of accusations brought by a British officer. These facts will be seen to be amply explained when it is stated that a regimental order was actually published in the Corps of Guides, calling on all who had claims or complaints against Lieutenant Hodson to submit them forthwith; and this too when that officer had already been suspended from his command in consequence of his injudicious conduct with regard to the border chief alluded to above. It is difficult to imagine a course of procedure more grossly unfair or irregular, especially in India. Persons who are not acquainted with natives of that country can have no idea of the result of such a notice, published at such a moment. A similar order, issued to a British regiment,

would probably have no effect except to arouse indignation at such means being resorted to in order to obtain evidence against a man already under a cloud. But with Orientals, or at least with the inferior classes of Orientals, the case is different. They have no compunctions whatever about hitting a man who is down; on the contrary, the knowledge that an officer had incurred the displeasure of his superiors, and had been suspended in consequence from his official position, would be the signal for every snivelling wretch who had a grudge against him to strive for a foremost place in throwing mud at him. What wonder, then, that an invitation issued alike to soldiers and to followers of the corps to formulate their charges, brought forward an ample crop of lying complaints? Under such circumstances would Herbert Edwardes, would John Nicholson, have escaped scatheless? Nay, the most perfect man who ever set foot in India would not have wanted some trumped-up accusation. And Hodson was not perfect, nor ever pretended to be so.

It has been denied that this notice, calling on Hodson's enemies to come forward, was ever published; but it was published, and the fact accounts for some three-fourths of the mass of evidence accumulated by the court of inquiry.

Nevertheless the proceedings of the court "did not contain a single substantial case against him, provided he could establish the validity of his regimental accounts." So wrote

Colonel Robert Napier, afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala, one of the most clear-headed as well as one of the most honourable of men; and he adds: "The result of Major Taylor's laborious and patient investigation has fully justified, but has not at all added to, the confidence that I have throughout maintained in the honour and uprightness of his [Hodson's] conduct."

This investigation by Major Taylor is the second point which deserves more than a passing notice. Notwithstanding the fact that such men as Napier and Sir Robert Montgomery considered that its result was a complete triumph for Hodson; notwithstanding that even John Lawrence admitted fully and freely that nothing was established against Hodson's honour, yet the report was never made public. As has already been stated, it was never communicated to the Commander-in-Chief until Hodson did so personally a year later. All the world knew that a court of inquiry had sat to examine Hodson's accounts,—all the world knew that Hodson was removed from the command of the Guides; but the world did not know, and to this day does not know, that the second fact was in no way consequent on the first. It is not known that (as was written by Colonel Macpherson, Military Secretary to the Punjab Government) "the military court of inquiry had nothing whatever to say to, and was in no way concerned with, the removal of the late Major (then Lieutenant)

Hodson from the command of the Guides"; and again, "In so far as the court of inquiry was concerned, Major Hodson, had he survived, might perhaps have commanded the Corps of Guides to this day." Nor is it generally known, except by hearsay, how extraordinarily convincing a proof of Hodson's innocence of all the charges affecting his honour is Taylor's detailed report. In it are clearly and lucidly set forth the manner in which the accounts of the Corps had been kept up to the time when Hodson assumed command; the irregularities of the system; the difficulties with which the commandant of the Guides had to contend in consequence of his multifarious duties, and of the special circumstances under which the Guides served; the further difficulties resulting from the delays and irregularities of the accounts department; the efforts made by Hodson to keep his books in order in spite of these difficulties; and, finally, the conclusions arrived at after a careful and detailed perusal of the books. Space does not allow of any lengthy extracts from the document; but the two paragraphs which follow may well be quoted before we pass from this subject:—

"This was the nature of the account to which Lieutenant Hodson succeeded; everything known to be in the main correct, but the whole unbalanced and undetailed. . . . He had long been connected with the regiment, and knew all the difficulty and confusion that had been caused in its payment by a long period of ubiquitous service, during which its numerous detachments had been paid by the various officers, to whom they

had been temporarily attached, causing a constant and most troublesome system of adjustment from headquarters. He knew from the character of the men that had been connected with the regiment that everything, as I have said, must be in the main sound and correct. . . .

"Such is the account. I may briefly sum up my opinion by saying that I believe it to be an honest and correct record from beginning to end. It has been irregularly kept; but every transaction from the least to the greatest has been noticed in it, and is traceable to the individuals concerned."

If it may seem to some that this subject has been dealt with at undue length, it must be remembered that those who have seen fit to attack Hodson's memory have placed the facts above discussed foremost in their catalogue of his shortcomings; and so closely have the charges of dishonesty been pressed against him, that to this day a mention of Hodson will almost inevitably call forth the comment that "he was not straight about money."

To return to the narrative of Hodson's life. The early part of 1856 saw him reverting to duty as a regimental subaltern with the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, aged and shattered by the terrible ordeal of private and public trials which had dragged their weary length through the last two years; but not without determination to recover his lost position, and make a name for himself yet in the world. And, indeed, the manner in which he faced his altered fate, and the energy and loyalty with which he undertook the comparatively minor duties of his regimental work, were eloquent of the best qualities of the man, and well

deserved the commendation which they elicited from his superior officers.

But a period was at hand of more strenuous activity than any which even Hodson had yet experienced. On the 10th May 1857 the great Mutiny broke out at Meerut. In such a crisis Hodson was not a man to be left idle, and that day week saw him appointed to be Assistant Quartermaster-General in charge of the Intelligence Department with the field army, and commissioned to raise a regiment of irregular horse in the Punjab. From this moment until the following March, Hodson's name was foremost in the ranks of those who did the work of giants to save India for England. So much has been written about all the incidents of the siege of Delhi, that there is no need to detail here Hodson's share therein—his ride into Meerut to open communication with that place; his reconnaissances as the field force approached Delhi; his arguments for an immediate attempt to storm the city; his numerous expeditions against scattered parties of rebels; his incessant labours in the work of obtaining intelligence of the enemy's doings, which resulted in his being as well informed of all that went on in Delhi as were the rebel leaders themselves. But some notes about the formation of his famous regiment of horse will be of interest, and will not deal with matters so widely known. Hodson had (as one who knew him well has written of him)

“pre-eminently the gift of converting all the men he got hold of into useful,

working soldiers. . . . He was a good linguist; knew his men and all about them; knew thoroughly the good Sikh classes and families, amongst whom good soldierly men were to be found; but his chief qualifications, after all, as a leader of men, were his extreme hardness,—heat, cold, or wet, food or no food, it was all the same to him,—and, above all, his good horsemanship, and his entire fearlessness, whatever the odds—not possible odds, but actually in front of him and against him.”

These were the qualities which had already stood Hodson in good stead; which had so endeared him to the men of the Guides that, when the corps marched into the camp at Delhi and found their old leader there to meet them, they broke through all bonds of discipline in their enthusiastic delight, cheering, shouting, weeping round him (as he wrote himself) “like frantic creatures.” It is a pleasant picture, this of the Guides and Hodson meeting once more on the field of danger. It is pleasant to those who know and admire the Punjab army to recognise that, though bunias and babus and mamluks may turn against an officer in disgrace, the men in the ranks will not readily forget one who has led them to victory.

But excellent as was the choice of Hodson to raise a regiment of horse for employment against the mutineers, it is obvious that he could not himself attend to the enlistment of men in the Punjab while he was on the staff of the army before Delhi. Consequently he had to depend largely on the exertions of his friends, British and native, foremost among whom was Sir Robert

Montgomery at Lahore. Of the sort of men who were enlisted and the manner of their enlistment the following description gives a graphic picture:—

"He [Hodson] asked me to get him as many good men as I could—a squadron if possible—and if possible with their own horses under them, or with sufficient money in their pockets to buy them; but on this point, horse or money, he was not very particular, for, as he said, he could always pick up the horses. It was a curious business: there were the old Sikh *Ghorchurrahs*¹ everywhere, and old artillerymen too. They were looking every way, certain that sooner or later they would take a hand one side or the other, and were just biding their time, and it was hard to get a beginning. . . . After the first start the men began to come in, and I had a pretty good number to select from; and the test of their riding capabilities was to ride my grey mare, a country-bred, from my house verandah to the compound gate and back. She was a *jungle*,² 14.3, and used to stand like a sheep until she was mounted bareback, and then the fun used to begin. She used to fly right and left, and bound in the air, and *lumbai*³ all down the road, and get almost all of them off sooner or later; and we soon found out those who had ridden before, and no others were accepted."

The men so enlisted were sent down to Delhi in batches, and there joined Hodson's Horse, and were rapidly converted by their leader, with the aid of such officers as C. M. McDowell and Hugh Gough, into a useful and dashing cavalry corps.

Amongst the many noticeable exploits of Hodson and his Horse during the siege, his raid into the Rhotak district with

about a hundred horsemen of the Guides and two hundred of his own men is worthy of some further notice here. "In three days," he wrote, describing the affair, "we have frightened away and demoralised a force of artillery, cavalry, and infantry some 2000 strong; beat those who stood or returned to fight us twice, in spite of numbers; and got fed and furnished forth by the rascally town itself." On this occasion it was that Hodson, having stormed a small town which was crowded with rebels, forthwith had such of the ring-leaders shot as surrendered or were taken prisoners. Amongst them was one Bisharat Ali, a native officer of the 1st Bengal Irregular Cavalry, to whom Hodson had been pecuniarily indebted in previous years. For having this man shot he has been accused of ingratitude and worse; and it has been urged that Bisharat Ali was in no way in league with the rebels, and was on leave at the village in question with the knowledge of his commanding officer. If this be true, it can only be said that appearances were very much against the native officer. He was found in the midst of a hotbed of rebels, with whom he was evidently on friendly terms, or he could not have remained there alive; and that too not within a few days or weeks of the outbreak of the Mutiny, but at the end of August, long before which time every soldier who was loyal to the British Gov-

¹ The Ghorchurrahs were the Horse Guards of the Sikh rulers.

² A half-broken horse.

³ Plunge.

ernment had been summoned to rejoin his regiment. Under these circumstances, and at such a time, any officer who did his duty would have acted as Hodson did; and he was the last man to allow personal considerations to stand in the way of what he considered the proper course to follow.

It is not necessary to linger further over the events of the siege, nor to dwell at length on the trying ordeal which Hodson's young corps had to endure on the day of the storming of Delhi. To the columns of our infantry, who faced the desperate enemy in the breach and in the narrow streets, that day was one of severest strain; but the cavalry had a yet more trying task. Sole defenders of the almost deserted British camp from any counter-attack on the part of the besieged, the cavalry brigade under General Hope Grant was of necessity obliged to sit motionless on their horses for over two hours exposed to a hot fire from the walls, from which they were unable to seek cover, and to which they could make no reply. "It was indeed a most crucial test of discipline and endurance, to stand there for hours, losing good men every minute, and being able to make no return."¹ Of Hodson in these hours of danger an eye-witness has written that he "sat like a man carved in stone, and as calm and apparently as unconcerned as the sentries at the Horse Guards, and only by his eyes and his ready hand, whenever occasion

offered, could you have told that he was in deadly peril."² And of the brigade as a whole Hope Grant wrote in his despatch: "I beg leave to state that I have never, in the whole course of my life, seen so much bravery and so much noble conduct displayed by men as was the case in the brigade I had the honour to command."

So ended the siege of Delhi; but the good effects of the success were marred, if not nullified, by the escape of the old emperor, Bahadur Shah, and his family, and it is with the daring capture of these persons, the figurehead and the leaders of the great rebellion, that the name of Hodson is most intimately connected. The story discloses perhaps the most wonderful achievement of individual courage, coolness, and determination which the whole history of the British army can show. It is, withal, so picturesque and so interesting that, even at the risk of recapitulating what is already familiar to the reader, we are impelled to briefly recall the facts.

On the 20th September Hodson received information that the old king and his sons were in hiding in the tomb of the emperor Humayun, some three and a half miles from the Delhi gate of the modern city, on the road to old Delhi. He forthwith obtained permission, not without difficulty, to attempt to capture the king, and he started off with fifty of his own regiment, under a Sikh officer named Man Singh, to carry out this purpose. The

¹ Sir H. Gough, *Old Memories*.

² Hodson of Hodson's Horse.

road lay through the midst of the vast ruins of forts, tombs, and temples which surround the site of the ancient city: all these buildings, many of them immediately overhanging the road, were thronged with the armed rabble who had fled from Delhi on its occupation by our troops. At any moment Hodson's advance might have been opposed, his return cut off, or a shot aimed from the adjacent buildings might have disabled or killed him. Holding on his course, however, he arrived at the entrance to Humayun's tomb, a great red sandstone gateway leading into a vast enclosure, high walled, and containing in its midst the marble-domed edifice, beneath which rest the remains of the great emperor. The enclosure, some 350 yards square, was now thronged by the fanatical adherents of the old king, the degenerate descendant of the house of Timur, who with his wife and her child cowered in the gloomy vaults of the royal tomb. To this day dwellers about the spot will point out the last refuge of the wretched Bahadur Shah, and will describe how the British officer, leaving his handful of followers at a little distance, advanced alone and stood under the shadow of the great gate-house, demanding the surrender of the fugitives. After a period of waiting, which must have seemed interminable to the high-strung nerves of the man who thus ventured to face unsupported the sullen rage of his treacherous but craven foes, the very audacity of the venture overawed both the old king and his rabble

following. There was a parley, in which Bahadur Shah declared that he would surrender to none but to "Hodson Bahadur" in person, and at last a cavalcade of litters issued slowly from the gateway: a moment afterwards Hodson's little party of Sikhs closed round them, and the last of the Mogul emperors was a prisoner in the hands of the English subaltern. Avoiding the dangerous road through the ruins, the return journey was accomplished by the longer though more open route to the Lahore Gate of Delhi, and an hour later the city was reached in safety.

But the three princes, whom common report at the time declared to have been foremost in instigating the terrible massacres which had marked the outbreak of the mutiny at Delhi, were still at large, and to effect their capture Hodson made another excursion to Humayun's tomb the following day, accompanied this time by Lieutenant McDowell and a hundred men. Arrived at the tomb, much the same scene was enacted as before, and in an hour the princes were in their turn Hodson's prisoners, and were being driven in a lumbering bullock-cart towards Delhi. Hodson sent part of his men with the cart, while with the rest and with McDowell he lingered at the tomb to keep the crowds of rebels in check, and, by a wonderful exercise of his daring will, to force them to lay down their arms. Then he rode after the cart, which had proceeded through the ruined buildings towards the Delhi gate of the city. He overtook it just under

the walls of old Delhi fort; he found an excited crowd following it and pressing on the little party. The narrowness of the way and the proximity of the walls of the old fort gave a probability of success to any attempt at rescue which might be made, and Hodson was determined that nothing should enable the prisoners to escape. In a moment his mind was made up. As the crowd became more threatening he stopped the cart, and having made the princes strip off their upper garments, he seized a carbine from one of his men, and shot them with his own hand.

In the controversy which has arisen over this act of Hodson's we have no wish to take a part. No impartial person will deny that the princes who were shot by him deserved death: at the same time most people will agree that it would have been better for Hodson's own reputation and interests had he not dealt them summary punishment with his own hand. But, as in the case of Bisharat Ali, so here, no personal feelings would prevent him from doing unflinchingly what he conceived to be his duty; and a very careful study of existing evidence, as well as personal examination of the locality and distances traversed, lead us to the conclusion that Hodson certainly considered that the success of his enterprise, if not the lives of himself and his men, depended on instant action. It may be added that the deed was generally applauded not only by soldiers but by almost every Englishman in India; that it

had the very best moral effect on the crowds of malcontents who still lingered about Delhi; and the opinion of the vast majority of Hodson's countrymen, both then and now, is expressed in words written two years afterwards: "No more righteous deed was ever done. No history of the world records an instance of more heroic courage."

We must hasten over the few remaining months of Hodson's brilliant career, months crowded with incident and excitement, and with exploits which fill the pages of the despatches of that time. "Captain Hodson's newly raised body of horse rendered excellent service," wrote Colonel Seaton, with whose column Hodson marched from Delhi to Cawnpore; "less it could not do under its distinguished commander, whom I beg particularly to mention to the major-general as having, on every possible occasion, rendered me the most effective service, whether in gaining information, reconnoitring the country, or leading his regiment."

Even the Indian Mutiny, with its many tales of hairbreadth escapes and reckless daring, can show no other story of more thrilling interest than that of Hodson's ride, with McDowell, from Seaton's camp to the headquarters of Sir Colin Campbell and back, which is described in graphic language by Lieutenant McDowell in Mr George Hodson's memoir of his brother. Seaton's column had reached Mainpuri, while the Commander-in-Chief was believed to be at Gursahaiganj, some

thirty-eight miles farther down the Grand Trunk road. Colonel Seaton was very anxious to communicate with Sir Colin without delay; but the intervening country was known to be infested by parties of the rebels, who had lately been scattered by the column advancing from Delhi, and who constantly watched the road in order to cut off messengers and stragglers. Such an undertaking as to ride from one camp to the other was just to Hodson's liking: he volunteered to make the attempt, and, his offer being accepted, he started with McDowell and seventy-five of his men at 6 A.M. on the 30th December 1857. At Be-war, fourteen miles out, he left fifty of his party, and pressed on with the remaining twenty-five a further fourteen miles to a village named Chibaramow. Here, having, as he thought, only ten more miles to cover, Hodson left the rest of his men, and went forward alone with McDowell to Gursahaiganj, which proved to be another fourteen-mile stage. But on arrival there the two officers found that the Commander-in-Chief was still at Miran-ki-Sarai, fifteen miles off, while at the same time the danger of their position was emphasised by the news that a considerable body of rebels was within two miles of their present halting-place. However, having come so far, return was not to be thought of until their mission was accomplished, and they again hurried forward, the chief's camp being at length reached at 4 P.M. Here their

appearance created the greatest surprise, and Sir Colin Campbell was warm in his appreciation of their exploit. But the work was only half done, and after refreshing themselves and their horses with much-needed food and a four hours' halt, they started at eight in the evening on their return ride of fifty-seven miles to rejoin Seaton's column. The moon was bright, and the officers had already covered most of the twenty-nine miles to Chibaramow, when they were stopped by a beggar, to whom Hodson had thrown alms in the morning, with the alarming news that the twenty-five men left in the village had been attacked by the enemy, who were even now in possession of the place, watching for Hodson's return. The situation was a desperate one; but Hodson was not long in deciding to push on at all hazards, so, taking their friendly informant as a guide, they continued their dangerous ride:—

"Taking our horses off the hard road on to the side where it was soft, so that the noise of their footfalls could be less distinctly heard, we went silently on our way, anxiously listening for every sound that fell upon our ears, and straining our sight to see if, behind the dark trees dotted along the road, we could discern the dark forms of the enemy waiting in ambush to seize us. It was indeed an anxious time. We proceeded close to Chibaramow. 'There they are,' said our guide in a whisper, pointing to a garden in a clump of trees to our right front. Distinctly we heard a faint hum in the distance—whether it was the enemy, or whether our imagination conjured up the sound, I know not. We slowly and silently passed through the village, in the main

street of which we saw the dead body of one of our men lying stark and stiff and ghastly in the moonlight; and on emerging from the other side, dismissed our faithful guide with directions to come to our camp, and then, putting spurs to our horses, we galloped for our dear life to Bewar."¹

Bewar was reached at 2 A.M.; there a strong party of the regiment was awaiting them, and there they slept till morning, when Seaton's column marched in. The total distance covered in the twenty hours was close on a hundred miles, out of which both officers rode seventy-two miles on one horse each, Hodson riding his favourite dun Arab, Rufus.

Four weeks after this exploit came the action of Shumshabad, when a force of all arms under Brigadier-General Adrian Hope had a very sharp fight with a considerable body of the enemy. The hardest work on this, as on many such occasions, fell to the cavalry, and Hodson's Horse lost several killed and wounded.

"They were very superior in numbers," wrote Hodson, "and individually so, as horsemen and swordsmen; but we managed to whop them all the same, and drive them clean off the field." And he adds: "It was the hardest thing of the kind in which I was ever engaged. . . . I got a cut which laid open my thumb, from a fellow after my sword was through him; and about half-an-hour later this caused me to get a second severe cut, which divided the muscles of the right arm and put me *hors de combat*; my grip on my sword-handle was weakened, and a demon on foot succeeded in striking down my guard, or rather his *tulwar* glanced off my guard on to my arm."

But a worse disaster even than Hodson's wound was the death on this day of Charles McDowell.

"The very first shot," writes an officer who was present, "plumped into the middle of the group [of staff officers, &c.], striking poor McDowell just under the right knee, smashing his leg, and passing through his horse. We saw his horse rear up and fall back, McDowell crying out, 'Doctor, doctor!'"

And again, after the *mélée*:—

"When we returned we found poor McDowell lying desperately wounded; he was so weak from the frightful shock, the shot having completely shattered his leg, that the doctors found he could not stand the necessary amputation, and he died in the course of the evening. He was a most delightful companion, always bright and gay, full of life, with very considerable ability, a good writer, and a brave soldier."

Well might Hodson write: "My usual fortune deserted me on the 27th at Shumshabad." The first fight of 1858 had opened the year with ill omen for Hodson's Horse.

Little remains to be told. Hodson's wound kept him idle for some weeks, and he was not again engaged until the final attack by Sir Colin Campbell's force on Lucknow. Meanwhile, on the 11th December, he had been gazetted to be captain, and on the 10th March, two days before his death, the mail from England brought him a brevet majority.

After one or two sharp fights in the earlier stages of the advance against Lucknow, Hodson's Horse was, on the 11th March, ordered to send a wing

¹ Lieutenant McDowell's narrative.

to Alumbagh, which Hodson himself was to accompany. Previous to making the move, he drove on business to the head-quarters camp, which was nearer the city of Lucknow. He was starting to return when he heard that an attack was about to be made on the palace known as the Begum Kothi, and going in that direction to see how the affair was proceeding, he found his friend Colonel Robert Napier (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala) about to enter the building. Hodson joined him, and a few minutes later was mortally wounded by some of the enemy concealed in a room of the palace. He was carried to Banks' House, near the headquarter camp, and lingered through the night in great pain, Dr Anderson, the surgeon of his regiment, remaining with him till all was over, and Colonel Napier staying by his side until the necessities of his duty compelled him to leave. "He lay on his bed of mortal agony, and met death with the same calm composure which so much distinguished him on the field of battle." His only regrets were for the wife whom he had loved so well; while for himself he had no repining except the natural thought, "It is hard to leave the world just now, when success is so near; but God's will be done. Bear witness for me that I have tried to do my duty to man." So, with words on his lips which singularly resembled the ever-memorable

epitaph of his noble and great friend Henry Lawrence, William Hodson passed away "when his reward was assured, obtaining only that reward which he most coveted — the consciousness of duty done, and the assurance of enduring military renown."¹

And here we would wish to leave him; but that once more we are compelled to turn aside to meet the attacks of malice, which have pursued him even beyond the grave. It has been constantly asserted that he was killed when in the act of looting. The other accusations against Hodson have been dealt with in this article as dispassionately as possible, on the supposition that they would not have been made but for an honest belief at least in their credibility. But this last attack is so slanderous and so false, that it is difficult to refer to it without being led into the use of more unmeasured terms. It is not pleasant to find that any Englishman will in this manner gratuitously assail the memory of one who fought so bravely for his country. Fortunately the true character of the allegation has been disclosed by writers whose evidence is not to be disputed—by Lord Roberts, Sir Hugh Gough, Mr Forbes Mitchell, and many others. It has been established beyond all doubt, that although Hodson had no business in the attack on the Begum Kothi, yet his presence there was due entirely to his desire to take part in every fight which was on hand;

¹ Lord Stanley's speech in the House of Commons.

and it has been amply proved that the suggestion that his object was to loot is as false as it is malicious. The more general charge of habitual looting is also sufficiently met by the fact that his effects, after his death, only realised the sum of £170. "I was appointed President of his Committee of Adjustment," writes Sir Charles Gough, "and the inventory of his effects bears witness to the fact that he had no loot of any kind in his possession."

Of Hodson's personal appearance we can judge only by description. A tinted pencil drawing, taken before he left England, shows indeed the shape of his face, the clean-cut features and strong chin, and his characteristic colouring, pale yellow hair, steel-blue eyes and fresh complexion; but, like most portraits of the kind, it is insipid, and reveals little of the strong character which his face must have displayed. The only other likeness extant is a faded, ill-taken photograph, of which the date must have been very shortly before his death. In it we can trace the features of the boy in the pencil drawing; but the fair hair has grown thin on the temples, the firm mouth is almost hidden by a very long moustache, and the pale-grey eyes look out with a sternness engendered by twelve years of danger and hard work. It is, as it were, a ghost of what we know Hodson must have been; but badly taken, and without any attempt at posing or artistic effect, it in no way suggests the lithe athletic figure or the bright mobile

face of the leader of Hodson's Horse.

Of his character some idea will have been obtained from the perusal of the foregoing pages. Sir Charles Gough writes of him: "I admired him for his gallantry in leading, his abounding energy, activity, and resource in difficulties, his coolness in danger, and his genial, cheerful, and kindly disposition." His faults we have already seen; they were enumerated years before his death by his best friend, Henry Lawrence. But it was to his good points, just those so well set forth by his old subaltern, that he owed the lifelong friendship of such men as Robert Napier, Robert Montgomery, and Thomas Seaton; and to these characteristics too it was that he owed the love and the admiration of his men. As in the Corps of Guides, so in his own regiment of horse he was the object not only of respect but of veneration. To this day the few remaining of those who served under him, and the sons of those who served under him, speak of him by the title given him by the old king of Delhi—Hodson Sahib Bahadur. His corps of horse has long since been split up into the 9th and 10th Regiments of Bengal Lancers, and the latter has been honoured by receiving the title of Duke of Cambridge's Own; but no matter how they may be officially known, or what titles may be given them, the name which they never forget and which they most delight to honour is that of Hodson's Horse.

MOUNTAIN EXPLORATION IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

SINGULARLY little is known of the wild mountain region lying northwards of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and extending east and west of the Great Divide. Two mighty peaks, Mount Brown and Mount Hooker, marked in most maps as respectively 16,000 and 15,700 feet in height, which rise on either side of the Athabasca Pass, are supposed to dominate this region; and a certain halo of mystery and romance hung over them until in 1893 Professor Coleman of Toronto visited the Pass and pronounced these two mountain giants to be frauds. It was thought, however, that the professor might have been mistaken, and patriotic Canadians were unwilling that the Dominion should abandon without a struggle its claim to possess the highest summits of the Rocky Mountain system. The question involved other geographical and mountaineering problems of an interesting nature, so that when my friend Dr Norman Collie, F.R.S., asked me last spring to join him in an expedition of exploration and surveying in the Northern Rockies, I gladly accepted the invitation.

We started at the end of July from Laggan, a station of the C.P.R. in the heart of the Rockies. The caravan—I beg pardon, “outfit” — consisted of our two selves and Mr Herman Woolley; four men—W. Peyto (head packer), W.

Byers (cook), Nigel Vavasour, and Roy Douglas; thirteen horses, three dogs, and a quantity of tents, provisions, and baggage. We took no Swiss guides. Our route lay northwards through a maze of fallen logs and burnt timber up the valley of the Pipestone Creek; and we spent our first night in camp in a hollow on the banks of the stream. It was terribly hot and the mosquitoes were very active, whilst my first dinner—of fat bacon, bannock, and fried onions, washed down by three cups of strong tea—induced symptoms which for a while made me oblivious of the pleasures of camp-life. After two more days of steady travel, we camped in a pretty spot an hour below the summit of the Pipestone Pass. The heat was terrific, and I tried to bathe in the stream; but before I was half undressed a brigade of “bulldogs” and mosquitoes mustered, and, attacking me “not in single spies but in battalions,” fairly put me to rout. The “bulldog” is a big horse-fly whom Nature has armed with a formidable pair of forceps like scissors, that will sometimes draw blood. The horses suffered terribly from them, and on very hot days I have seen them dripping with blood under their attacks. Still, on the whole, I prefer the “bulldog” to the mosquitoes. The former’s nip may make you swear temporarily, if audibly, but it leaves

no after-irritating effects. We lit "smudges," or fires of damp grass and weeds, to drive them off, but they proved of little use. At midnight a tremendous thunderstorm broke, with torrents of rain, and it was not long before a small stream trickling over my ground-sheet showed me that our well-ventilated *teepee* or Indian tent, which had a big hole at the top, admitted water as well as air. Next morning (Wednesday, 3rd August) we crossed the Pipestone Pass, 8400 feet above the sea. The scenery here was grand but desolate. Huge crags, grotesque rather than beautiful, with cliffs nearly 3000 feet in height, towered on our left. Northwards we could see through the mists the twin summits of Mount Murchison, and it was evident that the height of 15,789 feet which some ancient cartographer, with a fine parade of accuracy, assigned to it, and which still appears in the most up-to-date maps, is a great exaggeration. The weather was cloudy, but it cleared up as the day wore on, and we had no more rain for three weeks. From the head of the pass we descended into the valley of the Siffleur, a tributary of the Saskatchewan, at first through dense scrub of dwarf willow, and then once more through the everlasting pine-woods. The trail improved as we advanced, and we did two good days' march. On the Thursday we saw on our left across the river a fine glacier descending from the flanks of the Murchi-

son group of mountains, and pitched our camp in a pretty basin amid rocky hills. The Siffleur, its waters fed by the melting of the glaciers, had here grown to a good-sized river, and as our horses were all required for the baggage (we had done all the journey hitherto on foot), we had to ford it one by one on Peyto's fine mare, Pet. Byers rode over first, and then Peyto coaxed the mare back; I followed, and the same operation was repeated until we were all safely across. Farther on we found ourselves in a thick forest of tall pines with patches of bad *muskeag*, or marsh. Many of the trunks were rotten and tottering, and one of the horses had a narrow escape from a tree which he bumped against with his pack, and which fell right across the trail, narrowly missing the animal's haunches. Here and there whole clumps had been blown or burned down, and the logs, piled in wild confusion one on another, formed a tangle that made our progress very slow. However, our heavily laden team, though sinking deep in the boggy ground at every step, went gallantly on, headed by Molly, the old bell-mare, with her little foal trotting at her side. Every few minutes we had to halt while the men were cutting out the trail. It was tedious work, for one could do nothing except sit still on a log and scratch one's mosquito bites, listening to the tinkling of Molly's bell and the blows of Peyto's axe as they re-

sounded through the wood. It was what the men called a "very mean trail," though in places it was fairly well defined, and now and then we saw the teepee-poles of old Indian camping-grounds. Matters improved when we emerged into the desolate valley of the North Saskatchewan, and the trail turned to the left westwards across miles and miles of barren hills strewed with burned timber. A fine glacier-covered peak, named by Collie Peak Wilson, closed the view up the valley, the foreground being filled in by the windings of the river through picturesque rocky knolls. Down the valley, where the stream turned abruptly to the north, a murky copper-coloured haze hung over the hills, and told of forest-fires raging in the direction of the Peace river. A few miles away we could see the Kootenay Plains, a well-known camping-ground and market of the Indians in the old days when they traded with the Hudson's Bay Company. We soon reached the Saskatchewan, which owing to the great heat was in tearing flood, and struck an excellent trail up its right or south bank. The word Saskatchewan signifies, I believe, in the Indian language, "The River of Turbid Waters," and the torrent certainly justified its title, as it swept by us like a muddy mill-race 150 to 300 yards in width.

Towards sundown on Saturday evening the wind changed, and the distant smoke-clouds we had observed in the morning came rolling up the valley,

completely obliterating the mountains from view. The air grew suspiciously hot, and as a strong peaty odour assailed our nostrils, our thoughts naturally turned to forest-fires and the chances of our outfit escaping if the valley got ablaze. Woolley humorously announced his intention of going to bed in his boots—a prospect which alarmed me considerably more than the fire, for the head of my bed was dangerously near his feet, and Woolley, who was a great footballer in his day, in his dreams seemed sometimes to fancy that he was playing a fine dribbling game with the base of my skull. However, the night passed without any alarms, and in the morning the sun shone in a fairly clear sky. All the same the thought struck me that death seemed to present itself to the backwoods traveller in a charming variety of shapes, if half the stories one heard were to be believed. Apart from the ordinary risks inseparable from climbing on virgin peaks, we seemed to have a fair chance before us of being burned in our beds, starved, slain by falling trees, or drowned while fording rivers.

Sunday was always our unlucky day, and the 7th August formed no exception to the rule. It was tremendously hot, and, as the Saskatchewan was tearing down in bigger flood than ever, the trail along the bank was in many places under water. The horses were continually floundering about in deep holes, and I noticed that they keenly relished their bathes. Suddenly, as we were rounding a

nasty corner where the bank dropped steeply into the torrent, the soft earth gave way under the feet of one of the pack-horses, and he fell in up to his neck. Finding the water nice and cool, and that it lightened the load on his back, to our horror he coolly swam out into mid-stream, and, after a desperate struggle with the swift current, reached an island separated from us by a channel thirty yards broad. I should explain that these Indian ponies take to the water like ducks, and directly one of the team is seen swimming the others follow suit and plunge in after him. In Morocco, where I have forded some baddish rivers, the animals required much whacking and objurgation to make them enter the water; but in Canada they simply race each other to get in first, and that traveller is wise who packs his kit in perfectly waterproof bags. Thus it happened that Molly the bell-mare, who was always up to mischief, seeing the fun, took a header in after her companion, and her foal promptly followed its dam. The little creature was turned bodily over by the force of the current, and for a moment I thought it must be drowned; but it soon recovered itself, and, striking out pluckily, reached the island, where it shook itself like a dog and trotted after its mamma. It looked as though we should have the whole outfit swimming, but we managed to grab hold of all the remaining horses except one, who made a bolt

for the water and swam gaily across to the three other culprits; and all four started grazing on the island just as if nothing had happened. The language which ensued fairly beat all records in backwoods profanity, and the smoke vapours fairly thickened with curses. The whole thing would have been excessively comic, had the possible consequences been less serious. The impassive Collie said not a word, but he looked more than usually grave; indeed, the prospect of losing our outfit by fire or water seemed the only thing which disturbed his philosophic calm. Apart from the ruin of the trip, we should have been in a pretty fix without our provisions, and seven days' march from home.

The only way to get the delinquents back was to move on with the rest of the team, which we proceeded to do, pitching camp, however, directly we were out of sight round the corner. In ten minutes Peyto came in, furiously whacking the four dripping animals, and, needless to say, we found our bacon, flour, and sugar in a nice mess. In the afternoon the heat grew worse than ever, while every species of insect abomination — mosquitoes, midges, sand-flies, black flies, and bulldogs — buzzed about us, and I awoke from a nap on a mossy bank to find a tribe of ants on the war-path inside my shirt, and busily engaged in striking a trail down my spinal column. The night was not much cooler, and the mosquitoes, who gener-

ally ceased to worry us in bed, allowed us no sleep. Next day we were forced by the floods up into the woods, where there was no trail, and the men had terrible work with the fallen timber. We hoped to reach Bear Creek, the South or Little Fork of the Saskatchewan, that evening. The scenery grew grander and more alpine as we advanced, and several splendid peaks came into view whenever the smoke-haze lifted. The whole country was very like Switzerland in almost every respect, and the resemblance struck me more every day. The chief difference was that out here the firs grew about 500 feet higher, and there appeared to be no alps or upland pastures above the tree-line. We did not reach Bear Creek till seven o'clock. Our camping-ground was in a magnificent situation at the foot of Mount Murchison, in an amphitheatre of lofty mountains near the junction of the South, Middle (or West), and North Forks. Here, where four valleys, all leading to grand mountain scenery, converge, will probably be the Grindelwald or Chamounix of the Canadian Alps in the time to come, when this beautiful country is better known, and its peaks and glaciers become, as I venture to prophesy they some day will become, the "Playground of America." Of the individual mountains which environed our encampment I shall speak more fully presently.

We spent a day at Bear Creek, as man and beast both required rest, and we had ar-

ranged to make a *cache* there of a considerable portion of our provisions and baggage. As we expected for the remainder of our journey to be continually fording rivers, our saddle-horses would be required, and it was therefore necessary to materially lighten our equipment. Bear Creek itself, a glacier-fed mountain torrent, sixty yards wide, and the worst and most dangerous of these rivers, had to be forded on the morrow; and, as I watched it rushing and foaming over its rocky bed, I cannot say I relished the prospect. However, Peyto was of opinion that even if you got upset you would probably struggle ashore somehow, unless you knocked your head against a stone,—“And then,” he added philosophically, “you would die easy.”

Early next morning, we mounted our horses for the passage, and had only gone down-stream a few hundred yards when I was appalled to see Peyto trying to ford a place at the head of a rapid run, where the water tumbled and roared amid big stones, and where an upset would have meant certain drowning. Pet, however, wiser than her master, refused to go in above her knees, and we found a much better place lower down, where the stream separated into three channels, and the whole outfit eventually got across without mishap. From here we followed up the main valley, and presently saw on the other side the embouchure of the North Fork, which discharges the meltings of the great snowfields and glaciers

lying to the north. Continuing for about two miles up the stream, which above the junction is called the Middle Fork, we forded it at a place where the water spread out over a big wash-out, nearly half a mile wide; and then, turning down-stream on the north bank, camped in an angle between the Middle and North Forks. Our worst troubles were now about to begin. The Indian trail up the North Fork valley was said to be on the other (east) side of the river, and, as the latter was absolutely unfordable, we should have to force our way up its west bank. As this part of our journey has not been described before in print, I propose to do so in some detail.

Thursday, 11th August.—Did not move camp. Peyto and Nigel went ahead to find or cut a trail; while Collie and I climbed a peak (named by him Survey Peak), about 9000 feet high, to enable him to begin his plane-table survey. After two and a half hours' hot and tedious climb through the woods, battling with fallen logs and mosquitoes, we emerged into the open, and an easy scramble over loose stones took us to the top. The flies followed us far up the mountain side, and we experienced the novel sensation of chopping ice for water with our ice-axes, and being simultaneously bitten by a cloud of mosquitoes and bull-dogs. The same perpetual haze hung over the landscape; no light, fleecy vapours floated in the sky or rolled lazily along the flanks of the hills, but a dull leaden pall seemed to brood, as it were, over

the mountain world. When at intervals it lifted we had glorious views of Mount Forbes (about 14,000 feet), one of the highest and noblest peaks of the Rockies—a sort of cross between the Dent Blanche and the Weisshorn. In a deep valley to the right of the peak lay the blue waters of Glacier Lake, which descend from the enormous Lyell glacier, and discharge themselves by a short stream into the Middle Fork. Southwards we could dimly see the bold rock and snow mountains which cluster round the head of Bear Creek valley, while right above our late camping-ground was the imposing Murchison group, culminating in two peaks, one a long serrated ridge, the other a gigantic square-topped fellow of most formidable aspect, and quite sheer on three sides. The Indians believe Mount Murchison to be the highest in the Rockies, and, though it does not actually exceed 11,500 or 12,000 feet, it is nevertheless a very fine mountain. To the north the view was circumscribed by desolate limestone ranges, with curious rock forms like the Dolomites, one peak having a curious gash or rift cleaving the summit in two.

The next four days were one long battle with woods and muskeags and rivers, during which we only advanced about twelve miles. Had we had less resolute and hard-working men than Peyto and his staff, our trip must inevitably have ended in failure. As it was, we more than once feared we should be forced to turn back. Still, for

us people, who were not obliged to be always log-chopping, the time passed very pleasantly; indeed, our life in camp would have been an ideal one but for the flies, and they only annoyed us for a few days more. The evenings were especially delightful, as we smoked our pipes after dinner on the mossy banks of the river, listening to the swish of the rushing waters and watching the sun go down in a soft mellow haze which irradiated the mountains with its delicate tints. We were right under the great cliffs of Peak Wilson, which rose 6000 feet from the opposite bank to its glacier-crowned summit; and as the sun went down its rays reddened the great towers, bastions, and buttresses of crag, with a rich glow that contrasted sharply with the dense gloom of the intervening canyons. There was not much bird or animal life in the lower forests. An occasional tom-tit, a woodpecker with a voice like a fishing-reel being rapidly unwound, and a few dippers along the river banks, represented the feathered tribe; while the "chipmunk," most engaging of little squirrels, scolding and chattering in the pine branches as you invade his sanctuary, afforded constant entertainment both to men and dogs. We had expected to meet with a few Indians now and then; but I may mention here that, strange as it may seem, we never met a single human being, red, black, or white, during our whole journey, until we were quite near home.

On the 14th, being Sunday, our unlucky day, the horses got lost, and we had a terrible job to find them. The men had a very long day's work, so that evening we dispensed with the teepee and camped in the open air round the fire, beguiling the time with tales of Klondyke and other prospecting yarns. Our men proved excellent company, and Byers in particular, who was a great politician, and a theologian of decidedly advanced views, was a most amusing talker. Next morning, while Peyto and Nigel went ahead in search of the trail, I scrambled up the steep sides of a neighbouring creek with the rifle in search of goat or bear, but without success. At one o'clock the men returned, and dejectedly reported that a mile farther on a big river came in from the west down a wide valley filled with impassable muskeg. It was evident that their tempers were beginning to give way under their manifold trials; but Collie was successful in soothing them with mild words and whisky-and-water. There was nothing for it but to ford the muddy torrent on our right, even if we had to swim for it, or to give up the trip. Peyto was inclined to think that the river was unfordable; but after several plucky attempts he forced his mare across, and the whole outfit followed. The water in mid-stream was within a few inches of the horses' backs; but though the current was very swift the bottom was good, and we all got over with nothing worse than wet legs and damp packs.

Following the wide stony bed of the river for a while, we recrossed it without difficulty above the junction, and camped in the angle between the two streams. The tributary appeared to be fully as large as the North Fork, although it is not marked on the maps. It flows sluggishly eastwards in a deep winding channel, and the valley, which is nearly half a mile wide, was covered with large bogs and lagoons. I walked some distance up it with the rifle, until I was stopped by dense underwood and muskeg, and I noticed that there seemed to be no mountains of any size towards its head, while a fairly well-worn trail seemed to point to its leading to a pass over into the valley of the Columbia. I found no game except a few "fool-hen," or willow-grouse, which were always acceptable additions to our larder. The "fool-hen" is so called on account of its habit of sitting placidly on a low fir-branch until it is knocked down with a long pole or has its head blown off with a rifle bullet. To show the confiding nature of this bird, I may recount the following anecdote. Collie and I one day each fired four exceedingly bad shots at an old cock with a toy revolver, and it scarcely moved, only ducking slightly when a bullet removed two of its tail-feathers. Finally, as our ammunition was running short, Collie, who seems as much at home on trees as he is on rocks, brilliantly swarmed up the trunk of a neighbouring pine and "potted" the over-

trustful fowl at a distance of five feet.

Next morning we struck a fairly good trail, and all went smoothly—I might have said "swimmingly," for during one of our numerous fordings of the river Pet was carried off her feet in a deep hole. In two minutes the whole outfit had plunged in after her and were swimming about merrily, except two of the lazy ones that I managed to collar. The valley contracted as we advanced, and we bivouacked once more *à la belle étoile* at the foot of a lofty cliff. I was awakened at eleven o'clock by loud talking and laughing, and saw the men trooping back into camp armed with guns, hatchets, lanterns, &c. A large animal, presumably a bear, had been heard moving in the thicket. It turned out to be Woolley looking for a dark place out of the moonlight wherein to change his photographic plates.

Our eighteenth and last day's march was a long one. We left without regret the banks of the Saskatchewan, which had caused us so much trouble and anxiety, and presently saw it emerging from the glacier which forms the source of its main stream. The trail rose rapidly, and we had a steep but delightful ride through a forest of giant pines with trunks of a rich glowing red. Below us a tributary of the Saskatchewan plunged in a magnificent cataract into a deep gorge. Turning westwards, we passed through some pretty park-like glades, and emerged into a flat open valley. We

had passed the watershed un-awares, for the tiny streamlet that now meandered peacefully through the meadows was the infant Athabasca starting on its long journey to the Great Slave Lake and the Arctic Ocean. Curiously enough the Saskatchewan rivulet, flowing down from the opposite hill, passes within fifty yards of it. We made our permanent camp in a charming spot in the woods at an elevation of 7000 feet. Immediately opposite was a noble rock and snow-peak 12,000 feet high, which we called Mount Athabasca; and a fine glacier, similarly named, descended to the head of the valley. The spirits of us three climbers rose high at the prospect of being once more on the ice and snow, and we arranged to attack the peak next day. After dinner, however, an inspection of our commissariat disclosed an alarming state of affairs. We had flour for five, and bacon for barely two, days. Meat must be procured somehow and soon, or we should be starved into retreat, and the trip would result in ignominious failure. I therefore suggested to Collie that I had better give up the climb and go in search of mountain-sheep, or bighorn, which were said to be fairly plentiful in the surrounding hills; and he said he would be very glad if I would do so.

Accordingly, next morning my two companions started for Athabasca Peak; while Peyto, Nigel, and I went hunting to the north of the camp to the top of a broad grass-covered

pass (Wilcox Pass), surrounded by hills of moderate height, which led over into the main Athabasca valley. Here we separated, Peyto going off to hunt by himself. We had a splendid view of the dazzling glacier-clad slopes of Mount Athabasca, while northwards was the grandest range of mountains that I had hitherto seen. Behind it, and overtopping a scarped rock-peak with a curious snow-cap or crown, was a majestic black mass, which from its situation we imagined to be Mount Brown. We had no time, however, to spend upon scenery, for, while crossing a patch of soft mud, we noticed fresh sheep-tracks, and five minutes later we saw the animals which made them moving slowly away across a wide rocky basin. There were eighteen of them, mostly ewes and lambs; but I managed to make out two rams with fairly good heads. I was much struck with the size and noble appearance of the bighorn. His long legs, smooth tawny coat, and graceful carriage, are suggestive much more of an antelope than a sheep. It was mid-day, and the sheep presently settled down for their noon-tide siesta; but the ground was too open for a stalk, so we lay there watching them for two hours. At last they got up and went off, and Nigel was for following them at once; but, remembering how in chamois-hunting the old doe sentinel of the herd always pops up where you least expect her, and spoils your stalk, I determined to wait a little. Sure

enough, in five minutes an old ewe appeared on a rock and looked round to see if the coast was clear before making her exit. We followed the animals up a side-valley, Nigel displaying much skill in tracking, until we came to a muddy lake lying at the foot of a fine peak of which he is the eponymous hero. Here we saw the sheep, who had joined another herd, lying on a grassy knoll by the lake. Time was pressing; so I decided to attempt a stalk, leaving Nigel to watch the sheep and to signal to me if they shifted their position. I made a long détour, and coming across two ewes on the way I stalked them — luckily, as it turned out — without success. Meanwhile the herd had evidently seen me; though being a long way off they were not much frightened, but retreated slowly along the shore of the lake up the valley. Hoping to cut them off, I scrambled up the stony hillside as hard as I could, and in half an hour came upon the entire herd browsing peacefully in a hollow below me. The ewes and lambs were over 200 yards distant, but I slithered down the sharp stones thirty yards nearer — to the great detriment of my breeches. A few rams with finely curved horns grazed 60 or 70 yards farther off; but being after meat rather than heads, I decided to leave them alone. It was six o'clock, and I had no time to lose; but, knowing how much depended on the shot, I felt horribly nervous, and my heart was

going thump, thump against my ribs as I fired at the nearest ewe. She sprang up, and, after running fully 200 yards, fell dead. The rest scattered in all directions, and, keeping carefully concealed, I fired several more shots at them as they made off, killing two others, and, unfortunately, wounding as many more. I much regretted the necessity for this slaughter, but the straits we were in left me no alternative. Nigel soon joined me, and we had only gralloched two of our quarry when the approach of night compelled us to make tracks homewards, and it was past ten o'clock when we reached the camp.

Collie and Woolley had not returned, and our men were evidently getting anxious, though I explained to them that when they got more used to the ways of climbers they would not feel alarmed when a party did not come back for dinner. None the less, I was very glad when the flicker of a lantern, like a glowworm in the wood, announced their approach. They had had a splendid rock and ice climb up a difficult *arête*; and since, owing to the time occupied in surveying, it was late in the afternoon when they started from the summit, they had made a somewhat daring dash down a new *arête*. It was a leap in the dark even for two such first-rate mountaineers, but it was justified by success. They reported having seen an enormous glacier and several very fine peaks, the highest of which Collie imagined—wrong-

ly, as it transpired — to be Mount Hooker, and he thought that with a long day's work we might manage to climb it. I certainly had no reason to be dissatisfied with my first day's sport in the Rockies; but the price paid for it was a heavy one, as I undoubtedly missed the finest climb of the trip. Lest, however, the reader should imagine that we were in a kind of sportsman's paradise, I may as well say here that, though I hunted several other days, and kept continually spying *en route*, we never saw another head of game during the whole trip except one small bear! Those blessed bighorn had saved the situation for us; and I shall always regard that day's work as the most remarkable stroke of luck which ever befell me.

The next day Collie and Woolley rested, while Peyto, Nigel, and I brought down the quarry. The following afternoon we shouldered our packs, Nigel and Roy assisting, and bivouacked at the foot of the Athabasca Glacier for an attack next morning on the distant pseudo-Hooker. We took Roy and Nigel, who had never been on a glacier before, for a walk on the ice of the Athabasca before they returned to camp, and they seemed much interested by what they saw. A thunderstorm was growling among the hills to the north, at the head of Athabasca valley, and the vivid lightning flashes kept me awake all night; while I lay listening to the stones trickling down the dirty ice-cliff below us, the loud murmur

of the torrents, now rising in volume, now falling, with the varying gusts of wind, and the occasional roar of an avalanche falling down the sides of Mount Athabasca. We rose at 1.30 A.M., and after boiling our chocolate, started by lantern-light up the glacier, which at first was easy enough. Dawn broke at five in a dark and lowering sky, and the crevasses growing wider and more numerous, kept us dodging backwards and forwards without making much progress; so that I often fancied myself on the Mer de Glace or ascending the ice-fall of the Col du Géant. There were three separate ice-falls, and at the second one we put on the rope, Collie leading, while I, as the weakest vessel of the three, occupied the centre. Collie threaded the mazes of the crevasses and *seracs* with much skill, and they certainly afforded ample scope for mountaineering talent. The *seracs*, or ice-pinnacles, were not particularly striking, but the crevasses were unsurpassably fine. Huge chasms of immense depth yawned beneath us, branching out below into mysterious caverns and long winding grottoes, whose sides were tinged with that strangely beautiful glacial blue and festooned with icicles of all sizes.

We had been going for nearly five hours before we emerged on to the upper glacier, and the wonders of that unknown region of snow and ice were unfolded to me. We were on the edge of an immense ice-field, bigger than the biggest in Switzerland — that is to say, than the Ewige

Schneefeld and the Aletsch Glacier combined—which stretched away for miles like a rolling snow-covered prairie. Here, indeed, we were “alone at the heart of the world.” Out of this elevated plateau great peaks, not packed closely together like the Alps, but sparse and few in number, towered here and there like rocky islets from a frozen sea. To the south was the double-headed Mount Lyell; north of Lyell, and not more than eight miles from us, was a magnificent mountain mass resembling the Finsteraarhorn, which we judged to be nearly 14,000 feet high. We have named this peak, which does not appear on any map, Mount Bryce, after the distinguished author of ‘The American Commonwealth,’ who is now President of the Alpine Club. It is the fashion across the Atlantic to name mountains after people, though we departed from this custom in many instances, notably in the case of the goal of our expedition, the pseudo Hooker, which Collie christened Mount Columbia. This fine snow-peak is unquestionably the monarch of the group. It did not look particularly difficult, but it proved to be much farther off than we thought, and after two more hours’ steady tramp across the snow without reaching its base, we gave it up. We were near the edge of a magnificent *cirque* of frowning precipices formed by Mount Columbia and two fine peaks called the Twins. Retracing our steps, we ascended, after a laborious climb

through the soft snow, a rounded summit (11,700) which we named the Dome. The Dome is not a very striking mountain in itself, but Dr Collie observes that hydrographically it is one of the most interesting in North America. Viewed in this sense it is the very apex, as it were, of the Rocky Mountain Range, for the meltings of its snows descend into three great river-systems, flowing into three separate oceans—to the Columbia and thence to the Pacific; to Hudson’s Bay *via* the Saskatchewan; and by the Athabasca to the Arctic Ocean. It was now three o’clock, and gathering storm-clouds obscured the view, so we ran down the snow as fast as the hidden crevasses permitted to the head of the Athabasca ice-fall. The storm broke before we got off the glacier, and we reached camp that night drenched to the skin.

We still fondly believed that two of the great peaks in our neighbourhood were Brown and Hooker; but the whereabouts of the Athabasca Pass and the lake known as The Committee’s Punch-Bowl seemed more of a mystery than ever, as we could see no pass over the range which was feasible for horses, or, indeed, for men, unless they were practised mountaineers. Mr Wilcox, the author of a delightful book, ‘Camping in the Canadian Rockies,’ was said to have reached the Punch-Bowl, *via* the pass named after him, two years before us; but there is no record of the trip. Moreover, while hunting again one day in

my Wild Sheep Valley and Hills, I had an unusually clear view of the mountains to the north, and made a rough but careful sketch of them; and the result of my observations seemed to be that no pass could possibly exist between any of the peaks near the supposed Brown and Hooker by which any four-footed animal less active than a goat could cross. The solution of the problem seemed as far off as ever, so after a consultation we decided to move half the outfit over Wilcox Pass into the Athabasca main valley. This we accordingly did, leaving poor Roy alone to look after the camp.

The Athabasca flows through a wide valley, covered in most places with an ugly wash-out, which we found, however, very convenient for travelling purposes. The general features of the scenery were less attractive than those of the charming vale we had left, though the mountains here were on a bigger scale, and Athabasca Peak nobly filled the head of the valley. We had hoped to find a lateral glen by which we could reach the foot of Mount Columbia; but the mountains slope on their eastern sides in a continuous line of cliffs, intersected only at places by impassable ice-falls. We, therefore, followed the bed of the stream for some miles, and camped at an elevation of 5600 feet near the mouth of a gorge, down which a creek tumbled in a picturesque cascade. Our men spent the next morning vainly prospecting for gold, and in the

afternoon we took our sleeping-bags and provisions and ascended the gorge, with a view to sleeping out, for some peak of the main range. The stream issued from a glacier descending from a group of mountains with three principal summits, of which the northern one (Diadem Peak) was the curious snow-crowned peak I had seen from Wild Sheep Hills. The central and highest summit was named by Collie after Woolley, and the third after my humble self. Our two peaks appeared to have been sadly misbehaving themselves in bygone ages. A tremendous rock-fall had evidently taken place from their ugly bare limestone cliffs, and the whole valley, nearly half a mile wide, was covered to a depth of some hundreds of feet with boulders and débris. In our united experiences in the Alps, the Himalayas, the Caucasus, and other mountains, we had never seen indications of a landslide on so colossal a scale. Following the edge of the glacier, we bivouacked, our objective next day being Peak Woolley, which we hoped to climb by a steep ice-fall that separated it from Diadem. I made a delicious bed of heather and pine twigs, and slept soundly till I was awoken by the rain pattering on my sleeping-bag. The weather had changed for the worse, and the pale sickly light of an unpromising dawn had overspread the eastern sky when we started up the glacier. All went well as far as the foot of the ice-fall, when a black cloud that had been gathering over Mount

Columbia burst, and heavy rain drove us to seek shelter under a friendly rock. In five minutes it cleared, and we were just putting on the rope for our ascent of the ice-fall, when with a roar and a clatter some tons of ice that had broken off near the summit came tumbling down, splintering into fragments in their descent. The five minutes' delay had been a lucky one, so we took the friendly hint and left that ice-fall alone. The only alternative peak was Diadem, which we climbed in about four hours, three rock-chimneys and some steep rocks near the top affording us a certain amount of diversion. The rocks were not particularly difficult, but great care was necessary, owing to their excessive rottenness. The snow crown proved to be 100 feet high, and from its top (11,600) a wonderful panorama burst upon us, in spite of the murky atmosphere. Standing, as we were, on the Great Divide, we looked down upon a marvelous complexity of peak and valley, of shaggy forest and shining stream, with here and there a blue lake nestling in the recesses of the hills. Quite close, as it seemed, the overpowering mass of the supposed Mount Brown (now called Mount Alberta) towered frowning 2000 feet above us. It was a superb peak, like a gigantic castle in shape, with terrific black cliffs falling sheer on three sides. On almost every side, far as the eye could reach, the world of mountains extended: taken individually, I have seen finer peaks elsewhere,

but what impressed me here was a sense of their seemingly endless continuity. Northwards, as was to be expected, the landscape presented a sterner and more forbidding aspect: indeed, the softer and more homely features of Alpine scenery were everywhere absent. One missed the green pastures dotted about with brown chalets, and the familiar tinkle of the cow-bells would have sounded more musical than ever on my ears,—for, as I think Mr Leslie Stephen observes in 'The Playground of Europe,' these evidences of civilisation improve rather than spoil mountain scenery.

Collie's surveying kept us some time at the top, and bitterly cold work it was. We descended the peak through pelting hail, while the thunder roared and rattled among the crags in grand style, so that we were more than once constrained to halt and throw aside our ice-axes for fear of the lightning. In the woods we were struck with a still worse storm, with hailstones as big as—well, of the usual size—that hurt as they hit you; and again we ran down into camp like three drowned rats. During the night another thunderstorm, the fifth in twenty-four hours, broke over us; but though the drippings from our leaky tent soaked my already damp sleeping-bag, I slept soundly through it all.

In the morning we struck the tents and returned over Wilcox Pass to the camp. Provisions were again running short, so we decided to make tracks homewards, and moved

the tents on the following day a few hours down the valley. Peyto and I started ahead of the others to hunt sheep up a valley leading to the headwaters of the Brazeau river. On the way we found a considerable tract of forest on fire, the charred tree-trunks and half-burned foliage presenting a curious patchwork of green and black, while the peaty earth was still smouldering and emitting volumes of smoke. Two of our men, who had left the caravan to go hunting on the way up, had lit a fire to cook a fool-hen, and had carelessly omitted to perform what is every backwoodsman's first duty—namely, to thoroughly extinguish it. Had the weather been finer the previous week we should probably have found the whole valley ablaze and our retreat down the Saskatchewan cut off—a cheerful prospect for a party with next to nothing to eat! Leaving the fire, we pushed our horses on to the summit of the pass, where we tethered them and descended on foot some distance down the stream of the Brazeau. It was a pleasant valley, with low rounded hills, prettily wooded, on either side, that reminded me of Wales. We saw plenty of tracks, but no sheep, and returned to camp empty-handed, and for the third time soaked to the skin with rain. The morning was gloriously fine, and we made a forced march down the North Fork, so as to reach our *cache* of provisions at Bear Creek as soon as possible. The camp was pitched in a grove of burned trees, some of them

so rickety that a push of the hand sent them over. We were now on very short commons, having no meat and very little bread, and the poor dogs were absolutely starving; but it rained all next day, and we had to remain in camp. We ate our last sardine that evening, reserving three crusts of bread for breakfast on the morrow, when we pushed on as hard as we could down the left bank of the river. Arriving at the main stream of the Saskatchewan, we managed to ford it below the mouth of the North Fork, the cold weather having greatly reduced the volume of water. Bear Creek offered no difficulty. As we neared the *cache*, Collie tried to inflame our imaginations by drawing lurid pictures of a band of Indians gorged with our bacon and roaring drunk on our whisky; but we found everything just as we had left it.

Meat was still very scanty, so I spent most of the next day wandering about the woods of Bear Creek in search of fool-hen. One wants to be perfectly alone to fully appreciate the mystery and the utter solitude of these great forests. The scarcity of bird and animal life serves to heighten the impression of loneliness, and you may walk for hours without hearing a sound except the roar of some distant torrent or avalanche, and the sighing of the wind in the tall pines and the creaking of their gigantic limbs. Only the play of light and shade between the swaying branches causes the imagination at times to people their recesses with

moving shapes and figures, that are curiously lifelike and distinct. The forests of the Selkirks are less desolate, as one sees more birds and beasts, and the vegetation and timber are far more picturesque.

Next morning we tried to climb one of the spurs of Mount Murchison. We had a very bad hour with the logs in the wood, and when we got out into the open above the trees, the weather gave us little encouragement. A tedious shale-slope led up to steep rocks which afforded some interesting scrambles, Woolley manipulating a big jammed stone in a rock-chimney with much skill. We halted for lunch on an *arête* at a height of about 9000 feet. As the mountains were enveloped in mist and it was snowing steadily, we had no view to speak of, but two remarkable phenomena attracted our attention. The first was a tall column of rock that had become detached from the cliff and formed a slender pillar 400 feet high and tapering towards the summit and base. Much more extraordinary, however, was a group of rocks, formed, as it seemed, of petrified tree-trunks with numerous fossilised remains at their base. In his paper read before the Royal Geographical Society on February 13, Dr Collie expresses the opinion that these were really gigantic petrified seaweed. What a tremendous upheaval must have occurred to throw them up here! Nor am I aware of any similar remains having been previously found at so great an elevation.

The weather steadily got worse, so Collie carefully photographed the petrified trees, and we returned to camp.

Sunday, 4th Sept.—Pushed on up Bear Creek towards the Bow Pass. Violent hailstorms, followed by heavy snow, in which we hopelessly lost the trail through the wood. Camped in slush on the edge of a muskeag. Bitterly cold night, with hard frost. The morning was brilliantly fine, and the sun shone in a cloudless sky. Ice crystals sparkled on every leaf and twig, the pails and buckets were all frozen hard, and Byers asked for time to thaw his socks before he could put them on and give us our breakfast. At the summit of the Bow Pass (6700) we left the trail, and, ascending a hill to the right, had a glorious view of Murchison and the Waputehk Mountains. The most striking of these is the Pyramid (about 11,200), whose eastern face descends in an almost sheer cliff 6000 feet high to the valley. Our camp was pitched on the shore of the Bow Lake, a beautiful sheet of water embosomed in high mountains. It is full of big trout, and the whole district, which is well described in Mr Wilcox's book, can be recommended to people with a taste for camp-life.

On Wednesday, 7th September, we had our last climb. Following the northern shore of the lake, we passed the mouth of a remarkable gorge, with a big jammed stone forming a natural bridge, and reached the foot of the Bow Glacier, which descends from

the great Waputehk ice-field. The upper ice-fall proved troublesome, and four or five razor-edged ridges, connected by rickety ice-bridges, and with deep crevasses on either side, gave us the most ticklish piece of mountaineering work which I had during the whole trip. It did not last long, however, and soon we were on the *névé* of the Waputehk, which, though Mr Wilcox errs greatly when he says that it is much the biggest ice-field in the Rockies, is still a very fine glacier. The surrounding peaks do not exceed 11,000 feet, and are not particularly striking in form. The upper slopes of our peak were covered with fresh snow, and we had a terrible grind before we reached the top. Its height was 10,100 feet, and our view was one of the most remarkable I have ever seen, in respect of the multitude of mountains visible. Beginning southwards in this wonderful panorama, the first peak to catch my eye was Mount Assiniboine, the finest and highest south of the railway; next on the right rose Mount Temple and the Laggan group; the Ottertail mountains, and a group of unknown peaks; the Selkirks, with Mount Sir Donald, seventy miles distant, standing up quite clear; the Gold Range; next, and much nearer, the Freshfield group; Mount Forbes, towering above all competitors; the double-peaked Mount Lyell, partially obscuring Mounts Bryce and Columbia; Peak Wilson and the Murchison group; then the Slate Range, with innumerable

smaller summits; while over all was a cloudless sky of more than Italian blue.

Having next to no meat, we had been living practically on bread and porridge; but next evening we caught some fine trout in the Bow river, which took a fly readily, in spite of all we had been told to the contrary. Friday the 9th was our last morning in camp, and it afforded us a little mild excitement in the shape of a bear which was sighted on a hill above the camp. Peyto and I went after him; but he got our wind, and was seen by the party in camp to gallop over a range of hills 8000 feet high into the valley of the Blaeberry Creek. Our troubles were not yet over, as the burned timber in the woods above Laggan were worse than anything we had hitherto seen, the fallen trunks piled one upon another presenting a most extraordinary tangle. There were places where we walked on tree-trunks for some hundreds of yards without ever touching the ground. I cannot help thinking that it would repay the C.P.R. authorities to cut a good trail as far as Bow lake, as the district offers many attractions to sportsmen and fishermen as well as to mountain climbers. How the horses got through it all I don't know, as Collie and I dismounted and walked on ahead of the caravan. The distant scream of a C.P.R. locomotive warned us that we were approaching the haunts of men, and at five o'clock we found ourselves once more at Laggan railway-station. The outfit

arrived an hour later, the men looking like chimney-sweeps from their battle with the burned timber, and we bade a last farewell to our tents and horses. Our life in camp, with its varied incidents and experiences, was now a thing of the past; civilisation, with its feather-beds and *table-d'hôtes*, would claim us for its own, and our difficulties and struggles with woods and rivers and mountains would henceforth be nothing more than a pleasant memory.

After our return to England, Dr Collie and I studied the works of the old Canadian explorers to find out who it was that discovered and named Mount Brown and Mount Hooker, and he eventually unearthed an old and obscure magazine, containing the account of the journey of one David Douglas, which established the identity and loca-

tion of those two semi-mythical giants beyond all question. Hence it is evident that Professor Coleman was right in saying that they are comparatively insignificant summits. It is evident also that the Athabasca Pass does not, as all the maps make out, traverse the main chain of the Rockies, but quite subordinate hills several miles to the west. The main range, therefore, which was the scene of our operations, is virgin ground; and the Columbia Glacier and the peaks rising out of it must be regarded as the true culmination of the northern Rocky Mountain system. Lastly, Mount Brown and Mount Hooker must be deposed from their pride of place as the mountain monarchs of this part of the world, and Mount Columbia, Mount Bryce, and Mount Alberta must reign in their stead.

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

SIR GEORGE POMEROY-COLLEY.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER'S remarkable book¹ has brought to my mind many recollections, both sad and stirring. It seems to me a masterly presentment of a life of no ordinary kind. It seems to me to state with calmness and to prove with clearness the beauty of a noble character, and to set forth impartially and dispassionately the historical events in which Sir George Colley was a chief actor—events around which political and party strife has stormed and raged. I shall not attempt to review the book, for I could not pretend to be an impartial critic. It is the work of a personal friend and old comrade, about one who in his life was also my comrade and friend, and all that I propose is to add a brief humble tribute, drawn from my personal recollections, to the memory of one whom to know was to love and honour.

It was my lot to be associated with Sir George Colley or to follow after him on many occasions. We were colleagues as instructors in military history at home; we were comrades in the Ashanti war of 1873-74; we served together on Sir Garnet Wolseley's staff in Natal in 1875; we again served together in Zululand and the Transvaal in 1879.

I succeeded him in the duties of chief of the staff in South Africa in the latter year; and again, only a few months later, in 1880, I succeeded him as private secretary to the Viceroy of India, so that I had ample opportunities of knowing him and his work under many and varied conditions.

We first became acquainted in 1868, when I was appointed Professor of Military History at Woolwich, and he was examiner in that subject for the Council of Military Education.² I was at once struck with the clearness and fairness of the questions set by him in his examination papers. Nearly all of them were directed to exercise the thinking powers of the students, but not all: some were simply directed to bring out their knowledge and memory of historical facts. And he explained to me that while the former class of question aimed at stimulating to the fullest the abilities of the ablest and most original thinkers, the latter class of question was given to enable the students who had not original ability, but who had worked conscientiously and well according to their lights, to reap the reward of their efforts, and obtain the quali-

¹ The Life of Sir George Pomeroy-Colley, K.C.S.I., C.B., C.M.G., by Lieut.-General Sir William F. Butler, K.C.B. London: John Murray, 1899.

² See page 80 of the Life.

fying amount of marks. He also explained to me that in allotting marks for the answers to the questions in which he asked for views and opinions, he was not influenced by the agreement or non-agreement of the opinions stated with his own views, but judged them entirely by the clearness and ability with which they were stated and reasoned out. He entirely believed that the object of teaching military history, strategy, and tactics was not to cram the minds of our future officers with facts and theories, but to enable them from facts to deduce principles, which would help them when in time to come they would have to think for themselves in situations of difficulty.

I soon learnt that I was in presence of no ordinary mind, but of one which used facts in order to arrive at principles; and in 1869, having undertaken to lecture at the United Service Institution on the Last Campaign of Hanover, I wrote to him for his opinion on certain points, and received in reply that masterly sketch of the spirit of the new Prussian tactics, which is given by Sir William Butler at pages 81-84 of the *Life*, and of which he says, "It will be allowed that the man who had thus early caught the principles and objects of modern battle tactics possessed a rare power of insight into questions upon which may depend the existence of nations."

In May 1873, at the request of the Council of the United Service Institution, I lectured

on "The Tactics of the Three Arms as modified to meet the requirements of the present day." In the discussion which followed, many of our ablest soldiers and deepest military thinkers took part: Sir Edward Hamley, Sir Patrick M'Dougall, Sir Lintorn Simmons, and some of the finest of the older school, Sir William Codrington, Sir Percy Herbert, and Lord de Ros. Reading the speeches again now, I have no hesitation in saying that by far the ablest and most far-seeing was that by Colonel Colley, which opened the discussion. It is a masterpiece of close and analytical argument. Commencing by showing that only a small part of a force can attempt flank-attacks, and that the great bulk of it must be prepared to attack to its front, or remain inoperative, he proved how superior the new formations must be to the old for such frontal attack. After distinguishing between the formations required for bringing troops into position for the final rush, and those needed for carrying out that rush, he spoke of attack with the bayonet, said that every nation in Europe believed the bayonet to be its special weapon, and continued, in words the truth of which must in the last days and hours of his life have been terribly present in his mind:—

"This is merely the expression of the fact that whenever two forces had arrived within a certain distance of one another, that one which had sufficient morale, sufficient go left in it really to wish and try to close, was *ipso facto* victorious; and that every

army, therefore, could boast that whenever it had really made the attempt to cross bayonets it had been victorious. . . .

"There are, I think, strong symptoms that infantry fighting is constantly tending more and more to assume the character of an artillery duel—a pure fire fight; that two bodies approach to within a distance at which their fire tells with full effect, and that beyond that neither party *can* advance till the other is not merely shaken, but has actually given way; that, in point of fact, the retreat of the defenders has usually *preceded* the final advance of the assailants, and has been determined not by the gallant rush of a body of men, whether formed or unformed, but by the intensity of the concentrated, sustained, and ever-increasing fire brought to bear. . . .

"The battles of the great civil war bear out the opinions expressed by American officers, that no advance can succeed against good troops holding a fair defensive position till these have been not merely shaken, but practically broken and destroyed as a fighting body."

Such are some of my recollections of Colley as a teacher, writer, and speaker upon the Art of War. We were next to come together under more trying conditions than those of the class-room and the lecture theatre—in the swamps and forests of the Gold Coast. The story of his work there has been well told by Sir William Butler. But it can only really be appreciated by those of us who were present at Cape Coast Castle when he arrived, and who had watched, with ever-growing anxiety, the melting away of the carriers, upon whom the advance depended, and the feeble and spasmodic efforts of the Control Department to push supplies to the front. When Colley arrived on the 17th

December, it seemed hopeless ever to accumulate sufficient supplies at advanced depots to enable the force to advance. In twenty-four hours he had grasped the whole situation, had realised the causes of the desertion of the carriers,—the long enforced absences from home, the mixture of men of different tribes, the irregular payment, the want of human sympathy with these human beasts of burden. In less than forty-eight hours he had devised the remedy. Adapting the Prussian *etappen* system—with every detail of which his studies had made him familiar—to the peculiar character of Gold Coast transport, on the 19th he issued instructions, organising the transport into two branches—regimental and local. All organisation to be by tribes, each man to be registered and numbered. For the one branch, the regiment would be its home, where it would find always the same masters, always food and shelter. For the other branch, carriage forward, and return without loads, daily from and to one fixed station, was to be the rule. There were far too few officers for the task, and at first the carriers could scarcely realise the blessing of the change. There were still desertions, still failures. But Colley's extraordinary exertions, his combined firmness and kindness, his marvellous powers of organisation, prevailed, and before long the sullen faces had turned to smiles, the silence on the march to a chatter like that of a tribe of monkeys. Colley's omnipres-

ence was a source of incessant wonder to us. The record of his work in the last days of January and first of February 1874, given by Sir William Butler at p. 102, would be remarkable in any climate. But when we realise that all these miles were travelled on foot, in the most exhausting climate in the world, the energy of the man is almost miraculous.

It was on one of these days—the 31st January—that, during the fight at Amoafu, I first saw Colley under fire, and learnt what his coolness was under those conditions. I was sent by Sir Garnet with an order to Colonel (now Sir Evelyn) Wood, and I found him with Captain Luxmoore, R.N., and Colonel Colley, standing up among some men of the Naval Brigade, who were keeping up a brisk engagement with the Ashantis in the bush a short distance off. The noise caused by the firing was so great that, in order to call Colonel Wood's attention, I touched him on the shoulder, and as I did so, he fell back, struck by a slug on a rib over the heart, and I dropped on my knee to support him. When I looked up, I saw Colley, with his pencil in hand, quietly sketching the group.¹

However constantly he might supervise the work on the line of communications, never, so far as we could see, resting or sleeping, one thing was certain, that when there was to be a fight, his duties would bring

him to the front. He never showed fatigue, though few men could have stood what he cheerfully went through. He was always the same, cool, calm, clear-headed, indomitable in energy.

Sir William Butler quotes Winwood Reade as saying, "More than once I have heard the remark, 'What should we have done without Colley?'" There was not one of us at the headquarters who did not often ask that question aloud, and ask it daily in our inmost heart.

In February 1875 we started together for Natal, two members of a staff of four, of whom Sir William Butler was a third, under Sir Garnet Wolseley, on that mission which Sir William Butler has described in his eighth and ninth chapters. This time the chief's mission was one of peace and diplomacy, and there was no fighting. One of Colley's letters, published at p. 122 of the *Life*, describes our work under our chief. He speaks of the beautiful climate, and of the luxury of working hard with men all equally eager, working in perfect harmony. We were all soldiers, but we were put to anything but military work. Colley became Treasurer and Postmaster-General of the colony; Butler became Protector of Immigrants. Both of these appointments carried seats in the Legislative Council. I was Private Secretary and Clerk of the Executive Council. We

¹ A picture, enlarged from this sketch, is, or was, in the possession of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

rose early, worked hard, and saw little of each other till late in the afternoon. But the delightful evenings that we passed together, when every subject in heaven and earth was discussed, enlivened by Butler's wit and Colley's pertinent illustrations, remain among the pleasantest memories of my life.

It was then, in the close intimacy of our companionship in Government House, in our walks and rides together, and in our talks, prolonged often into the late night, in each other's rooms, which were side by side, that I learnt that part of Colley's nature which more than any other chained my imagination, and which can never be dissociated from him in my memory,—his splendid loyalty and chivalry. No one, I think, can read Sir William Butler's *Life* of him without being struck by this feature of his character; but when one lived in his close intimacy it shone like a star. His chivalrous courtesy to women in thought, word, and deed, his loyalty to his chief and to his comrades, were alike untarnished.

Sir William Butler has told, in Colley's own words, the history of the debate in the Legislative Council. I shall never forget that night. I watched the debate, which was to seal the success or failure of Sir Garnet's mission, from the gallery behind the Speaker. Butler made a clever and amusing speech. The chief opponent of the Government bill was a gentleman named Winter, whom Butler spoke of as "this Winter of our discontent." And at

last came Colley's turn. I knew how perfectly he had mastered his subject, how thoroughly he had prepared his argument. He rose, and in a few terse sentences spoke of the need of a strong Government, and defined what in Parliament is meant by that term. And then, to our astonishment, he hesitated, and paused, and at last sat down, saying that he regretted he was unable to continue his speech. That night he was most unhappy. The second reading had been carried; but I found and left him inconsolable, not because *he* had failed, but because, he said, he had disgraced the staff. His sorrow was touching beyond words.

It is a strange thing, this sudden paralysis of speech which sometimes seizes the coolest of men. I have three times witnessed it in men from whom, least of all, could it have been expected. I have, in the House of Commons, seen a man who had been a member of the last Government, whom I had heard on previous occasions speak and debate with ease and fluency, break hopelessly down after the opening sentences of a carefully prepared speech, for which he had obtained a night for debate. I have, at a public dinner, among men of his own cloth, seen a great and famous operating surgeon, the one man whose nerve, one would think, could never fail, break down in the same way. And here was a man, one of whose previous clear and logical speeches I have already quoted from, a practised lecturer, a man of

cool, calm brain, seized in the same way.

And now I must tell a sequel to this event, which illustrates what I have said of the chivalry and loyalty of the man. Some time afterwards, I gave by request a lecture on the opening of a large new hall. There was a crowded room, and Sir Garnet and the staff were present. The lecture was a success, and Sir Garnet said some kind words at its close. Then Colley came up to me, his face beaming with pleasure. "Thank you, thank you," he said; "now I don't so much mind my failure." Was there ever such a noble, generous heart?

"I wish," he wrote after this debate was over,—"I wish I was acting, and had done with talking." And in action he left us all far behind. That journey through Swaziland to Delagoa Bay, much of it on foot, without guides or interpreters, is a feat that is really marvellous. He walked 400 miles and drove 600 miles in the roughest of post-carts in thirty-three days. It was the old energy of the Ashanti days again. On his return, he, Napier Broome, and I served together as a committee of three on the conduct of the public business of the colony. I shall never forget how his keen brain clove through the web of details to the heart of the problem. It was a lesson that has served me in good stead since. He made us lay down our guiding principles first, and then arrange the details to suit the principles. What masses of useless reports by

committees and commissions would be saved if they would all act clearly on those lines!

From the time when we parted in South Africa I saw but little of him for the next four years. But early in 1878, when he came home on leave, some of his old comrades of the Ashanti campaign, among them Sir Garnet Wolseley, gave him a dinner before his marriage. We loaded the table with flowers, many orange blossoms among them, and chaffed him unmercifully; and I never saw him in better health and spirits.

Our next meeting was at Port Durnford, on the coast of Zululand, in July 1879, a day or two after Sir Garnet Wolseley's arrival there as High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief, when Colley came from India to take up the post of chief of the staff. Once again, with lightning quickness, he mastered the whole situation, and set free the chief's mind from harassing details. We lived together in camp for two months. At this time he was suffering from a temporary but distressing affection of the eyes, brought on by overwork in India, but it in no way abated his energy. How well I remember that night of storm at Entonjaneni described by Sir William Butler at pages 235, 236, and Colley's cheerfulness under those most depressing conditions, when in one night our transport oxen died by hundreds; the dispositions made for the capture of Cetywayo; the dusky potentate's entry

into camp, a prisoner, wrapped in an old table-cloth, yet every inch a king; the blowing up of the powder taken from the cliff-side magazine, superintended by Colley; the great snake, writhing among the powder barrels, put there, said the Zulus, by the witch-doctors to guard the magazine, but brought to a speedy end by John Dunn's rifle.

And then, when the settlement of Zululand was accomplished, we entered the Transvaal, passing together "over Laing's Nek, under the shadow of Majuba Mountain"; and so on to Standerton, where Sir Garnet held that interview with Joubert in which he told him the irrevocable decision of the British Government to retain the Transvaal. At that interview there were four of us present—Sir Garnet Wolseley, Colley, St Leger Herbert, and myself. St Leger Herbert, no soldier by profession, but a born fighting man, brave and handsome as a god, sleeps in the yellow desert sand of the Soudan, where a bullet found its mark at Gubat. Colley lies beside his comrades near the field where he fought and fell.

Near the end of September came the message from Lord Lytton summoning Colley back to India, to his post of private secretary, the massacre at Kabul having occurred. Great as must have been his unwillingness to part with him, Sir Garnet, "in view of the urgency of the demand, had no alternative but to allow him to return." He took but a few hours to make the preparations

for his start. Before he left, he told me that Sir Garnet had decided I was to officiate as chief of the staff, and explained to me clearly and concisely the condition of affairs. He returned to India. We who remained had a sharp and interesting little campaign in the north of the Transvaal, when the stronghold of a chief called Sekukuni was captured by assault, and that chief himself taken prisoner and brought to Pretoria. Early in 1880, affairs in the Transvaal seemed to have so quieted down that Sir Garnet, leaving the Administrator, Sir Owen Lanyon, in charge, returned to Maritzburg. Sir Garnet, who had only accepted the High Commissionership and command on the condition that he was to return home as soon as military operations were at an end, had recommended that Colley, whose term of service in India was, with Lord Lytton's expiring term of Viceroyalty, nearing its end, should succeed him, and the Government offered the post to Colley.

Once again, and once only, I was to meet my friend. At Maritzburg I received a telegram from him, asking me if I would accept the post of private secretary to the Viceroy. Sir Garnet bade me go; Herbert Stewart, who had actually put his things on board the steamer at Durban to return to England, was offered my post, and hastened up to Maritzburg. A steamer taking troops conveyed me from Durban to Bombay. There I heard from Colley, saying he had gone up to Simla,

and asking me to meet him on his return journey. With his usual thoughtfulness he sent me a collection of the most important papers to study.

We met at Cawnpore, and I travelled with him, a few hours' journey, to Allahabad. How well I remember that journey, and the conversation which seemed to me all too hopelessly short, and yet in which he sketched to me the salient points of the military and political situation, and the characters of the men with whom I should be brought into contact, and advised me so gently and so tactfully as to what to avoid as well as what to do! At Allahabad his wife was waiting for him, and we dined together in the station. And then, as the train bore them away to Bombay, we gave each other our last hand-grip.

It was not my fault that I was not with him when he fell. On New Year's Day 1881, I took up the post of Military Attaché at Paris, and a day later heard Colley was advancing to the frontier against the Boers. I at once wrote home and asked to be sent out to serve under him; but was told there was no chance for me, unless he specially applied for my services. I immediately telegraphed to him stating this, and offering him my services in any capacity. I never received any reply. And the next few weeks brought the fatal end.

There are one or two points

which have come out so clearly in the long and anxious thoughts that I, in common with Colley's other friends, have given to this sad tragedy, that I must ease my mind by stating them.

The key-note to Sir George Colley's character was, I unhesitatingly assert, its remarkable chivalry. And by this I mean not merely that he was brave physically and mentally, but that he was as modest as he was brave; and that, until some rude shock convinced him to the contrary, he had perfect faith in other men. And if in his judgment there were defects, they were due to his chivalric belief that others were as brave as himself, which may have led him to risk too much: they were, in fact, *les défauts de ses qualités* — the faults of a great mind.

He has been criticised for advancing to fight the Boers in the first instance with insufficient forces. Sir William Butler (p. 283) has shown out of Colley's own mouth his reasons for this course: "Unless I can in some way relieve the pressure on Potchefstroom before the middle of next month, I am afraid that garrison and its guns must fall into the Boers' hands. This it is which has determined me to move on without awaiting further reinforcements."¹

Now, I have in my mind a day in 1895 when there burst like a shell among the Viceroy's Council in India the news that the little garrison of Chitral was

¹ See also p. 285: "If Potchefstroom could hold out, one might sit and smoke here with advantage, but they cannot last beyond the middle of February."

beleaguered by the enemy. I do not think I am improperly divulging secrets when I say that there were among us in that council some who had opposed the policy which placed that small escort in Chitral, some who were strongly opposed to increased military expenditure, some who were gravely anxious about our financial situation. We all knew that, to relieve that small garrison, we must march through a mass of powerful hostile tribes, must employ a large force to overawe the tribes, so as to carry out the relief in time, and must incur a very large expenditure. Yet all those difficulties were put aside, and all conflicting views were merged in the one determination that at any risk and at any cost we must relieve our troops in danger. And if that was the view taken by a council of civilians, among whom that day I was the only soldier present, how can any one suppose it possible that Sir George Colley, every inch a soldier, with the sole responsibility on his shoulders both for policy and military command, could have sat still and refused to run even the greatest risks in order to rescue the garrisons that were besieged, whose supplies could not, he knew, hold out beyond a certain date? I should have a small opinion of any soldier who, in those circumstances, would have remained inactive. To such a spirit as Colley's inaction was impossible.

With his small force of scarcely 1200 fighting men he advanced to attack the Boers

at Laing's Nek. Now what was the opinion generally held at that time of the fighting capacity of the Boers? I find that in an article in 'Maga' on "The South African Question" in July 1878 I wrote, "The Boers have strangely degenerated from the courage of their fathers." I can speak positively to the fact that among Englishmen living in the Transvaal at the beginning of 1880, when I was there, the personal courage of the Boers was rated very low. We knew that when they asked the Swazis to help them to attack Sekukuni, they had kept out of harm's way, and left the Swazis to fight alone. Even as late as December 11, 1880, Sir Owen Lanyon wrote to Colley: "They [the Boers] are incapable of united action, and they are mortal cowards."

I do not find any trace in Colley's letters, before Laing's Nek, that he looked upon the Boers as cowards. But I do find him writing (p. 256) in August 1880, "Though there is a little 'shake-hands-to-day-and-fight-to-morrow' style of talk, it seems rather put on for swagger than in earnest." In December Lanyon wrote to him (p. 267), "I shall be very much surprised if they do anything openly." "The game is one of brag" (p. 268). "A number of them are pressed men and won't fight" (p. 268). On 21st December, after the 94th Regiment had been cut up at Bronker Spruit, Colley wrote (p. 269), "Had they charged, I believe they would have driven the Boers back"; and again

(p. 275), "I am still inclined to believe that the actual resolute fighting element is small, composed of an inconsiderable faction, and of the young bloods of the country." And I think this tends distinctly to show that, before his first fight at Laing's Nek, Colley did not realise how strong and determined a resistance he would meet.

The attack upon the Boer position at Laing's Nek was a combined front and flank attack—an operation which, if successful, is generally signally so, but in which failure of combination on the part of those engaged is apt to have evil results. The front attack was up a steep hill, the ascent of which was covered from the Boer fire, except such as could be delivered from another hill on the flank. The flank attack was intended to take this latter hill first, but it failed to do so: it was then too late to stop the front attack, and the men who made it were exposed throughout its whole progress to severe flanking fire. It was met valiantly in front; and Colley's own words, quoted by me on page 260, were proved true: "No advance can succeed against good troops holding a fair position till these have been, not merely shaken, but practically broken and destroyed as a fighting body." After Laing's Nek there was no more room in his mind for any delusion as to the fighting qualities of the Boers. "I must say," he wrote to Sir Garnet Wolseley, "they were no cowards, exposing themselves freely to artillery fire, and coming

boldly down the hill to meet our men."

He now retired, and took up an entrenched position at Prospect Hill, waiting for reinforcements. Sir William Butler has discussed, with what seems to me perfect fairness, the question whether he should have retired to Newcastle. I feel convinced that the adverse influence which such a move must have had on the condition of the besieged garrisons was the prevailing factor in Colley's mind against retirement.

A few days later it became necessary to clear his communications with Newcastle; and his attempt to do this resulted in the action of Ingogo. Here he was on the defensive; the Boers attacked. Heavy as were their losses, our troops held their ground till night closed the scene; and the troops were then drawn off back to Mount Prospect.

It rends the heart of one who knew and loved the man to read Butler's picture on pages 310 and 311 of what he must have gone through and suffered in the days immediately following Ingogo. I bear no ill-will to those who think his judgment faulty, who blame his conduct of military operations, though personally I have thought over the problem in every way, and I cannot see, given the imperative need of striving to relieve the garrisons, what better he could have done. But how any one with the feelings of a man can read those pages and still feel aught but admiration for him personally, passes my comprehension.

Major Brownlow, who bore such a gallant part in the action of Laing's Nek, writes: "I think it is not generally known that if his orders had been carried out at Laing's Nek there is little doubt that we should have won the day." It was open to Colley to cast the blame on others; but writing to his wife at this time of deepest trouble, he says, in reference to one then dead: "Something of this will doubtless leak out, for I have heard officers and men discussing it. But I would ten thousand times rather any amount of criticism were heaped on me than one word cast at him. I can retrieve myself; he cannot."

On 4th February he wrote to welcome Sir Evelyn Wood, told him his future plans, and what his wishes were, and said, "You will, I am sure, understand that I mean to take the Nek myself." In this letter he expressed his intention to add the 15th Hussars, 2nd Battalion 60th Rifles, and 92nd Highlanders to his own force, and to leave Sir Evelyn Wood command of a second column, composed of three other battalions of infantry and two batteries of artillery. This is important, in view of something I shall have to say later on.

In considering his subsequent action, it seems to me that there are three things which must be borne prominently in mind. First (see pp. 339, 343), his fear that the home Government was inclined to make peace with the Boers as with a victorious foe, while he conceived it would be a slur upon

the honour of the British troops if peace were made before Laing's Nek was taken; secondly, his determination, as above shown, to take Laing's Nek himself with the same troops who had failed there, and whose honour he considered was at stake; thirdly, his conviction of the difficulty, amounting almost to impossibility, of forcing a strong position by a front attack—a conviction born, as we have seen, of his tactical studies, and which must have been immensely strengthened by (1) the failure of his own front attack at Laing's Nek, (2) the failure of the Boers to take the position at Ingogo, and (3) the fact that the Boers had never ventured to attack him at Mount Prospect.

The occupation of Majuba Hill would afford him, so far as could be judged from his observations from a distance, a strong defensive position, practically impregnable to assault, the possession of which would make the Boer position at Laing's Nek untenable by them, would in this way compel them to retire, enable him to occupy and hold Laing's Nek when sufficient reinforcements arrived, and thus at once satisfy the honour of the troops, and ensure that peace should not be made before that honour was satisfied. Therefore, as soon as (pp. 349, 361) it entered into his head that the Boers were about to occupy it and entrench it themselves,—before even he had brought up the whole of the troops which, in his letter to Wood of 4th February, he had

said he meant to take as part of his own column,—he resolved to seize and occupy Majuba without delay.¹

I think it is a perfectly fair criticism that he should not have attempted this occupation of Majuba till he had a stronger force under his immediate command—a force available either to reinforce the troops on the hill, or to follow up the Boers at once, and occupy Laing's Nek as soon as they evacuated it in consequence of his occupation of Majuba. But it is almost certain that in seeking for the cause of anything in Colley's actions which may seem obscure, we shall not go far astray if we seek first for some chivalrous motive, and I have already stated some such motives for his hastening the movement, the immediate determining cause being the apparent intention of the enemy to fortify the hill.

Another perfectly fair criticism is that Colley did not at once have the position entrenched. His motive for this, right or wrong, seem to me perfectly clear. I feel sure that, for the reasons I have already given, he believed the hill, even without entrenchments, to be safe against assault. Holding this opinion, he wished to let the men rest before undertaking this labour. For this statement I have the authority of Herbert Stewart, who said the same to Sir Garnet Wolseley. Even when there was light enough to show the ground, and Colley

had selected sites for redoubts on the hill-top, "the general," says Herbert Stewart in his report (see p. 379 of the *Life*), "decided that he would not at once commence their construction, considering that the men might be fatigued by a march which, although short, was nevertheless severe." As Sir William Butler shortly puts it, "the sense of security was the real explanation of the non-entrenchment." A false sense of security, no doubt; but Colley is not the only general who, under such sense, deliberately, for the sake of giving rest to his men, did not take precautionary measures. In my review of Lieut.-Col. Henderson's *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, in 'Maga' for last December, I called attention to a similar case (the march to Manassas in 1861) in the following words:—

"Jackson's brigade led the advance. The men did their best; but the want of practice in marching, the absence of that habit of discipline which produces order, caused unnecessary fatigue and delay, and the men arrived at their first bivouac so exhausted that Jackson would not even put out outposts, but saying, 'Let the poor fellows sleep, I will watch the camp myself,' himself stood sentry over his unconscious troops."

When I wrote that, Butler's *Life of Colley* had not appeared, and Majuba was not in my mind. It did not enter into my head to criticise or blame Stonewall Jackson's deliberate act, extraordinary as it

¹ It was not till the morning after the occupation of the hill that he sent back to Newcastle to bring up the 15th Hussars and the remainder of the 60th Rifles.

was. I felt that he had acted according to the best of his judgment, and that he was in a far better position to judge what was best than I could possibly be. But, as Colley says (p. 367), "It is a strange world of chances; one can only do what seems right to one in matters of morals, and do what seems best in matters of judgment as a card-player calculates the chances, and the wrong card may turn up, and everything turn out to be done for the worst instead of for the best." Stonewall Jackson doubtless calculated upon freedom from all danger of attack, owing to his distance from the enemy, and their ignorance of his movements. The result justified his judgment. Colley doubtless calculated upon freedom from all danger if attacked, owing to the natural strength of his position. The result did not justify his judgment. Had Jackson been attacked, history would have judged him severely. Had the Boer attack on Majuba failed, Colley would have been praised, as Jackson is, for his care and thoughtfulness for his men. The attack succeeded, and so, of course, Colley is severely judged.

That the men lining the edge of the hill were ordered to, and actually did, put up individual cover of stones, the "sconces" so well known in South African warfare, is shown on pages 384 and 385 of Sir William Butler's book. But that they did it carelessly is equally true. "Oh! it's all right, sir; it's good enough for what we shall want up here," was the nature,

says Mr Carter, "of every reply I got." So that the sense of security was felt by the men as strongly as by the general.

When Herbert Stewart (afterwards mortally wounded at Gubat), who was Colley's chief staff officer at this time, and was captured after Majuba, returned to England from his captivity in the Transvaal, he sent to me asking me to come to him, that he might tell me the whole story. I dined with him the second night after his arrival in London, and we sat on till far into the small hours of the morning, while he gave me details of what had occurred. I have the sketch of the position which he drew for me while he talked. All that he told me then coincides with Sir William Butler's description of the day.

But the lips of the only man who could have told us all are sealed in death. If the reader will turn back to Colley's speech, made nearly eight years before at the United Service Institution, he will see how absolutely his description of how battles are lost and won came true,—the infantry fighting that assumed the character of an artillery duel—alas! how unequal a duel!—the intensity of the concentrated, sustained, and ever-increasing fire—the retreat of the defenders which *preceded* the final advance of the assailants.

"If," wrote Sir John Moore to Lady Hester Stanhope in 1808, "I extricate myself and those with me from our present difficulties, and if I beat the French, I shall return to you

with satisfaction ; but if not, it will be better I shall never quit Spain.”¹ Can any one doubt that the same thought was in Colley’s mind as he stood alone at the last supreme moment ?

And so, alone, with his face to the foe, he fell, that incarnate soul of chivalry.

I will end with extracts from letters written to me immediately after Colley’s death by the two men who knew him best, the two for whom he had given all that was in him of noble, loyal service.

Lord Lytton thus wrote to me on 5th March :—

“Yes ; we have a common loss, and our sorrows are in the same boat—Charon’s boat, alas ! We could not wish him to have survived that inexplicable catastrophe, which has so prematurely closed a life of the rarest

worth, in which the noblest elements of human character and the finest intellectual powers were completely united. And, whilst his fate was still uncertain, I felt sure that he would not have left that disastrous field alive. It is perhaps the best, as it was the only fitting, end to this heart-breaking tragedy ; for it has at least imposed silence on the many mean mouths that were opening to libel the memory of one who was the bravest, as he was also the wisest, of England’s young soldier statesmen. But ‘oh ! the pity of it, Iago !’”

A letter to me of 3rd March, from Sir Garnet Wolseley, ended with these words : “My heart is sick and I am low in spirit. I shall never see Colley’s like again.”

Farewell, friend and comrade !

“Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.”

HENRY BRACKENBURY.

¹ The Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope. By her Niece, the Duchess of Cleveland.

THE GRAND MATCH.

DENNIS was hearty when Dennis was young,
High was his step in the jig that he sprung,
He had the looks an' the sootherin' tongue,—
An' he wanted a girl wid a fortune.

Nannie was grey-eyed an' Nannie was tall,
Fair was the face hid in-undher her shawl,
Troth! an' he liked her the best o' them all,—
But she'd not a *traneen* to her fortune.

He be to look out for a likelier match,
So he married a girl that was counted a catch,
An' as ugly as need be, the dark little patch,—
But that was a thrifle, he tould her.

She brought him her good-lookin' gould to admire,
She brought him her good-lookin' cows to his byre,
But far from good-lookin' she sat by his fire,—
An' paid him that "thrifle" he tould her.

He met pretty Nan when a month had gone by,
An' he thought like a fool to get round her he'd try;
Wid a smile on her lip an' a spark in her eye,—
She said, "How is the woman that owns ye?"

Och, never be tellin' the life that he's led!
Sure, many's the night that he'll wish himself dead,
For the sake o' two eyes in a pretty girl's head,—
An' the tongue o' the woman that owns him.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION IN SCHOOLS.

PHYSICAL education is apt to be viewed from a very limited standpoint: it may be well at the outset, therefore, to define the compass of the subject on strictly practical lines. The mere exercise of boys in elementary drill and gymnastics, without the careful consideration of the physical condition and the special requirements of individuals, does not constitute physical education; nor yet, on the other hand, does an elaborate system of intricate drill and gymnastics, which has for its object the production of professional athletes or trained soldiers. Physical education is as extensive and varied in its character as the school life of the boy: its influence, properly directed, should be felt in the class-room, the playground, and the dormitory, and its laws should regulate the diet and dress of the pupil. Those who have studied the growth and development of boys for a series of years alone know the many and great difficulties to be overcome, and the grave and deep problems to be solved, in order that boys may be sent out from school in the best physical condition to stand the strain and stress of after-life. The true aim, then, of physical education is the training of boys under a system which concerns itself with the air they breathe, the food they eat, the lives they live, in order that they may begin the work of life with a large

reserve fund of health and stamina.

It is a mistake to suppose that much time and an elaborate system of apparatus are required for the development of boys: in fact, excellent results may be obtained by devoting a short time, day by day, to a carefully thought-out scheme of movements, aided by some simple apparatus. It is, however, of primary importance that the school games, gymnastics, drill, and other forms of exercise, should be so arranged that they do not overlap each other, but that each should supplement the others in producing the best possible physical condition. All schools do not agree in the character and extent of the forms of physical exercise practised among them, but the great bulk of them include in their physical programme football, cricket, athletics, gymnastics, and drill. As a rule, football is played from October to the end of February; athletics are practised during March and the first fortnight of April; while cricket is played throughout the Summer term. The best results, both from the point of view of games and physical condition, are obtained by playing no more than two practice games and one football match a-week. On the off football days, gymnastics, drill, and cross-country running should be engaged in. During the athletic season, cadet corps

drill, chiefly company and battalion movements and skirmishing, should divide the play-hours with the practice of running and jumping. In the Summer term, cricket alone should almost entirely appropriate the play-hour. It is, of course, impossible to formulate a rule applicable to every school alike, but it is of importance to point out that every school should draw up a scheme under which the most may be made of its own special form of exercise.

The same principle holds true with boys as with schools—a hard-and-fast scheme of physical training cannot be applied to every boy alike. Much evil often results from asking a boy who may be physically weak to do too much either in gymnastics or football. Every boy, on entering a school, should undergo a thorough medical examination; and special notice should be taken of the condition of his feet, teeth, eyes, chest, heart, and spine, as well as of his general muscular development, and of any malformation of his system. On the basis of the medical report the gymnastic instructor and those in charge of the school games should classify boys into sets, according to their physical condition; and in special cases, such as very poor muscular development, hollow chest, or weak heart, they should further consult with the school doctor, and, subject to his advice, draw up a special course of training to suit the particular case in question. The head-master, or some responsible substitute, should draw up a list of the

boys divided into three groups—(1) those physically fit to engage in the complete system of school training, and who are keen, active, and interested in their own development; (2) those physically fit, but who by nature and disposition are lazy and slovenly, and quite regardless of their own growth and physical improvement; (3) those who from some bodily weakness or defect are undergoing a special training. The purpose served by such a list will be obvious. Careful and accurate measurements of the height, chest, waist, biceps, forearm, and head should be made, and the weight ascertained not less than four times a-year, and in the case of weak and ill-developed boys more frequently. Each boy should possess a card in which his weight and measurements are entered from time to time, as in this way he will soon become interested in his own record, and anxious to improve his development. These measurements are most useful in many ways, but they are especially valuable in indicating when a boy is not developing physically as he ought. In such a case the boy should at once be thoroughly overhauled by the doctor. It is also of importance to know when a boy is growing rapidly in height, as sometimes, though increasing in height, he may actually be losing weight, for in such a case the boy should at once be eased off in work and games, he should receive more generous diet than the usual school fare, and he should be compelled to recline horizon-

tally for a period of say twenty minutes two or three times in the course of the day. By these means curvature of the spine and other evils are often prevented.

It was mentioned above that special attention should be paid to a boy's feet, teeth, eyes, &c., on entering school. The reason for this is twofold: first, because in a great many cases parents entirely neglect their duty in this respect; and, secondly, because, when defects are found to exist, they may, by the adoption of special treatment, be more or less remedied. For example, many of the sprains of ankle and knee which boys frequently contract from apparently slight causes, are due very often to flat or otherwise badly formed feet. Now it is quite possible, by paying special attention to certain rules and exercises, to improve the formation and muscular power of the foot, and thus indirectly to strengthen the knee and ankle. A little thoughtful care exercised in this direction at the beginning of a football season will often do much to prevent the cases of water in the knee and sprained ankles which have become so common of later years. One of the most important functions of physical education is the testing of the eyesight, and yet it is one which is often neglected by schoolmasters and parents alike. When a defect in the eyesight has been detected, an eye specialist should at once be consulted, as much may be done by special treatment not

only to prevent further mischief, but also to strengthen and develop the range and power of the eye. Candidates preparing for an examination, such as the army, in which an eye-test is applied, may often be saved much time and work by having their eyesight tested at the beginning of their special study, as in the case of permanent defect they can turn their attention to preparing for some other course in life. On the other hand, candidates suffering from weak or temporary defective eyesight may, by a course of treatment, get the eyes so trained and strengthened as to stand the army test. The attention of school authorities and architects should be specially directed to the best methods of lighting class-rooms, and of arranging the desks and black-boards, so that the pupils may be able to see under the best possible conditions. A little care on the part of masters in the way of placing boys suffering from defective eyes in the best position for seeing in their class-rooms will often be productive of much good, both physically and mentally. Defective teeth should as early as possible be treated by a dentist, and the boys in addition should be taught and compelled to attend carefully to the preservation of their teeth. In fact, boys cannot be too frequently lectured on health laws and hints generally. Health principles thus instilled into the boy when at school, will constitute habits of thought and action which, under special

conditions, may prove invaluable to him in after-life.

Sufficient has been said to show the importance of medical examination and of the application of special methods of treatment, with a view to remedying defects, in the early school life of a boy. Let us now direct some attention to a few points of special importance in the methods of school games and gymnastics as applicable to sets or classes of pupils. It has been already said that a proper scheme of physical exercise should be drawn up for each school; but it is equally important to see that this scheme is strictly adhered to, and that all the forms of exercise are performed under skilled direction and supervision. In gymnastics the instructor has to weigh and consider three chief points,—the physical condition of each set of pupils, the nature of the gymnastics best suited to each set, and the time per week allotted to gymnastics. In schools where cricket, football, and other outdoor games are engaged in, and where the pupils are forced to take a certain amount of outdoor exercise, two hours a-week are ample to devote to class instruction in gymnastics. It is a good plan to include the gymnastic instruction in the school time-table, so that boys may go to their lesson in gymnastics just as they do to their lessons in Latin and mathematics. On this system the gymnastic lesson has its due importance assigned to it, and it further acquires a continuity which no casual interference can break.

Boys should invariably “turn-out” in flannels for their gymnastic lesson, and should wash and rub down thoroughly at the end of the hour. The instructor should drill his class in “turning-out” and “in” as rapidly as possible—a valuable lesson in itself. As the gymnastic exercises are intended to supplement football and other outdoor games, they should be chosen with a view to exercise and develop those parts of the body which the outdoor games leave untrained—as for example, the left arm and certain portions of the upper part of the body. It should always be borne in mind that the object of gymnastics is not to produce abnormal strength or the power of performing showy and striking feats, but the all-round development of the body, so that both health and stamina may be secured. To attain this object the exercises should be simple and progressive, and the utmost care should be taken that no exercise is beyond the strength of the beginner. The exercises should further be as varied as possible, so that different muscles may be called into play, and that the lesson may be marked with sharpness and activity—without any sign of dawdling or monotony. Special attention should be paid to the proper methods of breathing, walking, running, and leaping, as well as of standing and sitting. Breathing and walking are the commonest actions of our daily life, and yet it is strange how few people can either breathe or walk properly. How many people know the art

of swinging straight from the hips in walking, whereby even a short man can often outstride a much taller companion? A little attention to these points at gymnastic lessons will prove most valuable. The exercises during the greater part of a lesson should be performed on the ground; and only light dumbbells and barbells should be used, as this method tends to the extension of the body and limbs in length as well as in breadth and thickness. The growth of the body in height is, in fact, often retarded by excessive gymnastics, and for this reason exercises on the parallel and horizontal bars should be performed in moderation. In addition to the two hours mentioned above, boys should be encouraged to take a little dumbbell exercise before going to bed at night and after getting up in the morning. The gymnastic exercises should be performed as often as possible in the open air, and special care should be taken that the gymnasium is never overheated.

In order that the best physical results may be obtained from outdoor games, careful and skilled supervision is as essential as in gymnastics. In football particularly, good coaching is most necessary. Rugby football is one of the very best outdoor games for boys, as, when properly played, it develops in a wonderful way the chest, as well as the muscles of the back and legs. The old-fashioned mauls or scrimmages, which proved so uninteresting to the spectator, were in reality the most useful elements of the

game for chest development. On the old system, a well-taught and keen forward, firmly planted on his legs, shoving with his shoulders, in proper style, with his head well down, called into play a whole series of muscles, and presented at the end of the season a splendid physical development. The modern game, though it may be more attractive from a spectator's point of view, is not such a good schoolboy game: it has become so fast and open that the practice games have to be curtailed in number and duration, and the loss to physical development has to be made up in the gymnasium or elsewhere. Boxing and fencing are admirable supplements to football; and no better preparation for turning out a football team fit for an important match can be had than a judicious course of sparring. Care should be taken in football as well as in gymnastics that too much is not asked of a young player. Many a promising young player has had his pluck and confidence ruined by being played in too high a team. A boy, though he may be big for his years, is not always strong in proportion to his size, and, in fact, he is often softer and weaker than a much smaller though more firmly knit boy. It is of importance, therefore, that boys of as nearly as possible the same age should play together, and to ensure this the junior football sides should always be drawn up by a master. The playing together of boys of different ages is one of the great objections to house matches, and

the reason why more accidents occur in these matches than in school matches. Proper methods of tackling and falling upon the ball should be taught and insisted upon, in all the teams, right up from the lowest to the school fifteen. A knowledge and experience of correct methods of play, and the strict enforcement of the very necessary rule of never allowing boys to play in matches except against other schools or first-class clubs, are the best safeguards against accidents. It is of the utmost importance to teach and, if necessary, compel boys to walk or run smartly from the field after a match or practice game, and to "turn in" as quickly as possible.

Athletics, when practised under constant and careful supervision, and in due moderation and proportion to the other forms of exercise in force, tend in no small measure to the growth and development of boys. In no form of exercise does style play such an important part as in running; and in consequence boys ought to be carefully watched and taught, when running, to hold the head well up, properly resting on the shoulders, to keep the shoulders squarely set and well pressed back, to force the chest well out, to carry the arms so as to aid in the expansion of the chest, to keep the hips working freely, to take a long full easy stride, to get well on to the toes, and to press the ground lightly with a springy tread. The heavy competitions in hammer-throwing and weight-putting should not be much

encouraged among growing boys; in fact, it would be a good plan to exclude hammer-throwing from all school sports. Cross-country runs, if not of too great length, are valuable for developing the staying power of a boy, as well as affording a change of air and scene. On the other hand, when the course is too long or difficult much harm may be done to a loosely-growing boy by over-exertion and fatigue. A few rigid rules should be drawn up and enforced, suitable to the cross-country runs connected with individual schools. Throughout those runs the boys should be constantly on the move, and whether running, trotting, or walking, good form and style should be maintained.

Military drill in the form of a school cadet corps is one of the most useful branches of physical education. A cadet corps to be a success must be worked on a definite plan, under strict military discipline, in touch with and under the supervision of the local volunteer brigade. School authorities, in many cases, are opposed to the formation of cadet corps, on the grounds of expense, of time necessary for drill, and of interference with the usual school games. A certain amount of initial expense is, of course, necessary; but once the corps has been fairly started the annual expenditure is not very great, and may be met by a small terminal charge to the members of the corps and by a grant from Government, which the senior boys can earn. The

time necessary for drill is not so long as is generally supposed. During the football season an hour a-week on an off football day is all that is necessary, when the corps can be made efficient in squad movements and in the manual and firing exercises. The real training season of the cadet corps should coincide with the athletic season—the month of March and the first half of April. The one form of exercise would aid and supplement the other, and both would tend to the full occupation of the play-hour, and thus prevent aimless loafing about the field, which is so hurtful to health and character. All the boys of a school should be drilled under the same system—the younger ones being armed with carbines, and the older ones with the regulation rifles. In youth the mind and body are pliant and plastic, and drill movements and formations are picked up and learned with ease. The drills should never be of long duration—short sharp drills, with as much movement as possible, keep the boys lively, and prevent the existence of dulness and monotony, which are fatal to efficiency and smartness. In the training season, in addition to company and battalion movements, the practice of the attack, and field-days in conjunction with other military units, should be encouraged. A cadet corps worked on proper lines, under strict discipline, in which a high degree of efficiency and smartness is insisted upon, is always popular in a school. The valuable lessons of strict and sharp obedience to

the word of command, of smartness in person and movements, and in the case of section commanders, of responsibility in leading and directing others, much more than compensate for the time and money expended on the corps.

It has been pointed out that the individual forms of exercise which go to constitute the physical training of a school should not overlap or impede each other, but should be arranged so as to be mutually supplementary. The same principle should regulate the arrangement of the mental and physical education of a school. Both have the same aim in view—the preparation of a boy for the work of life: each should therefore receive its due share of the time and of the best periods of the day. It can hardly be expected that a boy who has been engaged in school-work continuously from nine o'clock till three, with the exception of a short mid-day break, can take much interest in, or derive much benefit from, gymnastics or other forms of exercise which he can only engage in after his school day is over. At the present day much good to consumptive patients is said to result from open-air treatment and sun-baths. Would it not be displaying superior wisdom to apply similar treatment to the youth of our country during their school days, and thus prevent the existence of consumption or kindred diseases? School-boys should undoubtedly spend from one to two hours in the open air during the best part of the day, so as to gain the

full benefit of potential health and stamina, which fresh air and sunshine alone can supply. During this break, between morning and afternoon school, the physical training of the day could be engaged in, and thus the mental and physical sides of school life would act beneficially upon each other. In addition to this, the boys should be turned out into the open air for five minutes at the end of every hour of school work, and should be made to run a distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, as this would expel every particle of foul air from the lungs and charge them with a fresh supply. Meanwhile the class-rooms should be thoroughly aired. This scheme would lengthen considerably the working-day of the schoolmaster in actual hours, but the mid-day break and the fresh air and the sunshine would benefit him as well as the boys, and he might thus be induced to take a more active interest in schoolboy life beyond the class-room. The great benefits which have already accrued to the army from the system of physical training instituted a few years ago, may in time induce the Government to make physical development

not only necessary for qualification, but also count as a marked subject in the competitive examinations for civil as well as military appointments. Such a scheme would give to every school an interest in promoting health and vigour among its pupils, and would impart a lasting impulse to the progress of physical education.

Already General Chapman's appeal to the school authorities in Scotland to institute a system of physical training in the schools under their management has awakened a keen and growing interest in the subject. But the physique of the nation is far too important a matter to be left to haphazard or individual effort. It is the obvious duty of Government to see that every pupil that passes through the schools of the country is sent out as physically fit as it is possible to make him. The responsibility is not to be evaded, and as a scheme emanating from the officer commanding the Forces in Scotland seems likely to suggest the military side of its character alone to the public mind, it is well to point out the full aim and meaning of physical education.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN AS A HISTORIAN.

THERE is in Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales* a very suggestive fable. A certain hobgoblin once made a looking-glass which had the quality of causing everything that was good to look small and everything that was bad bigger. His pupils carried this looking-glass about with them everywhere, amusing themselves with its distortions. They even attempted to carry it up to the angels. It fell from their hands, however, and broke into a million of pieces. The tiny atoms, getting into people's eyes, made them see through a distorted medium. What was bad seemed good; what was good seemed bad; and the world has suffered ever since from that remarkable catastrophe.

We do not desire to be too personal; but after reading Sir George Trevelyan's first volume on the American Revolution, we cannot help suspecting that he was one of the victims of the hobgoblin's mischievous mechanism. He has presented to the public a volume which contains in every chapter, and almost on every page, a wrong view of every important event in one of the most interesting and most familiar periods of our national history. Long after every historical student with a conscience has relegated Charles Fox to the limbo of failures that might have been successes if they would, he brings him forward as a serious statesman and an effective

worker in a great cause. Long after even American historians of eminence in our time have abandoned most of the old Whig theories of the Revolution and most of the hysterical paragraphs of the Declaration of Independence, he comes forward to restate every one of them with a vigorous confidence that leaves us in doubt whether to be amused or indignant at his amazing credulity.

The reader of these pages may perhaps think that it is not worth our while to write, or his to read, a refutation of oft-refuted stories, misstatements, and misunderstandings. But we must beg a moment's attention. Our history as a colonising empire is not at an end. Our interests as a mother country of self-governing dominions, colonies, and dependencies are still at stake. We are perhaps but in the beginning of a period of growth that may lead to change, of change that may lead to the alteration of our attitude as a parent State. It can hardly be wise to permit to pass uncontradicted into our national literature a set of theories that are false, a relation of facts that is inaccurate, and a philosophy of government that finds its logical conclusion in no government at all. It can serve no good purpose—it may serve a very bad one—to see popularised without protest ideas concerning our government of colonies in the eighteenth century which may

be used—nay, will most assuredly be used—to discredit our government of colonies in the twentieth century. The virus of vindictive criticism which the friends of the American revolution, in England, infused into the minds of their followers did not exhaust itself in the parliamentary conflicts which ended in the Treaty of 1783. It animated them during the conflict with the French Revolution and with Napoleon I., making them in effect the enemies of their country. When that period had passed, the virus, still active and malignant, animated all those who encouraged disaffection in the colonies that remained to us. The mischievous effects of Whig theories of colonial rule are to be traced in every disturbance that has taken place from the Canadian rebellion of 1837 to the very latest kick against "Downing Street rule" that may still be hidden in the despatch-boxes of the Colonial Office. What mischief there may lurk in the popularisation of these mischievous theories we may fear, but may not realise till their consequences rise up to confront us. This is the chief reason that moves us to go once more over beaten ground, and to expose once more the inaccuracy and untruthfulness of old-time affronts to our intelligence and our loyalty.

It is not necessary to quarrel with Sir George Trevelyan about the literary form of his work. To make the History of the American Revolution part of the Life of Fox is indeed preposterous. The history of

Europe might indeed be made part of the Life of Pitt, for Pitt impended over Europe during the most momentous period of its modern history. But the career of Fox was only an episode of Whig politics in England. No American historian has ever given to Fox special prominence in the history of his country's struggle for independence. The name of Chatham, the name of Burke, the name of Barré fill some space and share some reverence and regard; but the name of Fox has to be dragged in and magnified outrageously in order to occupy any place of pride in American history. Even Sir George Trevelyan, as far as he has gone, finds little to say of him. Fox enters late into the story, and does not linger long. The very opening sentence of the volume challenges our instant contradiction. "When Charles Fox," we are told, "left office in the February of 1774, the first marked period of his political life came to an end. From that time forward he moved across the stage a far wiser man, pursuing higher ends by worthier methods." We have to put in at once a peremptory protest. Fox did not "leave office" in 1774. He was dismissed. "His Majesty has issued a new Commission of the Treasury in which I do not see your name," wrote Lord North. That was not exactly "leaving office." And as to the higher ends and worthier methods, we are unable to find them in the career of a man who made personal animosity to Shelburne the principle of his political life,

who served under him and with him, yet hated and overthrew him, joining in order to do so the very man who had formerly dismissed him, and whom he had always, since his dismissal, fiercely denounced. Nor can we find them in Fox's support, as the colleague of Lord North, of the Treaty of 1783, in opposition to which Shelburne had been dishonestly defeated by Fox's machinations. Still less can we find them in the career of the man who declared that "if we can give one good stout blow at prerogative, I care not how soon we go out," yet became so complaisant to his king that he declared, "I do not propose to vex my sovereign" by mentioning Catholic emancipation. And, finally, we are unable to discover them in the conduct of the man who, after having opposed the war with France almost to the point of treason, was able to recommend, nearly with his latest breath, its vigorous prosecution. We must crave pardon of Sir George Trevelyan, therefore, if we decline to accept the valuation he places on the merits of Charles Fox as a public man. We may, therefore, put him aside at present, in order to proceed directly to the consideration of these points in the history of the American rebellion on which so much has been laid in the volume under review.

In order to provide as solid a basis as possible for the support of his theory of rebellion, the author from the first insists on the "subtle despotism" of the king, the "subservience" of Ministers, and the "corrup-

tion" of Parliament. This may be politics; it is not history. The firmness of the king, his domestic virtues, his great industry, his regard for his people, his courage in confronting such riots as that of Lord George Gordon, his respect for law, his determination not to be controlled by cabals, were just the qualities required to secure to Great Britain a stable dynasty, which within a short period had been assailed by two rebellions and was threatened still by factions, by the spread of dangerous theories, by enemies abroad, and by obvious disaffection among a party at least in the Colonies. It may be very fine to call this subtle despotism, but reasonable beings will prefer a more righteous name. If the king's Ministers were subservient, their names are some guarantee that subserviency was not their chief quality. Chatham can hardly be called a subservient Minister; no king ever stood from any Minister such neglect and stubborn resistance as George III. stood from Chatham. Grenville as a Minister used to lecture the king at great length. North was constantly in private opposition to the king, and was accustomed to ask to have his resignation accepted. Fox finally forced himself on the king, and at any time can hardly be said to have been subservient. Rockingham and his friends were not subservient. Pitt was the most imperious Minister that ever a monarch had. In fine, no king with a taste for subtle despotism was ever so very frank and fearless

in making his policy public; nor was any such despot ever so constantly thwarted. That Parliament was at times corrupt we may admit—that is, corrupt means were taken to get there and keep there, and place was an element in conduct—but it can hardly be contended that the corruption of Parliament ever extended to the point of encouraging sedition or favouring the dismemberment of the king's dominions. This was left to gentlemen who played small games with big counters, and who talked "patriotism" when they meant perfidy, and "liberty" when they meant rebellion.

This, it seems to us, is what the author indicates when he says:—

"But in the spring of 1774 events were at hand which broke the slumbers and tried the mettle of all true patriots in the kingdom. A controversy was at their door, unlimited in its scope, inexorable in its demands on their attention; and of all men, inside Parliament and out, to none did it come pregnant with greater issues than to Fox."

This controversy, so inspiring and awakening and pregnant and all the rest of it, was the American rebellion. Concerning that event, its origin, course, and conclusion, Sir George Trevelyan has endeavoured to precipitate into the minds of readers of to-day all the passions and prejudices of its own bad time. His method is ingenious enough, and he has the advantage of many pages and a felicitous style. But without burdening the small space at our disposal by many

quotations, we think we can follow and confute him as to the prime postulates of his thesis.

Stress is laid on the tyranny of the king. What had the "tyranny" of the king to do with the discontent in America? The colonies were, in fact, little republics, each having its own charter or constitution, and each free to govern itself. The laws they lived under were in the main passed by themselves. The chief taxes they paid were self-imposed. There was not at any time previous to the Stamp Act and the tea-duty a single man from one end of America to the other who felt the slightest feather-weight of royal prerogative. And, taking all the proceeds of the objectionable taxes together, they would not have amounted to a penny per head. The very worst tyranny the colonies suffered from was the tyranny of their own amazing and cruel legislation, which restricted human liberty of conscience in an unprecedented manner. And this abominable legislation they had been free to pass under charters and constitutions, some of which were as old as Elizabeth, and which were probably unfamiliar to George.

We are given brilliant descriptions of the prosperity of the colonies, and of the superior character of the people, as compared with ignorant and boorish Britons at home. The author constantly makes these comparisons as unfavourable as language can make them. As to the prosperity, which we admit, we reply that it is proof positive

that, as we had occasion to say in a previous article, the colonial system of Great Britain at the period of the rebellion was the best in the world. Compare the systems of France and Spain and Portugal and Holland at the same time, and see the difference in the freedom and prosperity of the American colonies. And as to the difference in manners and habits between the boorish Briton and the cultivated American of 1776, we shall proceed with greater particularity.

To justify the notorious smuggling in America, which was at the bottom of most of the New England patriotism, we are given a long dissertation on smuggling in England and Ireland. But the author does not point out at the same time that smuggling was illegal in Great Britain as well as in America; that the Government did its best to put it down, even at the point of the bayonet; that when smugglers were caught they suffered the penalty of the law; and that if warrants could be issued in America to search for smuggled goods, they could be issued in England as well. In England smugglers were criminals. In America they were—Patriots.

To justify the persistent and systematic opposition to the legitimate authority of an equitable monarch and a legal Parliament, we are told that the Americans were fond of the study of the law, and read many copies of Blackstone. We are all quite familiar with that fact; but Sir George Trevelyan does not seem able to

draw the conclusion that Blackstone did not teach rebellion; that if Americans read much law they should have exhibited some regard for it, instead of exercising every form of ingenuity to avoid or violate it. There was much personal opposition to the king and the Parliament and the law in England. In England the weight of royal and parliamentary and legal authority was felt by the individual. The king's policy was personal within a certain range. Constituencies were kept without their chosen members. Ministers were dismissed. The prisons were pretty full. Men lost places. But there never was any hint of rebellion in consequence. We may be told that England was well represented in Parliament. That is not quite true. There were large cities that were not represented at all. But there was not a village from Massachusetts to Virginia that could not speak through the mouth of Chatham, of Barré, of Burke, and, if you will, of Fox. Nevertheless they must rebel. The virus of rebellion had gone over in the Mayflower, and it sprang into life whenever legitimate authority was exercised, or a demand made for the fulfilment of a duty.

To justify the hostility of the simple and industrious colonist to his brethren in Great Britain, we are told by the author, in great detail, that society in the older country was vicious, extravagant, ostentatious, and corrupt. But a hundred witnesses can be called, all American, to show that

every single phase of British and European extravagance, &c., prevailed in America. Cock-fighting, gambling, horse-racing, drinking, the frenzy of fashion, the fury of personal ambition, the vices which sprang from a wild life in the woods and from the slave institutions of the South, all prevailed in a remarkable manner in the colonies before 1776, and were increased in intensity after the struggle was over. We have the books at our hand and the list of the pages; but the reader would not care to have the quotations inflicted upon him.

To justify the hostility of Americans to the English in the colonies, we are told that strangers in England were treated with rudeness if they did not travel in coaches. Tramps of any kind have never, save in our own day, had much consideration. But if Sir George Trevelyan will consult the pages of any American historian, he will find that strangers dreaded the horrible rudeness, dishonesty, and inhospitality of the Dutch in the Albany district as much as they dreaded the savages. And the unfortunate Chevalier Pontgibaud could tell him how, coming to America to fight for American liberty under Lafayette, the ship he came in was plundered by Southern patriots, his personal baggage stolen, and himself committed to the "charity" of the people by Thomas Jefferson!

To justify the use by Franklin

of the Hutchinson letters, the author gives us a long dissertation on the misuse of the mails by Ministers in England at the time. He does not face the fact that every nation in the world has laws to prevent its mails from being misused. And he ignores the well-known fact that in the colonies in those days it was the common practice of even the very mail-carriers to read the letters they carried; and that Washington and his friends corresponded in cipher for mutual protection. Franklin was perfectly familiar with the practice. And when the Hutchinson letters came into his hands, he very deliberately used them in such a manner as to make their ultimate publicity certain. He cunningly endeavoured to avoid personal responsibility. He imposed a quasi-secrecy on his American correspondents as to copying, but not as to reading. And he did not avow his share in the transaction in England till after a duel had been fought regarding it. His conduct has been palliated, but never defended or excused. The author in sequence gives us the old story that Franklin wore at Versailles on signing the Declaration of Independence the very coat which he wore when he was insulted regarding those letters by Wedderburne in the Privy Council. Mr Wharton, in the appendix to his '*Digest of American International Law*,' has long ago, it seems to us, disposed of that story. It ought so to die.

We are told at great length that the destiny of America was

disposed of by politicians in England, who were indifferent and contemptuous and corrupt, and therefore unfit to rule over a free set of colonies of presumably superior character. We have at hand 'The Life of John Jay' (1891), and on page 157 we read concerning the doings of the Continental Congress:—

"Some thirty years afterwards Gouverneur Morris was sitting over the polished mahogany at Bedford with John Jay, when he suddenly ejaculated, through clouds of smoke, 'Jay, what a set of d——d scoundrels we had in that Second Congress!' 'Yes,' said Jay, 'that we had,' and he knocked the ashes from his pipe."

And we have also, among other things, at hand Mr M'Master's 'With the Fathers,' and at page 71 we read:—

"A very little study of long-forgotten politics will suffice to show that in filibustering and gerrymandering, in stealing governorships and legislatures, in using force at the polls, in colonising and distributing patronage to whom patronage is due, in all the frauds and tricks that go to make up the worst form of practical politics, the men who founded our state and national governments were always our equals and often our masters."

Sir George Trevelyan's studies in this direction have evidently not gone very far. But they included at least a letter of Washington's which ought to have quickened his intelligence. In October 1776, when the "patriots" were engaged in actual conflict for their "liberty," Washington wrote:—

"Such a dearth of public spirit and such a want of virtue; such stock-jobbing and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantages of one kind or another in this great change of

military, I never saw before, and I pray God's mercy I may never see again."

A letter like that should have checked the desire to justify rebellion in America because there was corruption in England. But the science of logic suffers much at our author's hands.

The dearth of public spirit to which Washington refers arose from an obvious cause. The country at large had been committed to rebellion without its consent. The popular heart was not in the enterprise. The greatest number of people, the greatest amount of property, were on the side of the Crown. But all the rebellions of history have been made by noisy and aggressive minorities; and the minority in the Colonies was noisy, aggressive, organised, and interested. Some were bankrupt, some were under summons to appear before the courts, some aspired to jobs in the army, some were jealous of the social prominence of the Tories, some (and Washington was among the number) had "crows to pluck" with the regular officers, who had not cordially recognised their militia rank. That there were some who were zealously and honestly in arms no one need doubt; but they were few in number. The ranks were filled with criminals, foreigners, and failures in the industrial occupations. The wonder is that they all fought so well. The "Tories" were not all on the side of the Crown, though against the rebellion. There were Tories who claimed that

the Colonies had grievances, but contended justly that these grievances could be redressed without rebellion. There were Tories in England who took the same view: the repeal of the Stamp Act, and the various ineffective propositions for a peaceful settlement made previous to and during the conflict, prove this. The Whigs in England ambitious of office, and the Whigs in America anxious for the repudiation of their own debts and for the confiscation of their neighbours' property, made reform impossible except at the cost of successful rebellion and all its terrible cost in blood and treasure. Sir George Trevelyan and those who think with him now claim for the Whigs on both sides of the Atlantic the name of patriots; but no Hayraddin Maugrabin ever wore more awkwardly the herald's garments he was not accustomed to wear. The original impostor was hung for his escapade. His imitators have been allowed to wear their imposture so long that they have come to think they were born in it.

In order to throw a shade of ingratitude on the royal cause, Sir George Trevelyan contends that the colonials had fought for Great Britain and had helped to win from France the dominion of the continent. The claim is without just foundation. The colonials had not a ship that could face a man-of-war. They had no regular forces, and their occasional levies were reluctantly provided, poorly supplied, and indifferently disciplined. The

royal governors had at all times the greatest difficulty in inducing the colonies to provide even for their own local defence. But for the royal troops the colonies could never have made head against the French. If they took Louisburg, it was when the defences were weak, the French garrison feeble, and when a British fleet had cut off the hopes of reinforcement. And the crowning victory at Quebec was not shared in by them. In a volume of essays and addresses by Mr Mellen Chamberlain, long the librarian of the great Boston Public Library, published in 1898, we read as follows:—

“American history before the Revolution is neither romantic nor picturesque, nor as a whole is it striking. It is barren of incidents, lacks great characters, contributes little or nothing to statesmanship, war, or policy; and still less, if possible, to literature or art. The glory of Wolfe is not our glory. The foot of no colonial soldier climbed the steeps or trod the heights behind Quebec, and none but the veteran troops of England heard the triumphant cry ‘They run!’ or caught the hero’s parting words, ‘I die content!’”

Sir George Trevelyan will have to revise his volume carefully for a future edition; and must either enlarge it with explanations and apologies or reduce it greatly by judicious omissions.

When he details and discusses the events that precipitated the conflict, his method is misleading and not strictly honest. Of the “Boston Massacre,” he says:—

“On the evening of the 5th March 1770 there came a short and sharp

collision between a handful of soldiers and a small crowd, voluble in abuse, and too free with clubs and snow-balls. There was a sputter of musketry, and five or six civilians dropped down dead or dying. That was the Boston massacre."

He does not tell us that the mob has been described even by American historians as a howling gang of miscreants, that the life of a sentry was in danger, that his comrades had to come to his rescue, that part of the firing was without orders, and that the judge who tried the officer in charge congratulated him upon his conduct, and expressed his disgust for the conduct of the crowd. He does indeed detail the trial of Captain Preston, but mainly for the purpose of pointing out how generous the lawyers were to defend him and how honest were the jury who gave the verdict in his favour. It is not much to say of the profession of the law that its members do their duty like gentlemen; and it is not much to say of a jury that they were not murderers determined to give a verdict against evidence. The choice, for lawyers and jury, between doing their duty and incurring eternal infamy was not a perplexing one.

When the author tells us of the affair at Lexington he is equally misleading. He says:—

"At four in the morning, just as an April day was breaking, they (the British detachment) reached the village of Lexington, and found sixty or seventy of the local militia waiting for them on the common. Firing ensued, and the Americans were dispersed, leaving seven of their number dead or dying."

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This is not history as it should be written. The local militia had been stealing royal stores. They were in a state of quasi-rebellion. The royal troops were going to recover royal property or destroy the munitions of rebels. The local militia had no right to be in arms. Being in arms, they had to suffer the consequences. They fired first, and then ran away. Later on they gathered from all quarters, and literally murdered the troops on their return. It was a kind of bush-fighting, of which there was much during the war; and every episode of the kind is termed in their histories a "battle," and every man in command is a "general."

Of the tea-story the account is brief enough: "Boston gratified the curiosity of an energetic patriot who expressed a wish to see if tea could be made with salt-water." That is all. But we are not informed that the affair was premeditated; that men disguised as Indians had been drilled for the occasion; that the real reason at work was not patriotism but profit; that the tea was offensive not because of the duty, but of the fact that it could be sold cheaper than the smuggled tea the Hancocks and others had stored away for the market. The men who had the tea destroyed were not merely afraid of their profit; they were also in terror of prosecution at law for heavy penalties. A rebellion had become essential to them to save them from the operation of the law. On the morning of the

scuffle at Lexington John Hancock was to have stood his trial at Boston for smuggling. The fight was opportune and prepared. The embattled farmers had saved the smugglers from fines that might have lessened their fortunes, or imprisonment that would have put them out of mischief. They plunged their country into war to save their pockets.

In the end it was not the Americans alone who won the victory over England. The combination against England was that of America, France, Spain, and Holland. A little more loyalty among the Whigs at home, a few thousand more troops, and a little more unity of policy among the commanders at the North and South, and the result would have been different. It is quite too late to discuss the might-have-beens

of history. The great American nation has grown out of unpromising beginnings, and has so far achieved a great destiny. It has accomplished a vast material prosperity and acquired a great power among the nations. It has faced wars and been victorious; has found difficult problems of government, and has solved them. But it has produced also a remarkable race of historians and critics in our day, who have given up many of the old "minute-man" views of history, and who are aware of the weaknesses of the vast and complicated civilisation that environs them. They are not afraid of criticism; they have adopted it. They do not want panegyric; they mistrust it. They will courteously accept the favourable views of Sir George Trevelyan; but they will not quote them as history.

THE LOOKER-ON.

FRANCE: A HALT ON THE ROAD TO REVOLUTION—PROTESTANTISM A RELIGION AND A POLITY—NEW DEPARTURES IN CABINET GOVERNMENT—MR WINTERLEY IN PARLIAMENT: AND ON THE GRAND PIANO.

It becomes us to mark that the death of President Faure evoked more apprehension of violent disturbance in this country than in France. The news of that event carried with it in its flight through Britain anticipations of immediate disorder—disorder which perhaps would end in civil war. At the same hour France itself was so little affected by such fears that the business and even the pleasures of life went on again after momentary interruption. We should note this difference, because it seems to show that we in England had been misled by exaggerated representations of the state of things in France. According to these accounts, not only was every other Frenchman steeped in villany, but the Republic was mined by conspiracies of the most desperate character. These stories were believed in London but evidently not in Paris; or the fear in the one capital that Revolution had found its opportunity would have been panic in the other.

It is said, however, that there was no attack on the Republic by the joint-stock conspiracy of Bonapartists, Royalists, Boulangists, Jesuits, and Jew-haters, because the conspirators had no time to organise their forces. This may be true; but if so, we have here to do with a conspir-

acy nullified by negligence. It has existed for many months, or perhaps for years: any week, any day during that time might have brought the hour for action; yet when it did arrive, through one of a dozen possible accidents, it found the conspirators unprovided with a single button for a single gaiter. And this was still their unprepared condition when they knew that the now-or-never hour was at hand. President Faure died when—and perhaps because—the decision of the Court of Cassation and the publication of reasons for it were only a few days off. The conspiracy must have seen in that event its grand occasion; yet there was no preparation for it when it came so near. That is so improbable a thing that we may almost believe with the Parisian public that there is no such conspiracy at all.

Yet that France is broken into groups and masses of virulent faction is plain enough; one of them being represented—though in ignorance of the fact, apparently—by the newspaper correspondents who declaim against that horrible state of things every day. And of course this is a very grave danger, portentous of general upset, whether by conspiracy or mere anarchy. The choosing of a President to succeed M. Faure

went off far more peaceably than was expected even in Paris itself—thanks to a most fortunate concatenation of circumstances and the existence of a M. Loubet. He has been President for some days when this is written, and order still prevails in Paris. The explanation may be that nothing has happened in France but a change without alteration. M. Faure dies ; M. Loubet succeeds ; the factions, pausing to watch the change, see no provoking difference in it, and the business of contention is resumed at the point of interruption. It is resumed, it will continue, but can hardly go on much farther without coming to the test of settlement by peace or war. These alternatives will present themselves for instant choice, probably, when the Court of Cassation makes known its decision in the Dreyfus case.

There may be no such conspiracy as the frenzied Dreyfusards accuse the furious anti-Dreyfusards of plotting ; but it is not unlikely that the army hides a determination that will work out to similar effect. Only a certain outcome of the Dreyfus inquiry will pacify the Dreyfusards, who are already fixed as to the justice of the case. Only a different outcome will content the army, which has its own ideas of the justice of the case. It is conceivable that, quietly awaiting the decision of the court, the army may propose to take a strong course whether the judges decide for or against revision. If against, then the army will prepare to put down immediately and rigorously

whatever resistance the Dreyfusards may oppose to the verdict. If, on the contrary, revision is ordered, then we may see the military rising, which has been roundly cursed beforehand. And perhaps it will deserve to be cursed. We only speak of what may happen—of what is on the cards—and see nothing there more probable than this. For besides that it is heartily sick of the Dreyfus affair and its monstrous recriminations, the mass of the people is with the army. This the army knows, of course, and it is knowledge enough (in France) to warrant a minor revolution.

The succession of M. Loubet to M. Faure takes nothing from this view of the probabilities, but rather strengthens it. M. Loubet may be a strong man and a just ; but he has a reputation for mediocrity to get rid of, he will have little time to do it in before the crisis arrives, and—more important than all—the French nation begins to lose complacency under a Head of the State so little majestic as M. Faure or M. Loubet. It is not an unreasonable impatience, or even unprincipled. Even a French Republican of the best might hold, I think, that France is inadequately or even improperly represented by such highest personages. But however that may be, the feeling exists and spreads, and has to be taken into account accordingly.

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Only on the surface is the commotion in the Church a

quarrel over ritualistic detail, such as in times past has disturbed the Anglican communion. On this occasion we need not look deep to discover the simmerings of social revolution. To most people that will seem too large a word. But then it is the habit of most people to shrink from the perception of great disturbing changes till they are fully accomplished: which accounts for a great deal in the history of the world that historians wonder at. It is of the highest importance at the present moment that there should be no such shrinking. Common-sense they call it who are subject to it, while in fact it is a form of cowardice—answering in all respects to the weakness of the feeble folk who have not the courage of their convictions. Or it is the same weakness, perhaps. Vision is withdrawn from what we see lest we be compelled to acknowledge its existence, and so be forced to act upon troublesome conclusions. That is certainly cowardice; and too much of it has crept into England with its luxuries and refinements, and that love of peace which is the love of ease. See where it most abounds: always where the luxuries and refinements have had time to do their worst as well as their best. Below these topmost regions there is better guidance because there is more courage, as we have lately seen by a great and memorable example. In continuation thereof, it will be well if we turn not our eyes inwards when confronted with the worst in what

is called the Crisis in the Church, but regard it for what it is and proceed accordingly. And there is one broad and comprehensive standpoint (comprehension being in favour, too) from which every man of us may and should regard the whole trouble, namely, that the de-Protestantising of England is not an affair of religion alone. It is a matter of the profoundest importance socially, and in every department of social life.

As they stand, the facts are these. In the spring of last year complaint arose that many priests in the English Church, though manifestly not of it, were practising a Roman Catholic ceremonial and teaching Roman Catholic doctrine. At first disregarded, or treated as vexatious matter of no importance, the complaint was presently forced on the attention of the bishops as a corporation through a mistake of one of them. This was the bishop who wrote to the effect that if a parishioner found the service in his own church too Romanist he could go somewhere else. The commotion occasioned by this unguarded reply obliged the bishops to consider what truth there was in the general accusation against the Church. This time it was no mere charge of "Romanising tendencies," of "dangerous ritualistic innovation," but of open return to doctrine and practice that brought about the Reformation. That was the charge; and it is not to be forgotten that at their conference in May last the bishops avowed that it was true. Some of them declared

that it was true in terms that could not have been more emphatic had they been framed by Mr Kensit himself. Others spoke of systematic treachery, of conspiracy within the Church to undermine it; and not a single voice was heard in denial. No admission could have been more unwilling, none more complete;¹ and it settled the main point in a court which (to admit the strange distinction which now passes everywhere) is the only one in this country which Church Catholics will acknowledge: that is to say, it was a "spiritual" court. Controversialists by the hundred rushed to kick up the dust about the main point thus settled, but we must not suffer it to be hidden in that way.

So much, then, having been agreed upon, and the only doubt being as to whether the Romanising priests in the English Church were few or many, what should the bishops have done? Considering that the offenders whom they condemned are guilty of a most grave breach of trust; considering that priestly treachery is as bad as any; considering that to permit such offences, in knowledge of them and with power to prevent, is not mercy but complicity—it might have been expected that the bishops would declare their determination to put the offenders out of the Church, unless they turned again and forswore betrayal. But every such declaration was expressly withheld. Remember

that we are not speaking now of High Church parsons who insist on determining minor points of ritual and ceremonial as they please, nor even of extreme High Churchmen who go farther yet. These are all embraced in a reasonable, or at the least an intelligible, desire for "comprehension." We speak of the few or many priests who were described in the Upper House of Convocation as false to the engagements under which they hold their benefices, as "ecclesiastical marauders," as alien to the Church and employed in undermining its doctrine. The desire for comprehension cannot possibly include such as these; yet after their presence in the Church was acknowledged, and after the business they are about there was unflinchingly described, they found themselves still safely covered by the fear that prosecution might be thought persecution. "Prosecution is a long way off yet." That was the last word of the Episcopal debate—its one definite conclusion; and Romanists and Ritualists alike come under its shelter.

Can the Protestantism of the Church be called super-sensitive for taking alarm at such an outcome of the conference? Might not its Catholics have been expected to protest against a comprehension which includes, by allowance, treachery to the teaching of the Church? The alarm was not only natural but

¹ See "Looker-on" in last month's 'Maga,' or the number for June 1898, where the avowals of the bishops are fully set forth.

righteous, and the same thing may be said of the expectation. Suppose an honest repugnance in both our Church parties to "the doctrines that brought about the Reformation," and they must have gone in a body, one would think, to demand the exclusion of priests who live upon the Church while betraying it. Are they few? Then what risk of disturbance in depriving them of their opportunities? Are they many? Then how needful the work of purgation. As a matter of fact, there was no such combination to protest, nor any approach to it. But why not? Why not, since both parties profess a care for the stability of the Church, and since both must have known that such a course of agreement would heal these raging dissensions almost completely and at once? It is a question that I propose to leave unanswered. Yet there should be little risk in saying that not to do what common police-court honesty suggests as the right thing to do, and not to do it though a way of reconciliation would thereby be thrown open, is a great misfortune and a bad sign. That there is a certain number of false corrupting spirits in the Church; that they are justly feared and not unjustly loathed by Church Protestants; that Church Catholics, upon whom they bring suspicions which are the bane of the Church, equally deny association with them,—all this is known. It is also known that the bishops think they need the support

of public opinion. But why in these circumstances Church Protestants did not agree with Church Catholics to eject the perjured schemers who are so obnoxious to both, or why the Church Catholics did not suggest alliance for the same purpose—these things remain unknown.

Perhaps the Church Protestants thought such a proposal hopeless. Perhaps the Catholics made the mistake of identifying attack upon the Romanising priests in the Church with attack upon themselves. Either by error or intention, they did immediately rise to the charge and answer it as if it had been aimed at them,—which was in any case unfortunate. No doubt the more extreme men of the High Church party are also accused, but with a difference which they should have been the first to insist upon and still more sharply define. The means of doing so were easy enough—those that I have just indicated; and how clear it is that after denouncing all sympathy with the insidious renegades who use their places in the Church to set up little poperies of their own—how clear it is, I say, that they might then defend more heartily and hopefully all that is by any means defensible in their ceremonial practice! But that was not their chosen way. Heedless that the Protestant cry of to-day is a cry against domestic treachery, which is by no man defensible; heedless, too, that the Protestantism of the time is silent before High Church ritual till it ripens into Roman-

ism, insinuates transubstantiation, sets up confessional boxes, and fumbles after a spiritual authority beyond the bishops and behind the Reformation—the Ritualists plunged into their grand mistake. Moderate High Churchmen joined forces with the most advanced to fling the whole Catholic party between the Protestant members of the Church and its direct subverters, for whom “comprehension” seemed to be demanded too.

This was not a way to reconcile Church Protestants to the dubious ritual of Church Catholics, or to allay fears that were stronger when there was less cause for them. The unconsidered laity were roused; the politics of Protestantism—which will not allow of sacerdotal domination—revived in full force; and before Parliament met the whole Church, the whole country it might be said, was arrayed into two hostile camps, between which the last words of challenge and defiance had passed. The debate that was raised in the House of Commons by Mr Samuel Smith had little significance in itself. Legislative interference—at any rate at this point—is as undesired as undesirable. Yet the debate had its use in bringing out more clearly the breadth and depth of the division between the two parties in the Anglican Church, henceforth to be named the Catholic party and the Protestant party by the choice of each. How they really stand to one another and to the State could not be known too soon;

and it is now clear that in both relations the Catholics hold themselves apart, contemptuous of Protestantism and rejecting State authority. There is even some doubt as to whether the more pronounced Church Catholics will accept the authority of the bishops if the right to preach certain doctrine or to engender certain ideas is by them denied. It is conceivable that the bishops will stand by the supremacy of the Queen—it is certain that many Church Catholics will continue to deny it; refusing obedience to the doctrinal interpretations of the Privy Council, whether obeyed by their bishops or not. The bishops are allowed to be capable of forming a spiritual court, and therefore one that is worthy of respect; but yet, to judge by what we now read and hear, there is some doctrine, and some that Church Protestants most abhor, so infixed in the Catholic mind as the true doctrine of the Church that the bishops will in vain forbid its inculcation. Yet now that it is arraigned it must be condemned: upon that the awakened Protestantism of the country—which is not only a religion, but (may it ever be remembered!) Protestant for social and political reasons of profound importance—will insist. Condemnation may be followed by secession, which, though sad, would at any rate be an honest movement, and leave more honesty in the place of its departure. If not followed by secession, ejection must ensue: ejection from the Church of all who

would remain to de-Protestantise its formularies and its faith.

Sir William Harcourt and Mr Balfour agree that for this unpleasant but necessary business no new Parliamentary legislation is needed. There is authority enough for the purpose where it is most respected by the reactionists to sacerdotalism; and there is also a general agreement, I think, that the bishops propose to use this power in a wise if much-belated way. The Archbishop of Canterbury, whose speech in the House of Lords the other day was most becoming to the subject and himself, rightly interprets the feeling of the laity, acknowledging that the Church is not its priests alone. In his speech he said: "All this agitation among the laity arises very much more from a belief that the doctrines of the Church of England are imperilled, than from a dislike to the ceremonies which have been introduced in various churches outside the ordinary ceremonies sanctioned by the Church." This is perfectly true, but not till it is read together with a sentence dropped later in the speech, where the Archbishop recognises that ritual may be to doctrine what gesture is to the spoken word. Careful of what he says, he yet puts all that we think about many things ritualistic in a few syllables on the use of the word "mass." "It is mischievous," he says (how mild is "mischievous!"), "not because the word itself really conveys anything wrong, but because it is so far

a sort of introduction to the Church of Rome." It is. But "mass" is a word of lawful use, while many things in the extreme Anglo-Catholic ritual are *unlawful*—intentional violations of law; and at the same time, alone and in combination, a yet more direct and meaning "introduction to the Roman Church." They prepare the ground, as the common saying is; "accustoming the people" (it is Dr Temple who speaks now) "to a ritual like that which they would find in the Church of Rome." Now, although it is true that we of the laity are far less concerned with ceremonial than with doctrine, we like not these unlawful clearings of the ground.

Yet it will be enough for contentment if the archbishops, in working out their plan of judicial intervention, deal straitly with the more defiant offenders and such as are made outlaws by their own contumacy. We shall be satisfied if further they remember, what has evidently been a frequent thought with them, that when once the conflict begins there can be no turning back in the middle of it; and if also they bear this in mind whenever they sit in judgment. In the Reformed Church of England, a spiritual court, dealing with the Romanising sappers of the Church by spiritual argument alone, may represent the priesthood very well, but not very well the laity. This is because Protestantism is not only a religion, but, in a very high sense, a polity. As to that, however, we must perforce be silent. We

may be Protestant if we please on religious grounds, Protestant on social grounds, but we may not say why. To do that would be insulting to Roman Catholics, as Mr W. Redmond fiercely reminded Mr Samuel Smith in the House of Commons debate, careful as the poor man had been and melting as were his apologies for referring to the confessional. And indeed it is better not to say why, though better above all things never to forget: for good and bad influences on citizenship keep their character, and are to-day what they were in the time of Elizabeth. But though we cannot vindicate our Protestant preferences without offence, and will not do so for fear of offending, the Spiritual Court which is about to be set up will know why we cherish certain school-policies, hearth-policies, and what our theories are as to freedom of mind and the making of men. And these things the Spiritual Court will be good enough not to forget amid its jangling interpretations of King Edward the Sixth's prayer-book.

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The Prince Consort said of our system of Government by Cabinet, that it worked as a check to the personal ambition of individual Ministers. The ambition he had in mind is unknown in England, though it is true that on a certain occasion the government of the country was all but snatched out of the Queen's hands. The explanation of that case is, how-

ever, that the offending Minister knew not what he did, being in a state of exaltation unusually high. Yet this saying of the Prince Consort's was true in a sense of considerable importance. The solidarity of the Cabinet, its joint and several responsibility, the presentation to the world of its deeds and plans as the plans and deeds of a committee and of no individual, has many great conveniences, of which one is that Ministers are forbidden to make play in the country on their own account: nothing must be done to compromise, to forestall, to overpass their colleagues. Till lately this wholesome rule has been scrupulously observed. Lately, however, the whole system of government in England has been giving way, just as the Prince above-named foresaw when nothing in the country appeared more fixed and stable than its political machinery. Seemingly outworn, it weakens in various ways, but mainly in the sinking of the authority of the House of Commons, and the growing Ministerial habit of going past the House for direct communication with the people. A democratic change, of course, but yet an obvious change for the worse; and a break in the solidarity of Cabinet Government would be a very natural result of it.

But are there any signs of such a break? There are, though, so far, none of a particularly formidable character. Something of the kind appeared when, at a dark and anxious time, Mr Chamberlain spoke

against an isolation policy and called for a fighting alliance with some great military power. Other though less striking instances will be remembered; none of which, however, prepared the world political for Mr Balfour's letter advocating the institution by the State of Roman Catholic universities in Ireland.

When every other man in the Cabinet is hanged for over-indulgence in personal ambition we may begin to suspect Mr Balfour of the weakness. The present belief about him on that score is that he would sooner retire to Whittinghame, and remain there, than play the pushful man in politics even for a day. But that makes the publication of his letter the more remarkable; reducing the explanation of it to a belief that it was a right and a politic thing to do. How many of his friends share that belief, either upon the hypothesis that his colleagues were agreed with him or that they were not? In the one case the presumption must be that the Cabinet, being willing after due consideration to provide Ireland with Roman Catholic universities, but at the same time doubting the popularity of such a scheme, commissioned one of their number to fly the proposal through the press as a suggestion of his own. When fully stated, that is the first hypothesis, and glaringly impossible. It is so impossible an innovation that it cannot be made to look more so, even by the unlikelihood that no member of the Government

could see the mistake of launching a scheme of that character in the midst of a furious Protestant agitation. The other supposition must be the right one; but though in some respects preferable, it is almost as hard to reconcile with the usual and expected. By a positive and even vehement expression of opinion, addressed to the country on a notoriously difficult and inflammatory question, a leading member of the Government forces his colleagues into a position which some of them think wrong, and all may find extremely awkward. Even they say so who wish well to Mr Balfour's proposal, which allows me the satisfaction of speaking farther in language not my own. It is only by carrying out this proposal, says the 'Spectator,' "that the Government can now avoid serious trouble within its own body.

"In the strongest possible language Mr Balfour has in effect told his constituents that an imperative duty rests upon those who are true Unionists and true Protestants to deal with the claims of the Irish Roman Catholics in regard to Irish university education." But supposing that the Government "cannot in the end agree to deal with the problem, . . . both Mr Balfour and the Cabinet will be placed in a terribly false position. Mr Balfour's exercise of the right of free speech on Catholic education must look like, and act as, an indictment of the Cabinet as bad Unionists. . . . A certain situation has been created by his letter and his Manchester speeches. . . . He may have been rash; he may even have acted without due consideration for his colleagues; all we know is that by his recent action he has made it imperative for the Cabinet to deal with the problem." "It is only by placing

Irish university education on a sound basis, and satisfying the demands of the majority of the Irish population, that the Government can now avoid serious trouble within its own body."

In short, the Government must either yield to "the situation created by Mr Balfour's letter" or break up.

When the question comes on for debate, it might be asked how it is that while the Roman Catholic community is spending vast sums of money in building cathedrals, chapels, conventual institutions, and the like in all the three kingdoms, it never seems to think of providing for itself the university that is so much wanted. The answer is, perhaps, that that is properly the business of the State. However, we are not now considering the intrinsic merits of Mr Balfour's plan. I have nothing to say about it, good or bad. Our present concern is with a totally different matter, and not a less important one, I think, if we have here another example of what is to be expected of ministerial Government in future. Were it not supplied by Mr Balfour, leader of the House of Commons, circumspect, considerate, no demagogue, no mere climbing politician, or if he were the first and only practitioner in this new line, little might be thought of it. But he is not the first. What he does he does after witnessing, and presumably pondering, similar performances; and being what he is, that he should follow suit in a manner so deliberate and in a matter so vexed, looks too much like a break-up of the old order in Cabinet government.

To what effect may be read in the words quoted above, which are of general as well as particular application. They show the natural working of the Cabinet system in dissolution, or (to speak in milder phrase) when dropping into habits of "greater freedom and less responsibility." The 'Spectator's' forecast of consequences on the present occasion may turn out to be exaggerated; but if so, it will be by good luck, for none of those consequences are forbidden by the nature of the case. It is entirely reasonable to expect them; and at another time, and by a less scrupulous Minister, they may be not merely risked but intended and ensured.

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"DEAR MR LOOKER-ON,—
This is to inform you, who may have commands for me, that I too came to town for the meeting of Parliament.

"The 'something in the atmosphere,' which in most places where men are assembled tells of any general predominant thought or emotion, is stronger in the House of Commons than anywhere else. You must have felt this. How the common feeling gets into the atmosphere, or how to explain the wordless communication of it to the stranger in the gallery, is beyond us, I suppose. But so it is. In a full House, and on occasions when attention is concentrated on a matter of extraordinary interest, the stranger is almost as conscious of the drift and shift of feeling

in the mass of silent members as if it were a visible stream.

“Remembrance of this sharpened the wish to be present at the first meeting of a House which on one side had fallen to pieces and then had been entirely re-made up. That it would fall to pieces was revealed to many; that it did fall to pieces was known to all; that it had been brought together again was generally understood. But neither in my neighbours nor my newspapers could I find any sensible knowledge of how the re-make had been accomplished. Blinds were drawn down upon that subject—which seemed strange, but not unaccountable. There is lack of knowledge, and there is lack of acknowledgment—a state of feeling better known as a disposition to ‘ignore.’ We who have lived in affairs have learnt that such a feeling may be universal, and yet without any understanding to make it so. No man says to another, ‘Let us keep this matter dark,’ but darkness there is—an unspoken agreement even between friend and friend to speak not of it. So it seemed to be in the matter of the ranching of the Liberals, who had gone wild and leaderless, and how it was done and by whom. All knew it, none spoke of it; but, thought I, in the House of Commons on the first night of meeting it is a silence that will speak for itself; and I’ll be there to hear.

“And I was: fortune and a right honourable member giving me a place in the House with a commanding view of the benches

to the Speaker’s left hand. Thence could I look down upon the unhappy remnant seated there—attenuate, futureless, their leaders falling out and falling away, their very principles a spoil to the enemy—and yet not unhappy now. There was so little misery in the look of them, indeed, that my first thought, after contemplating them awhile, was of my cat basking in the unexpected sunshine of a winter day. If it was not hope that gave them that appearance (which could hardly be) it was relief. Sensible of being a coherent party again, now that they had two leaders the less, they *were* conscious of what had made them whole though it had left them weak; and it was a consciousness that filled the air about them in a speaking silence of complacency. As the grains in a horn of gunpowder may be separated by a paralysing intermixture of coal-dust, so these poor gentlemen had been divided from each other; but now, now they could come together again in working order, because that which divided them was withdrawn, dissolved, washed out. Home Rule might now be thrown off by the many with whom it was always a livery at best, and no longer was it essential to good Radicalism to play the Little Englander. A word had gone forth which, even though it sounded as the voice of ‘personal proscription’ to here one and there another (or so they said), was emancipation to thousands: a lightening of hearts, an easing of consciences, reconciliation with the master-spirit

of the country, and therewith a call to closer union among themselves.

"That it must have been all this seemed plain and certain even to such retired folk as your servant who now addresses you. If it lacked acknowledgment, we knew how naturally acknowledgment might be withheld. Yet that it could not be concealed wherever two or three erstwhile Gladstonians were gathered together might as easily be suspected; and gladly I found at Westminster, as I tell you, that it was not concealed because it could not be. It may last little longer than the sunshine of a winter day, but there it was—it *would* beam through. The lightened hearts and the eased consciences sang together as the stars sing in their courses, and I heard them: believe me or believe me not. But if you ask what audible or visible recognition there was of him whose word had brought this blessed change to pass, I am constrained to say that there seemed to me not much. But here also there were natural reasons for silence at present—prudential reasons, kindly reasons, and such as most fitly commend the saying *De mortuis*. It is something, too, that Lord R. (I name no names) shuns rather than seeks recognition, apparently. And then, again, and to conclude, gratitude for service rendered is so much more easily dissembled than joy in its receipt.

"Now it is not at all in my way to prate of politics, but these impressions taken in the

House of Commons on the day of a new departure may interest you—perhaps as confirming your own. We shall not agree, however, if you think that the greater compactitude, confidence, cheerfulness of the Radical Opposition betokens a victorious time for it. What can a conquered party do when all its more respectable or more fascinating principles are gathered up and carried off?

"From harmony to harmony. Music was the second great object of my visit to town—music and certain pictures; as to which a good judge and possessor of such treasures had written to me, 'If it would please you to view in one day the most exemplary display of masculine and feminine art that was ever looked upon in this world, come and see the Rembrandt collection in the morning and the Burne-Jones exhibition in the afternoon. The contrast is perfection and the lesson beyond price.' And so it was; and perhaps it is there still for willing minds to profit by. But for me it was both bad and good; for having a natural inveterate dislike of Sir Edward's pictures,—a dislike which lies deeper (I know) than judgment ever reaches, and is even (I think) rather animal,—it was not well that this gentle if unreasonable passion should be warmed into hate. There is a sort of music that corresponds with the Rossetti and Burne-Jones picture, but no one ever said that it was great or even true; and in that fact I find some justification for the pre-

judice (which, however, is not a musical or even artistic prejudice, but something else and something different) against both.

"It was a mistake to go from the Burne-Jones exhibition to an afternoon concert where the attraction was a player on the pianoforte. Only by rare good fortune could it be the soothing change required, and that should have been considered in time. But it was not, and the consequence was injustice not only to myself, but perhaps to the young man who was the attraction. Had it been *necessary* to hear him play that afternoon, so soon after leaving the New Gallery, the fair thing to him would have been an hour of preparation at the Bath Club: a bracing douche, a mutton-chop, a glass of fortifying burgundy. In any event that could not have been harmful; for, let the performer be who or what he may, no concert-room Broadwood should be encountered by persons in an irritable or lapsing condition of the nervous system. Set wide open, and with a shock-haired young man advancing toward it with swinging hands, it immediately becomes more an object of terror than delight. The machine we know: what is to be expected of those hands? The hall is large; in it are many, many ladies; two violins and a 'cello await the doom of the drowned; and the Attraction has yet to make an English reputation: how much, then, there is to fear! Yet it is possible to hope, for with skill, 'touch,' and restraint,

very pleasing music may be drawn from an instrument which in *that* form is the most brutal that genius has anything to do with. Does genius, or genius not in want of bread, ever write now for the concert grand? Would genius ever have written for the pianoforte had it come into existence as the concert grand? If these are foolish questions, explain their folly by an ear that finds more soul in the drum than in the concert grand, when banged as no professor of the humbler instrument thumps out its truer voice of nature.

"With studied awkwardness, the shock-haired young man takes his place; the stringed instruments lead off, their lovely voices no more strained, no more conscious, than the perfume streaming from the rose, the brier-rose, and the violet; and it goes to my heart to mark how humbly the 'cello—the 'cello, which hasn't its match in this world as a singing instrument—seems to wait upon the mechanical monster by which it is to be devoured. He begins, the distinguished Attraction, very playfully, very prettily; but not without the nimbleness which is one of the most admired and detestable characteristics of a performance on the concert grand. Why, I cannot tell; but it reminds me of the male opera-dancers who, in days that I remember, figured in the ballet in attire shaped like Harlequins, but cut low in the neck! (Is this an extravagant resemblance? Do you suppose it put into my head by the Burne-Jones collection?) It was some

time, indeed, before the crash came; but it was foreseen, fore-known, its place in the score fatally provided years ago by a composer whose deafness would have been much less afflicting to him in these days than it was in his own. The Attraction, his opportunity arriving, justified expectancy to the full. From the time when the thumping began legitimately, his action was the action of a man who would shampoo an unwilling tiger. At every stroke the artist's head was jerked forward from the second vertebra (*vertebra dentata*, the pivot-bone, you know), so violently did he throw himself upon the keyboard; and when dislocation seemed possible in consequence, the music which might have soothed and compensated our alarms was a mere ill-mixed noise of percussion and reverberation. The thump was more audible than the note.

"But it pleased. The audience applauded vehemently, and again applauded and again. But I—I could have cried for

pity of the violins, and for the 'cello's sake and my own (for we are lovers) could have murdered the concert grand. Yet I would not have you think me contemptuous of the pleasure of the audience. It was sincere and improving in every way; and I hope to die in the opinion that the sensitive taste which is also supercilious is in the first place stupid, in the second place vulgar, in the third inhuman. 'We rise upon the stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things.' It is the hammerer of concert grands, not even the grand itself, that really offends, and what cares he for music, or anything but marvellous execution? If he would only make it all *léger-de-main*!

"But perhaps if I had not gone to the New Gallery that morning, or if the Bath Club had been subsequently visited — However, it is useless to follow out these speculations, and herewith concludes—Yours very faithfully,

"CHAS. WINTERLEY."

AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BORGU.

It is a mark of the nature of the British empire, and of the conditions under which we hold it, that hardly a month passes, certainly never so much as half a year, but some place which the average well-educated person cannot even find on the map leaps into sudden publicity, and is on every newspaper placard and in every one's mouth. Yesterday they were unknown, to-morrow probably they will be forgotten. Fashoda made a somewhat deeper impression; yet for a week or so last year eyes were fixed on Borgu and Mossi just as keenly as they were later on the Bahr-el-Ghazal—and with good reason, for there was more serious danger of a conflict over the Niger than ever arose over the Nile. Now the strain has been forgotten: the men out there who were doing the empire's work on its frontiers are no longer actors before a great theatre; but the work goes on all the same, and it is just as well to set on record what was done and is being done.

The Convention signed last July in Paris between Great Britain and France ended suddenly and summarily a chapter of history which has not yet been written—the story of French aggressions on territories claimed by us in West Africa, and of our too-long-deferred resistance to those aggressions. The encroachment proceeded steadily

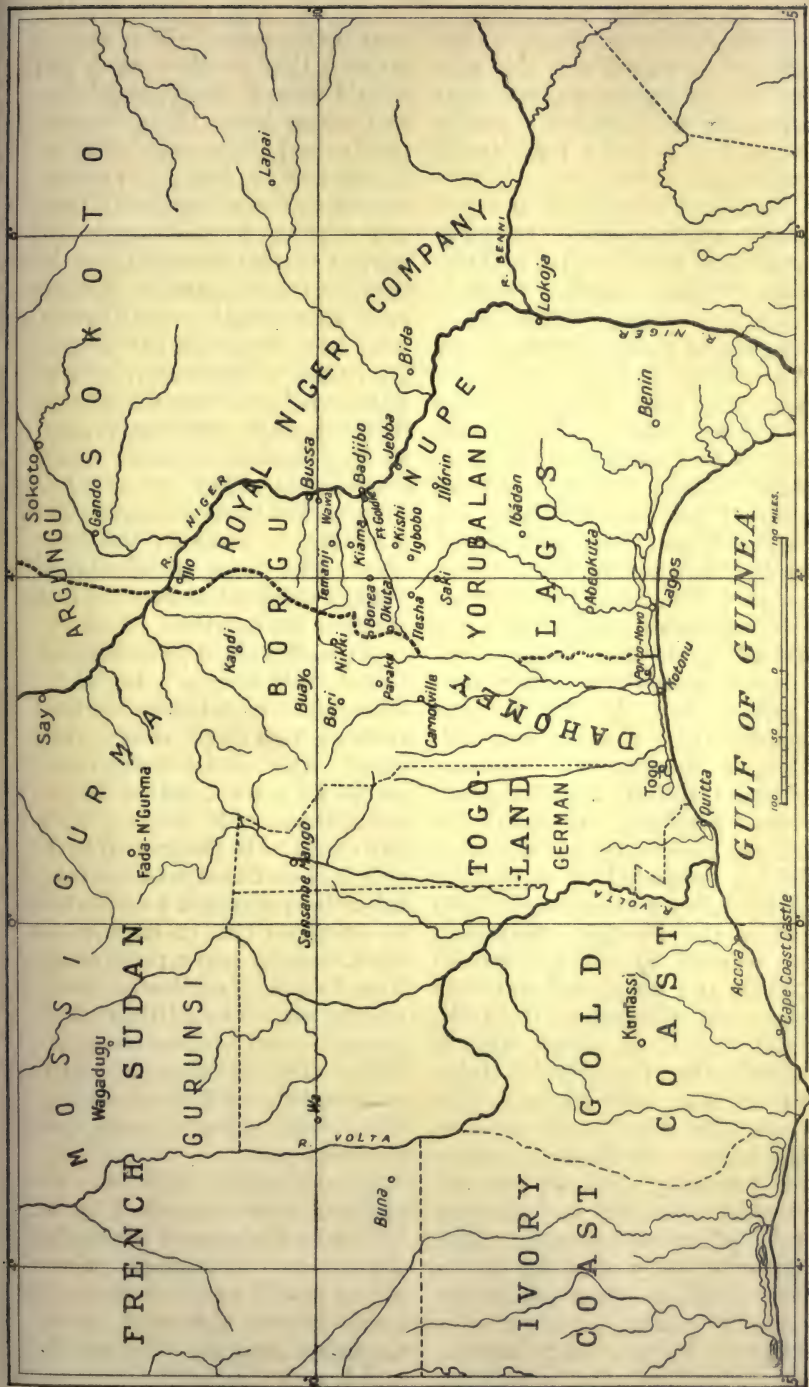
from the Berlin Conference in 1884-85. Within ten years from that date the French, working south and south-east from Senegambia and the Upper Niger, had interposed themselves between the protectorate of Sierra Leone and the Niger so completely that there was nothing to be done but fix a frontier by joint commission, which left that colony practically resourceless; and they were pushing with feverish activity into the regions north of the Gold Coast. In the meanwhile Dahomey, conquered in 1890, had become another base, and expeditions from it were moving northward. Thus in the acute period of the struggle the French were making their way south-east from their posts of Ségu and Bandiagara in the French Sudan, and north and north-west from Carnotville in Upper Dahomey. By 1896 their forces had joined hands behind the Gold Coast, and were striving to retrench as far as possible the hinterlands of that colony, and of German Togoland, while at the same time they endeavoured to make themselves masters of the west bank of the Niger and secure a port on its waters accessible direct from the sea. Thus there were two distinct points of friction between English and French: first, the hinterland of the Gold Coast (Mossi,

Gurunsi, and the surrounding countries); and secondly, Borgu, which is part of the natural hinterland of Lagos. The French forces working from the French Sudan and from Dahomey were, when matters came to a critical juncture, in touch with each other as well as with their respective bases; our forces resisting them, almost non-existent at first, were up to the end disconnected. The object of this paper is to relate what took place during the final phase of the struggle in Borgu, part of the territory held by the Royal Niger Company. The story of the resistance offered in the hinterland of our Crown Colony of the Gold Coast is similar, but quite distinct. It constitutes by itself another chapter of history not yet written, but which we hope to write as soon as the facts are available.

In 1894 Commandant Toutée started on a voyage, professedly of private exploration, and applied to the Royal Niger Company for leave to pass through territories under their jurisdiction; but as he was taking with him a considerable armed force, this request was refused. Accordingly he set out from Porto Novo on the Dahomey coast, and from Carnotville made his way north-east through the Bariba country, till he struck the Niger opposite Badjibo, a point about midway between Bussa and Jebba. Here he established a camp and fortified a position which he called Fort d'Arenberg. From this point it is possible to navigate to the sea, though not safe; no

vessel is insured beyond Jebba. Above Badjibo the river is practically unnavigable for more than 500 miles. In the meantime a strong expedition, under Commandant Decœur, had been despatched in July 1894 from Dahomey northward, having for its main objects to secure a treaty with the chief of Gurma, a country lying to the north of Borgu and Togoland, thus cutting the Germans off from the Niger; and to obtain treaties with the king of Nikki, which, the French asserted, was the capital of Borgu. Borgu, comprising the riverine inhabitants of the right bank of the Niger from Illo southward to near Jebba, would, it was thought, give them a port on the navigable waters of the Lower Niger.

Now the Royal Niger Company claimed both these countries, Gurma and Borgu. They claimed Gurma in virtue of treaty rights on the ground that it was a province of Gando, with which country they had a treaty. Moreover, Gando is itself a fief of the Sultanate of Sokoto, and by the convention of 1890 the Company had rights over all appanages of Sokoto. They claimed Borgu, first, on the ground that the Say-Barrua line, fixed in 1890, gave to Great Britain all included by a line drawn from Say south to the ninth parallel, up to which the frontiers were delimited from the coast; and secondly, on the ground that the king of Bussa alleged himself to be sovereign of all Borgu, and with this king they had concluded a treaty in 1890 and paid him a subsidy.



But as the French asserted that Nikki, not Bussa, was the capital of Borgu, it was thought advisable to despatch Captain Lugard to secure a treaty with that town.

Decœur's expedition did not make rapid progress. Borgu is a difficult country; its inhabitants, the Baribas, are a warlike, predatory people, whose chief weapon is the poisoned arrow. According to Mockler Ferryman, they came originally from Northern Africa, and profess not to be pagans, but to worship "Kisra, a Jew." At all events, their country was unexplored, and they had beaten back the wave of Fulah conquest which, sweeping over all the countries between Lake Tchad and the Niger, had surged across the river into Gurma and Illórin, Borgu's neighbours. Consequently, although Decœur left Dahomey before Captain Lugard sailed from England, the English officer, proceeding by water to Jebba, succeeded in organising a force, and reaching Nikki before the French. Marching by way of Kiama, he entered Nikki, and concluded a treaty there on November 10, 1894, then passed on southward to secure the Company's rights in Okuta and Ilesha. Five days later the French came on the scene. M. Ballot, governor of Dahomey, hearing of the English mission, had sent up two other expeditions. That under M. Alby was the first to arrive; M. Decœur joined him with a strong force (whereas Captain Lugard had been accompanied only by twenty-four

men with arms, all recruits), insisted that the king of Nikki should accept the French flag, and wrote home to say that a treaty had been concluded on November 26, making no mention of Captain Lugard. Then the various French exploring parties pushed on hastily to the north, to anticipate Dr Grüner and Lieutenant von Karnap, who were on a similar errand on behalf of Germany. Flags of both colours were distributed freely through the country, and as the signing of each treaty was accompanied by a handsome gratuity, some chiefs did a profitable trade in the business. The ruler of Sansanné Mango accepted three within a space of six months.

So ended in 1895 the first "race for Borgu," in which European expeditions hunted treaties from negro chiefs. The result was somewhat to discredit all such treaties, but to strengthen the Niger Company's claim to Borgu. Whether Nikki or Bussa was the capital of Borgu might be a matter of opinion; but in each place the Company had a prior claim. The French practically recognised this by shifting their ground and attempting to secure the country by what was called "effective occupation," but in reality was open usurpation.

In the end of 1896 two expeditions were organised by M. Ballot in Dahomey: one under Lieutenant Bretonnet, whose object was Borgu and the navigable Niger; the other, under Captains Baud and Vermeersch, which was directed to interpose

between the German hinterland and the Niger. Lieutenant Bretonnet left Carnotville on December 28, 1896, with three white officers, 100 Senegalese, and a number of porters. It is noticeable that he did not advance direct to Nikki and claim the benefit of the treaty: on the contrary, he turned west from Paraku and made a circuit to avoid what was theoretically a friendly town. He established posts at Bori, Bouay, and, after some skirmishing on the road, at Kandi. From Kandi he marched to Illo on the Niger, thence down-stream to Bussa, which he entered—by his own account, at the king's invitation—on February 5, 1897. Now a great deal had happened since Captain Lugard went out to Borgu in 1894. The Niger Company had complained of the act of aggression committed by Captain Toutée in occupying Fort d'Arenberg, and Lord Rosebery had said definitely that the place must be evacuated. France yielded, and Fort d'Arenberg became Fort Goldie. Further, it was notified to France that Bussa was under British protection, and an announcement to that effect was made in the 'London Gazette' in June 1895. In the face of this, Lieutenant Bretonnet's entry into the town was no less than an act of war, and the Niger Company would have instantly repelled the aggression, but their hands were tied. In the latter part of 1896 it had been found necessary to organise a force to punish the Fulah Emirs of Nupe and Illórin, who, in

addition to repeated breaches of their treaties, had endeavoured to bring about a general rising against the Company. They had solicited help from the king of Bussa; yet he had not only refused it, but had informed the Company of the plot. At this time diplomacy was still slowly endeavouring to solve the problem presented by the conflicting treaty claims in Borgu, and the French Government represented to the English that if the Niger Company had a considerable force on foot, they would be tempted to strengthen their claims by going in and occupying Nikki. Lord Salisbury's Government accordingly exacted from Sir George Goldie a pledge that he would not undertake any operations north of Jebba, which is the head of the navigable Niger. Nikki is well to the north of this point, and Bida and Illórin, the objectives of the expedition, were well to the south of it; and the pledge was accordingly given. Naturally it was taken as binding both sides to abide by the *status quo*. But just as the brilliant campaign against the Fulahs was practically decided by the victory at Bida on January 29, 1897, news came that a French expedition was at Illo, and shortly after a letter from the king of Bussa reached Sir George Goldie, stating that his capital had been occupied, and asking for assistance. In face of the pledge given to Government, however, nothing could be done by the Company, though they probably never expected that Lord Salisbury

would continue to negotiate without insisting, as a preliminary to all discussion, upon the évacuation of a town over which a previous Government had expressly declared a protectorate. Lieutenant Bretonnet remained therefore in possession of Bussa, though not in peace. He was hotly attacked by the natives; but his Senegalese fought, as they always do, admirably, and he not only held his ground but extended his conquest. After considerable bloodshed he took Wawa, a town south of Bussa, and was met there by envoys from Kiama, where also he hoisted the tricolour. But the country, though nominally occupied, was not subdued up to July: Lieutenant Bretonnet was fighting continuously against what were described as "rebellions" in the different towns that had courted his alliance. Kishi, which lies on the direct road between Carnotville and Kiama, was occupied; but Nikki was still left untouched.

In the meantime the Baud-Vermeersch expedition, which had set out also in the end of 1896, had been even more fortunate than M. Bretonnet. They reached Gurma without difficulty, and had the good fortune to find the king coping with a rebellion. In return for their help, which was effectually given, he placed all Gurma under French protection: this success bore fruit in the Franco-German agreement of July 1897, by which Germany resigned all her claims to a hinterland reaching to the Niger. Moving westward,

Captain Baud got into touch with Lieutenants Voulet and Chanoine, who were coming from Wagadugu: this junction of French forces despatched from countries so remote as the French Sudan and Dahomey impressed the natives considerably, and brought levies of auxiliaries flocking in. Gurma was occupied in force, and the Voulet - Chanoine expedition turned westward again, leaving Captains Baud and Vermeersch to hold their acquisition. But in August the whole Bariba country rose against the Frenchmen. Lieutenant Bretonnet's garrisons had to fall back on his main force; and reinforcements were sent up from Carnotville under Captain Ganier, who, as senior, took command at Paraku, assisted by M. Vermeersch. By November they were strong enough to advance upon the heart of the resistance, and after a battle fought somewhat to the south, on November 6 they entered Nikki, this time as victors, and hoisted the flag there on December 10, and immediately opened communication with M. Bretonnet at Bussa. In the meanwhile Captain Baud, left in charge of Gurma, had struck across from Fada-N'Gurma to Say, where he met an outpost of M. Destenave's force from the French Sudan. He then proceeded to march upon Illo, whence Lieutenant Bretonnet's original post had been withdrawn. Marching south from this, he was surrounded by the Baribas; but after a severe fight he succeeded in routing them, and the country was

terrorised into submission. Thus by December 10, 1897, when Commandant Ricour came to take command as Governor of Upper Dahomey, the whole of Borgu as well as Gurma were in reality effectively occupied. Setting the question of international morality apart, the French officers had done their work extraordinarily well. Their troops took their supplies by force and cost nothing to keep; and they had very few of them. Three companies of Senegalese, one of Hausas hastily levied in the latter part of 1897, and two of the Dahomey police, made up the whole force at M. Ricour's disposal. In order to hold such a country with such a force, a reign of terror was imperative, and it was instituted. The soldiers were dotted about in the towns and villages in groups of half-a-dozen or less, and a white officer or non-commissioned officer went the rounds in perfect security. The Baribas were thoroughly cowed; they hated, but they were afraid. It was very different from the method in which we make war against savages, sending large expeditions and paying fair or even at times excessive prices for such goods as the natives choose to supply; but of its own kind it was an excellent piece of work.

Yet from the point of view of the British the whole thing simply amounted to this. France had occupied by force Borgu, a country which was British by prior treaty and by the 1890 agreement with France, and part, if not all, of which had

been declared a protectorate. The recognition of the Niger Company's treaties by the Foreign Office had sealed the acquisition to the Company under the authority of her Majesty's Government. Now the Company could not declare war upon France, and it appealed to Lord Salisbury to redress such violent usurpation of its rights. Protests lodged by him in Paris produced no practical result. Moreover, the frontier between Dahomey and the hinterland of Lagos had been delimited by joint agreement from the coast up to the ninth parallel. But from the middle of 1897 the French, entirely disregarding this arrangement, had begun to cross our frontier, striking to the east from a point considerably south of Carnotville, and arranged a line of communication with Bussa through Saki and Kishi. Lieut.-Colonel M'Callum, Governor of Lagos, at once reported this act of trespass, and was instructed to request the French to withdraw. On September 10 a French party under Lieutenant Brôt attempted to capture Ilesha, but were repulsed, and had to fall back on Saki; and on the 24th of that month, in consequence of Colonel M'Callum's prompt action, was obliged to evacuate Saki, which was at once occupied by men of the Lagos Hausa Force. A few days later Lieutenant Neale, with a detachment of the same body, occupied Igboho, on the line to Kishi. In the meantime three companies of the West India Regiment, under Lieut.-

Colonel Allen, had been ordered from Sierra Leone to Lagos, and by November 15 two companies were at Saki. But it was thought necessary, since diplomacy proved ineffectual, to make a further show of force in West Africa. In October 1897 Colonel Lugard was recalled from South Africa to organise a force (to be called the West African Frontier Force) which should have its headquarters in Nigeria.

The force which it was proposed to raise amounted practically to a brigade. It was to consist of two very strong battalions of infantry, each containing 1200 men, with twenty-nine officers and forty-four non-commissioned officers. To each battalion was affiliated a field-hospital, with three doctors and a nursing staff of six non-commissioned officers from the Army Medical Corps. There was also to be a base hospital at Lokoja, with two doctors and three nurses, selected from the staff at Guy's. The artillery consisted of three batteries, two of seven-pounders, one of twelve-pounders. There was also a transport department, an accounts department, and one engineer company. A small headquarter staff, consisting of the Commissioner and Commandant, his second in command, and an aide-de-camp, made up the whole. The second in command was Colonel Willcocks, D.S.O., who was telegraphed for before he had fairly returned from the Tochi Valley campaign on the N.W. frontier of India—the eighth on which he had seen service. Each battalion was to consist half of

Yorubas, half of Hausas; and as the Yorubas were the easier to get, recruiting began at Ibádan. On November 27, Lieut.-Colonel Pilcher sailed from London to raise the 1st battalion, taking with him his European staff, which consisted of one captain (commander), two subalterns, and five non-commissioned officers to each of the eight companies of which the battalion was to be composed. The nucleus of this battalion, which had been already recruited by Captains Creighton and Taubman Goldie at Ibádan, was sent to Lokoja, whither Lieut.-Colonel Pilcher proceeded direct by steamer. Lieut.-Colonel Fitzgerald, commanding the 2nd battalion, arrived at Lagos early in February, and proceeded to Ibádan, where he began recruiting Yorubas. Early in March 1898, Colonel Lugard left London to take command of all the forces in or near Borgu, including the detachments of the Lagos Constabulary and the West India Regiment, as well as a large part of the Niger Company's troops and the new levies. Touching at Lagos, he went on to Lokoja, where were the headquarters of the 1st battalion: the officers were busily engaged in drilling and recruiting. He himself proceeded to Jebba, and sent word to Colonel Fitzgerald to march across country from Ibádan to that point, which became now the general headquarters, and everything except the 1st battalion was moved up there.

It was the end of April before the headquarters were es-

tablished at Jebba, and the situation had in the meantime become exceedingly strained. The Niger Company claimed Borgu; the French had issued a decree declaring that Borgu was now part of Upper Dahomey. The French, as has been seen, held the country; but the British troops, under Colonel M'Callum, had been actively pushing up from the south. On December 4, Lieutenant Turner, R.E., with twelve non-commissioned officers and sappers of his corps, left England for Lagos, to carry a telegraph wire through the hinterland of Lagos and Illórin to Jebba, in order to put the officers acting in this debatable land into direct communication with their Government. On December 12, the Hausas, under Major Ewart, occupied Ilesha, from which the French had been repulsed some months earlier; and on Christmas Day 100 Hausas, with four guns, left Saki to march on Okuta, a town of Borgu. Mr Rohrweger, a district commissioner of Lagos, who acted throughout this whole affair as political agent, reported on January 15 that Okuta had been occupied. In the meanwhile preparation was being made for the telegraph wire as far as Saki, and by February 22 the wire was actually brought up to that point, and Governor M'Callum moved with it. His presence at the front was urgently necessary, because public feeling in England had been roused to fever pitch. Mr Rohrweger had succeeded in occupying a couple more towns on the line between Okuta and

Kiama, and on February 6 a detachment of Hausas, under a non-commissioned officer, had hoisted the flag in Borea, some thirty-five miles south-east of Nikki. This village became suddenly notable throughout Europe, for on February 19 Mr Chamberlain read to the House of Commons two telegrams, one of which stated that thirty Senegalese had come to Borea, and had ordered the British post there to haul down the union-jack. The demand was refused, and the Senegalese camped a little distance off. The other telegram related a similar incident at Wa, on the Gold Coast. In both of these regions parties of troops belonging to the rival nations were interspersed like men on a chess-board, and it was plain that the tension on the spot must be very great. It was particularly galling to the Frenchmen, because, while England merely asserted a protectorate over these regions, on the French system whatever was part of a colony was part of France: Borgu was part of Upper Dahomey, and Lieutenant Bretonnet and the rest were defending, as they considered, the frontier of their country, just as much as if they had been, for instance, in Algeria.

Neither the Wa incident nor that of Borea had in itself any particular importance; but the manner in which they were announced, and the spirit in which the announcement was received by the country, were significant. The English continued their advance in Borgu wherever it was possible without an actual collision, which

both sides avoided. Three more companies of the 2nd West India Regiment had been despatched from Sierra Leone to Lagos, and, on February 28, 149 men of that regiment left Saki for Okuta. The British advanced posts were now within a couple of marches of Nikki. In the first week of March Governor M'Callum proceeded in person to Okuta. But the tornado season was now beginning, and he reported home that the difficulties occasioned by the rains, combined with the strength of the French line of posts between Kishi and Kiama, made it advisable that any farther advance should be made from the Niger. In the meanwhile the telegraph wire was being rapidly carried towards Illórin, which point it reached on April 3; and the presence of the British posts, interrupting lines of communication, greatly hampered the French in Borgu. They had devastated the country, which is at no time a rich one, and were in difficulty for supplies. For these they depended largely upon Kishi, a town lying about fifty miles south of Kiama. Kishi was, properly speaking, no part of Borgu, but a Yoruba town, with which a treaty had been concluded in 1894. The Yorubas are a peaceful and industrious people, and consequently Kishi, although a small place, was much richer than the rest of the country which the French had to draw on. It was therefore a serious blow to them

when on April 22 the inhabitants of this town rose, drove out the French garrison, and called in some West Indian soldiers from the nearest British post. Politically also it was a grave reverse, as it certainly did not go to bear out the French contention that their troops were in the various towns by the special prayer of their inhabitants.

Such was the position of affairs when Colonel Lugard arrived at Jebba. He had reached Lokoja on April 10, and set out for his headquarters on the 13th. By April 17 the telegraph wire had reached its destination¹—having been carried from Lagos in little over three months—and he was in touch with the authorities at home. Steps were at once taken to carry on from the new base the work which had been begun by Governor M'Callum. Three hundred of the Niger Company's troops, who had shown their value in the Bida campaign, had been sent up hurriedly into Sokoto when word came that a French expedition had crossed the Niger from Say. Of this ill-fated mission under M. Cazemajou (afterwards massacred at Zinder) they could find no trace, and were returning by the Niger when they were stopped at Fort Goldie, and ordered to be in readiness to act as a field force. They could be well spared for the purpose, as the new battalions could now supply men to take their places in the Company's various garrisons. Colonel Willcocks was

¹ It has since been carried to Lokoja.

put in command of the force, and ordered to march rapidly from Fort Goldie towards Kiama, and hoist the English flag wherever the tricolour was not flying.

Striking to the north-west, Colonel Willcocks occupied the village of Adube, and thence detached a party with orders to march north in the direction of Bussa. An important village named Timanji was found where no flag was flying, and the union-jack was therefore hoisted and a small garrison left there. In the meanwhile angry protests came in from the French officers in command at the different posts. It was thought necessary to strengthen the small party left at Timanji, and a reinforcement was sent up under Lieutenants Glossop and Mangles. On their way they had to pass a village where was a small detachment of Senegalese with two white sergeants. These people ordered the party to stop; but being in a minority, were content with heaping insults on the Hausas and their officers. Reliefs were left in Timanji, and Lieutenant Mangles stayed in charge of them; but Lieutenant Glossop, returning with the rest of the detachment, had again to pass through the French post. This time the Senegalese had numbers in their favour, and they were drawn up across the path with fixed bayonets. The officers on each side had it practically in their power to bring on a European war—and this is only one instance of the risks that were run continually for a matter of six months both in Borgu and in the

Mossi country—but fortunately discretion prevailed. Lieutenant Glossop kept his temper, treated the insults with contemptuous silence, and made a detour round the Senegalese, who made no further attempt to interfere with him.

After these events, Colonel Willcocks proceeded, in accordance with his instructions, to make a tour of the southern border of Borgu, inspecting the detachments of the West India Regiment and the Lagos Hausa Force posted on the northern frontier of Yorubaland. This he did with remarkable rapidity, covering from twenty to thirty miles a-day, though the country is difficult, full of rivers, none of which are bridged, and the climate, always deadly, is at its worst in the season of the rains, which were then beginning. But another incident which threatened to be critical took place at a small village near Kishi called Betekuta. There was no flag here, and though it was scarcely more than a cluster of rambling farmhouses, the union-jack was run up. But a night or two later a detachment of the French came in and hoisted their flag also, under the cover of darkness. Colonel Willcocks immediately sent to Lieutenant Loissu (in command at Kiama) to protest, and demand that it should be hauled down. The French officer then declared that the English were terrorising the country, and that Betekuta had implored his protection. This was of course denied, and Colonel Willcocks sent word to say that if the French flag remained in Betekuta he would

come and hoist the English one at exactly the same distance, 500 yards, from the French in Kiama, which was a town of importance. Lieutenant Loissu, who had only a handful of men, had no means of stopping the English force of three hundred rifles from doing this; but he petitioned for six days' postponement till he should have time to consult his chief, M. Demoulin, who was at Nikki. This was not at first granted, but was ultimately conceded, in deference to French susceptibilities, since the knowledge of the ultimatum had leaked out among the natives, and there was no desire to inflict on them a gratuitous humiliation. But in the interval a hundred Senegalese were thrown by a rapid movement into Kiama.

The fact was that the French meant to fight. The Niger Company's troops had been despatched in February on a forced march to Argungu, then hurried back to the Niger, and sent to act as a field force before they could have their clothing renewed; and they were, after three months of hard marching in African bush, a very unkempt, ragged-looking body of men. They were armed with Sniders, and it seems that the French mistook these for the muzzle-loading guns known on the coast as "long Danes." Consequently M. Loissu and his officers, having a well-grounded confidence in their Senegalese as fighting men, were prepared to match a hundred of them, armed with repeating rifles, against what they took to be a mob of raw scallywags fighting with

muzzle-loaders. They would assuredly have found out their mistake, to their great cost, for care had been taken to concentrate a force at this point, where the crisis must come, sufficient to assure the result in case of collision. Just before the limit of time had expired, an express reached the French officer at Kiama, carrying a copy of a Havas telegram which had been sent overland from Carnotville by relays of galloping horsemen. The telegram stated that a Convention was just about to be signed, and that the imminent collision must be avoided. In view of this telegram, Lieutenant Loissu urged that action should be suspended. But the English replied that they had no similar instructions from their Government, though they were in direct telegraphic communication with London, and, consequently, insisted that the union-jack must go up in Kiama, as Lieutenant Loissu absolutely refused to remove the tricolour from Betekuta. The force advanced in fighting order to Kiama, the water-jackets of the Maxims were filled, and there was every expectation of a fight. French sentries were discovered posted in the trees, but no shot was fired, and the union-jack was hoisted 500 yards distant from the tricolour.

That was practically the end. The English settled themselves down in camp at Kiama, and did, as English officers always do, their best to make themselves happy and to live at peace with their neighbours. It was represented to the French officers that the quar-

rel was between Governments, not between individuals: a race meeting was got up, with an event for Frenchmen only; but as it was on Waterloo day, and the event was called "the Waterloo cup" by an undiplomatic soldier, no Frenchman would enter! Still, when news of the Convention signed at Paris on 14th July 1898 came in, and it was found that the French had to evacuate every fort in Borgu of which possession had been actually disputed—the conventional line of demarcation fell a little east of Nikki—they were very bitter: they said that France had once more been humiliated by England, and all the other things that French officers in such circumstances are accustomed to say. As a matter of fact, they had done surprisingly well on the bargain, though their positive gains were greater on the Gold Coast frontier than in Borgu. But, with feelings as they were, the business of arranging for evacuation and occupation was somewhat ticklish. Colonel Ricour, on receiving his instructions, wrote a courteous letter expressing his willingness to go at once, in accordance with the clause of the Convention stipulating immediate evacuation by either side of territory which now fell to the other; but asked leave to retain his posts for some time in the three towns of Illo, Bussa, and Kiama, where (he said) there were large quantities of military stores. Now, to hold these three important towns was practically to hold the entire country; but the request was not refused. Colonel Lugard

replied that the French were welcome to leave their men until they should have been able to remove their stores, but that he should not refrain from moving British troops through the rest of the country, since it was now British. This was simply a civil way of saying that they would hold the lines of communication between the French base and these posts, and thus that M. Ricour would be beholden to the English for all escorts between him and this portion of his command. Also it was highly probable, seeing the feeling of the natives towards the French, that when the British flag replaced the tricolour all through the country, a rising might take place, directed against the scattered and disconnected remnants of the force which had dealt so severely with the Baribas; or at least, that the small French garrisons, discredited in the eyes of the natives, would owe their safety to British bayonets. At all events, the French troops were immediately withdrawn; the English, who on receipt of the news marched without loss of a moment to Bussa, arrived in the night and found the French prepared to leave the next morning, and were excellently received by them. On the southern border, a mistake in the map issued in illustration of the Convention led to an incident comic rather than serious, which began with the bloodless capture of a French native officer by some of our Hausas, and ended with mutual apologies and courtesies between the English and French commanding officers.

Such is the story of how a European war was prevented by the tact of those on the spot, though there was no flinching or hesitation on the part of our officers, who carried out their difficult orders, and forced the crisis which resulted in the Convention. Their immediate task—that of repelling French aggression on the Niger Company's frontier and the hinterland of Lagos—ended when the Convention was signed. But the work they did stands, and may be the germ of much. In so far as concerned the definite purpose for which it was raised, the West African Frontier Force happily did not need to prove its efficiency in fight; but it was proved in other ways beyond a possibility of question. For instance, on one occasion it happened that, to meet an emergency, a company of Lieut. - Colonel Fitzgerald's battalion, commanded by Captain Freemantle (of the Coldstream Guards), was ordered to march immediately from Jebba to Fort Goldie, twenty-six miles distant. The order was given at midnight; two hours later the men were on the march. Half-a-dozen rivers, affluents of the Niger, had to be crossed, and they were all in flood. It was still night when they reached the first river, swollen beyond all possibility of fording it. Lieutenant Buxton of the Norfolk Regiment swam it, searched the other bank, and found a canoe in which the men were ferried over. Swimming flood-streams in the dark is not pleasant work when crocodiles

may be swimming there too. Twelve hours after they set out, the company was at Fort Goldie.

The newly raised troops were actually employed on active service twice in the course of the last year,—first, on the expedition sent, under the command of Lieut. - Colonel Pilcher, to reduce Lapai, an important Hausa town not far from the left bank of the Niger; and secondly, in a smaller affair undertaken to punish the murderers of a British officer near Illo. But neither of these expeditions led to any serious fighting, though the Lapai business at one time threatened to be as serious as that with Bida and Illórin; and they were regarded by the officers and men rather in the light of a pleasant break in the monotony of the year's real work. That has of course consisted in the drilling, organisation, and housing of the force. When the 2nd battalion moved and occupied the island of Jebba, they were obliged at first simply to camp in tents. Then the ground had to be cleared; the men were told off to build their own lines, and likewise grass huts and a grass mess-hut were built for the officers and non-commissioned officers. Not till August was the river high enough to bring up stores by steamer to Jebba; but the material for houses was landed at Lokoja, and Lieutenant M'Clintock with his company of sappers was busily engaged in setting them up. The type adopted consisted of a mason-work foundation, upon which were placed iron pillars

set in concrete, and on these pillars the wooden houses were put up,—for it is found that malaria hangs about low, and it is an advantage to sleep some distance above the ground. When the river rose, the remaining stores went to Jebba and the engineers with them; though by that time the 2nd battalion and Royal Artillery were so comfortably settled in the grass huts that they hardly desired the change. The soldiers, who before had been employed in building, now were turned on to the new fatigue duty of carrying timber and other materials from the landing-place; and besides the fatigue duty drill went on unceasingly. At half-past five A.M. every day there would be *réveillé*; officers dressed to an accompaniment of jabbering from the parade-ground as the never-silent negroes assembled; at six “Fall in” would sound, and from half-past six to eight was parade. Then after breakfast, from nine to ten, came drill for recruits, and till twelve, when the men had their mid-day meal, various fatigue duties. Then came sleep, and again, from four to six, parade, and by the end of that Europeans had had enough of it. Always, too, during the day there would be musketry practice, an uphill business, for the negro is slow in learning how to shoot; but the perseverance of his instructors has got the better of his incapacity, and up to 400 yards volley-firing is done with very

fair results. The men are armed with Lee-Metfords, and the little bush-fighting that was done against Lapai and elsewhere proved the superiority of the hard bullet over that used in the Sniders. The soft bullet is apt to break up when volleys are fired into bush where natives are hiding; but the Lee-Metford projectiles went through the cover so completely that the hidden party always ran before our men could get close. The three batteries of gunners also, under Major Robinson, have arrived at a considerable degree of competence, and, in short, the force has become effective.

It has not been without cost. Europeans working hard under service conditions in any hot climate must always be liable to a heavy mortality, and although the climate in these regions of the Niger is less disagreeable than that of many places in India, it has proved deadly. The mortality at Lokoja, which is near the junction of the Niger and Benué, where the land at the confluence is submerged at high Niger, has been greater than that at Jebba, which lies farther up-stream, with no stagnant water about; but even at Jebba it has been heavy. Still, the country is a very different one from the coast with its mangrove swamps, which Mr Harold Bindloss has so vividly described in his book on the Niger Delta.¹ The situation of Lokoja, lying at the confluence

¹ In the Niger Country. By Harold Bindloss. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1898.

of two huge rivers, and backed by mountain-chains, is very beautiful, and the scenery in general recalled South Africa to men who had seen the kloopfs and kopjes. At Jebba the stream is not so broad, and is pent in between high stony cliffs: above the island itself—one of many in the river—rises the great Jebba rock at the foot of the rapids,—a huge crag in mid-stream, wooded at its base, but bare and bald for its upper half. Sport is still only a matter of anticipation, for the officers have been too hard at work to spare the time needed to hunt big game in the dense bush; but plenty of tracks have been seen, both of elephants and lions, and no doubt in easier times there will be good bags made by men stationed at Jebba. For the moment it is worth while to note two very important experiments that were tried to make life less uncomfortable. A soda-water machine was brought out and put under the charge of a non-commissioned officer who had learnt the work in India. All the water was boiled in a huge copper before being aerated, and thus a drink was available in which the microbes could find no harbourage. Still more interesting was the regimental farm of the 2nd battalion, started under the direction of Captain the Hon. Fitzroy Somerset of the Grenadier Guards. This has not only

provided vegetables, but has been a means of fattening cattle, sheep, guinea-fowl, and turkeys procured from the natives, so that the Europeans have never wanted for fresh food, and have even been able to supply the gunboats. The black soldiers receive a weekly ration of guinea corn and trade beef; it is prepared for them by their women. The Yorubas prefer yams, but it has hitherto been hard to get these. The recruiting has gone on steadily, till both battalions are nearly, if not quite, up to strength. With the 1st battalion, which began with a nucleus of Hausas, the original difficulty was to enlist Yorubas; and, with Fitzgerald's, which began by enrolling Yorubas, the opposite was the case. Hausas and Yorubas being enemies, it was hard to induce either of them to enlist in a regiment recruited, apparently, from another and not a friendly race; but once one or two companies were organised, things went on more easily. What has been said of the work done at Jebba describes also in rough outline that carried out at Lokoja by Lieut.-Colonel Pilcher and his officers with the 1st battalion. In short, the force, which was started in a somewhat experimental way a year ago, is now one that can be counted upon, and its officers may be heartily congratulated on the results of their work.

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THE THAMES AS A GAME-FISH RIVER.

It will have occurred to almost every one who spends a considerable portion of the year in London, that the people of the Metropolis do not make so great a use of the Thames as might be expected. A little inquiry shows that they are not given the means of using it which they ought to be. The good-humour of Londoners suffers long before it is unable to withstand the friction of which itself is the polished product. Londoners take their pleasures more gladly probably than most of their countrymen, but do not (to use an angling term) "bait the swim" for them. With the need of playgrounds becoming more urgent daily, they are content to enjoy themselves in such only as are opened for them, and seldom seek new ones for themselves; and as there is no one to adapt the Thames to their uses,—that which is every-

body's business being nobody's business,—comparatively few have found out its possibilities. A more general æsthetic enjoyment of the river's enchantment—the mystery of the Pool, the wonderful robes of blue and silver and gold and russet in which it clothes itself when Night descends between the bridges—we ought not, perhaps, to look for; but we might expect it to be used to relieve the congested traffic of the railways and streets, instead of disgraced by the meanest service of river-steamers that ever plied, and to be so regulated as to afford comfort to the holiday boater, and a decent accommodation for the citizen who desires a dip. Londoners have not awakened, as one day they must, to the play-ground they possess in their great river. When they have, they will marvel to think that ever they

allowed it to be so scandalously neglected and mismanaged as it is.

There is in London, however, a body of men who are by no means insensible to the value of the Thames—the anglers; and it may be conceded that the River Conservancy, in so far as they have legislated in respect to the Thames anglers at all, and howsoever much they may have done so under pressure, have managed in the main to legislate in their best interests. The club anglers of London—a characteristic race—have other fishing-grounds, of course. The Lea, Izaak Walton's river, is nearer the doors of many of them. Not that they object to go far afield for their sport. Every Sunday morning in summer, London Bridge Station is crowded with working-men anglers, with roach-poles in hand, and boxes and baskets of most ingenious internal economy slung over their shoulders, waiting with wives and families for special trains to carry them to the banks of the Arun, sixty miles away in Sussex, or through Kent to fish the Medway at Tunbridge or at Yalding. But the Thames is the favourite holiday-ground of the metropolitan club anglers, of whom, it is estimated, there are enrolled some seven or eight thousand; and if we include the members of the Reading, Henley, and other up-river associations, and the holiday and unattached anglers of all sorts and conditions, we may at a very moderate computation put down the number of those who fish the Thames at 15,000. Their

numbers, and still more their wide social range,—for the Thames anglers do not belong to the artisan and middle classes only, but include men occupying high positions in the Church and the State and eminent in the arts and literature,—make them a body of very considerable influence. Of necessity, they angle chiefly for coarse fish; and it may be that there are readers of 'Maga' who conceive of the angler for coarse fish as the mild lunatic so often pictured in the pages of 'Punch.' If so, they may be quickly undeceived. Many of the regular Thames anglers are to be found in the season on the banks of salmon and trout rivers, and very notable sportsmen they are there. Moreover, the tackle and the methods of approaching the fish employed on a greatly overfished river like the Thames, where year by year the fish are being educated to a higher state of acuteness, are such as to qualify those who are expert with them to angle for almost any fish in almost any water. On the Thames, where many of the roach-swims approximate to those of the Lea, slow and subtle, there is practised chiefly the fascinating Lea style of roach-fishing, with long, stiff, tapered pole and tight line, as opposed to the short rod with long and running line preferred by the Nottingham fishers. To kill roach by either method demands a skill that no fly-fisher need sneer at. And fly-fishers are not absent from Thames side. They are to be found on the shallows outside the National Gardens at Kew, and in

the tideway, busy with the dace,—and he who can hit a dace in a “full” water, with such tackle as they use, ought to be able to kill trout anywhere. Again, in the summer months, fly-fishing for chub under the leafy boughs is a favourite sport with Thames anglers; and, when speaking of expertness, we must mention the remarkable skill they have developed in “trotting down” a dainty bait for chub—singularly pretty work. But an apology for the Thames coarse-fish anglers surely is not necessary. The expert fly-fisher is the first to acknowledge their skill in their own sport. Their enthusiasm and attachment to their favourite swim are notorious, and their patience is only exaggerated in the slanderous prints already referred to. As they have increased in numbers and in skill, the stock of coarse fish, prolific and hardy as these are, has been threatened with depletion, and a section of the Thames anglers have been ready to associate themselves in societies, which, besides their protective work, have from time to time netted reservoirs and private waters for fish to turn into the river. Whether these well-meant efforts at restocking have always been wise may be open to doubt. We ourselves have a strong conviction that in stocking a water, whether with coarse fish or with *Salmonidæ*, it is best as far as possible to use fish propagated in the water itself; and further, that this is far more often possible than is generally believed. But, spite of mistakes, the Associations on

the Thames have been doing excellent work, and have shown a rare public spirit by their efforts to provide sport in the river of the metropolis for a large and estimable section of the inhabitants.

The stocking operations of the Associations have not been confined to coarse fish. From time to time they have turned into the river and its tributaries small quantities of *levenensis* and *fario*, and have planted ova on natural redds. The Henley-on-Thames and District Fishery Preservation Society, which we instance because its report has come into our hands, has handled in the course of re-stocking, between 1883 and 1898, some 7000 trout, yearlings and two-year-olds, of various kinds, and over 11,000 trout-fry, and in these fifteen years has planted about 170,000 ova. That the turning-in of trout into the river is not without beneficial results to-day is evident enough. We may note one indication of it. The Thames trout proper—the trout indigenous to the Thames, that is—runs to a great size: the standard for it is fixed by the Conservancy Act at 3 lbs., at which weight it does not rise to the fly. The proposal is now made, we understand on the initiative of Mr William Senior, to lower the standard for trout taken by the fly, so as to enable the fly-fishers to try their hand on trout on the river. This lowering of the standard, which involves the risk of the young indigenous Thames trout being taken under 3 lbs., would never have been made with the sanction of so

great an authority, we imagine, were it not assured that the stocking with Lochlevens and *fario* has produced a considerable head of trout in the river. But, on the other hand, as the knowledge of pisciculture improves, it becomes very evident that the methods of re-stocking on the Thames hitherto have been too intermittent to be adequate to the end in view. So far as the conversion of the Thames into a game-fish river is concerned, the operations with trout have been the merest experiments.

But, it will be asked by the majority of people, Who ever dreamed of turning the Thames into a game-fish river? Well, we suppose that this has been the dream of the most notable London anglers for years, and it seems now to be brought within the range of practical angling politics. There is a movement in this forward direction, and, so far as we can judge who are outside of circles and inner circles from which angling politics are directed, the movement has a strong force behind it. We should be glad to think that it is part of a general protest throughout the whole country against the mismanagement of our rivers, which at present is nothing short of disgraceful, and in support of more adequate protection and preservation of the head of fish, and especially of game-fish, in them. There are not wanting signs of this general protest. There is a likelihood, it appears, of early legislation on river pollution. We have also reason to believe that the Government

will give its support to the Bill for establishing a close season for trout in Scotland, originally introduced into the House of Commons by Sir Herbert Maxwell, and advocated by him with a gallant persistence. The absolutely disgraceful condition of the law regarding trout-fishing in Scotland has been maintained in the face of the wishes of every respectable angler in that country by a Radical concession to lawlessness and political combination nothing short of immoral, which it is indeed high time to break down; and there is reason to believe that in the reform of the more crying evil, the need of stocking measures will not be forgotten. These are some of the signs that make us hope for a more enlightened state of the public mind regarding river management and sporting rights; although they are a poor set-off to the illustration of the general indifference to piscicultural science to be found in the deliberate neglect of the Buckland Museum. And to them has to be added the present movement on the Thames. The Restocking Association and other Preservation Societies have virtually determined on the establishment of public hatcheries. The angling doves have been fluttered further by the appearance of a Thames Salmon Association, to which the Fly-fishers' Club has extended its benign countenance and a subscription in guineas. It would seem, if we are to believe enthusiasts, that the sensational headings of the evening press are to be realised, and that

Londoners are to awake one fine morning to find that their old river is a salmon-water.

The species of the *Salmonidæ* with which it is proposed to stock the Thames are salmon (*Salmo salar*), sea-trout (*Salmo trutta*), brown trout and Loch-leven's (*Salmo fario* and *levenensis*), and rainbow-trout (*Salmo irideus*). Whether the river is in a condition as yet to make the introduction into it of salmon proper a success is open to doubt. Apart from pollution, reasons for doubting it exist that apply equally to all *Salmonidæ*. There is, for example, the wash of the launches and the river-craft in all its variety over the upper stretches of the river, — the stretches which ought to, and in all probability would, form the redds or spawning-beds. If the river pleasure season and the game-fish spawning season were coincident, fish-breeding in these waters would be almost impossible; and even as it is, the winter traffic, we fear, is sufficient to arrest it considerably. It would be necessary, therefore, to fence off the redds—a step that presents patent difficulties. But the greatest obstacle, undoubtedly, to the scheme of stocking the Thames with *Salmonidæ* is one that would grow greater with the increasing success of the scheme itself. For in proportion to the success attending the introduction of game-fish to the river would be the natural desire of the riparian owners to benefit under the enhanced value of the waters that certainly would follow thereupon; and that desire

would stimulate into still greater activity an opposition that undoubtedly lies ahead—the opposition of a large section of the holiday and club anglers, jealous of their present fishing opportunities.

None of the difficulties we have mentioned seems to be quite unsurmountable. Pollution, certainly, is not. It was the opinion of Frank Buckland, who himself made experiments in stocking the Thames with salmon, that they could be introduced into any decently clear water communicating with the sea, provided the necessary spawning-beds are present. Now, we know that pollution in the Thames is being dealt with in a manner that at least sets an example to the management, nothing short of disgraceful, of most of our rivers. Since the Act of 1894 laid the duty of its prevention upon the Thames Conservancy, pollution has diminished by a third, and the measures that have accomplished this are likely to be still more efficient in the future. Whether the tideway is sufficiently clear is another matter: we doubt it, and we rather doubt the value of the experiment that has been proposed of sending a case of smolts floating down it. We feel assured, however, that in time the pollution can be coped with. The presence of proper redds above, Buckland always said, is a matter of greater study and anxiety than the clarity of water below; and it is the opinion of not a few well able to judge that the Thames never has been a river possessed of the natural spawn-

ing-beds that are necessary to make it a salmon-water. In that case, the idea of converting it into a salmon-river may be given up. If, on the other hand, the necessary spawning-beds are there, they could be satisfactorily fenced off. Nor would it be impossible, surely, before a scheme for stocking the river with *Salmonidæ* is entered upon, to compound with the riparian owners, and so disarm the club anglers of the one real argument against it with which we can imagine them possessed. But while we are persuaded that to stock the Thames with some *Salmonidæ* is a practicable enterprise, and even would be pleased to see some money expended on experiments with salmon, we are far from being sure that the time for them is ripe; and certainly it will be a matter of regret if the restocking enthusiasm, of which there are so many signs at the present moment, should inspire any one to ill-considered and unenlightened action. One thing, we are convinced, necessary to success is the establishment of a hatchery on the banks of the river, and the experience of the past warns us against committing any such hatchery to the care of the amateur pisciculturist. There is the true story, not to be forgotten, of those who placed several hundreds of trout-ova in a hatchery on the bank, and in course of time collected from the fry-pond some very excellent perch! We have no wish to throw cold water on any efforts towards improving the sporting condition of the Thames; but it is absolutely

necessary from the very earliest stage to point out how carefully and with what precautions these must be made to be successful. The promoters of the scheme must guard against a fiasco—which is very much the same as saying that they must be wary of the enthusiasts.

What has been said of salmon is precisely true of sea-trout; but the case for stocking with brown trout and Lochlevens is entirely different. Without doubt the Thames, throughout its entire length above the tide-way, can be made an excellent trouting-river. It may surprise many of our readers to learn—we have met scores of Londoners who had no idea of it—that at the present moment the Thames contains trout that are famed among anglers all the world over as sporting fish. No doubt they would be famed as a table-fish as well, and their existence more generally known in consequence, were they not so rare that any other destination for them when caught than a glass-case apparently is not to be thought of by the Thames angler without horror. The indigenous trout is distributed over the whole non-tidal portion of the river. In the close season, the professional fisherman is out on the river-bank, or slowly paddling up and down stream, seeking to “spot” the fish where they have taken up a position on a feeding-ground, and when the open season arrives he acquaints his clients with the information thus gathered. The sight of the big fish feeding is enough to quicken any angler’s pulse. As calmly

as the excitement will permit, he looks to his delicate gut bottom and the flight of triangle hooks (so tiny), on which he fastens the glittering bait that he is to flash over the spot where the great fish has risen. As likely as not, he flashes it in vain. Dissatisfied with the live lure, he may spin over the water where the fish is,—not necessarily with better results. He is fortunate if, by either method, he feels the welcome tightening on the line. For when a Thames trout, a seven-pounder, say, is hooked, you may look out for a battle royal: the trout has the fight in it of a salmon twice its size, and the lucky man who lands it has a tale for his grandchildren, when he sits in the arm-chair of old age, and hand and wrist have lost the power and knack of striking and playing such a prize. So rare is the Thames trout, however, that one notable angler for them has confessed to fishing for two whole seasons in vain; and luck (which enters here as elsewhere) comes in a large slice to him who takes half-a-dozen to his rod during the four or five months in which the sport is open to him. Moreover, at a legal weight the Thames trout, as we have said, will not rise to the fly. Now if the river were stocked with *fario* the standard for the indigenous trout might be lowered, to permit of the fly-fisher plying his art for them as well. The character of the sport on the river would be levelled up—that is undoubted: we are anxious to admit that the skill of the coarse-fish' an-

gler may be as great as the fly-fisher's, but that his sport will compare with the other's is nonsense. If the river is stocked with trout, there need be no more roasting in a malodorous punt, catching dace and roach of trifling size, or filling up the river preparing a swim for a day's barbellling. The rushing and bubbling weir-heads and the streams below them, the swirling eddies, the deep and quietly flowing pools, the channels between the long waving weeds, the quiet boscaiges beyond the wash of traffic,—all would hold their head of trout, and the fly-fisher's ideal would be attainable, and be attained.

There is no one, we imagine, who doubts that by a properly conceived and carried out scheme the Thames could be stocked with *fario*; but we may direct attention to an interesting suggestion that has been made of turning in rainbow trout as well. The rainbow trout is a fish indigenous to the Americas, and a prejudice against it on that score may exist in some minds—the more so that importations from America of *Salmo fontinalis* (so called; but it would seem that the *fontinalis* is not a trout at all, but a char) for stocking home waters—or home rivers, at any rate—was a complete failure. But the prejudice against all acclimatisation of fish is unreasonable. It is surely sufficient to remember that, but for acclimatisation, there would not be a trout to-day in New Zealand, where instead there are hundreds of great size, and in the pink of condition. If we are to judge by the manner in

which the rainbow trout—a beautiful fish—thrives in waters similar to the Thames, we may conclude that it would thrive well in it. There has been ample opportunity for testing its qualities. A considerable stock is held by most pisciculturists in England, and their hardiness and rapid growth are spoken of in high terms; while their beauty, and, we believe, their fine quality as food, are not to be denied. In some cases they have been placed in unsuitable waters, and have failed accordingly; but in public reservoirs, and in slow and deep-flowing waters, they grow rapidly, feed heartily (without being cannibals overmuch), rise freely to the fly, and fight every ounce of their weight. The evidence all points to the rainbow as a capital fish for the Thames.

Before the Thames could become the trouting river which we have pictured it earlier, a long course of assisting Nature must be entered upon. Hatcheries capable of hatching-out at least one million ova in a season would have to be established upon the banks. The fry, so soon as they had absorbed the umbilical sac, would be transferred to rearing-ponds carefully prepared to receive them, and, where suitable, to fenced-off portions of backwaters and tributary streams, and there carefully assisted to food until they have reached the age of twelve months. Thereafter they would be turned into the river. It seems reasonable to count upon fifty per cent of the original ova reaching the year-old stage. In that case,

500,000 fish could be transferred to the river; although a better policy would be to reserve at least 100,000 of them until they are two-year-olds. This is not too great a mass of fish to plant in such a river as the Thames: were we to go by the practice of pisciculturists in charge of certain American and Continental waters, we should have to estimate for two or three times as many fish. And in addition to these, fully-eyed ova ought to be planted in redds, artificially formed and protected, in which, though considerably less successfully than in the hatchery, a supplementary stock of fish could be reared.

To hatch out this great quantity of ova, it will be necessary, as has been said, to build a properly devised and equipped hatchery, and it is no less necessary to place it under the control of a thoroughly competent man. Such a hatchery, and the upkeep of it most of all, will entail a large expenditure of money; and the want of money will be the first of the obstacles to present itself to the promoters of the scheme. It seems too much to expect that in England any experiment in pisciculture will receive State aid. We have no belief that the support of the County Council and other public bodies, such as would be given to it in other countries, is to be counted upon. To begin with, at any rate, the burden will have to be borne by the anglers themselves.

It will be necessary, therefore, for the societies to take the matter up, and, unfortunately, united action on their part is difficult to obtain. There

are in London two great associations of anglers, containing together some seven thousand members. Besides these, there are two great preservation societies—the Thames Angling and the Thames Restocking—and four up-river preservation and restocking bodies. The interests of all these societies are identical. They have, or they are supposed to have, the same reason for existing—the promotion of the sport of angling on the Thames. But they are disunited; too often working to the same end by antagonistic ways. There are signs of a better feeling among them, it is true, and there would be no better occasion for soldering their differences than a joint scheme for restocking their river; but we must anticipate all the difficulties in the way of such an enterprise, and here undoubtedly is one of them. It is necessary to be prepared for the work being undertaken by a section of the associations only, instead of by a joint-committee representing them all.

By whatsoever body it is taken in hand, there the hatchery must be, in charge of an experienced pisciculturist responsible for all hatching and rearing operations. Every year, as our knowledge of fish-rearing becomes deeper, the process is made simpler; but every year shows also that, without the necessary knowledge, to enter upon the process is worse than useless. Pisciculture has been far too long a hobby in this country,—it is time that it became a science. In expert hands, given the water-supply, it is comparatively a simple

business to hatch out fish eggs. Plenty of water—that is the main thing. In the case of the Thames, the supply of water could be afforded by the river itself. A suitable method to adopt would be to obtain the water from one of the weirs, whereby the water that flows over the hatching boxes is water aerated to the highest extent. The water—conveyed in a small pipe to a supply tank provided with an overflow outlet to prevent the swamping of the eggs should the river come down in flood—would pass over the trays from the tank in properly regulated volume. Very soon the eggs would start to hatch, and then would begin one of the most interesting and beautiful processes in Nature's economy; and as possibly it is unknown to many of our readers, we may dwell upon it at some length.

Within a few days of the hatching starting, the hatching-trays are transformed into a mass of fish-life. There is no more helpless creature than the newly hatched fish; hence the great importance of protection for it at this stage, and until the umbilical sac is absorbed. So soon, however, as that is accomplished, and the young fry, as they are called now, begin to feed, a new stage is entered upon. If a healthy head of fish are to be produced, the fry must be given at this point a copious, almost an unlimited, supply of water. In the case of the Thames this would be a simple matter could we assume that the various backwaters and small tributary streams will be available; but

for various reasons — among them, the almost ridiculous results connected with past efforts in stocking, and the enhanced value of the river should it become the home of *Salmonidæ*—it is not possible to assume this. Failing these, a succession of rearing-ponds would have to be dug for the reception of the output of fry year by year; an operation, fortunately, that would not be costly—not so costly as many of the earlier stocking experiments which were of little use, if, indeed, they did not do more harm than good. At any rate, there is no other way out of the difficulty: the young fry can only be reared in the backwaters and tributary streams, or in artificially made ponds,—in one or other.

Still more important and ticklish than the housing of the fry is the feeding of them. But if the one is properly treated, the other is greatly simplified. Hatched-out fish start life in a water with an enormous advantage if they have been reared in natural surroundings; for amid these they find an almost unlimited supply of the larvæ of the numerous insects which otherwise would have to be planted in the artificially made ponds, or supplied to the fish from time to time. Exactly as it is to be desired that the fish that are to be turned into the Thames should be bred in the tributaries and waters of the Thames, so the food with which they are supplied ought to be as far as possible of the kind that they are likely to find in the Thames. Fish-cultur-

ists tell us that even such dainty morsels as fresh-water shrimps, taken from a river where the trout indigenous to it feed upon them ravenously, are frequently refused by the trout of another river to which they have been transferred. Quite as much to the point is the fact noticed by ourselves that fish, *fario* especially, when transferred from river to river, in some fatten to extraordinary dimensions, and in others get lank and dark, even though all the waters experimented with have been equally well stocked with food. There can be no more remarkable illustration of the effect of food upon fish than the condition of English trout when acclimatised to New Zealand waters. A very large English trout weighs about 5 lbs.; English trout of that weight are rare. Until the ova of English *fario* were acclimatised to New Zealand rivers, no members of the *Salmonidæ* existed in them; yet to-day it is not unusual to catch in these waters trout of from 17 lbs. to 20 lbs. in weight; and scores of fish larger, running to as high as 30 lbs., indeed, have been taken by rod and line. If, therefore, the young fry, with which the Thames is to be stocked, unfortunately have to be reared in artificial ponds, they ought to be fed plentifully with food from the Thames waters.

This is not to say, of course, that hand-feeding does not play an important part in pisciculture. It is well known that fish reared almost entirely on

horse-flesh, liver, and other substances specially prepared and ground, and placed in naturally suitable conditions, have thriven remarkably well. But such fish, turned into such a river as the Thames, to find their own living there, are a doubtful quantity in restocking operations. This is a question of sport as well as of food-supply, and it seems certain that fish brought up entirely on a natural food-supply, or almost so, give better sport than the hand-reared, especially to anglers employing the finer and more delicate methods.

There is still another matter, however. A very valuable stock of yearlings, or, better still, of two-year-olds, reared and fed under the most natural conditions, might be ready for the Thames; but there remains the question of turning them in. If there is a wrong method of stocking rivers, even with the most suitable fish, reared under the most advantageous circumstances, that is the method that seems too generally to be adopted. Fish reared by the side of the river they are intended to stock are frequently launched into it in a mass,—one constantly hears of this foolish step; and those who take it pride themselves on having done their duty by anglers, and assisted in keeping up a head of fish which they are always so willing, and sometimes so able, to diminish. That is vanity. Take a hundred yearling trout and place them in any part of the Thames. Not twenty will make themselves at home at once in their new quarters.

The remaining eighty and more will be as fish that are waterless for a considerable period, during which they offer an easy prey to the pike and perch and other cannibals. Having been bred and reared on the banks of the river into which they are to be turned, and as far as possible nourished on natural food, the fish, when they arrive at the proper age, or rather at the proper size, ought to be allowed the opportunity of taking up a position in the river at their own free will. This is easily done by substituting for the grating that has been guarding them from the river a grating of larger mesh, which will permit them to drop down into the river without permitting their carnivorous enemies to run up and ravage the stock. Every fish that drops down and remains, we may be sure, has found a favourable feeding position, and is a valuable stock fish: were it not so, he would certainly return to his shelter.

On some such lines as these, with a hundred points of detail which only an expert will anticipate and attend to, it would be possible to convert the Thames into a game-fish river: there is little room for diversity of opinion concerning the measures it is necessary to take to that end. It is not as to method that disagreement need be expected, but as to the desirability of the change which it is intended to effect. There are many considerations besides the adaptability of the river for salmon and trout. This is not merely a fish-culturist's question. It is not entirely an angler's question. Any

measure affecting the character, or even the management, of the metropolitan river is of importance to all Londoners, and indeed to the whole nation. Take food-supply, on account of which rather than of sport, we imagine, this country will awaken to the importance of piscicultural science, in which other nations have left us far behind. Were food-supply the only constituent in the matter, there would be an irresistible argument for State and municipal aid to this scheme of stocking the Thames with game-fish. But, of course, it is not the only constituent, and the weight of all the others might not be thrown into the same scale. Looked at as of purely sporting moment even (and it is only when looked at so that we are concerned with it in this article), the scheme invites discountenance as well as approval. Most certainly, if ever it becomes a question of angling politics, a measure for turning the Thames into a game-fish river would meet with determined opposition from a very large section of Thames fishermen.

The grounds of opposition are quite plain. To introduce game-fish into the Thames, it is argued, is to enhance the value of the river for the riparian owners, who will be tempted thus to exercise their rights, and to begin closing at least the upper waters to anglers. Moreover, the coarse-fish anglers will say, the present sport will be interfered with. Licences will be imposed for fishing that at present is free; the money paid for them most probably

will be spent mainly in protecting the very sport which is ousting the coarse-fish anglers, and ousted they shall be, sooner or later. So the opponents of the scheme will contend. We have no wish to open the delicate question of riparian ownership rights. But that very sentiment, in the mouths of the opposition anglers, is the most formidable argument against the scheme we are discussing. Why propose a change that is likely to open this delicate and awkward question? The riparian owners possess rights. At present they do not enforce them; on the contrary, they display a generosity which, it is to be feared, all anglers, and certainly all pleasure-seekers, have not respected as they ought. Free-fishing, though readily granted to the public, is a privilege, and can be refused. Why court refusal by this firebrand proposal? In that argument there is considerable weight. We do not urge it, for we are not among those who believe that owners' claims of rights and the public's claims to consideration are irreconcilable; but at least we can understand the position of those who, despairing of ever overcoming the difficulties of adjusting them, pursue, in consequence, a policy of opposition to a change which, howsoever desirable in itself, is certain in their minds to lead to disastrous contentions.

With the other reasons for opposition to the scheme we confess ourselves to be a great deal less in sympathy. Let us meet the coarse-fish anglers, who urge them, frankly on their

own grounds. Were the scheme carried out, the probability is that the river would be brought under a Fishery Board, and that they would be charged a licence—excellent measures both, in our way of thinking. Recollecting the opposition of many of the club anglers to the raising of the standards for Thames fish some years ago, we do not rate very highly their perception of their own best interests, and we have no difficulty in understanding their selfishness. Those who object to pay for a thing so long as they can get it for nothing do not compose the majority in Thames anglers only. So that very great stress need not be laid on the number of those who would oppose the imposition of a licence. And let us freely admit that the interests of game-fish and of coarse-fish will become more, not less, antagonistic as time goes on, and that ultimately the weaker must go to the wall. The weaker are the coarse-fish, and, in the interests of sport they would go. For that sport with game-fish is of a higher order than that with coarse, we need not demonstrate when addressing anglers. But that, as some anglers have said, and will say again, sport with game-fish is of necessity for a privileged and wealthy class only, we deny. All Scotland fishes for trout. It is the policy of some game-fish anglers there which opposes the protection that has become urgent for trout in that country; which shows that the selfishness and the shortsightedness lie in human nature, and not in any par-

ticular sport. Frankly, if the conversion of the Thames into a game-fish river is possible, we should not oppose it for all the angling interests in the world. But there is no reason why, if the Thames becomes a trouting river, the majority of London anglers should not practise fly-fishing upon it. The change in the river would come very gradually, and anglers would have plenty of time in which to accommodate themselves to the new conditions. The advocates of them cannot be charged with selfishness, for it is succeeding generations, not the present one, that will reap the benefit of them. We feel certain, however, that the metropolitan anglers would accommodate themselves to the new order very easily. The Thames has a fascination for old Thames fishermen, so that those among them whose lot it is to fish the finest salmon-pools and trout-ing-streams come back to their favourite river with delight, and would come back to it with delight enhanced tenfold were the river stocked with trout. The Thames has no less fascination for the angler who never cast a fly, and we need not believe that he would desert it because he had to change his old methods for others more delicate and more sportsman-like. Many a time, conversing with anglers on Thames-side, we have heard the exclamation, "If only this were a trouting river!" and we confess that, from those who believe that that wish is likely to be realised, it is impossible not to catch something of their hopeful enthusiasm.

THE HEART OF DARKNESS.¹—CONCLUSION.

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

"I LOOKED at him, lost in astonishment. There he was before me, in motley, as though he had absconded from a troupe of mimes, enthusiastic, fabulous. His very existence was improbable, inexplicable, and altogether bewildering. He was an insoluble problem. It was inconceivable how he had existed, how he had succeeded in getting so far, how he had managed to remain—why he did not instantly disappear. 'I went a little farther,' he said, 'then still a little farther—till I had gone so far that I don't know how I'll ever get back. Never mind. Plenty time. I can manage. You take Kurtz away quick—quick—I tell you.' The glamour of youth enveloped his particoloured rags, his destitution, his loneliness, the essential desolation of his futile wanderings. For months—for years—his life hadn't been worth a day's purchase; and there he was gallantly, thoughtlessly alive, to all appearance indestructible solely by the virtue of his few years and of his unreflecting audacity. I was seduced into something like admiration—like envy. Glamour urged him on, glamour kept him unscathed. He surely wanted nothing from the wilderness but space to breathe in and to push on through. His need was to exist, and to move

onwards at the greatest possible risk, and with a maximum of privation. If the absolutely pure, uncalculating, unpractical spirit of adventure had ever ruled a human being, it ruled this be-patched youth. I almost envied him the possession of this modest and clear flame. It seemed to have consumed all thought of self so completely, that, even while he was talking to you, you forgot that it was he—the man before your eyes—who had gone through these things. I did not envy him his devotion to Kurtz, though. He had not meditated over it. It came to him, and he accepted it with a sort of eager fatalism. I must say that to me it appeared about the most dangerous thing in every way he had come upon so far.

"They had come together unavoidably, like two ships becalmed near each other, and lay rubbing sides at last. I suppose Kurtz wanted an audience, because on a certain occasion, when encamped in the forest, they had talked all night, or more probably Kurtz had talked. 'We talked of everything,' he said, quite transported at the recollection. 'I forgot there was such a thing as sleep. The night did not seem to last an hour. Everything! Everything! . . . Of

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love too.' 'Ah, he talked to you of love!' I said, much amused. 'It isn't what you think,' he cried, almost passionately. 'It was in general. He made me see things—things.'

'He threw his arms up. We were on deck at the time, and the head-man of my woodcutters, lounging near by, turned upon him his heavy and glittering eyes. I looked around, and I don't know why, but I assure you that never, never before, did this land, this river, this jungle, the very arch of this blazing sky, appear to me so hopeless and so dark, so impenetrable to human thought, so pitiless to human weakness. 'And, ever since, you have been with him, of course?' I said.

'On the contrary. It appears their intercourse was very much broken by various causes. He had, as he informed me proudly, managed to nurse Kurtz through two illnesses (he spoke of it as you would of some risky achievement), but as a rule Kurtz wandered alone, far in the depths of the forest. 'Very often coming to this station, I had to wait days and days for him to turn up,' he said. 'Ah, it was worth waiting for!—sometimes.' 'What was he doing? exploring or what?' I asked. 'Oh yes, of course he had discovered lots of villages, a lake too—he did not know exactly in what direction; it was dangerous to inquire too much—but mostly his expeditions had been for ivory.' 'But he had

no goods to trade with by that time,' I objected. 'There's a good lot of cartridges left even yet,' he answered, looking away. 'To speak plainly, he raided the country,' I said. He nodded. 'Not alone, surely!' He muttered something about the villages round that lake. 'Kurtz got the tribe to follow him, did he?' I suggested. He fidgeted a little. 'They adored him,' he said. The tone of these words was so extraordinary that I looked at him searchingly. It was curious to see his mingled eagerness and reluctance to speak of Kurtz. The man filled his life, occupied his thoughts, swayed his emotions. 'What can you expect!' he burst out; 'he came to them with thunder and lightning, you know—and they had never seen anything like it—and very terrible. He could be very terrible. You can't judge Mr Kurtz as you would an ordinary man. No, no, no! Now—just to give you an idea—I don't mind telling you, he wanted to shoot me too one day—but I don't judge him.' 'Shoot you!' I cried. 'What for?' 'Well, I had a small lot of ivory the chief of that village near my house gave me. You see I used to shoot game for them. Well, he wanted it, and wouldn't hear reason. He said he would shoot me unless I gave him the ivory and cleared out of the country, because he could do so, and had a fancy for it, and there was nothing on earth to prevent him killing whom he jolly well pleased. And it

was true too. I gave him the ivory. What did I care! But I didn't clear out. No, no. I couldn't leave him. I had to be careful, though, for a time. Then we got friendly, as before. He had his second illness then. Afterwards I had to keep out of the way again. But he was mostly living in those villages on the lake. When he came down to the river, sometimes he would take to me, and sometimes I had to keep out of his way. Just as it happened. This man suffered too much. He hated all this, and somehow he couldn't get away. When I had a chance I begged him to try and leave while there was time. I offered to go back with him. And he would say yes, and then he would remain; go off on another ivory hunt; disappear for weeks; forget himself amongst these people—forget himself—you know.' 'Why! he's mad,' I said. He protested indignantly. Mr Kurtz couldn't be mad. If I had heard him talk, only two days ago, I wouldn't dare hint at such a thing. I had taken up my binoculars while we talked, and was looking at the shore, sweeping the limit of the forest at each side and at the back of the house. The consciousness of there being people in that bush, so silent, so quiet—as silent and quiet as the ruined house on the hill—made me uneasy. There was no sign on the face of nature of this amazing tale of cruelty and greed that was not so much told as suggested to me 'in

desolate exclamations, completed by shrugs, in interrupted phrases, in hints ending in deep sighs. The woods were unmoved, like a mask—heavy, like the closed door of a prison—they looked with their air of hidden knowledge, of patient expectation, of unapproachable silence. The house came into the range of the glass. The Russian was telling me that it was only lately that Mr Kurtz had come down to the river, bringing along with him that lake tribe. He had been away for several months—getting himself adored, I suppose—and came down purposing a raid either across the river or down stream. Evidently the appetite for more ivory had got the better of the—what shall I say?—less material aspirations. However he had got much worse suddenly. 'I heard he was lying helpless, and so I came up—took my chance,' said the Russian. 'Oh, he is bad, very bad.' I kept my glass steadily on the house. There were no signs of life, but there was the ruined roof, the long mud wall peeping above the grass, with three little square window-holes, no two of the same size; all this brought within reach of my hand, as it were. And then I made a brusque movement, and one of the remaining posts of that vanished fence leaped up in the field of my glass. You remember I told you I had been struck at the distance by certain attempts at ornamentation, rather remarkable in the ruinous neglect of the place. Now I had suddenly

a nearer view, and its first result was to make me throw my head back as if before a blow. Then I went carefully from post to post with my glass, and I saw my mistake. These round knobs were not ornamental but symbolic; they were symbolic of some cruel and forbidden knowledge. They were expressive and puzzling, striking and disturbing, food for thought and also for the vultures if there had been any looking down from the sky; but at all events for such ants as were industrious enough to ascend the pole. They would have been even more impressive, those heads on the stakes, if their faces had not been turned to the house. Only one, the first I had made out, was facing my way. I was not so shocked as you may think. The start back I had given was really nothing but a movement of surprise. I had expected to see a knob of wood there, you know. I returned deliberately to the first I had seen—and there it was, black, dried, sunken, with closed eyelids,—a head that seemed to sleep at the top of that pole, and, with the shrunken dry lips showing a narrow white line of the teeth, was smiling too, smiling continuously at some endless and jocosé dream of that eternal slumber.

"I am not disclosing any trade secrets. In fact the manager said afterwards that Mr Kurtz had ruined that district. I have no opinion as to that, but I want you clearly to understand that there was no-

thing profitable in these heads being there. They only showed that Mr Kurtz lacked restraint in the gratification of his various lusts, that there was something wanting in him—some small matter which, when the pressing need arose, could not be found under his magnificent eloquence. Whether he knew of this deficiency himself I can't say. I think the knowledge came to him at last—only at the very last. But the wilderness had found him out early, and had taken on him a terrible vengeance for the fantastic invasion. It had tempted him with all the sinister suggestions of its loneliness. I think it had whispered to him things about himself which he did not know, things of which he had no conception till he took counsel with this great solitude—and the whisper had proved irresistibly fascinating. It echoed loudly within him because he was hollow at the core. I put down the glass, and the head that had appeared near enough to be spoken to seemed at once to have leaped away from me into the illusion of an inaccessible distance.

"The admirer of Mr Kurtz hung his head. With a hurried, indistinct voice he began to tell me he had not dared to take these—say, symbols—down. He was not afraid of the natives; they would not move till Mr Kurtz gave the word. His ascendancy was extraordinary. The camps of these people surrounded the place, and the chiefs came every day to see him. They crawled. 'I don't want to know anything of the

ceremonies used when approaching Mr Kurtz,' I shouted. Curious, this feeling that came over me that those details would be more intolerable to hear than those heads drying on stakes under Mr Kurtz's windows were to see. After all, that was only a savage sight, while I seemed at one bound to have been transported into some lightless region of subtle horrors, where pure, uncomplicated savagery was a positive relief, being something that had a right to exist, obviously in the sunshine. The young man looked at me with surprise. I suppose it did not occur to him Mr Kurtz was no idol of mine. He forgot I hadn't heard any of these splendid monologues on, what was it? on love, justice, conduct of life—or what not. If it had come to crawling before Mr Kurtz, he crawled as much as the veriest savage of them all. I had no idea of the conditions, he said: these heads were the heads of rebels. I shocked him excessively by laughing. Rebels! What would be the next definition I was to hear? There had been enemies, criminals, workers—and these were rebels. Those rebellious heads looked very pacific to me on their sticks. 'You don't know how such a life tries a man like Kurtz,' cried Kurtz's last disciple. 'Well, and you?' I said. 'I! I! I am a simple man. I have no great thoughts. I want nothing from anybody. How can you compare me to . . .?' His feelings were too much for speech, and suddenly he broke down. 'I don't un-

derstand,' he groaned. 'I've been doing my best to keep him alive, and that's enough. I had no hand in all this. I have no abilities. There hasn't been a drop of medicine or a mouthful of invalid food for months here. He was shamefully abandoned. A man like this, with such ideas. Shamefully! Shamefully! I—I—haven't slept for the last ten nights. . . .'

"His voice lost itself in the calm of the evening. The long shadows of the forest had slipped down hill while we talked, had gone far beyond the ruined hovel, beyond the symbolic row of stakes. All this was in the gloom, while we down there were yet in the sunshine, and the stretch of the river abreast of the clearing glittered in a still and dazzling splendour, with a murky and overshadowed band above and below. Not a living soul was seen on the shore. The bushes did not rustle.

"Suddenly round the corner of the house a group of men appeared. It was as though they had come up from the ground. They waded waist-deep in the grass, in a compact body, bearing an improvised stretcher in their midst. Instantly, in the emptiness of the landscape, a cry arose whose shrillness pierced the still air like a sharp arrow flying straight to the very heart of the land; and, as if by enchantment, streams of human beings—of naked human beings—with spears in their hands, with bows, with shields, with wild glances and savage movements, were poured into the

clearing by the dark-faced and pensive forest. The bushes shook, the grass swayed for a time, and then everything stood still in attentive immobility.

“Now, if he does not speak to them we are all done for,” said the Russian at my elbow. The knot of men with the stretcher had stopped too, half-way to the steamer, as if petrified. I saw the man on the stretcher sit up, lank and with an uplifted arm, above the shoulders of the bearers. ‘Let us hope that the man who can talk so well of love in general will find some particular reason to spare us this time,’ I said. I resented bitterly the absurd danger of our situation, as if to be at the mercy of the atrocious phantom who ruled this land had been a dishonouring necessity. I could not hear anything, but through my glasses I saw the thin arm extended commandingly, the lower jaw moving, the eyes of that apparition shining darkly far in his bony head that nodded with grotesque jerks. Kurtz — Kurtz — that means short in German — don’t it? Well, the name was as true as everything else in his life — and death. He looked at least seven feet long. His covering had fallen off, and his body emerged from it pitiful and appalling as from a winding-sheet. I could see the cage of his ribs all astir, the bones of his arm waving. It was as though an animated image of death carved out of old ivory had been shaking its hand with menaces at a motionless crowd of men made of dark and

glittering bronze. I saw him open his mouth wide — it gave him a weirdly voracious aspect, as though he had wanted to swallow all the air, all the earth, all the men before him. A deep sound reached me faintly. He must have been shouting. He fell back suddenly. The stretcher shook as the bearers staggered forward again, and almost at the same time I noticed that the crowd of savages had already diminished, was vanishing without any perceptible movement of retreat, as if the forest that had ejected these beings so suddenly had drawn them in again as the breath is drawn in a long aspiration.

“Some of the pilgrims behind the stretcher carried his arms — two shot-guns, a heavy rifle, and a light revolver-carbine — the thunderbolts of that pitiful Jupiter. The manager bent over him murmuring as he walked beside his head. They laid him down in one of the little cabins, just a room for a bed-place and a camp-stool or two, you know. We had brought his belated correspondence, and a lot of torn envelopes and open letters littered his bed. His hand roamed feebly amongst these papers. I was struck by the fire of his eyes and the composed languor of his expression. It was not so much the exhaustion of disease. He did not seem in pain. This shadow looked satiated and calm, as though for the moment it had had its fill of all the emotions.

“He rustled one of the letters, and looking in my face

said, 'I am glad.' Somebody had been writing to him about me. These special recommendations again. The volume of tone he emitted without effort, almost without the trouble of moving his lips, amazed me. A voice! a voice! It was grave, profound, vibrating, while the man did not seem capable of a whisper. However, he had enough strength in him—factitious no doubt—to very nearly make an end of us, as you shall hear directly.

"The manager appeared in the doorway, so I stepped out at once and he drew the curtain after me. The Russian, eyed curiously by the pilgrims, was staring at the shore. I followed the direction of his glance.

"Several bronze figures could be made out in the distance, moving indistinctly against the gloomy border of the forest, and near the river two were standing leaning on spears in the sunlight, under fantastic head-dresses of spotted skins, warlike, and still in statuesque repose. And from right to left along the lighted shore moved a wild and gorgeous apparition of a woman.

"She walked with measured steps, draped in striped and fringed cloths, treading the earth proudly, with a slight jingle and flash of barbarous ornaments. She carried her head high; her hair was done in the shape of a helmet; she had brass leggings to the knee, brass wire gauntlets to the elbow, a crimson spot on her tawny cheek, innumerable necklaces of glass beads on her neck;

bizarre things, charms, gifts of witch-men, that hung about her, glittered and trembled at every step. She must have had the value of several elephant tusks upon her. She was savage and superb, wild-eyed and magnificent; there was something ominous and stately in her deliberate progress. And in the hush that had fallen suddenly upon the whole sorrowful land, the immense wilderness, the colossal body of the fecund and mysterious life seemed to look at her as though it had been looking at the image of its own tenebrous and passionate soul.

"And we men also looked at her—at any rate I looked at her. She came abreast of the steamer, stood still, and faced us. Her long shadow fell to the water's edge. Her face had a tragic and fierce aspect of wild sorrow and of dumb fear mingled with the pain of a struggling, half-shaped emotion. She stood looking at us without a stir, and like the wilderness itself with an air of brooding over an inscrutable purpose. A whole minute passed, and then she made a step forward. There was a low jingle, a glint of yellow metal, a sway of fringed draperies, and she stopped. Had her heart failed her, or had her eyes, veiled with that mournfulness that lies over all the wild things of the earth, seen the hopelessness of longing that will find out sometimes even a savage soul in the lonely darkness of its being? Who can tell. Perhaps she did not know herself. The young fel-

low by my side growled. The pilgrims murmured at my back. She looked at us all as if her life depended upon the unswerving steadiness of her glance. Suddenly she opened her bared arms and threw them up rigid above her head, as though in an uncontrollable desire to touch the sky, and at the same time the shadows of her arms darted out on the earth, swept around on the river, gathering the steamer into a shadowy embrace. Her sudden gesture seemed to demand a cry, but the unbroken silence that hung over the scene was more formidable than any sound could be.

"She turned, walked on, following the bank, and passed into the bushes to the left. Once only her eyes gleamed back at us in the dusk of the thickets and she disappeared.

"If she had offered to come aboard I think I would have tried to shoot her,' said the man of patches, nervously. 'I had been risking my life every day for the last fortnight to keep her out of the house. She got in once and kicked up a row about those miserable rags I picked up in the storeroom to mend my clothes with. I was not decent. At least it must have been that, for she talked to Kurtz for an hour, pointing at me now and then. I don't understand the dialect of this tribe. Luckily for me, Kurtz felt too ill that day to care, or there would have been mischief. I don't understand. . . . No—it's too much for me. Ah, well, it's all over now.'

"At this moment I heard Kurtz's deep voice behind the curtain, 'Save me!—save the ivory, you mean. Don't tell me. Save me! Why, I've had to save you. You are interrupting my plans now. Sick! Sick! Not so sick as you would like to believe. Never mind. I'll carry my ideas out yet—I will return. I'll show you what can be done. You with your little peddling notions—you are interfering with me. I will return. I . . .'

"The manager came out. He did me the honour to take me under the arm and lead me aside. 'He is very low, very low,' he said. He considered it necessary to sigh, but forgot to be consistently sorrowful. 'We have done all we could for him—haven't we? But there is no disguising the fact, Mr Kurtz has done more harm than good to the Company. He did not see the time was not ripe for vigorous action. Cautiously, cautiously, that's my principle. We must be cautious yet. The district is closed to us for a time. Deplorable! Upon the whole, the trade will suffer. I don't deny there is a remarkable quantity of ivory—mostly fossil. We must save it, at all events—but look how precarious the position is—and why? Because the method is unsound.' 'Do you,' said I, looking at the shore, 'call it "unsound method"?' 'Without doubt,' he exclaimed, hotly. 'Don't you?' 'No method at all,' I murmured. 'Exactly,' he exulted. 'I anticipated this. A complete want of judgment. It is my

duty to point it out in the proper quarter.' 'Oh,' said I, 'that fellow—what's his name?—the brickmaker, will make a readable report for you.' He appeared confounded for a moment. It seemed to me I had never breathed an atmosphere so vile, and I turned mentally to Kurtz for relief—positively for relief. 'Nevertheless I think Mr Kurtz is a remarkable man,' I said with emphasis. He started, dropped on me a cold heavy glance, said very quietly, 'He *was*,' and turned his back on me. My hour of favour was over. I found myself lumped along with Kurtz as a partisan of methods for which the time was not ripe. I was unsound. Ah! but it was something to have at least a choice of nightmares.

"I had turned to the wilderness really, not to Mr Kurtz, who, I was ready to admit, was as good as buried. And for a moment it seemed to me as if I also were buried in a vast grave full of unspeakable secrets. I felt an intolerable weight oppressing my breast, the smell of the damp earth, the unseen presence of victorious corruption, the darkness of an impenetrable night. The Russian tapped me on the shoulder. I heard him mumbling and stammering something about 'brother seaman—couldn't conceal—knowledge of matters that would affect Mr Kurtz's reputation.' I waited. For him evidently Mr Kurtz was not in his grave. I suspect that for him Mr Kurtz was one of the immortals. 'Well!' said I at last, 'speak out. As

it happens, I am Mr Kurtz's friend—in a way.'

"He stated with a good deal of formality that had we not been 'of the same profession,' he would have kept the matter to himself without regard to consequences. He suspected there was an active ill-will towards him on the part of these white men that——' 'You are right,' I said, remembering a certain conversation I had overheard. 'The manager thinks you ought to be hanged.' He showed a concern at this intelligence which astonished me at first. 'I had better get out of the way quietly,' he said, earnestly. 'I can do no more for Kurtz now, and they would soon find a pretext. . . . What's to stop them? There's a military post three hundred miles from here.' 'Well, upon my word,' said I, 'perhaps you had better go if you have any friends amongst the savages near by.' 'Plenty,' he said. 'They are simple people—and I want nothing, you know.' He stood biting his lip, then: 'I don't want any harm to happen to these whites here, but of course I was thinking of Mr Kurtz's reputation—but you are a brother seaman and——' 'All right,' said I, after a time. 'Mr Kurtz's reputation is safe with me.' I did not know how truly I spoke.

"He informed me, lowering his voice, that it was Kurtz who had ordered the attack to be made on the steamer. 'He hated sometimes the idea of being taken away—and then again. . . . But I don't understand these matters. I am a

simple man. He thought it would scare you away—that you would give it up, thinking him dead. I could not stop him. Oh, I had an awful time of it this last month.’ ‘Very well,’ I said. ‘He is all right now.’ ‘Ye-e-es,’ he muttered, not very convinced apparently. ‘Thanks,’ said I; ‘I shall keep my eyes open.’ ‘But quiet—eh?’ he urged, anxiously. ‘It would be awful for his reputation if anybody here . . .’ I promised a complete discretion with great gravity. ‘I have a canoe and three black fellows not very far. I am off. Could you give me a few Martini-Henry cartridges?’ I could, and did, with proper secrecy. He helped himself, with a wink at me, to a handful of my tobacco. ‘Between sailors—you know—good English tobacco.’ At the door of the pilot-house he turned round—‘I say, haven’t you a pair of shoes you could spare?’ He raised one leg. ‘Look.’ The soles were tied with knotted strings sandal-wise under his bare feet. I rooted out an old pair, at which he looked with admiration before tucking them under his left arm. One of his pockets (bright red) was bulging with cartridges, from the other (dark blue) peeped ‘Towson’s Inquiry,’ &c., &c. He seemed to think himself excellently well equipped for a renewed encounter with the wilderness. ‘Ah! I’ll never, never meet such a man again. You ought to have heard him recite poetry—his own too it was, he told me. Poetry!’ He rolled his eyes at the recollection

of these delights. ‘Oh, he enlarged my mind!’ ‘Good-bye,’ said I. He shook hands and vanished in the night. I ask myself whether I had ever really seen him—whether it was possible to meet such a phenomenon.

“When I woke up shortly after midnight his warning came to my mind with its hint of danger that seemed, in the starred darkness, real enough to make me get up for the purpose of having a look round. On the hill a big fire burned, illuminating fitfully a crooked corner of the station-house. One of the agents with a picket of a few of our blacks, armed for the purpose, was keeping guard. But deep within the forest, red gleams that wavered, that seemed to sink and rise from the ground amongst confused columnar shapes of intense blackness, showed the exact position of the camp where Mr Kurtz’s adorers were keeping their uneasy vigil. The monotonous beating of a big drum filled the air with muffled shocks and a lingering vibration. A steady droning sound of many men chanting each to himself some weird incantation came out from the black, flat wall of the woods as the humming of bees comes out of a hive, and had a strange narcotic effect upon my half-awake senses. I believe I dozed off leaning over the rail, till an abrupt burst of yells, an overwhelming outbreak of a pent-up and mysterious frenzy, woke me up in a bewildered wonder. It was cut short all at once, and the low droning

went on with an effect of audible and soothing silence. I glanced casually into the little cabin. A light was burning. Kurtz was not there.

"I think I would have raised an outcry if I had believed my eyes. But I didn't believe them at first, the thing seemed so impossible. The fact is I was completely unnerved. Sheer blank fright, pure abstract terror, unconnected with any distinct shape of physical danger. What made this emotion so overpowering was—how shall I define it?—the moral shock I received, as if something altogether monstrous, intolerable to thought, odious to the soul, had been thrust upon me unexpectedly. This lasted of course the merest fraction of a second, and then the usual sense of commonplace, deadly danger, the possibility of a sudden onslaught and massacre, or something of the kind, which I saw impending, was positively welcome and composing. It pacified me, in fact, and I did not raise an alarm.

"There was an agent buttoned up inside an ulster sleeping on a chair on deck within three feet of me. The yells had not awakened him, and he snored very slightly. I left him to his slumbers and leaped ashore. I did not betray Mr Kurtz—it was ordered I should never betray him—it was written I should be loyal to the nightmare of my choice. I was anxious to deal with this shadow by myself alone,—and to this day I don't know why I was so jealous of sharing with any one the dismal blackness of this experience.

"As soon as I got on the bank I saw a trail—a broad trail through the grass. I remember the exultation with which I said to myself, 'He can't walk—he is crawling—I've got him.' The grass was wet with dew. I strode rapidly with clenched fists. I fancy I had some vague notion of falling upon him and giving him a drubbing. I don't know. I had some imbecile thoughts. The knitting old woman with the cat obtruded herself upon me as a most improper person to be sitting at the other end of such an affair. I saw a row of pilgrims squirting lead in the air out of Winchesters held to the hip. I thought I would never get back to the steamer, and saw myself living alone and unarmed in the woods to an advanced age. Such silly things—you know. And I remember I confounded the beat of the drum with the beating of my heart, and was pleased at its calm regularity.

"I kept to the track though—then stopped to listen. The night was very clear: a dark blue space, sparkling with dew and starlight, where black things stood very still. I thought I saw a kind of motion ahead of me. I was strangely cocksure of everything that night. I actually left the track and ran in a wide semicircle, I verily believe chuckling to myself, so as to get in front of that stir, of that motion I had seen—if indeed I had seen anything. I was circumventing Kurtz as if it had been a boyish game for fun.

"I came upon him, and, if he

had not heard me coming, I would have fallen over him too; but he got up in time in front of me. He rose, unsteady, long, pale, indistinct, like a vapour exhaled by the earth, and swayed slightly, misty and silent before me; while at my back the fires loomed between the trees, and the murmur of many voices issued from the forest. I had cut him off cleverly; but when actually confronting him I seemed to come to my senses, I saw the danger in its right proportion. It was by no means over yet. Suppose he began to shout. Though he could hardly stand, there was still plenty of vigour in his voice. 'Go away—hide yourself,' he said, in that profound tone. It was very awful. I glanced back. We were within thirty yards from the nearest fire. A black figure stood up, strode on long black legs, waving long black arms, across the glow. It had horns—antelope horns, I think—on its head. Some sorcerer, some witchman, no doubt: it looked fiend-like enough. 'Do you know what you are doing?' I whispered. 'Perfectly,' he answered, raising his voice for that single word: it sounded to me far off and yet loud, like a hail through a speaking-trumpet. If he makes a row we are lost, I thought to myself. This clearly was not a case for fisticuffs, even apart from the very natural aversion I had to beat that Shadow—this wandering and tormented thing, that seemed released from one grave only to sink for ever into another. 'You

will be lost,' I said—'utterly lost.' One gets sometimes such a flash of inspiration, you know. I did say the right thing, though indeed he could not have been more irretrievably lost than he was at this very moment, when the foundations of our intimacy were being laid—to endure—to endure—even to the end—even beyond.

"'I had immense plans,' he muttered irresolutely. 'Yes,' said I; 'but if you try to shout I'll smash your head with——' there was not a stick or a stone near. 'I will throttle you for good,' I corrected myself. 'I was on the threshold of great things,' he pleaded, in a voice of longing, with a wistfulness of tone that made my blood run cold. 'And now for this stupid scoundrel——' 'Your success in Europe is assured in any case,' I affirmed, steadily. I did not want to have the throttling of him, you understand—and indeed it would have been very little use for any practical purpose. I tried to break the spell—the heavy, mute spell of the wilderness—that seemed to draw him to its pitiless breast by the awakening of forgotten and brutal instincts, by the memory of gratified and monstrous passions. This alone, I was convinced, had driven him out to the edge of the forest, to the bush, towards the gleam of fires, the throb of drums, the drone of weird incantations; this alone had beguiled his unlawful soul beyond the bounds of permitted aspirations. And, don't you see, the terror of the position was not in being knocked on the head—though

I had a very lively sense of that danger too—but in this, that I had to deal with a being to whom I could not appeal in the name of anything high or low. I had, even like the niggers, to invoke him—himself—his own exalted and incredible degradation. There was nothing either above or below him, and I knew it. He had kicked himself loose of the earth. Confound the man! he had kicked the very earth to pieces. He was alone, and I before him did not know whether I stood on the ground or floated in the air. I've been telling you what we said—repeating the phrases we pronounced,—but what's the good? They were common everyday words, — the familiar, vague sounds exchanged on every waking day of life. But what of that? They had behind them, to my mind, the terrific suggestiveness of words heard in dreams, of phrases spoken in nightmares. Soul! If anybody had ever struggled with a soul, I am the man. And I wasn't arguing with a mad-man either. Believe me or not, his intelligence was perfectly clear—concentrated, it is true, upon himself with horrible intensity, yet clear; and therein was my only chance—barring, of course, the killing him there and then, which wasn't so good, on account of unavoidable noise. But his soul was mad. Being alone in the wilderness, it had looked within itself, and, by heavens! I tell you, it had gone mad. I had—for my sins, I suppose—to go through the ordeal of looking into it myself. No

eloquence could have been so withering as his final burst of sincerity. He struggled with himself, too. I saw it,—I heard it. I saw the inconceivable mystery of a soul that knew no restraint, no faith, and no fear, yet struggling blindly with itself. I kept my head pretty well; but when I had him at last stretched on the couch, I wiped my forehead, while my legs shook under me as though I had carried half a ton on my back down that hill. And yet I had only supported him, his bony arm clasped round my neck, and he was not much heavier than a child.

“And when next day we left at noon, the crowd, of whose presence behind the curtain of trees I had been acutely conscious all the time, flowed out of the woods again, filled the clearing, covered the slope with a mass of naked, breathing, quivering bronze bodies. I steamed up a bit, then swung down-stream, and two thousand eyes followed the evolutions of the splashing, thumping, fierce river-demon beating the water with its terrible tail and breathing black smoke into the air. In front of the first rank, along the river, three men, plastered with bright red earth from head to foot, strutted to and fro restlessly. When we came abreast again, they faced the river, stamped their feet, nodded their horned heads, swayed their scarlet bodies; they shook towards the same river-demon a bunch of black feathers, a spotted skin with a pendent tail—something that looked like a dried gourd; they

shouted periodically together strings of amazing words that resembled no sounds of human language; and the deep murmurs of the crowd, interrupted suddenly, were like the responses of some satanic litany.

"We had carried Kurtz into the pilot-house: there was more air there. Lying on the couch, he stared through the open shutter. There was an eddy in the mass of black heads, and the woman with helmeted head and tawny cheeks rushed out to the very brink of the stream. She put out her hands, shouted something, and all that wild mob took up the shout in an amazing chorus of articulated, rapid, breathless utterance.

"Do you understand this?" I asked.

"He kept on looking out with fiery, longing eyes, with a mingled expression of wistfulness and hate. He did not answer me, but at my question I saw a smile, a smile of indefinable meaning, appear on his colourless lips that a moment after twitched convulsively with pain or rage. 'I will return,' he said, slowly, gasping as if the words of promise and menace had been torn out of him by a supernatural power.

"I pulled the string of the whistle, and I did this because I saw the pilgrims on deck getting out their rifles with an air of anticipating a jolly lark. At the sudden screech there was a movement of abject terror through that wedged mass of bodies. 'Don't! don't! you frighten them away,' cried

some one on deck disconsolately. I pulled the string again and again. They broke and ran, they leaped, they crouched, they swerved, as if dodging the terrible sound. The three red chaps had fallen flat, face down on the shore, as though they had been shot dead. Only the barbarous and superb woman did not so much as flinch, and stretched tragically her bare arms after us over the brown and glittering river.

"And then that imbecile crowd down on the deck started their little fun, and I could see nothing more for smoke.

"The brown current ran swiftly out of the heart of darkness, bearing us down towards the sea with twice the speed of our upward progress; and Kurtz's life was running swiftly too, ebbing, ebbing out of his heart into the sea of inexorable time. The manager was very placid. He had no vital anxieties now. He took in both of us in a comprehensive and satisfied glance. The 'affair' had come off as well as could be wished. I saw the time approaching when I would be left alone of the party of 'unsound method.' The pilgrims looked upon me with disfavour. I was, so to speak, numbered with the dead. It is strange how I accepted this unforeseen partnership, this choice of nightmares forced upon me in the tenebrous land invaded by these mean and greedy phantoms.

"Kurtz discoursed. A voice! a voice! It rang deep to the very last. It survived his

strength to hide in the magnificent folds of eloquence the barren darkness of his heart. Oh, he struggled! he struggled! The wastes of his weary brain were haunted by shadowy images now—images of wealth and fame revolving obsequiously round his unextinguishable gift of noble and lofty expression. My Intended, my station, my career, my ideas—these were the subjects for the occasional utterances of elevated sentiments. The shade of the original Kurtz frequented the bedside of the hollow sham, whose fate it was to be buried presently in the mould of primeval earth. But both the diabolic love and the unearthly hate of the mysteries it had penetrated fought for the possession of that soul satiated with primitive emotions, avid of lying fame, of sham distinction, of all the appearances of success and power.

"Sometimes he was contemptibly childish. He desired to have kings meet him at railway stations on his return from some ghastly Nowhere, where he intended to accomplish great things. 'You show them you have in you something that is really profitable, and then there will be no limits to the recognition of your ability,' he would say. 'Of course you must take care of the motives—right motives—always.' The long reaches that were like one and the same reach, monotonous bends that were exactly alike, slipped past the steamer with their multitude of secular trees looking patiently after this grimy fragment of another world, the forerunner of change,

of conquest, of trade, of massacres, of blessings. I looked ahead—piloting. 'Close the shutter,' said Kurtz suddenly one day; 'I can't bear to look at this.' I did so. There was a silence. 'Oh, but I will wring your heart yet!' he cried at the invisible wilderness.

"We broke down—as I had expected—and had to lie up for repairs at the head of an island. This delay was the first thing that shook Kurtz's confidence. One morning he gave me a packet of papers and a photograph,—the lot tied together with a shoe-string. 'Keep this for me,' he said. 'This noxious fool' (meaning the manager) 'is capable of prying into my boxes when I am not looking.' In the afternoon I saw him. He was lying on his back with closed eyes, and I withdrew quietly, but I heard him mutter, 'Live rightly, die, die . . .' I listened. There was nothing more. Was he rehearsing some speech in his sleep, or was it a fragment of a phrase from some newspaper article? He had been writing for the papers and meant to do so again, 'for the furthering of my ideas. It's a duty.'

"His was an impenetrable darkness. I looked at him as you peer down at a man who is lying at the bottom of a precipice where the sun never shines. But I had not much time to give him, because I was helping the engine-driver to take to pieces the leaky cylinders, to straighten a bent connecting-rod, and in other such matters. I lived in a repulsive mess of nuts, bolts, spanners, hammers,

rachets—things I abominate, because I don't get on with them. I tended the little forge we fortunately had aboard; I toiled wearily in a wretched scrap-heap, unless I had the shakes too bad to stand.

"One evening coming in with a candle I was startled to hear him say a little querulously, 'I am lying here in the dark waiting for death.' The light was within a foot of his eyes. I managed to murmur, 'Oh, nonsense!' and stood over him as if transfixed.

"Anything approaching the expression that came over his face I have never seen before, and hope never to see again. Oh, I wasn't touched. I was fascinated. It was as though a veil had been rent. I saw on that ivory face the expression of strange pride, of mental power, of avarice, of blood-thirstiness, of cunning, of excessive terror, of an intense and hopeless despair. Did he live his life through in every detail of desire, temptation, and surrender during that supreme moment of complete knowledge? He cried whisperingly at some image, at some vision,—he cried twice, with a cry that was no more than a breath—

"The horror! The horror!"

"I blew the candle out and left the cabin. The pilgrims were dining in the mess-cabin. I took my place opposite the manager, who lifted his eyes to give me a questioning glance, which I successfully ignored. He leaned back, serene, with that peculiar smile of his sealing the unexpressed depths of

his meanness. A continuous shower of small flies streamed upon the lamp, upon the cloth, upon our hands and faces. Suddenly the manager's boy put his insolent black face in the doorway, and said in a tone of scathing contempt—

"'Mistah Kurtz—he dead.'

"All the pilgrims rushed out to see. I remained, and went on with my dinner. I believe I was considered brutally callous. However, I did not eat much. There was a lamp in there—light, don't you know—and outside it was so beastly, beastly dark. I went no more near the remarkable man who had so unhesitatingly pronounced a judgment upon the adventures of his soul on this earth. The voice was gone. What else had been there? But I am of course aware that next day the pilgrims buried something in a muddy hole.

"And then they very nearly buried me.

"However, as you see, I did not go to join Kurtz there and then. I did not. I remained to dream the nightmare out to the end, and to show my loyalty to Kurtz once more. Destiny. My destiny! Droll thing life is—that mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose. The most you can hope from it is some knowledge of yourself—that comes too late—a crop of unextinguishable regrets. I have wrestled with death. It is the most unexciting contest you can imagine. It takes place in an impalpable grey-ness, with nothing underfoot, with nothing around, without

spectators, without clamour, without glory, without the great desire of victory, without the great fear of defeat, in a sickly atmosphere of tepid scepticism, without much belief in your own right, and still less in that of your adversary. If such is the form of ultimate wisdom, then life is a greater riddle than some of us think it to be. I was within a hair's-breadth of the last opportunity for pronouncement, and I found with humiliation that probably I would have nothing to say. That is the reason why I affirm that Kurtz was a remarkable man. He had something to say. He said it. Since I had peeped over the edge myself, I understand better the meaning of his stare, that could not see the flame of the candle, but was wide enough to embrace the whole universe, piercing enough to penetrate all the hearts that beat in the darkness. He had summed up—he had judged. 'The horror!' He was a remarkable man. After all, this was the expression of some sort of belief. It had candour, it had conviction, it had a vibrating note of revolt in its whisper, it had the appalling face of a glimpsed truth—the strange commingling of desire and hate. And it is not my own extremity I remember best—a vision of greyness without form filled with physical pain, and a careless contempt for the evanescence of all things—even of this pain itself. No! It is his extremity that I seem to have lived through. True, he had made that last stride, he had stepped over the edge, while I

had been permitted to draw back my hesitating foot. And perhaps in this is the whole difference; perhaps all the wisdom, and all truth, and all sincerity, are just compressed into that inappreciable moment of time in which we step over the threshold of the invisible. Perhaps! I like to think my summing-up would not have been a word of careless contempt. Better his cry—much better. It was an affirmation, a moral victory paid for by innumerable defeats, by abominable terrors, by abominable satisfactions. But it was a victory. That is why I have remained loyal to Kurtz to the last, and even beyond, when long time after I heard once more, not his own voice, but the echo of his magnificent eloquence thrown to me from a soul as translucently pure as a cliff of crystal.

"No, they did not bury me, though there is a period of time which I remember mistily, with a shuddering wonder, like a passage through some inconceivable world that had no hope in it and no desire. I found myself in the sepulchral city resenting the sight of people hurrying through the streets to filch a little money from each other or to devour their infamous cookery, to gulp their unwholesome beer, to dream their insignificant and silly dreams. They trespassed upon my thoughts. They were intruders whose knowledge of life was to me an irritating pretence, because I felt so sure they could not possibly know the things I knew; and their bearing, which was simply the bearing of

commonplace individuals going about their business in the assurance of perfect safety, was offensive to me like the outrageous flauntings of folly in the face of a danger it is unable to comprehend. I had no particular desire to enlighten them, but I had some difficulty in restraining myself from laughing in their faces, so full of stupid importance. I dare say I was not very well at that time. I tottered about the streets—there were various affairs to settle—grinning bitterly at perfectly respectable persons. I admit my behaviour was inexcusable, but then my temperature was seldom normal in these days. My dear aunt's endeavours to 'nurse up my strength' seemed altogether beside the mark. It was not my strength that wanted nursing, it was really my imagination that wanted soothing. I kept the bundle of papers given me by Kurtz, not knowing exactly what to do with it. His mother had died lately, watched over, as I was told, by his Intended. A clean-shaved man, with an official manner and wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, called on me one day and made inquiries, at first circuitous, afterwards suavely pressing, about what he was pleased to denominate certain 'documents.' I was not very surprised, because I had two rows with the manager on the subject out there. I had refused to give up the smallest scrap out of that package to him, and I took the same attitude with the spectacled man. He became darkly menacing at last,

and with much heat argued that the Company had the right to every bit of information about their 'territories.' And, said he, 'Mr Kurtz's knowledge of unexplored regions must have been necessarily extensive and peculiar—owing to his great abilities and to the deplorable circumstances in which he had been placed: therefore——' I assured him Mr Kurtz's knowledge, however extensive, did not bear upon the problems of commerce or administration. He invoked then the name of science. 'It would be an incalculable loss if,' &c., &c. I offered him the report on the 'Suppression of Savage Customs,' with the *post-scriptum* torn off. He took it up eagerly, but ended by sniffing at it with an air of contempt. 'This is not what we had a right to expect,' he remarked. 'Expect nothing else,' I said. 'There are only private letters.' He withdrew upon some threat of legal proceedings, and I saw him no more; but another fellow, calling himself Kurtz's cousin, appeared two days later, and was anxious to hear all the details about his dear relative's last moments. Incidentally he gave me to understand that Kurtz had been essentially a great musician. 'There was the making of an immense success,' said the man, who was an organist, I believe, with lank grey hair flowing over a greasy coat-collar. I had no reason to doubt his statement; and to this day I am unable to say what was Kurtz's profession, whether he ever had any—which was the greatest of his talents. I had

thought him a painter who wrote for the papers, or a journalist who could paint—but even the cousin (who took snuff during the interview) could not tell me what he had been—exactly. He was a universal genius—on that point I agreed with the old chap, who thereupon blew his nose noisily into a large cotton handkerchief and withdrew in senile agitation, bearing off some family letters and memoranda without importance. Ultimately a journalist anxious to know some thing of the fate of his ‘dear colleague’ turned up. This visitor informed me Kurtz’s real sphere ought to have been politics ‘on the popular side.’ He had furry straight eye brows, bristly hair cropped short, an eye-glass on a broad ribbon, and, becoming expansive, confessed his opinion that Kurtz couldn’t write a bit—‘but heavens! how that man could talk! He electrified large meetings. He had faith—don’t you see?—he had the faith. He could believe anything—anything. He would have been a splendid leader of an extreme party.’ ‘What party?’ I asked. ‘Any party,’ answered the other. ‘He was an—an—extremist.’ Did I not think so? I assented. Did I know, he asked, with a sudden flash of curiosity, ‘what induced him to go out there?’ ‘Yes,’ said I, and forthwith handed him the famous Report for publication, if he thought fit. He glanced through it hurriedly, mumbling all the time, judged ‘it would do,’ and took himself off with this plunder.

“Thus I was left at last with a slim packet of letters and the girl’s portrait. She struck me as beautiful—I mean she had a beautiful expression. I know that the sunlight can be made to lie too, yet that face on paper seemed to be a reflection of truth itself. One felt that no manipulation of light and pose could have conveyed the delicate shade of truthfulness upon those features. She looked out truthfully. She seemed ready to listen without mental reservation, without suspicion, without a thought for herself. I concluded I would go and give her back her portrait and those letters myself. Curiosity? Yes; and also some other feeling perhaps. All that had been Kurtz’s had passed out of my hands: his soul, his body, his station, his plans, his ivory, his career. There remained only his memory and his Intended—and I wanted to give that up too to the past, in a way,—to surrender personally all that remained of him with me to that oblivion which is the last word of our common fate. I don’t defend myself. I had no clear perception of what it was I really wanted. Perhaps it was an impulse of unconscious loyalty, or the fulfilment of one of these ironic necessities that lurk in the facts of human existence. I don’t know. I can’t tell. But I went.

“I thought his memory was like other memories of the dead that accumulate in every man’s life,—a vague impress

on the brain of shadows that had fallen on it in their swift and final passage; but before the high and ponderous door, between the tall houses of a street as still and decorous as a well-kept sepulchre, I had a vision of him on the stretcher, opening his mouth voraciously, as if to devour all the earth with all its mankind. He lived then before me; he lived as much as he had ever lived—a shadow insatiable of splendid appearances, of frightful realities; a shadow darker than the shadow of the night, and draped nobly in the folds of a gorgeous eloquence. The vision seemed to enter the house with me, the stretcher, the phantom-bearers; the wild crowd of obedient worshippers; the gloom of the forests; the glitter of the reach between the murky bends; the beat of the drum, regular and muffled like the beating of a heart—the heart of a conquering darkness. It was a moment of triumph for the wilderness, an invading and vengeful rush which, it seemed to me, I would have to keep back alone for the salvation of another soul. And the memory of what I had heard him say afar there, with the horned shapes stirring at my back, in the glow of fires, within the patient woods, those broken phrases came back to me, were heard again in their ominous and terrifying simplicity: ‘I have lived—supremely!’ ‘What do you want here? I have been dead—and damned.’ ‘Let me go—I want more of it.’ More

of what? More blood, more heads on stakes, more adoration, rapine, and murder. I remembered his abject pleading, his abject threats, the colossal scale of his vile desires, the meanness, the torment, the tempestuous anguish of his soul. And later on his collected languid manner, when he said one day, ‘This lot of ivory now is really mine. The Company did not pay for it. I collected it myself at my personal risk. I am afraid they will claim it as theirs. It is a difficult case. What do you think I ought to do—resist? Eh? I want no more than justice.’ He wanted no more than justice. No more than justice. I rang the bell before a mahogany door on the first floor, and while I waited he seemed to stare at me out of the gleaming panel—stare with that wide and immense stare embracing, condemning, loathing all the universe. I seemed to hear the whispered cry, ‘The horror! The horror!’

“The dusk was falling. I had to wait in a lofty drawing-room with three long windows from floor to ceiling that were like three luminous and bedraped columns. The bent gilt legs and backs of the furniture shone in indistinct curves. The tall marble fireplace had a cold and heavy whiteness. A grand piano stood massively in a corner, with dark gleams on the flat surfaces like a sombre and polished sarcophagus. A high door opened—closed. I rose.

“She came forward, all in

black, with a pale head, floating towards me in the dusk. She was in mourning. It was more than a year since his death, more than a year since the news came; she seemed as though she would remember and mourn for ever. She took both my hands in hers and murmured, 'I had heard you were coming.' I noticed she was not very young—I mean not girlish. She had a mature capacity for fidelity, for belief, for suffering. The room seemed to have grown darker, as if all the sad light of the cloudy evening had taken refuge on her forehead. This fair hair, this pale visage, this pure brow, seemed surrounded by an ashy halo from which the dark eyes looked out at me. Their glance was guileless, profound, confident, and trustful. She carried her sorrowful head as though she were proud of that sorrow, as though she would say, I—I alone know how to mourn for him as he deserves. But while we were still shaking hands, such a look of awful desolation came upon her face that I perceived she was one of those creatures that are not the playthings of Time. For her he had died only yesterday. And, by Jove! the impression was so powerful that for me too he seemed to have died only yesterday—nay, this very minute. I saw her and him in the same instant of time—his death and her sorrow. I saw her sorrow in the very moment of his death. It was too terrible. Do you understand? I saw them together

—I heard them together. She had said, with a deep catch of the breath, 'I have survived'; while my strained ears seemed to hear distinctly, mingled with her tone of despairing regret, the summing-up whisper of his eternal condemnation. I tell you it was terrible. I asked myself what I was doing there, with a sensation of panic in my heart as though I had blundered into a place of cruel and absurd mysteries not fit for a human being to behold. I wanted to get out. She motioned me to a chair. We sat down. I laid the packet gently on the little table, and she put her hand over it. 'You knew him well,' she murmured, after a moment of mourning silence.

"'Intimacy grows quick out there,' I said. 'I knew him as well as it is possible for one man to know another.'

"'And you admired him,' she said. 'It was impossible to know him and not to admire him. Was it?'

"'He was a remarkable man,' I said, unsteadily. Then before the appealing fixity of her gaze, that seemed to watch for more words on my lips, I went on, 'It was impossible not to—'

"'Love him,' she finished eagerly, silencing me into an appalled dumbness. 'How true! how true! But when you think that no one knew him so well as I! I had all his noble confidence. I knew him best.'

"'You knew him best,' I repeated. And perhaps she did. But I fancied that with every word spoken the room was growing darker, and only

her forehead, smooth and white, remained illumined by the unextinguishable light of belief and love.

“‘You were his friend,’ she went on. ‘His friend,’ she repeated, a little louder. ‘You must have been, if he had given this to you, and sent you to me. I feel I can speak to you—oh, I must speak. I want you—you who have heard his last words—to know I have been worthy of him. . . . It is not pride. . . . Yes! I am proud to know I understood him better than any one on earth—he said so himself. And since his mother died I have had no one—no one—to—to——’

“I listened. The darkness deepened. I was not even sure whether he had given me the right bundle. I rather suspect he wanted me to take care of another batch of his papers which, after his death, I saw the manager examining under the lamp. But in the box I had brought to his bedside there were several packages pretty well alike, all tied with shoe-strings, and probably he had made a mistake. And the girl talked, easing her pain in the certitude of my sympathy; she talked as thirsty men drink. I had heard that her engagement with Kurtz had been disapproved generally. He wasn’t rich enough or something. And indeed I don’t know whether he had not been a pauper all his life. He had given me some reason to infer that it was his impatience of comparative poverty that drove him out there.

“‘. . . Who was not his friend who had heard him speak once?’

she was saying. ‘He drew men towards him by what was best in them.’ She looked at me with intensity. ‘It is the gift of the great,’ she went on, and the sound of her low voice seemed to have the accompaniment of all the other sounds, full of mystery, desolation, and sorrow, I had ever heard—the ripple of the river, the sighing of the trees swayed by the wind, the murmurs of wild crowds, the faint ring of incomprehensible words cried from afar, the whisper of a voice speaking from beyond the threshold of an eternal darkness. ‘But you have heard him! You know!’ she cried.

“‘Yes, I know,’ I said with something like despair in my heart, but bowing my head before the faith that was in her, before that great and saving illusion that shone with an unearthly glow in the darkness, in the triumphant darkness from which I could not have defended her—from which I could not even defend myself.

“‘What a loss to me—to us!’—she corrected herself with beautiful generosity; then added in a murmur, ‘To the world.’ By the last gleams of twilight I could see the glitter of her eyes, full of tears—of tears that would not fall.

“‘I have been very happy—very fortunate—very proud,’ she went on. ‘Too fortunate. Too happy for a little while. And now I am unhappy for—for life.’

“She stood up; her fair hair seemed to catch all the remaining light in a glimmer of gold. I rose too.

“‘And of all this,’ she went on, mournfully, ‘of all his promise, and of all his greatness, of his generous mind, of his noble heart, nothing remains—nothing but a memory. You and I——’

“‘We shall always remember him,’ I said, hastily.

“‘No!’ she cried. ‘It is impossible that all this should be lost—that such a life should be sacrificed to leave nothing—but sorrow. You know he had vast plans. I knew them too—I could not perhaps understand,—but others knew of them. Something must remain. His words, at least, have not died.’

“‘His words will remain,’ I said.

“‘And his example,’ she whispered to herself. ‘Wherever he went men looked up to him,—his goodness shone in every act. His example——’

“‘True,’ I said; ‘his example too. Yes, his example. I forgot that.’

“‘But I do not. I cannot—I cannot believe—not yet. I cannot believe that I shall never see him again, that nobody will see him again, never, never, never.’

“She put out her arms as if after a retreating figure, stretching them black and with clasped pale hands across the fading and narrow sheen of the window. Never see him. I saw him clearly enough then. I shall see this eloquent phantom as long as I live, and I shall see her too, a tragic and familiar Shade, resembling in this gesture another one, tragic also, and bedecked with powerless charms, stretching bare brown arms over the glitter of the infernal stream, the stream of darkness. She

said suddenly very low, ‘He died as he lived.’

“‘His end,’ said I, with dull anger stirring in me, ‘was in every way worthy of his life.’

“‘And I was not with him,’ she murmured. My anger subsided before a feeling of infinite pity.

“‘Everything that could be done——’ I mumbled.

“‘Ah, but I believed in him more than any one on earth—more than his own mother, more than—himself. He needed me! Me! I would have treasured every sigh, every murmur, every word, every sign, every glance.’

“I felt like a chill grip on my chest. ‘Don’t,’ I said, in a muffled voice.

“‘Forgive me. I—I—have mourned so long in silence—in silence. . . . You were with him—to the last? I think of his loneliness. Nobody near to understand him as I would have understood. Perhaps no one to hear . . .’

“‘To the very end,’ I said, shakily. ‘I heard his very last words. . . .’ I stopped in a fright.

“‘Repeat them,’ she said in a heart-broken tone. ‘I want—I want—something—something—to—to live with.’

“I was on the point of crying at her, ‘Don’t you hear them?’ The dusk was repeating them in a persistent whisper all around us, in a whisper that seemed to swell menacingly like the first whisper of a rising wind. ‘The horror! the horror!’

“‘His last word—to live with,’ she murmured. ‘Don’t you understand I loved him—I loved him—I loved him!’

"I pulled myself together and spoke slowly.

"The last word he pronounced was—your name."

"I heard a light sigh, and then my heart stood still, stopped dead short by an exulting and terrible cry, by the cry of inconceivable triumph and of unspeakable pain. 'I knew it—I was sure!' She knew. She was sure. I heard her weeping, her face in her hands. It seemed to me that the house would collapse before I could escape, that the heavens would fall upon my head. But nothing happened. The heavens do not fall for such a trifle. Would they have fallen, I wonder, if I had ren-

dered Kurtz that justice which was his due? Hadn't he said he wanted only justice? But I couldn't. I could not tell her. It would have been too dark—too dark altogether. . . ."

Marlow ceased, and sat apart, indistinct and silent, in the pose of a meditating Buddha. Nobody moved for a time. "We have lost the first of the ebb," said the Director, suddenly. I looked around. The offing was barred by a black bank of clouds, and the tranquil waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth flowed sombre under an overcast sky—seemed to lead also into the heart of an immense darkness.

"CHRISTIAN" QUACKERY.

THERE have been few eras in which superstition has not found a congenial soil in the human mind. Unable or unwilling to rest satisfied with the plain teaching of religion, natural and revealed, mankind has ever been prone to plunge into extravagant and grotesque beliefs. It would be hard to say whether superstition has flourished more vigorously in ages of faith or in ages of infidelity. In the former, the disposition to believe much has made it easy to believe a little more. In the latter, the determination to believe nothing has, by a natural reaction, given place to a readiness to accept anything. Certain it is that no amount of intellectual "progress," no quantity of superior education, has hitherto sufficed to eradicate this most characteristic weakness.

Even the possession of a powerful and over-mastering intellect affords no trustworthy safeguard against the assaults of credulity. It is not alone the untutored rustic who dreads the indissoluble and mysterious connection between omen and event, or the ignorant servant-girl who expects the cards to foretell the complexion of her future sweetheart. Buonaparte cherished many secret convictions at which one can only marvel. Mr Parnell shivered with apprehension if the bed-chamber allotted to him in a hotel bore the fatal number 13, or if he noticed three candles burning simultaneously in the

room. Astrology, chiromancy, and kindred sciences survived the middle ages, and for aught we can tell many an anxious inquirer to-day is busily engaged, with the aid of retort and crucible, in quest of the philosopher's stone, or in seeking to fix the site of buried treasure by means of a simple suffumigation. People pay money to have their characters told from their handwriting. No fancy bazaar is complete without its soothsayer or spaewife. This adept is, as a rule, more polite and discreet than Cadwallader in 'Peregrine Pickle.' But for an adequate fee he or she is quite prepared to frighten nervous clients into fits by predicting evils imminent or remote. In private life many ladies may be found to read your hand with the perspicacity of a Heyraddin Maugrabin, or to construct your ephemeris with the judgment of a Galeotti. They will discourse to you fluently of lines of life and health, of Jupiter, of Mercury, and, above all, of Venus. If Saturn appear combust, they will pull a long face, and their alarm for your future will know no bounds if Mars have more dignity than is rightly his in the cusp of the twelfth house. As for "srying" in a crystal globe, do we not all know that Mr Lang finds therein his chief diversion after golf and fishing?

Many of these are, after all, comparatively respectable pastimes. Astrology, for example,

is an ancient and venerable branch of learning, well worthy of the few pages which the omniscient 'Britannica' devotes to it. It boasts a dignified, impressive, and distinctive vocabulary, from which the language of everyday life has not disdained to borrow. Besides, it has supplied the materials or the framework for many an excellent story. Who has not thrilled at the ready wit of Thrasylus, who, when on the point of being put to death by his employer Tiberius, saved his bacon by announcing the inexorable decree of the constellations that the Emperor's death should take place exactly three days after his own? Or who can forget by what a bold and happy stroke Sir Walter adapted the striking incident to his own purposes in 'Quentin Durward'? No; astrology may be regarded with an amused toleration, very different from the feelings with which one contemplates some more modern eccentricities of belief. The close of last century witnessed the growth of many much more pestilent forms of intellectual quackery than mere star-gazing or fortune-telling. Since then we have had, to name no others, the system of spiritual marriages expounded to the world thirty years ago by Mr Hepworth Dixon, and the system which shattered the life of Laurence Oliphant. And now the close of our own century confronts us with a creed to which the colossal impudence of its author has attached the name of "Christian Science."

Although some little time

ago Christian Science attained to rather more notoriety than its devotees probably cared about in connection with the untimely death of a rising literary man, it may be well to premise that the benefit of the reader that, like so many other nostrums, it hails from the land of wooden nutmegs. It burst upon the world in the year 1870, and its founder, or arch-priestess, is the Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, "President of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College." A volume from her pen, entitled 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures,' and now in its one hundred and third edition, is the textbook of the system. To understand and practise Christian Science it is absolutely necessary to procure this volume—

"*First*, because it is the voice of Truth to this age, and contains the whole of Christian science, or the science of healing through mind; *second*, because it was the first published book containing a statement of Christian science, gave the first rules for demonstrating this science, and registered this revealed truth, uncontaminated with human hypothesis. Other works which have borrowed from this book without giving it credit have adulterated the science" (p. 453).

"Any theory of Christian Science," we are elsewhere informed,

"which departs from what has already been stated, and proved to be true, affords no foundation whereupon to establish a genuine school of this science. Also, if this new school claims to be Christian science, and yet uses another author's discoveries, without giving that author proper credit, it inculcates a breach of that divine commandment in the Hebrew decalogue, Thou shalt not steal" (p. 6).

Animal magnetism, spiritualism, and faith-healing are all wrong. "They have no Christianly scientific principle" (p. 281). Homœopathy, it is true, is more indulgently treated; for Christian Science is "the next stately step beyond it" (p. 50), a compliment which we hope the homœopaths will relish. But, upon the whole, it is plain that we are here dealing with the real old original rag-and-bone shop. All others are spurious imitations. When you ask for Christian Science see that you get it. No connection with over-the-way, and if the quality of the goods at that establishment don't please you, you are respectfully invited to favour ME with a call.

Such being the pretensions of Christian Science, and Mrs Mary Baker G. Eddy posing in no less a character than that of a direct recipient of divine revelation, it is not surprising that the seclusion in which she lives should have prompted her friends to inquire, Why do you not make yourself more widely known? Her answer is replete with modesty and self-respect.

"Could her friends know how little time the author has had in which to make herself outwardly known, except through her laborious publications,—and how much time and toil are still required to establish the stately operations of Christian science,—they would understand why she is so secluded. Others could not take her place, even if willing to do so. She has therefore remained unseen at her post, working for the generations to come, never looking for a present reward" (p. 460),

—except, of course, the ridicu-

lously low sum of \$3.18 per copy of the great work. It has always been the delight of 'Maga' to drag obscure merit into publicity, and this Columbian sybil is very welcome to the glory which will undoubtedly be reflected upon her from the following attempt to expound her utterances.

We say "attempt" advisedly, for he would indeed be a bold man who should pretend to grasp their meaning and significance. Compared with these oracular pronouncements Swedenborg is the plainest of plain sailing, Hegel seems to err, if anything, on the side of lucidity, and Miss Corelli's patent system of electrical demonology presents a plausible appearance of intelligibility. If you listen to the ravings of delirium, you cannot help wondering whether you are in full possession of your judgment. If you converse with a madman, you feel your own reason begin to totter. Even so, you rise from this preposterous performance dazed and wearied as from a nightmare. The honest effort to detect a grain of sense in a cartload of such rubbish, to trace a consecutive line of thought amid such a parade of ratiocination, leaves the brain in the state so aptly likened by Mr Macwheeble or Mr Saddletree to "a confused progress of titles." Nor, her matter apart, does the author's style or language make much for perspicuity. To describe them both as turgid is to use a wholly inadequate epithet; but it is

quite plain to see whence her inspiration in this regard is derived.

"Leaning on the sustaining Infinite, to-day is big with blessings." "The time for thinkers has come. Truth, independent of doctrines and time-honoured systems, knocks at the portal of humanity." "The looms of crime, hidden in the dark recesses of mortal thought, are every hour weaving webs more complicated and subtle." "Mind and matter glide swift into the vortex of immensity. Howls the sublime, and softly sleeps the calm Ideal, in the whispering chambers of Imagination."

We defy any one to distinguish between the voice of Mrs Eddy and the voice of Miss Toppit and Miss Codger, the two L.L.'s presented by the mother of the modern Gracchi to Elijah Pogram.

There is one other respect in which we are free to confess ourselves handicapped in dealing with this subject. With stupefying audacity, Mrs Eddy professes to find the rudiments of her system in the Bible, and more especially in the life and teaching of the Founder of Christianity Himself. Accordingly she has not scrupled, when she finds such a course convenient or necessary, which she frequently does, to garnish her treatise with texts of Scripture, the true meaning of which she deliberately wrests to suit her own ends. Into this department it is needless to say that we do not propose to follow her. It would serve no good purpose to shock the reader by repeating her arrant blasphemies, even for the purpose of demonstrating their absurdity.

Braced, then, to some extent by the assurance that "no intellectual proficiency is requisite in the learner, but sound morals are most desirable" (Pref., p. x), and at the same time sobered by the reminder that a simple *perusal* of the volume will not enable one to absorb its whole meaning — "it needs to be studied" (p. 40) — we proceed to grapple with "the leading factor in mind-science," to wit, the proposition that "Mind is All and matter is naught" (p. 3). "Mind governs the body [though, of course, there is really no body] not partially but wholly" (p. 5). "Matter possesses neither sensation nor life" (p. 2). "Matter is nothing but a mortal illusion wholly inadequate to affect man through its supposed organic action or existence" (p. 19). Elephants and microbes, we take it, are equally mere figments of imagination, for "matter exists in human belief only, and not in the spiritual understanding of Being" (p. 107). "Spirit and its formations are the only realities of Being. Matter disappears under the microscope of Spirit" (p. 160), which certainly shows what an odd kind of instrument the microscope of Spirit must be. "We define matter as error because it is a false claim to life, substance, and intelligence" (p. 174). "The theory that Spirit is not the only substance and creator is pantheistic heterodoxy which ultimates [*sic*] in sickness, sin, and death" (p. 153).

It follows clearly that error, sin, sickness, disease, and death

are all but "the false testimony of false material sense" (p. 2), whatever "material sense" may be, considering that "matter has no sensation," and that "the human mind is all that can produce pain" (p. 59). And here, the reader will observe, we are introduced to a third term—"mortal" or "human" mind—to serve as a buffer between Spirit or Mind (with a capital), which is everything, and matter, which is nothing. This "mortal mind" plays the very mischief with everybody. To it, as bad luck will have it, sickness "is neither imaginary nor unreal" (p. 457), though Mind, strictly so-called, knows well enough that disease is a mere illusion—"a latent creation," in fact, "of mortal mind before the sensation appears in matter," though how the sensation is to appear in matter when matter is expressly said to be devoid of sensation, is not at first sight apparent. Mortal matter or body is, indeed, nothing more or less than "a false conception of mortal mind" (p. 70). In short, we don't believe there's no such person. It is not, we are solemnly bidden to recollect, the body but mortal mind which reports food as undigested (p. 388), and of course such a report must be pure nonsense, for there is no such thing—or at any rate there ought to be no such thing—as food. Mortal mind is therefore "a liar," and never more so than "when it claims to govern every organ of the mortal body" (p. 45). It has no control of what is termed the human mechanism (*ibid.*) Yet these arrogant pretensions seem to be

not altogether without warrant. "The valves of the heart, opening and closing for the passage of the blood, obey the mandate of mortal mind as directly as does the hand" (p. 81). Nay, mortal mind "forms all conditions of the mortal body, and controls the stomach, bones, lungs, heart, and blood as directly as the volition of will moves the hand" (p. 116). The great thing, however, seems to be to get rid of it (which ought to be all the easier that "it is meant to designate something which has no real existence"), and then Terewth will have fair play. It will become obvious, we presume, that "blood, heart, lungs, brains, &c., have nothing to do with Life," and are pure illusions of material sense. "You say a boil is painful; but that is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. The boil simply manifests your belief in pain, through inflammation and swelling; and you call this belief a boil. Now administer mentally to your patient a high attenuation of truth on this subject, and it will soon cure the boil" (p. 47). Could anything be more convincing? You call in "mortal mind" to account for the operations of a human body which has no existence, and you politely bow it out when it ventures to call cousins with Mind or Spirit, which is the only source of true Being.

Yet, after all, mortal mind is not so much to blame, poor thing; for its mistakes and illusions are largely, if not wholly, due to the physical senses—those "five personal falsities"

—which are "the avenues and instruments of human error" (p. 190). And these same senses are terrible fellows—utterly untrustworthy and unreliable.

"If you wish to know the spiritual fact, you can discover it by reversing the material testimony, be it *pro* or *con*—be it in accord with your preconceptions, or utterly contrary thereto" (p. 22). "Science reverses the testimony of the physical senses, and by this reversal mortals arrive at the fundamental facts of being" (p. 14). "Any conclusion *pro* or *con* deduced from supposed sensation in matter, or matter's supposed consciousness of health or disease, instead of reversing the testimony of the physical senses, confirms that testimony as legitimate, and so leads to disease" (*ibid.*)

The divine Principle of Science, "reversing the testimony of the physical senses, reveals man as harmoniously existent in Truth, which is the only basis of health; and thus Science denies error, heals the sick, overthrows false evidence, and refutes materialistic logic" (p. 14). That is to say, if the senses say "Yes," the "fundamental fact of being" is *ipso facto* "No." It is well to have a clear understanding on the point, as well as to be able to make allowances for mortal mind. No wonder it habitually goes astray! But, cheer up! A better time is in store, when Science—Christian Science—is no longer "kep' out of her rights," like the *soi-disant* Sir Roger Tichborne.

"The seasons will come and go, with changes of time and tide, cold and heat, latitude and longitude." [It is notorious how the latitude and longitude vary with the time of year!] "The agriculturist will find these changes cannot affect his crops in seed-time or harvest. The mariner

will find himself having dominion over the atmosphere and the great deep, over the fish of the sea and the fowls of the air. The astronomer will no longer look up to the stars, but he will look out from them [all at once?] upon the universe; and the florist will find his flower before he beholds its seed."

It will be a big day indeed for Covent Garden. In that happy state of circumstances harvest will be a preliminary to ploughing, and six-year-old mutton will gradually mature into New Zealand lamb. Plays will begin with Act V., and novels will end with page 1: both of which arrangements will be highly convenient for the general public. Men will be born at the age of ninety, and be carried to the grave, full of years and honour, in infancy. Consequences will inevitably be followed by their antecedents, and effects will infallibly produce their own causes. We shall have entered with Alice into the region behind the Looking-glass, and shall live there happily ever after.

Inconceivability, then, is one of the tests of truth, though in a sense vastly different from that in which the doctrine has hitherto been received. There is, however, another criterion, and that is, the convertibility of a proposition. If a sentence will be obliging enough to read backwards, the battle is more than half-won already. "The metaphysics of Christian science, like the rules of mathematics, prove the truth by inversion. For example: there is no pain in Truth, and no truth in pain; no matter in

Mind, and no mind in matter; no nerves in Intelligence, and no intelligence in nerves; no matter in Life, and no life in matter; no matter in Good, and no good in matter" (p. 7). We take leave to add one other illustration: Black is White; the converse of which is, to say the least of it, as true as the proposition itself. But, in the long run, the test to which Mrs Eddy appeals is the successful cure of illness—"the adaptation of truth to the treatment of disease"—or, in other words, "metaphysical healing" (p. 1).

In support of her pretensions as an effective healer, Mrs Eddy, although she has "never believed in receiving certificates or presenting testimonials of cures" (p. 86), is nevertheless kind enough to favour us with a few such certificates or testimonials. As might have been anticipated, they have all the true death-cured-in-six-doses ring about them, and differ materially neither in tone nor substance from the tributes paid by grateful railway guards or old wives to the sovereign virtues of Glanders's Blue Boluses for Bilious Bounders, or any other proprietary remedy. Far be it from us to challenge the good faith of such evidence. We have no means or opportunity of sifting it, and indeed have no desire to do so. It might be pointed out as a singular feature that the cures, instead of being absolutely instantaneous, seem to require two or three days for completion. But we are perfectly willing

to take for granted the correctness of any number of similar "yarns" which any Christian Science quack may choose to spin; and we proceed to ask, What, on Mrs Eddy's own principles, do such stories prove?

Observe her chain of reasoning. Any given disease is a disease, not of the body, but of the mind. It manifests itself, however, in certain bodily symptoms. "A change of belief changes all the physical symptoms, and determines a case for better or worse" (p. 90). Mrs Eddy, we shall suppose, is called in to attend a patient, and from his physical appearance she has no difficulty in inferring that he has measles in his mind. She applies a high attenuation of truth. The rash disappears; the nose desists from running; the eyes cease to water; the patient gets up and goes about his ordinary occupations. Mrs Eddy infers that his mind is cured of measles; and she draws that inference once more from the symptoms presented by his body. But her only source of information as to those symptoms is her physical senses—"the five personal falsities"—whose evidence is radically erroneous, and whose testimony it is the business of science to reverse. When Mrs Eddy, accordingly, sees that the physical symptoms of measles have disappeared, she is bound in consistency to infer that the mind is more measly than ever. When, on the contrary, the symptoms become more marked and alarming, she is bound to

infer that the mind is convalescent. She cannot be allowed to approbate and reprobate; and thus, if her record of successful cures proves anything, it demonstrates that the patients were truly in much worse case after her treatment than they had been before. It is all, to be sure, the most imbecile nonsense; but if you profess to go in for logic and for scientific deduction or induction, you must abide by the rules of the game, and not play fast and loose with your fundamental propositions.

It is only fair to say that Mrs Eddy makes a considerable parade of the ethical side of her teaching, and lashes sin and vice with great heartiness; which seems rather a waste of time, inasmuch as sin and vice, on Mrs Eddy's showing, are mere illusions, and do not really exist. At the worst, we should have thought that they could be "vanished," as conjurors say, by thinking them to be goodness and virtue. However that may be, it is satisfactory to note that "Christian Science pre-eminently promotes affection and virtue in families, and therefore in the community" (p. 283). We cannot honestly say that the precepts of Christian Science in this aspect are of a highly novel or original character. Unselfishness, temperance, meekness, charity, and the like have been inculcated by most moralists with remarkable unanimity since the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and even before it; and we have failed to discover that Christian Science suggests a

single new motive for putting the virtues which it recommends into practice. We strongly suspect, however, that the real attraction of Mrs Eddy's nostrum lies in the practical department as illustrated in "metaphysical healing." It is not so much that this branch holds out inducements of a pecuniary nature. It may be the case that business men have found that Christian Science "enhances their physical and mental powers, enlarges their perception of character, gives them acuteness and comprehensiveness, and an ability to exceed their ordinary business capacity" (p. 21). And yet that may not draw many business men into Mrs Eddy's net. The crucial point is that in the healing department what may compendiously be called the Mumbo - Jumbo element comes into full play; and without a strong infusion of Mumbo - Jumbo no system of quackery can hope to make a popular hit.

Disease, let us once more remind our readers, is, according to Christian Science, an affection of the mind and not of the body. Drugs, being material, can have no effect upon the mind. Such efficacy as they may possess is entirely due to the faith with which the chemist, the botanist, the druggist, the doctor, and the nurse equip them (p. 48). Attention to what are popularly termed the laws of health is as mischievous as the use of drugs; and tubbing appears to be worst of all in its demoralising tendencies (p. 414).

"Drugs, cataplasms, and whisky are stupid substitutes for the dignity and potency of divine mind and its power to heal" (p. 51). If a prescription appears to have one effect upon one man and another upon another, the reason is to be found in the different mental states of the patients (p. 42).

"Chills and heat are often the form in which fever manifests itself. Change the mental state, and chills and fever disappear" (p. 374). "If the body is material, it cannot, for that very reason, suffer with a fever. Because the body is mental, and governed by mortal mind" (which is elsewhere, by the bye, defined as "only a false sense of matter"), "it manifests only what that mind impresses upon it. Therefore the efficient remedy is to destroy the patient's unfortunate belief, by both silently and audibly arguing the opposite facts in regard to harmonious being—representing man as healthful instead of diseased, and showing that it is impossible for matter to suffer, to feel pain or heat, to be thirsty or sick" (p. 375). "If your patient believes in taking cold, mentally convince him that matter cannot take cold, and that thought governs this liability" (ibid.)

We have known people who believed that they could not get intoxicated on champagne, but we never found that the thought governed this liability.

"When the first symptoms of disease appear, dispute the testimony of the senses by divine science. Let your higher sense of justice destroy the false process of mortal belief, which you name law; and then you will not be confined to a sick-room, or laid upon a bed of suffering, in payment of the last farthing, the last penalty demanded by belief. . . . Suffer no belief of sin or sickness to grow upon the thought. Dismiss it with an abiding conviction that its claims are illegitimate" (p. 389).

"Meet the incipient stages of disease with such powerful eloquence as a legislator would employ to defeat the passage of an inhuman law" (ibid.)

The next time we feel a cold coming on, we shall certainly employ the most powerful arguments at our command against it; but we shall reserve to ourselves the right to have recourse to the old-fashioned remedy of a little hot whisky-toddy at bedtime, the last few tumblers to be drunk in bed. It makes no difference whether a disease be functional or organic. Christian Science will cure every single one. "Let 'em all come"—all, that is to say, excepting one; for we are assured on the authority of an enthusiastic devotee that Christian Science has hitherto totally failed to relieve corns!

The directions given for the application of mind-science to particular cases are significant if vague. That the perusal of Mrs Eddy's publications frequently heals sickness (p. 443) we are prepared to hear. If they fail, you are instructed to "treat sickness mentally just as you would sin, except that you must not tell the patient he is sick, or give names to diseases; for such a course increases fear, the foundation of disease, and impresses more deeply the wrong mind-picture" (p. 450). This is analogous to the course which the hunted ostrich has proverbially followed time out of mind with but indifferent success. You are allowed, however, to call the disease by name mentally and silently; for then, as a general rule, "the body will respond

more quickly" (p. 409). This brings us into touch with Mumbo-Jumbo. It would be bad enough if a man's health depended upon his own belief. But it is a great deal worse that it should depend upon the belief of several millions of people besides. Children, for example, are apparently wholly at the mercy of their parents and guardians. If you give children medicine, and are on the alert for their becoming ill, you will "convey mental images to children's bodies, and often stamp them there" (p. 411). It is thus that so-called hereditary disease is transmitted from father to son; it is thus that infection is spread. The general opinion of mankind is bound to overrule the correct view taken by the patient himself. Drugs, as we have already seen, derive their efficacy from the faith of the person who provides or administers them. And so it is with poisons. "If a dose of poison is swallowed through mistake and the patient dies, even though physician and patient are expecting favourable results, does belief, you ask, cause this death? Even so, and as directly as if the poison had been intentionally taken. In such cases a few persons believe the potion swallowed by the patient to be harmless; but the vast majority of mankind, though they know nothing of this particular case and this special person, believe the arsenic, strychnine, or whatever the drug used, to be poisonous, for it has been set down as a poison by mortal mind. The consequence is that

the result is controlled by the majority of opinions outside, not by the infinitesimal minority of opinions in the sick-chamber" (p. 70). This is the "tyranny of the majority" with a vengeance. It is, then, no mere idle fancy that a man can satiate his vengeance by merely wishing evil to his enemy. Was there ever superstition so childish, so enervating, so despicable? The wretched crones who used to earn a livelihood by sticking pins into wax dolls, in order to gratify the spite of their clients against enemies or rivals, were much less ridiculous than your Christian Scientist.

Such—omitting, as we have indicated, much gross blasphemy, and a vast deal of jargon about discord being the nothingness of error, and harmony the somethingness of truth—such is the system put forward for regenerating mankind, and the one atom of fact on which the whole of this elaborate superstructure is raised seems to be the familiar enough phenomenon that on the dentist's doorstep the toothache is apt to disappear! We owe an apology to our readers for even affecting to treat such a tissue of nonsense seriously. Our excuse must be that human folly, even in its most egregious forms, may be instructive by way of warning, and that this precious creed has not only a considerable following in the United States, but has begun to make converts in "smart" society in this country. Ladies of fashion, whose time hangs heavy on their hands, and to whom the sublime truths of

Christianity are mere foolishness, apparently find something to satisfy and to console in the crude and transparent scheme of imposture which we have endeavoured to expose. Nor, so long as their purses can stand the strain, are they likely to be neglected by those who "run" the Christian Science business for their own livelihood. There are few more lucrative occupations, we take it, for women than that of a "metaphysical healer." The fees are good, and there are no bad debts, for prepayment is imperative. Money, to be sure, has no real existence, and what money can buy is an illusion induced by the physical senses. Yet the apostles of that high-toned doctrine seem to hug the dear error with astonishing fidelity, remembering, doubtless, that in order to qualify for their office the fees paid to the high-priestess were not of the lowest.

Christian Science, like all other systems of quackery, will produce much misery within the sphere which it influences. It will raise false hopes in the breasts of those who have been visited by Providence with incurable disease. It will cause dissension and bitter strife in families, as it has already done; for the dictates of conjugal or filial duty and the inclinations of pious affection must yield

precedence to the behests of Mrs Mary Baker G. Eddy and her satellites. But there is little fear, we think, of the sphere of its influence enlarging. It is essentially a creed for the idle, the half-educated, and the vain. It is not a religion that will stand wear and tear. It is meant for fair weather, not for foul. The first blast of sickness, calamity, or affliction, will tear its sophistries to tatters. On this point, at all events, we are quite prepared to "trust the people." This is not the sort of "dampnabil opunyeon," as the Scots Acts have it, that one is likely to turn to one's own personal use. It may be very easy and very edifying to try to persuade one's neighbour that pain is a delusion, or that he can move his arm rather better without muscles than with them. But we shall be surprised if the first bout of toothache, or earache, or stomachache in his own person does not send the neophyte post-haste to a qualified practitioner. Without intending to boast, we believe we could make a Christian Scientist squeak, and the first squeak gives his whole case away. He was a shrewd and sagacious dental surgeon who remarked the other day, "Find me the Christian Scientist's tooth, and I'll find you the Christian Scientist's nerve!"

AT THE BACK OF BEYOND.

AN IMPRESSION.

IF you leave Vienna some fine morning, having provided yourself with a ticket for the station in East Galicia whose name seems, on the whole, the least unpronounceable in the timetable, you will find yourself in the corridor of the train, about twenty-four hours later, breathlessly ready to alight.

The reason of the breathlessness is that the halt lasts only one minute, and while the British traveller, with a distrust born of sad experience at home, is rushing to look for the luggage which abroad never fails punctually to keep its appointment, the smoke of the train is already melting into the distance.

Across Poland, so far, the country has been flat. Great plains covered with pastureland and fields and woods stretch away as far as the eye can reach; mixed companies of geese, cows, and donkeys dot the greensward; the ditches are golden with irises; and here and there a stilted, long-billed stork has come alive out of Hans Andersen, and is looking for babies in the marsh, or standing on one leg beside his nest on a thatched roof, talking to his wife and reproving his family for being greedy. But now, when we have driven along a straight road bordered by poplars and acacias, and through a little square market-place full of chaffering Jews, presiding over

stalls of more or less inviting-looking wares,—bread in little twists, or huge round loaves like black cheeses; strings of onions; long boots, black or yellow; bright tin samovars; and, ranged on the ground, pottery of shapes and colours and prices that make one yearn to fill the carriage with it,—we begin to mount up, up, up, until the blossoming plain lies below us, rolling far away into the blue distance, like the sea.

It is all new and fresh and wonderful. The fields of springing maize; the peasant women who, with garments well tucked up above shapely brown legs, are washing in a wayside pool, they and the men and the children all in white linen and soft weathered yellows and tomato reds; their kindly "*Slavas!*" as we pass; the little homesteads, thatched in intricate devices, enclosed in basket-work fences and bowered in blossoming fruit-trees; the Greek churches of bronzed wood, crowned with little copper-tipped minarets, glistening in the sun; the wayside crosses, and, at last, closing in the horizon above us, the forest-clad Carpathians.

For three hours the road led onwards, and when, grown very narrow and very rough, it had forded two rivers, and led us up a hill so steep that the horses seemed to climb it on their hands and knees, it brought us

at last to our goal at the back of beyond, amid the deep and shrill-mouthed welcome of half a score of dogs. From the verandah of the long, low, white wooden dwelling, half country-house, half farm, one looked away over the gently descending plain to where a dark line of trees cut across the distant horizon. Not quite across, indeed, for at one side was still a suggestion of the infinite beyond, which allowed that outlet to the imagination, the absence of which makes any enclosed view, however beautiful, weigh ultimately upon the spirits. Behind, until it reached the amphitheatre of mountains, spread the *toloka*, a vast, gently undulating stretch of short, crisp grass, where many cows—rather small, wiry cows—were always feeding, attended by bands of bare-footed, dark-eyed boys and girls with an Arcadian habit of crowning their tawny locks with flowers. When one wanted to go anywhere to which no road directly led, one could drive straight over the *toloka*, up hill and down dale. It was prudent to hold on at the bumpiest bits, and the sensation was one of pleasurable excitement,—something between hunting and going to sea. Above, a great, generous sweep of sky, where the summer sunsets seemed to glow more goldenly and the thunderstorms to rush more swiftly and swarthily along, because, for miles and miles, there was nothing to interrupt the eye.

At a few hundred yards from the house, on either hand, the forest began,—a Government

forest, which covered the country, far and wide. Oak and birch were the prevailing trees, but they never stood too densely to allow the ground beneath to be softly carpeted with mossy grass, and for the sunbeams to insinuate themselves between the branches. And ferns without end grew there,—the vivid oak-fern, and the royal fern, and another kind of which each leaf formed a section of a deep ring, into whose heart one could look as into a cool green chalice. Lily of the valley hid under its own leaves in favoured spots, slender Solomon's seals tinkled fairy bells, wild strawberries and wood-sorrel gave one familiar greeting, while new friends introduced themselves at every footstep. Sometimes the forest opened into glades: great stretches of short grass, with a group of oaks in the centre, or a lonely birch-tree shaking out its green tresses to the breeze; spots where the temptation to rest was irresistible, for surely nowhere else could the moss-cushions be quite so deep, nor the scent of the birches quite so sweet. Sometimes a deer would dash across, shaking the bee-orchids as he passed out of sight down an arched aisle of trees—an aisle so long that either end was lost in the distance, and one only knew which was the west because the sunset gleamed and shimmered through the dancing leaves as through some precious stained-glass window of the "solemn fifteenth century." There was never a soul to meet but the woodland creatures; green and gilt lizards, with interesting, brittle tails; tiny,

bright-green frogs, like sorrel-leaves come alive, and hopping away from you; and sometimes a snake basking its evil but harmless length on a sandbank by the little river, which appeared and reappeared at all sorts of unexpected places, as it meandered casually through the forest. And above, among the branches, cuckoos called endlessly, and when twilight stole on us, the nightingales (who surely in their hearts must despise the cuckoo's meagre *répertoire*) gave concerts, where we occupied the best places all the season through. A long, grassy walk, bordered with fruit-trees, led from the house to a little rustic chapel dedicated to St Joseph, and built of rough-hewn, white birch-logs. Here the best singers of all had their nests, and made the "long evening-ends" delicious, as they answered and outwitted one another in joyous rivalry.

In the small fields the maize was springing, very lush, and strong and green; potatoes too; poppies, cultivated for their seeds (used in confectionery), a little wheat and rye, and hay which seemed all wild-flowers. When one thinks of the country there, it is not the crops that flash upon the inward eye, it is the wild-flowers, which inundated the fields like successive floods, sweeping everything before them. Considered from the point of view of those who looked to the land for bread, this effect had its drawbacks; but to the irresponsible passer-by it was one of pure delight. Flower after flower held the fields in thrall, flower

after flower yielded with graceful, unresentful dignity to its successor,—each an emblem of "Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips, bidding adieu." First a small heartsease, creamy, flecked with violet, spread everywhere like foam. Next came a rosy dawn of ragged-robin; and, before that had exhausted its glories, "blue ran the flush across," and campanula—a low-growing, deep-hued sort—was born, while from out of it rose pale heads of meadow-rue dusted with ruddy triplets, which poised and swayed on slender stalks, like some sort of huge butterfly hovering in the air. Then came the chicory, its tall stems stiffly beset with little vivid blue tassels; and after the middle of June a perfect riot of marguerites made ready in field and lane and wood and meadow to take the land by storm.

Sometimes it was difficult not to let oneself believe that the peasants themselves, who delved and weeded those flowery fields, were not also some kind of gigantic blossom of the soil. Many of them, especially the men and boys, were strikingly handsome, with straight features, dark eyes, and hair cut across the forehead and falling on the neck behind, like a Velasquez portrait. The garments they wore, too, were not only comfortable and sanitary, but amazingly satisfying to the eye. The groundwork, so to speak, for both men and women, was rough, home-spun linen, which lay bleaching in narrow lengths beside the river. The

men's trousers were stuffed into high black or yellow boots, and their shirts were embroidered on the sleeves in blue and red or black, and confined at the waist by broad leathern girdles, much ornamented with brass. The women wore long garments, like the men's shirts, coming down to their ankles, and covered, behind and before, by a pair of voluminous aprons, made of a ruddy, striped woollen stuff, more or less brilliant in hue. Both sexes and all ages, down even to babies in arms, have short, sleeveless, sheepskin coats, usually open in front. The skin side is embroidered in varying designs, more or less elaborate, carried out chiefly in red wool and green and red leather. When it is fine the embroidered side is exposed; when it is wet the woolly one appears. These *kiptars* are very light, very warm, and yet, being sleeveless, they are never stuffy. It is amazing how persistently they are worn, and it is only in the hottest weather that the peasants strip them off when working in the fields and pile them in a little tawny heap, beside their water-bottles and bundles of maize bread.

The mind of the traveller in Galicia is probably prepared by various magazine articles to find there "the most miserable peasantry in Europe." It is always unsafe to generalise, and if a Pole on his travels were to find himself in some corners of Ireland or of the Scottish Highlands, and, from what he saw there, were to describe the condition of the British peasantry

in general, it is possible he also might choose to call his article "the most miserable peasantry in Europe." Perhaps opinions differ as to what constitutes misery. It is true these Galician peasants have not many kreutzers to jingle in their red leather purses ornamented with tassels and little brass thimbles, but do they require many? They have their homesteads nestling among pear-trees and birches, washed a dainty cream or pink or yellow, and with a steep roof elaborately thatched in ribs, like corduroy, or jutting out at the corners, layer beyond layer, like a succession of frills. They spin their own linen, prepare their sheepskins, have a right to pasture their cow or cows on the *toloka*, and live chiefly on the maize which they grow in their fields, made into porridge—*kolesha*—and eaten with milk. It is true they are not highly educated, as the board school understands education, and their opinion on the quantification of the predicate would not be worth having; but their hearts are full of that other lore which nature teaches in the fields and woods, and which descends like dew from the mountains and from the stars. Certainly they do not work very hard; but if they are contented with what they have, why should they? Four men will go out in the morning to plough a field, taking with them a pair of oxen, or of the little horses of the country. A fifth accompanies them to discourse music on a rustic pipe which Pan himself probably taught his ancestors to make

and play, in case they should weary as the hours go on. In the evening they return to their *kolesha*; the field has been ploughed, and they have spent a happy day. Is not this enough?

Life is brightened and diversified by frequent feast-days. The peasantry almost all belong to the Reformed Greek Church, which is united with the Catholic. It observes the same feast-days, with the addition of a great many local ones of its own, and observes them so handsomely that the greater feasts extend over at least three days. It seems always to be somebody's feast-day, for the Catholic ones come first, followed (old style) at varying periods of a week to a fortnight by those of the Greek Church; while the Jews dislocate commerce at frequent intervals, as well as on every Saturday, by shutting the little booths where they sell everything that can be bought in East Galicia, and devoting themselves strenuously to their prayers. The doctrine of the Reformed Greek is the same as that of the Catholic Church, but there are some essential differences in its practice. Mass is said in the vernacular, and the priests not only may but must marry — once, but not again — as a step to ordination. There are Catholic Churches in all the larger places, but the feeling between the two is cordial, and the priests freely "exchange pulpits," as they say at home.

Here and there, all over the country, rising towards heaven with a joyful gleam, are the

copper-tipped minarets, three, five, or even seven in number, of the little churches where the peasants pray. Often there is no road, even no regular path, to them, and the stranger who has caught a glimpse of the church from afar may lose himself many times in fields and winding ways before he reaches the threshold. But familiar tracks lead from thatched huts through maize patches and over basket palings, and on Sundays and feast-days the grassy, tree-shaded God's acre is filled with a (literally) brilliant congregation. The church is set on the grass as on a soft, green carpet; no formal path leads even to the principal door. All built of old, old wood, the weather has nursed it to a soft bronze, polished it with many touches, and dusted it with lichens. The roof juts out, and, beneath it, rustic seats run right round the outside walls, and by the door and hung on the walls without are rough but often tender and expressive carvings and pictures, of which the colour is always beautiful. Inside there are seats only for a privileged few within the altar-screen. The people stand, except when a wave of prayer sweeps from the altar, bowing them to their knees, as the wind bows the corn.

The altar-screen is painted in gorgeous hues, green and red and gold; but here again age mellows everything — age and the smoke of many great brown candles, rolled, as if by the hand, from lumps of solid beeswax. The screens are carved all over with saints extending

hands of blessing, angels blowing trumpets with joyful zeal, and "cherubims of glory shadowing the mercy-seat." All round the church itself are crucifixes, pictures, banners, and though here and there a crude and mechanical note (modern, alas! for the most part) has crept in, it is lost again immediately. The anatomy and the drawing are often not of a sort to which criticism can for one moment be applied, but the colouring, the expression, the devotional feeling, carry one straight upwards. No one seems to know who did them; their creators are of those who "do their deed and scorn to blot it with a name," who "follow the gleam" in pure simplicity of heart. Great candlesticks of greenish pottery stand on the altar, and on feast-days many of the congregation carry lighted candles. It is a privilege indeed to be given one to hold at the four principal points of the Mass—the Gospel, the Offertory, the Elevation, and the Communion. Gazing into the church from behind the altar-screen, it looks like one sea of kneeling figures, green branches, starry lights. Often there is a row of little children right up to the altar-steps, with coloured handkerchiefs covering their heads, with plump hands full of flowers—horse-chestnut blossoms, it may be, or sprays of hawthorn.

In some places the women go to church on feast-days with their heads bound up in white cloths, as we bind the head of a corpse. It has a strange effect, not becoming to the

individual but beautiful in mass, and very impressive. Two or three women, with heads bound in this way, bright aprons, strings of coral and of beads and medals round their necks, and white embroidered chemisettes under their sheepskins, collect the kreutzers of the congregation. They come round at intervals, in pairs, one woman bearing a lighted candle, the other a curious, small, cross-barred, wooden crucifix, carved in very flat relief, and a little wooden bowl. Each one collected from kisses the crucifix before casting his mite into the bowl, and if the bearer thinks the donation worthy, the crucifix, as a signal honour, is again offered to his lips.

The only blemish on these Greek churches, so full of interest and beauty for those whose eyes and hearts are open to such things, is that their doors do not always stand open; one cannot wander in at will. But it is never difficult to find the "old brother" who has charge of the key. If it be a Sunday after Mass is over, he is probably to be found sitting under the apple-trees, at the foot of the tall crucifix, with most of the other male inhabitants of the village. They are all proud of the church, which is indeed the centre of their common life, and they rise and stream into it after you, to see what effect it may produce on the strange *pani*. They kneel and remain kneeling, praying more or less audibly, during the visit, but they are not too absorbed

to watch you under their long black lashes, or to rise to kiss your hand as you pass out again.

Near the churches always, and often at special spots along the road,—as at the verge of the *toloka*, where the ground descends almost precipitously and the country lies below like a vast picture outspread at the wayfarer's feet,—are these great crucifixes, quite unlike any I had seen elsewhere. A tall slender pole supports a wooden framework like a shallow box set cornerwise upon it, with back and sides, but no front. Within this, and by it protected, is the crucifix, surmounted often by the Dove, sometimes with God the Father over all, and usually with two little angels astride upon the arms of the cross. At the foot stand the Blessed Virgin and another saint, and all the symbols of the Passion—the sponge, the nails, the scourge, the crown of thorns—are represented, with a miniature ladder just at the top of the supporting pole; while occasionally, perched upon the apex of the frame, Peter's cock, carved half life-size, flaps his wings against the sky. It is all in wood, painted in brilliant hues, which the sun and air soon mellow, and, like the carvings on the altar-screens, rough, but full of decision, spirit, devotion.

In many respects East Galicia responds to one's idea of Arcadia. But do not suppose that there are no shadows on the picture,—that the peasants are always happy and always good. The sun scorches them in summer and the pitiless cold shrivels

them in winter; they drink too much *vodka*; they go astray by divers paths; but their struggles are with the elemental forces of nature, the elemental passions of the human heart, and are not superinduced by an artificial civilisation. And between Arcadia and East Galicia there is one great, one overwhelming difference—there were no Jews in Arcadia. Here they are everywhere, like a blight upon the fair face of the land, like a consuming canker. One may go to Poland with no prepossession against the Hebrew—with, on the contrary, high principles on the subject of all men being brothers; but I defy any unprejudiced person to live there a week without becoming violently anti-Semitic—without exclaiming with the Frenchman when reminded that the Jews were the Lord's chosen people: “*Quel drôle de goût!*”

One reads of the Polish Jew in newspapers and in novels—of his greasy *kaftan*; of his dirty white stockings; of his side-curls; of his lust of having,—but he transcends all one's expectations. Any one can tell a Jew's house in a moment, partly because it is usually washed blue, and therefore no peasant ever washes his house that colour, but chiefly because it is almost invariably dirty, tumble-down, and degraded. No fruit-trees shade it, no flowers bloom at the door, no kreutzer is spent, no labour is devoted to anything that will not yield an instant return in hard cash. The only thing the Jews seem to extravagagate in is bedding, and they put outside their doors

to air, especially on Sundays when the Christians are passing to Mass, great mountains of suspicious-looking feather-beds, encased in grimy, red-and-white striped covers. Whole bratteries of little Aarons and Abrahams, who invariably after two years old, but sometimes earlier, develop the noses and the expressions of their elders, are also airing at the doors. Emphatically it is the case with the Polish Jew that "the days of his youth are the days of his"—beauty, for with the boys it seldom survives babyhood; and although the quite young girls are often pretty—very pretty—they are hardly grown-up before they begin to get coarse and heavy.

No Jew ever works in the fields,—he only bargains, and trades, and cheats. No Jew ever walks,—he drives with a swarthy bunch of his brethren in a cart drawn by a little horse, with bones protruding through its skin in all directions, whom he beats viciously and starves to within an inch of its life. He gives you a sly, unfriendly glance as he passes, as if he would do you a mischief if he dared, so different from the gleaming smile and hearty "*Slavas!*" of the country-people. He is shrewder than the peasant, and he gets the better of him, cheats him, runs him into debt, and grinds his face at every turn. Occasionally the long-suffering, but at last maddened, flies rise in wrath against the spiders; one or two are beaten and killed, and then the law—just within whose letter every Jew knows how

to shelter himself—has to side with the Hebrew, and the riot is suppressed. I never see accounts of Jew-baiting in the countries which are infested by them, and of the cruelties and insults to which the unfortunate Hebrews are subjected, without thinking of an umbrella-mender with whom a benevolent lady once remonstrated when she saw him beating his wife in the street. He paused: "You dinna ken what's gone afore," he said, and went on, unmoved. It is indeed difficult for us in this country to realise what has "gone afore" such outbursts of frenzied exasperation.

These usurers compass the ruin not only of the country-people, gentle and simple, but of the foolish young officers and soldiers in the garrison towns on every hand, and yet their riches seem to do them no good. The owner of a million florins has his slippers as much down at heel, and his house as devoid of comfort and grace, as if he were not worth a hundred kreutzers.

One of the joys—of the thousand joys—of getting up into the mountains is that one seems to leave the Jews behind. They penetrate there too, no doubt, but they are not nearly so much *en évidence* as in the little towns whose market-squares are one dusky cloud of *kaftans*. There can be few more delightful experiences in this world than one which began for us at three one June morning, and which took us far up into the blue Carpathians, and brought us home again on a raft, down sixty merry miles of the rushing Czeremosz. The *toloka* was

sparkling in its early freshness as we crossed it; and Peter's cock flapped his wings from his perch above the crucifix, as if he were making ready to crow when the right moment came. Through the sleepy little town we bumped, pausing only for a moment to embark the pleasant and sympathetic Polish friends who were to share our adventures. We drove in an old black carriage, warranted to stand the roughest roads, and a long cart of the country, both decorated with green boughs, so that one felt half like a wedding and half like a religious procession. At first the road lay through a valley with a river—not yet the Czeremosz—far down below, and skirted with round, tree-clad hills. Oak and birch, still in their freshest summer beauty, mingled everywhere. Gradually, at long intervals, pines began to appear; and as they grew more numerous the oaks grew fewer, and at last vanished altogether from the scene. Then the birches began to yield, foot by foot, until presently there was only one to be seen now and then, like a vivid flash of emerald, against the dusky background. Finally they too disappeared, and the conquering pines took the whole landscape into their keeping.

It was a Greek feast-day, so there were no women to be met, as one sees them on weekdays, stride-legged on little horses, spinning, among great piles of cruses and water-cans, which are made of pine-laths in the mountains and carried down to be sold in the towns. Everybody was in freshest,

whitest, ruddiest Sunday garments, and the bells of the little bronze churches were shaking and tossing in the belfries as they called to mass. We stopped once to bait at a little white-washed roadside hostelry, and then the road wound on and on, "uphill all the way," while the higher peaks of the mountains began to loom on us from afar. Soon we reached the Czeremosz river, and henceforth our way lay alongside of its current, where great derelict pine-stems were floating majestically down the stream, or lying stranded against the banks.

About noon we halted again, at a country-house nestled in a hollow of the hills. Before it, at a little distance, flowed the river; behind, the ground rose to rocky heights, where agile, long-legged sheep were cropping the short, crisp, sweet grass among the boulders. The house itself, low, whitewashed, and surrounded by a brown wooden verandah, into which the upstairs sitting-rooms opened, was embowered in trees—not bushes, *trees*—of lilac, of all different shades, and just then in fullest flower. From the verandah one could put one's face in the sweet pyramids and gather them in generous posies. The garden, too, was a wilderness of delight. It was full of weeds, and the frames were tumbling to pieces; but there were winding paths shaded by apple-trees, and tall white *Narcissus poeticus* in plenty, and a riot of lily of the valley; and the rose-trees, which showed evidences of tender care amid their rather casual sur-

roundings, were bristling with buds.

A traveller in Spain has recently given an almost incredible account of the inhospitality of the Spaniards.¹ Poland is certainly a more encouraging country to explore. Here, on the contrary, it is the hospitality one meets that is wellnigh incredible. We were a party of six, with four horses and two men, and yet it seemed all but a foregone conclusion that we should stay, at least until next day, and our declining to do so a real, heartfelt grievance. It was nothing, our hostess assured us. A few evenings before, her daughter, when walking in the garden, had descried three carriages approaching. They arrived, and debouched eighteen people, *of course* to stay the night. "And although my cook was away, doing his military service, and I had only a girl to help me, I gave them supper in three-quarters of an hour!"

It follows, naturally, the houses not being large, that Polish and British ideas as to the amount of accommodation and privacy required by the individual are a little at variance. On such an occasion as this the ladies double up very tight indeed, while the gentlemen are contented to lie down in rows in the hay-loft or the sitting-rooms. The distinction between sitting-rooms and bedrooms is also not so hard and fast as with us: the rooms communicate by folding-doors, which in the daytime stand constantly open, and although

you are being waited on at table by a man-servant in regulation canonicals, it need not surprise you to see a wash-stand, or even a bed, in the dining-room.

After we had strolled in the garden and filled our hands with flowers, and before we climbed again into our green-bowered waggons, we were refreshed with a collation — something that is neither breakfast nor lunch, but midway between the two. Such collations were known in our own land in the days of "the incomparable Jane." Elizabeth Bennet partook of one when she visited Darcy at Pemberley, under the wing of Uncle and Aunt Gardiner; Fanny Price, after her long drive from Mansfield Park to the home of Mr Rushworth, was a guest at another. But it may be questioned whether either Elizabeth or Fanny had more delicious morsels offered to them than they would have had in Poland. Rose-jam, insinuated between layers of extraordinarily light pastry, has left a fragrant memory behind it; and there is a kind of sheep-milk cheese, slightly acid and of the consistency of thick cream, of which Poland keeps the happy secret.

The stranger who does not know the language of the country has a restful sense of ease and irresponsibility. In Galicia people politely begin by talking French or German for your benefit; but whenever the conversation becomes animated, and it is usually very animated, it lapses into Polish. It is a

¹ See 'Blackwood's Magazine' for September 1898.

pleasant language to listen to, and when one hardly understands one word in a thousand, it is easy to credit every speaker with a pretty wit. And yet, in spite of all the vivacity, there is a vein of sadness which runs for ever just below the surface. "Wring a clod of earth in your hands," they tell you, "anywhere in all our land, and blood drips out." The Poles are homesick exiles who yet dwell in their own country, passionate nationalists who are no longer a nation, and the remembrance and the humiliation of it are never far away.

Another couple of hours' driving brought us to the little forest-town where we were to spend the night. We had two gaunt, whitewashed rooms in the small hostelry, with red geraniums in the windows, and little else beyond clean white beds in every corner. It has never been ascertained whether we dined in our bed-room or slept in the dining-room, but we managed to do both very satisfactorily. The place is hardly a town at all, hardly even a village, only a few houses scattered on a hillside above the river, with a bronze church and a sort of easy-going tavern opposite our little inn to give it consistency. There were crowds of feast-day folk about, in from the valleys round, laughing, talking, flirting, as people do everywhere. But people everywhere are not so handsome, nor dressed in such faultless taste, nor have they such admirable manners, as those mountaineers. We took a scrambly walk with an Adonis

of twenty as guide, and the way in which he helped us at rough places, always ready but never officious, the courteousness with which he entered into our enjoyment, and by sheer sympathy divined the meaning of our exclamations, showed how absolute naturalness and the best of breeding are often synonymous. Once, as a conscript, he had been for a few months in the plains. Then his father died, and he was allowed to come back to his mother. He did not like the plains—never wished to see them again.

Up here the pine-trees are the only begetters of bread and employment. They are cut far up in the mountains and floated, as rafts, away down the river to the Black Sea. Thence the wood goes to divers corners of the earth—much of it, they told us, to Egypt. One cannot but wonder if the pines are ever homesick—if they weary of the scorching sands, and long for the free, fresh air of the mountains. The men, the woodcutters and the raftsmen, when forced to go to serve their time in the army, suffer from homesickness so despairingly, so overpoweringly, that though they know they are only exiles for a limited time, many of them commit suicide rather than live through these three years.

The raft on which we embarked next morning differed only from its fellows in having benches and footstools of rough-hewn planks made ready for our use: it was adorned, too, with a forest of little pines, which, as a secondary consideration, shaded our seats. Poles

have a natural love of decoration, and on the slightest provocation, sacred or secular, they and their churches and their houses and their rafts break out into leafy exultation. It is a pretty habit, and easily sheds a joyous, light-hearted "youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm" kind of feeling upon the air. The raft itself consisted of some twenty-three huge pine-stems, lashed together by pine-ropes made of small trees twisted round wooden pegs, and with a great rough oar in front and one behind to steer with. The narrow ends of the trees go first, of course, so that the raft is slightly wedge-shaped, while another raft, and sometimes another beyond that, are lashed on behind.

Of all the modes of locomotion a happy wanderer can experience, this is surely far and away the most delicious. A gondola comes nearest to it; but that, if even more luxurious, lacks the element of excitement. The great raft rushes along with a light and buoyant motion, borne by the merry current. The swift swish of the water is in your ears, the rare, sweet, piney, flower-scented air fans your face. The river broadens out before you, wide and peaceful, then suddenly narrows again to a deep, dark gorge; then a rampart guarded by frowning pines seems to stretch right across from bank to bank to bar our way; but with a bound and a rush the river sweeps us with it round the corner, shaving the rock by an inch, and we are out on the open stream again. A thousand

changing pictures are left behind, and others spread themselves out before us at every moment. Sometimes we seem to be in a lake hemmed in by tree-clad banks and with no view beyond, and then another bend, and we see far back to where the great mountains rise behind, while far in front the silvery links of the stream are waiting, spread out like a shining road before us. Sometimes for miles there seemed no human life, not even cattle or sheep, and then one listened and listened till one could almost guess

"The secret which the mountains kept,
The river never told;"

and then again a cow and a girl, a crucifix, a flashing minaret, a group of huts, and all the drama of humanity, for ever old, for ever new, opened again like an eternal story-book.

The guiding of a raft is as much a fine art as driving a London hansom, and looks as easy, when done by a master-hand. The men do nothing else from boyhood, and they know every inch of the river, every rock in her course. Twice or three times a-week they go down the stream, walking back across the mountains by paths known only to themselves. Up beyond our highest point the river is often the only road, and sometimes a funeral, with flowers and tapers and priest in rich-hued robes, may be seen descending on a raft. Where the river is not available they have to come on horseback, the coffin suspended in a great cloth, of

which four horsemen support each a corner. But to-day there were no funerals, only plenty of other rafts, all bounding with the current like our own. When they passed us, or came too near and bumped, as sometimes happened, language, evidently of a highly seasoned kind, was freely interchanged between the raftsmen, — "*Complimenten*"! as our friends explained.

Once we saw a raft which had come to grief. It had stuck on a rock, and was rapidly resolving itself into its component elements. This is the only danger to be faced, and it is not a serious one, for where a raft can stick there is not much danger of being drowned. Once or twice, in shallow places, we did stick, but our raftsmen made little of it. Their feet, with long lissom toes that cling to the stems, are usually bare, and to roll up their baggy linen trousers, displaying limbs like those of Greek statues, and to leap into the water, is the work of a moment. They would heave the raft up, and roll away great stones with amazing strength, and in the twinkling of an eye we were racing down the stream once more. Every now and then they called out "*Trematz!*" which, freely translated, meant "Sit tight!" and then we clung to our bench, tucked our feet out of the water, and prepared to dash round a corner, to duck under a low-hanging bridge, or, most exhilarating moment of all, to shoot a rapid, with a

roar of many waters and a shower of diamond spray.

Soon, far too soon, our journey neared its end, and early in the evening the last pine-clad fortress was left behind, the hawthorn-strewn banks widened out, and the spires of the twin towns which guard either side of the river, and one of which was our goal, appeared on the horizon. The horses were waiting for us when we landed, and all the raftsmen who had already arrived were sitting on the banks eating their evening *kolesha*, and regarding our debarkation with friendly, if not uncritical, interest. To-morrow at daybreak they would set out on their homeward march, while another contingent guided the rafts a farther stage on the way to Czernowitz. Next time we resolved to go higher up into the mountains, and to let the river carry us all its length down to the sea. To-day the sun has set, the dusk is falling, and our way lies homewards.

It was Friday evening, and, as we passed through the little town and out into the country, the Jews were all donning their fur-trimmed festal caps and lighting candles to say their prayers by. Sometimes they had only one; sometimes, in houses wealthier or more devout than their neighbours, so many that the dusky rooms as we passed seemed filled with a swarm of fire-flies. After all, even a Jew—even a Polish Jew—under some aspects may be not wholly unattractive.

LOUISE LORIMER.

LIKE TO LIKE: A TRIVIAL ROMANCE.¹

BY G. S. STREET.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT eighteen years ago, in a little formal garden, two children played a game of love. This separate garden, shut off from larger gardens and grounds by low walls, showed an angle of an Elizabethan house some hundreds of yards up the slope behind it; and in the opposite direction, beyond green meadows verging to the cliff, lay the blue sea of South Devon. The little garden had been walled on two sides of it for the pleasure of a lady who had come, two centuries ago, to this her brother's house in Devon, in disgrace from the Court, to meditate on a lost ambition and haply to expiate her sins in prayer—for she had been something of a wanton, like (to tell the truth) other women of her family before and since that date, and had been the cause of an ugly divorce and a fatal duel. I forget what happened to her; but I think it likely she found means to go back to the world, if her brother followed the men of the family in good-nature and in taking the sins of others, as well as his own, in the light of humour. But, whatever the lady's sins, she had the virtue of good taste, and this garden designed by her was a rare instance of the beautifully neat, limited, and perfect; and on the

August day of which I speak it was fair with bright flowers and glowed warmly under the waning sun of the late afternoon.

The children matched its gracefulness. The little girl—the children were both of them seven years old—was without the chubbiness of childhood, though she had its vivacity. As she stood in an attitude of mock disdain, with tilted chin, her slight little body haughtily drawn up, she was more like a miniature of a fine lady than a child, and she rested a hand on a thin, old-fashioned cane, looking down with soft brown eyes. She had tiny, regular features, and wavy light-brown hair. The boy knelt on one knee, his hands outstretched in mutely eloquent appeal. He wore a sort of cavalier velvet suit, and he was a handsome dark boy, with a long pale face, and large black eyes, and straight black hair. Presently the boy rose slowly, hung his head, and turned away. The little girl laughed, and called "Herbert!" "Herbert!" she called again: "it's all right—I mean, I relent." The boy turned round and saluted her with a sweep of his plumed hat. Then he took a ring from his pocket

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and solemnly put it on her finger. And then, coming to the end of their play, they kissed their hands to a ground-floor window of the house, and ran out of the garden and across the meadow.

They had been watched from the window by two women, and "Poor things!" said the boy's mother, "they must not play that game when they grow up." She spoke with a sigh, and the other woman laid a caressing hand on her arm and answered her softly. "Who knows?" she said; "poor little Herbert may do great things in the world." "Poor Herbert, indeed!" the other said; "he is very like his father."

"But you're not bitter, dear," the girl's mother said in a low voice.

"Why should I be?—unless with the world or Providence. Harry was brilliant—a genius, you know he was—and he was kind, and we were happy together. It is not a very usual combination. I forgave him without his asking me. I sometimes think that if Harry had lived in a different age he would have been a great man—an age that had room for his virtues, and would not have minded his faults. But he was born into this one, and so he ruined himself. Why should I be bitter?"

She leaned her chin on her hand and looked out of the window—a delicate, slight woman with a broad forehead, little like her son. The other watched her curiously for a moment, and said, "My dear philosopher!" Herbert's mother murmured a Greek verse, beau-

tiful as it is hackneyed, and her friend laughed.

"If you get to your Greek—" she said; "what does it mean?"

"It means I hope my boy may be more fortunate than his father, like him in all else. But Herbert is born into this age too. He should not have been. Didn't we notice how like he is to that portrait at the end of the dining-room?"

"My husband's wicked ancestor! They were all bad, but he was the worst. My dear, don't be foolish; it's only a silly coincidence. It's odd, though. The child is descended from him, of course—I suppose about the same distance as my chicks; but it's odd the type of face should repeat itself so exactly, if Lely gave us a good portrait. But we won't dislike Herbert for that reason."

"No, dear, be good to him; be good to him when I'm dead——"

"My dear——"

"Yes, I must face it, you know. I can't live till he's a man. Make me a promise."

Her friend and kinswoman sat up in her chair and spoke practically. "This shall be his home as much as he likes until he's a man. Then—we'll hope he'll be good. And if this children's game—we'll hope it will be possible. If not, I'll do what I can for him, I promise you."

But both mothers thought, as they watched the children at play in the meadow, that no good was like to come of such a game when they were grown up.

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When the children were thirteen, Herbert came to this house for his holidays from Eton, with a new air of importance. "I can't marry you, Betty," he said to the girl. "As a man of the world, I see it's impossible. You'll have no money—your brother Bob says so—and you'll have to marry a fellow who has. I shan't have any, and probably I shall marry an heiress myself."

"I thought you were changed. You only wrote to me twice last term."

"A fellow can't always be thinking of that sort of thing, you know. Besides, I can't marry you, as I've just said. I'm very sorry: you must try and get over it."

The girl slapped his face, and ran away to weep in her own room, while the boy swaggered off to the stables.

Ten years later—two years ago, that is to say—they tried to say what was to be good-bye for ever. They were not in the little garden, but in the wood on the other side of the house,—the dark, thick wood through which the road wound between the house and the old iron gates. We know that passion is not often joined to long intimacy and the habit of affection, but sometimes it is, and then it is hard to say good-bye. They met in secret, for Betty's mother, in a letter full of good-will and regret, saying much of Herbert's mother who was dead, a letter even blotched with tears, had forbidden him to make a visit of farewell before he left England. "We shall see you again some

day, I trust with all my heart—some day when you have redeemed the past, and made use of your brilliant talents. But you must not think of Betty. I do not ask either of you how far that boy and girl folly—for which I blame myself most keenly—how far it still exists. Your conduct—this dreadful case—would make most people believe you can care nothing for her, but I know men very well, I knew your father very well, and I know it is possible you care for her still. In any case, for both your sakes, you must not see her now. You cannot marry her—it is inconceivable—and she must marry some one who can give her a home. That may sound sordid to you, but it is the way in our world, and there would be neither happiness nor comfort for Betty if she tried to avoid it. I hope she has forgotten the folly, but you must not come down."

So they met in secret: Herbert had walked in the evening from the town, which was six miles away, and she had joined him by the palings on the edge of the wood. A white shawl was wrapped round her head, and from its folds her little white face, with its small features and tearful brown eyes, looked wistfully on the young man, grown up handsomely and gracefully, but with a tired and old look on his face and a slight stoop in his shoulders. He scarcely looked at her, but bent his eyes frowning on the ground, and struck his stick nervously against his leg. There was little sentiment in what they said: they were old friends, and

had never made speeches to each other.

"It's beastly hard. I've not been worse—not much worse—than other people. If I'd been rich, nobody would have minded. And to stew the rest of my life in a beastly colonial town! I suppose they'll marry you to some rich brute. Betty, can you——"

"Yes?" she asked, faintly.

"No, never mind. People are as they are: they must do what they must. But it's hard not to see you, old girl. Will you believe one thing? I cared for you all the time; I did indeed."

The girl spoke painfully. "Yes; I believe that. But what does it matter now? Everything's horrid. Why weren't you my brother?"

"Oh, I'm glad I'm not that, even now. But you do care still, just a bit?"

"Oh yes, I suppose so: we've been half like brother and sister. Yes—I care." She began to cry, and Herbert struck his stick viciously against his leg.

"It's a brute of a world." Then he took something from his pocket and spoke in a changed voice, shyly. "Take this, Betty. It's a ring that belonged to my mother. She told me I borrowed it once to play a game with you when we were children. When you don't care any more, send it back to me. Don't send it just because you're being married to some beast—only if you don't care at all,—you understand, don't you?"

She took the ring and turned it over and over between her fingers. "Yes, I understand; and I promise." She looked down. The autumn night was black and still. "Look at me," he said. She spoke without looking up. "Herbert, I'd go with you if I could. I'm not strong enough; I can't face the world; I can't make enemies of all my people, and — and — I don't trust you. Herbert, how can I?"

He struck his leg again and laughed. "Oh yes, you are right in that. I don't trust myself. But promise about the ring again. This isn't mere sentiment. We've been part of each other's lives since we were children, and we can't forget—it's not like a sudden love-affair. And I'm going to be alone. Promise again."

"I promise that, whatever happens to me, I'll keep the ring so long as I love you."

"Good-bye," he said, simply. A full, good-natured voice shouted from the direction of the house, "Betty! Are you out of doors? Where the devil are you?" She whispered quickly: "It's Bob; good-bye." They embraced, half as lovers and half as brothers and sisters use, and she ran away, calling, "All right, Bob: coming!"

Herbert lay down on the grass and looked at the black sky for nearly half an hour. Then he waved a farewell to the happiest home of his life, and vaulted gently over the paling into the road.

CHAPTER II.

On a hot afternoon in the early part of last season, an affably smiling and comfortably conditioned young man was sauntering down Piccadilly. He glanced with a slightly condescending interest at all who met him, and downwards with more emphatic approval at his uncreased frock-coat and straight trousers and glistening boots. Occasionally a woman in a passing carriage would bow to him, and he took off his hat with an elegant sweep, and his smile broadened, and an acute observer would have remarked in him less pleasure in seeing an acquaintance than in being recognised himself. A hansom cab came towards him, and in it was a girl with a white, small-featured face and soft brown eyes, who nodded and waved her hand to the young man, and he stopped suddenly and took off his hat with a wider sweep. He seemed to think that the cab also would be stopped; but it went on, and a little white-gloved hand waved again at the side-window as it passed him.

He was not of an altogether bad type of young England, this young man. Not of an aristocratic type, to be sure, though of one found often enough among nominal aristocrats: he was snub-nosed and broad-faced, and his neat grey gloves and shining boots covered broad hands and large feet. But he looked clean and wholesome and not unintelli-

gent, with strength to accomplish some useful toil if the world had set him to any—as it seemed to have no thought of doing. For this was that attraction of our modern froth—a rich young man. Somewhere in the North—at least a dozen miles from his father's country-house—was a town inhabited by a patient, stunted, anæmic folk, who worked as long every day as the factory laws would permit, and died at forty or so, with the pleasing results that Mr Fairbrother, senior, Mrs Fairbrother, their son Arthur, and the frequent strangers within their gates, had every luxury which the somewhat limited Fairbrother imagination, assisted by other advice, could conceive, and that Arthur Fairbrother was about to marry Lady Betty Flair, daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of Mere-worth. If the form of this announcement seems snobbish to your intelligence, I am sorry; but I must give it in the form in which it appealed to the Fairbrother mind.

One need not think hardly of the Fairbrothers. If the foundation of their money was the cheap labour of other people, there was yet acuteness and even invention required for the massive edifice; and any callousness involved was shared by the vast majority of their fellow-creatures. We cannot all be social reformers, Mr Fairbrother said. Arthur Fairbrother spent his large allow-

ance neither viciously nor with any particular vulgarity. He had passed through Harrow and Cambridge with some success and popularity; his manners were very tolerable, his intellect sufficient for the daily round, his principles most respectable. He lived an athletic life, even in London, where he rode and fenced—he fenced better than one would have expected of his stolidity—with regularity; and that alone, as we know, would have gained the world's pardon, which he did not need, for a rich young man's excesses. He was quite honestly attracted by Lady Betty Flair, whose small pretty face and soft brown eyes had attracted other people who cared nothing for her connections.

Arthur Fairbrother strolled down Piccadilly, content with everything under the cheerful May sun. He had fenced in the morning, had lunched largely but wholesomely, had won seven shillings at pool afterwards, and was going, with a conscience more than satisfied with his virtue, to call on Mrs Ogilvie, a lady of some distinction. Mrs Ogilvie was an old lady who had seen a great deal of the world, and had been in her day well seen by it. She was the aunt of a Cambridge chum of Fairbrother, had met him at the chum's house, and had taken an odd pleasure in his society. "He's a peaceful change," she said. "I've adopted so many wild young men who've gone to the bad: this Fairbrother young man's like a large, peaceful, well-trained dog or a well-

fed ox. I don't think he understands, but he listens; and I'm past the age when one wants to be sympathetic about young men's imbecilities. This one listens and never gives any trouble, and it's a comfort to see him eat, the darling!" So she had taken him up, as she phrased it, had been to stay at his father's house in Yorkshire, and had introduced him to many people whom he liked to know. Arthur was rather afraid of her. She was voluble, and sometimes puzzled him, and she corrected his little faults with great candour. But he was grateful to her, actually and proverbially, and never failed to obey a command for his attendance. On this occasion she was just arrived in London, and he had not seen her since his engagement to Lady Betty Flair.

"I'm extremely angry with you," Mrs Ogilvie said. "You ought to have come to me first. I disapprove altogether. No—I don't want to hear anything about it: I know much more about Betty Flair, and all her kith and kin, and how it was managed, and everything, than you do. You were asked down to Mereworth for Easter, weren't you, and strolled about on the cliffs, and thought you were in love, and that it would be an admirable thing socially, didn't you? I disapprove altogether. No, don't try to argue; you don't know how: sit still, and eat a large piece of cake and look cheerful while I scold you. Why couldn't you marry that sensible cousin of yours—Mabel, wasn't she?—that nice,

comfortable creature I met in Yorkshire? She'd make a good wife for you, and you'd have no quarrels or anxieties, and grow fat together, and be nice, restful dears. Instead of which you must marry a girl whom you won't understand in the least—don't tell me!—and who'll worry a stone off you every week. You think of social distinction, and all that, I suppose—that's the result of a little knowledge. You won't alter your own position because you marry a woman of good family, except in the eyes of people who don't know, and read the Society papers. I don't complain of your being a snob——”

“Really, Mrs Ogilvie——”

“Don't interrupt: you know you're a snob, and it's quite natural and desirable that you should be. But you don't understand. If you marry Mabel—it is Mabel, isn't it?—your money and my help would get you all the society you want. Mabel would feed people and smile with sheer animal content, and be immensely popular. Whereas your Betty Flair will snub people she doesn't like—Mabel would like them all, bless her!—and won't welcome bores, who are nine-tenths of the sort of people you want to know; and unless she's very unlike her family,—well, I won't go into that. You won't hit it off with her set—and in fact, you're a fool, my poor Arthur. You must have another cup of tea and eat another large piece of cake. Why didn't you come to me first? I could have told you all about the family.

It's not too late to do that now.”

“I don't want to hear anything about them, thank you.”

“Oh yes, you do; but it's quite right and proper to pretend you don't. You know, of course, that Mereworth's at his wits' end for money?”

“He has not confided his affairs to me.”

“Well, I think it probable he will before very long. I'm told he has hardly an acre left outside his gardens and wood—there is a wood? He hasn't cut it down? I'm surprised—and how he gets a shilling I don't know, or how any of them get a shilling. Do you know anything of the Flair history? Don't tell me you haven't looked them out in the Peerage.”

“Of course I wanted to know——”

“Of course you did. Go on eating, you dear creature. But the Peerage doesn't tell you their characters. They were all of them rakes. There was a Flair, the first Mereworth or his father, in Charles II.'s time. Have you ever read Grammont's 'Memoirs'? Read it in French, and bring me a list of the words you don't know, and I'll translate if they're proper. Well, there's a story about that Flair in Grammont, and another about his sister. Grammont was amused by it; but I think you'd regard it from another point of view. They've all been rakes; but they've been such absolute fools as well—not stupid, you know, but just idiots—that people always forgave them. You can't laugh at people and stone

them at the same time. All rakes, and all fools. Until the present people, who I think are simply fools altogether."

"You must except those I know."

"Not at all. What is the use of your denying that the last Mereworth, the one who died last year, was a fool? I knew him intimately. So is the present boy, Bob,—an absolute fool. So is his mother. Betty——"

Here Arthur Fairbrother stood up.

"Sit down again: you're too impatient. I wasn't going to say anything bad of her. Eat a piece of sugar. You were quite right, Arthur; but I'm not quite so malicious an old woman as you think. It happens that I'm fond of Betty. She's not a fool: she's wild and innocent, and I like the type. It's just because I like her and I like you that I'm sorry two dears who can't possibly be happy together should think they want to marry. I'll assume she's in love with you, of course. Yes, really; I should be very angry if she wasn't. Tell her to come and see me, and I'll tell her all about *your* family, and why I don't want her to marry you. But her mother *is* a fool. Did you ever hear of poor Herbert Mardon?"

"I think not—I never met him."

"Well, never mind. It has nothing to do with you—and nothing with your Betty either," she added, quickly. She came to an end of her criticisms, and soon afterwards Arthur Fairbrother went away.

He had no engagement that evening, and, feeling a little depressed by his old friend's prophecies, he went to a theatre. He had dined first at his club, and dined very well, and the piece was sentimental: before it was over Arthur Fairbrother felt full of noble emotions. People, he reflected, were not so bad as that cynical old woman had supposed them. He was going to marry a wonderful person, and her family was rich, at least, in beautiful historical associations. At the same time, he confessed to himself that he had not been encouraged to be a passionate pilgrim. Lady Betty had received his diffident caresses in rather a formal manner, and had not returned them. That, no doubt, was the beautiful coldness of a young girl, of an unawakened soul—something about a soul being awake had been said on the stage. Still, it was true that the whole affair had been very practical and ordinary—there was a distinct air of a bargain about it. Arthur Fairbrother's soul longed vaguely for the strange and the romantic. As he walked out of the theatre he felt that life was rather empty and prosaic, and that he was worthy of very much better things.

He went back to his club, and there he found Lord Mereworth in the smoking-room, who came up to him, saying, "You're the very man I wanted to see." Lord Mereworth was a good-looking, jovial young man, with bright eyes and curly hair, and an air of innocence which a little belied his reputa-

tion. He took Fairbrother by the arm, and led him to a far corner, out of earshot of the few other men in the room.

"I was going to look you up to-morrow," he said; "it's about Whitsuntide. You're coming to Mereworth all right, aren't you? That's all right. Well, you know, on the 31st we have a sort of celebration. It's a very private, family sort of thing; but as you're going to be one of us, I should like you to be in it. It's a sort of family tradition, ever since the Restoration. You know, an ancestor of ours came back to the place then: he'd managed to get the beggar who'd been given it by the Roundheads turned out, and he posted down from London two days after Charles II. came back, and there were great rejoicings, and all that. You see, it was great luck his getting back the place. He was rather a black-guard, I believe, himself—you don't mind my boring you with all this?" Fairbrother did not mind, indeed: the circumstances were a little satisfaction to his romance-craving soul. He drank some whisky-and-soda.

"Well," Mereworth continued, "we always keep that day, though the old chap wasn't a credit. You know how little customs become a tradition, and it gets to be a point of honour to keep 'em up. It used to be just a question of a speech after dinner—something about being united and all that, you know, and we used to look at the old boy's portrait—it's in the dining-room, that one at the

end, you know—and drink his health or his memory. Then"—Mereworth paused for a moment—"a fellow who used to be a great friend of ours persuaded us, years ago, when we were still at Eton, he and I, to dress up and sort of act the period, you know. We used to try to keep to their language and customs, dine in the afternoon—I daresay it sounds very dull, but we used to have good fun with it." He paused again, having spoken the last words reflectively and with a kind of shyness, as though with thoughts to which club smoking-rooms and whisky were not congenial. "We kept that up till four years ago, and then—we gave it up. But this year Hugh Sinclair—he'd been there once or twice in old days—made me promise to try it again; I forgot about it when I asked you down. Will it bore you? You could get the dress easily enough, and we've got swords and things. There's no infernal wig, you know,—that came in later. Will it bore you?"

"Indeed it won't," said Fairbrother. "It's just the sort of thing I should like."

Mereworth looked at him with the faintest sign of doubt, but answered cheerfully: "Then that's settled. I'm very glad you'll join it. My mother won't be there that day—she rather shirks associations, you know. Betty will, of course, Bertha Mostyn, her great friend, you know, Hugh, me, and one or two others. I think we shall get some fun out of it."

The two young men left the club together, and as they said

good night outside, Mereworth had a glimpse of somebody in a passing cab, and cried out, "Good Lord!" Fairbrother, who had not seen the face which had surprised his companion, looked inquiringly at him. "Only a chap I thought was at the other end of the world," Mereworth said. "Good night, old man; mind

you get your Restoration kit to-morrow. Good night."

As Arthur Fairbrother strolled to his flat, his soul was somewhat comforted. This masquerade was not an ordinary thing, and its meaning reflected some historical dignity on to himself. He adopted a romantic expression as he looked in his bedroom glass.

CHAPTER III.

Since Mrs Ogilvie said no more of Herbert Mardon, and Fairbrother, being unsuspicious, and having a bad memory for names, did not ask anybody for information concerning him, the task is laid on me that I should give you, in my own poor words, some account of his history and character. For, though explanation and analysis are tedious things, yet for the interest of my story it is well that your sympathy with Arthur Fairbrother should be not wholly exclusive of charity for him whom you have slightly seen as a child and a scapegrace.

The Mardons of Great Mardon came in with the Conqueror, and seemed finally to have gone out with Harry Mardon, Herbert's father—Harry, the wit, profligate, poet, gambler, and champion of the oppressed, who for a few years set a dazzling light round the Mardon name, and in those years sold the last acre of the Mardon property. Harry's mother was the daughter of a great and unstable man, but we need not go into that. Certainly he was different from his forefathers,

showing, men said, of their qualities only an obstinacy of character which pushed his vices and crazes against every opposition. Perhaps one may say that he combined the virtues and vices of a savage with those of which genius has a common reputation. He was good-looking, fearless, a man of his hands; he was generous and constant in friendship; he was fickle and unscrupulous in love; he could forgive, but the sentiment of revenge was dear to him; he was vehement, profuse, reckless of opinion and of consequences,—a man, in short, altogether unsuited to a commercial civilisation. In another age, as his wife thought, he might have climbed to acknowledged greatness, leaving behind him a track of blood and tears. Few people, probably, would have agreed with her that he was a genius. Our countrymen of to-day want solid fruits of your genius—a big fortune, a premiership, a fat book. Harry Mardon spent his money, his political course was eccentric and unprofitable, and those few lyrics which some

people thought perfect were not enough to fill the smallest duodecimo. He sat for a year as the Tory member for Great Mardon, and then, declaring himself a socialist, lost his seat: we were not all socialists then. He lampooned and inveighed against capital, and capital folded its hands, watched him with a smile, and when he was dead straightway forgot him. There were women who sneered at his wife, and his choice of her was perhaps strange in such a man; but I am sure it was wise, and that if any woman could have saved him, he would have been saved by this fragile, intellectual woman—a blue-stocking, as the phrase still was—who revelled in his brilliancy, and looked on his waywardness with a loving humour. He tried her with many infidelities; but to the end there was kindness and gentleness between them—to the end when he shot himself in a little town in Spain. He wrote to her that he was sick of the times, and was too old to begin, on nothing, a life of probity: his death would be better for her and the boy than his life. He hoped his boy would have better luck and take after his mother. And there was an end of Harry Mardon, poet and profligate.

I have written of him at this length, because in the case of a very young man—Herbert was but twenty-three when you saw him last—who had given proofs that he was very like his father, that father's character may help one to understand him as well as the few facts of his own his-

tory. And, alas! Herbert was altogether his father's son, and very little the son of the gentle philosopher, his mother. As a child he was headstrong, but, while she lived, tractable. She died when he was fifteen years old. The little money she had was so left that out of it the boy was to be educated as his father had been and started in some profession, if he should enter one—she had thought of the army—before he was twenty-one: in any case, what funds there were should be his absolutely on his majority. It was thought an unwise distribution; but she said that disadvantages that braced a man were cruel to a boy—let him go to Eton. As for the rest, she said it would be no use to attempt to control him. He will throw his money away whatever you do, she said; when it is gone he will work: if his father had lost his earlier, he would have had a happier life. She was convinced of the boy's likeness to his father, and, after all, there was but little money in question. The trustee was Lord Mereworth, the husband of her greatest friend and a distant cousin of Harry Mardon, since whose death she stayed at Mereworth almost continuously.

So Herbert Mardon was sent to Eton, and since he did not care for the army, to Oxford. Neither institution complimented him. He was idle, and the more severe of his censors said he was vicious. He was not even a hero at games, so missing a sure means of grace. He learned to box effectively and to fence

more than well as a boy, and at Oxford was known in a small set as a remarkably good rider. But for the most part, like a more famous scapegrace, he spent "his heart on passion and his head on rhymes." A boy's rhymes—savagelampoons, hotly erotic lyrics—but they had force and inevitable taste. His passions were more graceless. In fine, he too was a gifted savage, bold, profuse, and dissipated. One need not go about to commend the state, for it is a state of violent egotism, and in youth especially its selfishness is without a sign of compromise. Oxford signified its disapproval by sending Herbert Mardon down in his second year.

Up to this time he had made his home at Mereworth, occasionally at Lord Mereworth's house in town, and on that family were centred all his gentler affections, and his love was returned by the whole—by Lord Mereworth and his wife, by Bob, Herbert's senior by two years, and to her grief by Lady Betty, his contemporary. It is a sad injustice to the virtuous that these scapegraces do so often win affection. The Flairs were a tolerant, easy folk: they smiled at things at which many people frowned; and that a young man, a boy, should be extravagant and gamble and sometimes drink and take his pleasure struck them in nowise as wonderful. And Herbert was a winning scapegrace: he was handsome and frank, with a ready laugh and sympathy, with a gay courtesy and affectionateness. For his part, he

took, as the young take what is given continually and in unstinted measure, all their kindness as a thing of use and wont. When we are young, and if we have not been schooled in its reverse, we do not value such kindness till we lose it. Then, indeed, when the kindly home is gone or our place in it is taken from us, we think on it with an infinite regret, and so I suppose it was with Herbert Mardon. Then, no doubt, the pleasant strolls and confidences, the romps, the merry evenings, were all charged in memory with bitterness and longing. "Too late" is a motto most of us might write under a fool's cap for a crest.

It was after he had been sent down from Oxford that Lady Mereworth told him that Mereworth was no longer his home. She had seen, the day before, a pretty scene acted in the formal garden by two people who thought themselves unobserved. It was not a violent scene; but it showed something more than good comradeship between the children, now grown up, who had acted those years ago, and she felt that she had kept a promise of kindness too recklessly. Lady Mereworth did not believe that wild and pleasure-loving young people of twenty-one were likely to make themselves miserable for a fondness for each other—but Herbert Mardon must go. "We've not left off loving you," she said, "and we're not a very prudish set. But you're too wild, my dear, you're too wild—and there's Betty."

The boy flushed, and said,

"I'd best be honest ; I'm afraid I love Betty very much."

"And you can't marry her, my dear. You must go. If one could have any hope that you would work hard and get on—but how can one? You must go, my dear."

"Glad you told me straight," he said, and kissed her hand.

Lord Mereworth said, "You're like your dad, boy. But remember he started life with a big income, and you haven't a shilling, or won't have soon. Pull yourself together: if you've got to sail a ship, you can't disregard your soundings."

"All right, sir," Herbert said.

Bob, the only son, was equally sententious. "I'm not much in the moral line, myself," he said ; "but I know the world better than you, old chap. Why don't you chuck it? Why don't you buck up and do something clever? Go on the Stock Exchange or something? Be a beastly millionaire and marry Betty, and lend me a few thousands. You see, we must have dibs. Buck up!"

Lady Betty said little ; she looked perplexed. "I wish you weren't mad, dear old Herbert."

They were alone in the little garden. Herbert kissed her, and Lady Betty sighed a big sigh.

In the next two years, while he grew from twenty-one to twenty-three, a Berserker fury of folly seemed to have settled on Herbert Mardon. In his more nervous temperament, the passion and waywardness he inherited came to a premature head. To feel remorse and bitterness for kindness forfeited at

twenty-one is not good for a young man of the savage type, and it quickened the pace of his natural instincts. He wrote a little volume of verse ; and since he was primitive in feeling, and with all the wholesome instincts in excess, the sapient called him decadent and laughed at him. He was man enough to join in the laugh, of course ; but the circumstance turned him from that unlikely field of endeavour, and he did not trouble himself to find another. He was not unpopular, for he suffered fools, and they who remembered the famous Harry were amused by his excesses. They would not be profitable to describe : I question if Herbert enjoyed them so much as his father before him. The crash came in two years. His money was gone, bills had been backed by friends. Lord Mereworth was hardly able to help him, and another touch was put on his plight by a divorce case, during which the boy's name decorated the daily papers. It was not a bad case, as such go ; there was no meanness and hardly a deception involved—the boy had little, indeed, beyond the main fact, for which to answer. But it confirmed the world in the opinion that Herbert Mardon was an irretrievable ne'er-do-well ; and he himself, indifferent, like his father, to opinion, was keenly sensitive to coldness from his friends.

He was ready to accept the offer of a cousin whom Harry Mardon, in his prosperous days, had started in a profession in which he had grown rich. This cousin was strongly of opinion

that the other end of the world would be a good place for Herbert, a place from which he himself would not be easily accessible, even to reports. He paid the bills on which the friends' names stood in dismal significance, on condition that Herbert went to Australia.

Whither, after the adieux we have witnessed, Herbert went.

Such was the slight history of the young man who, on the day following the conversations of the last chapter, met Lady Betty Flair by secret appointment in the north part of Kensington Gardens.

CHAPTER IV.

"Well, Betty, how are you? Thank you very much for coming." Herbert spoke casually, but looked very hard at the girl as he spoke. His pale face was lightly browned by the sun, and he looked more wholesome and serene than when he went away, but older—five or ten years more than his age. Lady Betty returned his serious gaze, and as she looked she smiled with pleasure, and grew grave perplexedly.

"It's good to see you again, Herbert."

He laughed lightly, in the boyish manner she remembered. "That's not a sentiment many people will share," he said; "and I shan't give many of them the opportunity. Forgive my making this secret sort of appointment. I couldn't go to Curzon Street very well, could I? And, by the way, I'm not in England at all—or only to as few people as I can help. But I'll explain that later. Tell me all about yourself—been having a gala time, or got into any scrapes?"

"No," she answered, quickly; "tell me about yourself first. You don't look down on your luck." He was dressed in a

well-cut tweed suit, with a straw hat and a neat black tie.

"The clothes? Oh, I left a lot with the man in my old diggings, and I went there last night,—I only arrived last night. I couldn't resist putting on my evening things—first time for two years—and going to a decent place to dine. I don't think anybody saw me."

"Bob saw you in the street last night—at least, he says he was nearly certain. He was awfully excited about it this morning. He said he was going to your old rooms to ask if you had been there."

"That was nice of old Bob. I saw him all right—outside White's. I was going by in a cab."

"No, it wasn't nice. Bob was a beast this morning." She flushed as she spoke. "He said he was going to ask you not to come to the house. He said he hoped you were going away at once. He's afraid—if he knew I've seen you this morning—" she stopped, and tapped the ground with her parasol. Herbert raised his eyebrows and waited. He tried to meet her eyes, but her big hat concealed her little bent head.

"Has Bob turned hedgehog since he succeeded? I forgot—I was sorry, Betty. I saw it in the papers. Your father was very good to me. It's no use talking about it; I'm sorry."

She said nothing, but laid her hand for a moment on his arm.

"But about Bob—he must have had a reason. Tell it me. Ah! come and let us sit on those chairs." They sat in silence for some moments—Herbert compressing his lips, Betty scratching in the dust with her parasol. Then he said quietly, "You're going to be married?"

"Yes."

"Am I to have back my ring?" She met his eyes, perplexed. He had almost banished appeal from them, but his lips twitched.

"Honour, Betty. It pledges you to nothing but a feeling, and I shall never remind you. Am I to have back my ring?"

"No, Herbert. I shall keep your ring."

He gave a slow sigh of relief, and leaned back on the little green chair. Lady Betty spoke quickly, digging at the ground. "Understand, Herbert. This man—the man I'm going to marry—is fond of me, I know, and I don't dislike him. I'm going to be—to be a good wife, you know."

"Yes, yes," he said, smiling; "I understand. But you care for me and you keep my ring. Of course I knew you'd marry—you can't help yourself—and I've not come back with a fortune at the right poetical moment. Tell me about it. It's money, I suppose?"

"Yes—money. I think he's fond of me; but he likes the idea of Mereworth and that, you know. It's awfully sordid; but they all wanted it—and I don't seem to matter much."

"I see,—then I haven't a rival. Sill, I hate the fellow. Who is he?"

"Arthur Fairbrother. His father's a manufacturer—a place called Elton, in Yorkshire."

"Fairbrother—Elton—by Jove! Did you ever read my dad's pamphlet—'The Cost of our Vulgarians'? I suppose not. Why, this Fairbrother was one of the villains of it. The dad went down, it seems, and talked with his work-people. Well, Fairbrother's got back this time. But I don't like it, Bet. Do you understand what your money will come from? Well—it's no use to bother you, and I won't talk economics. What's the fellow like?"

"You saw him last night. Bob says he was talking to him when you went by."

"That fellow! Yes; I saw him, and I loathed him. I loathe the type. It's all right chopping wood or fighting in the ranks; but I can't stand it carrying its clumsy manners into drawing-rooms and giving the tone to all England. Curse him! A sleek, confident, stupid, purse-proud pig! Betty, I can't let you go to a creature like that."

Lady Betty laughed for the first time. "You'd have said something of that kind whoever it was, and he's not like that. He's rather a sportsman: he can fence awfully well, and

ride decently too. One of these days you'll have to like him, and we'll all be friends. Not now. You'd only quarrel with Bob if you came to us. You see he thinks you might spoil things. It's no use talking about it. Tell me about yourself."

"Oh, if you like . . ."

He had gone to Coolgardie and worked like a nigger in a mine for some months. It was not amusing, but he said it relieved his feelings. Then he had fallen in with a man who was making a fortune there—a good fellow, a gentleman, and yet, more oddly, a scholar, and with it all a keen man of business—the only combination of the sort Herbert had met, and indeed it is strange to most of us, his seniors. This man liked to talk with him in long nights when it was too hot to sleep, and gave him work in his office, and lent him money for a speculation in which he had made £200. Whereupon he determined to come to England to spend it. His friend called him a fool, and said he would never be rich, but gave him leave to go. So he had come back, himself hardly knowing why—to leave his narrative for a moment—nor quite understanding the old memory and affection, which was hardly passion then, and yet drew his wavering steps more surely than his faint hope of money-making stayed them. But when he came, he dreaded the old friends for whom he did not care, and the questions to which he had so poor an answer. So he thought he

would avoid them all, and having seen Betty Flair only, and heard the certain news he expected, go back to the mining and his good friend, Holland.

"There's no use in my staying. I suppose you're going down to Mereworth for Whitsuntide. You gave up the old 31st custom after I was sent into exile, didn't you? That was nice of you."

"Yes; but this year Hugh Sinclair persuaded Bob to revive it."

"No? But I wish I were going. I suppose Bob wouldn't ask me? I'd leave England the next day, and it would be something to remember."

"Arthur Fairbrother's coming."

"Thank you, that's enough. He'll be a beautiful figure in a cavalier suit. You'll enjoy it immensely."

"Herbert, dear, don't be a brute. I didn't wish to ask him, but Bob seems so anxious to please him." She lifted her little troubled face, and Herbert begged her pardon. Then he said: "I have one thing to say before you go. If you marry this Fairbrother chap you'll have ever so many thousands a-year, and all the English society you want. If you marry me—no, wait till I've finished—you can come back to Coolgardie, and you'd be desperately dull. But you'd be treated with respect. And I'd work. Holland told me that if I once convinced him I'd put my back into it, and be devoted to the business and give all my mind to it, he'd see I made a

decent income, and very likely put me in the way of a fortune, and he's a gentleman and a man of his word. I should hate it, but I'd do it for you. In ten years we might come back and live decently, and all my crimes would be forgotten. Will you marry me?"

She bent down over her parasol, and then her little head and her big hat shook. "No—I can't. I can't make enemies of everybody. I can't give everything up. I'm fond of you—but not like that. It's no use."

Herbert stood up. "Well, good-bye, my little weak darling—I knew you wouldn't. One can't expect it in our little weak world." He stood before her smiling: the place was empty where they were, and as he glanced round it, the trim grass and trees, shining demurely in the noon-day sun, seemed to hint of comedy. He broke into his light laugh, and

murmured the bright chorus of a song she remembered—

"Si vous v'lez venir avec moi—
Ou la la, ou la la—
Madame, prenez mon bras !—
Ou la, ou la, ou la la."

"But you don't, do you? So good-bye, good-bye, dear."

They shook hands, and he swung quickly away.

As he turned into Piccadilly at Hyde Park Corner he recognised Fairbrother, looking very prosperous and content, and walking westwards. Fairbrother, self-absorbed, did not notice the glance, which, seeming to look indifferently over his head, took in his appearance very accurately; but Herbert, when he had passed him, set his mouth and looked savage.

Lady Betty sat on, and dropped a few tears as women use, and presently took her innocent baby face to lunch with her family.

CHAPTER V.

They had dined at six—a compromise; but it was supposed that Sir Eustace Flair of old may well have postponed his dinner-hour in view of the business and rejoicings to be done when he came to his own: they had dined at six, and the sky was red over the sea with the setting sun when Bob Mereworth rose in his place. His pleasant face was flushed, and he raised his glass with a jovial gesture, and seemed complacent in his knowledge of old phrases.

"Fair ladies, and my dear friends, you who have honoured my poor house and my simple feast, and you whose natural place is here"—he smiled at Lady Betty and nodded to Arthur Fairbrother—"I ask you to drink with me the health of the gentleman behind my chair. Sir Eustace Flair, wherever he may be!"

They all rose, and held their glasses towards the silent, pale figure on the canvas. "Sir Eustace Flair!" and they emptied their glasses.

As they sat down Lady Betty contrived without notice to wipe her eyes with her hand. The next moment she was chatting to Hugh Sinclair in very tolerably archaic English. The ringlets she wore became her small and dainty-featured face, and she could afford to wear a dress which trusted to natural qualities. So could Bertha Mostyn, her friend, whose blond ringlets fell prettily over a high complexion. The men were sumptuous in lace and velvet; but their short hair gave them—and more especially Fairbrother—something of an appearance of Roundheads who had rifled their enemies' wardrobes. But Lord Mereworth wore his strange dress easily, as did Hugh Sinclair, a dark youth with rather a Roman face. Arthur Fairbrother, it was to be confessed, looked uncomfortable, and palpably dressed up, and his smile was a trifle rigid.

Truth to tell, his dinner had not been happy. The habit of 1660 suited him only in that it showed his sturdy calves, and they were hidden by the table. The language bothered him. He had tried conscientiously to get it up, but could never think of the phrase he wanted, whereas the others, who merely guessed at it, were never at a loss. Its strange terms gave them many opportunities for the chaff they loved, which they pushed to a point of rather forcible frankness. Mereworth and his friends were of a set which was quite free from any vulgarity there may be in prudery or mincingness of ex-

pression: on the contrary, in its intimate moments it permitted itself much innocent plain-speaking, and the respectable Arthur Fairbrother had been shocked aforetime. On this occasion, the frankness of an earlier period assisting, he was most unhappy, and quite unable to respond. He should have reflected that the plain-speaking was a token of intimacy to him, since it would not have been used before a stranger not of their society; but he did not so reflect, and was the victim of an increasing embarrassment, which the others, in the jollity of the proceedings, did not notice. For even Lady Betty had been only once distressed, when her brother's little speech reminded her vividly of other times,—or perhaps she forced her gaiety to hide her feelings, and was too busy in doing so to remember poor Fairbrother's.

It was worse when she and Bertha Mostyn, her friend, were gone from the dining-room, and the three young men were left alone. I should have stated before that these five were the whole assembly, the two other people invited having made good excuses, or having felt unequal to the masquerade. Mereworth and Hugh Sinclair settled down to the telling of stories, and the stories were very frank and free, a pleasure being found in re-dressing old ones in archaic English—the archaism, of course, being much exaggerated, and recruited from many periods. Fairbrother was quite disgusted. He felt that the anticipated romance had

turned out very commonly, not remembering that such stories were by no means an unknown element of the conversation of 1660 England, and had been told with remarkable skill by its king. He sat rather sullenly, and his contribution to realism was mainly the drinking of a large quantity of claret and port in addition to that he had drunk at dinner. And wine, I regret to say, had never an amiable effect on Arthur Fairbrother, but inclined him to be quarrelsome. Mereworth, who for his share had been attentive to this part of the play, forgot to conciliate him, or took his sympathy for granted.

So another hour passed, while the red died out of the sky and the night grew black and cloudy. Then they went for a dish of tea to the drawing-room. A little later they decided to play cards; but Fairbrother, his sulkiness still on him, was disinclined. He watched them a while, and then said he would go back to the dining-room for another cup of claret.

"Odd's my life, the very thing!" cried Mereworth. "And we'll join you anon, sweet chuffikins. Or come back drunk, and we'll all love you." Lady Betty waved her hand, and brightly shook her ringlets. So Fairbrother went back to the dining-room, feeling dimly and quite wrongly that they were laughing at him.

The dining-room, at Mereworth was separated from the drawing-room, which looked from the front of the house on to the wood, by the length and

breadth of the big hall, and its long windows looked on to the fields and the sea. The servants' quarters also, at the back of the house, were distant by its length, and they were celebrating their own especial feast. So that Fairbrother in the dining-room, gloomily drinking at the table, felt very much alone and deserted, and every bumper of claret intensified his discontent, and when he turned to port the effect was the same. The air of content you have seen him wear in London was rather due to physical well-being and social success than to a sunny temperament; and now that he had drunk not wisely and believed himself to be despised and neglected, his mood was extremely irritable. Being, however, with such faults as he may have had, a genuine Yorkshireman, his vague desire was to fight somebody rather than to sit sulking. He rose after a while, pushed his chair violently back, and began to pace the room angrily. He stopped opposite the portrait of Sir Eustace Flair and frowned at it. This was a nice sort of person (he reflected) for a family to commemorate—a drunken, gambling blackguard. He had read the story in Grammont since his conversation with Mrs Ogilvie, being anxious to know what was to be known of the Flairs, and had read besides the story of Isabel Flair, Sir Eustace's sister, who made the formal garden round the corner; and he asked himself rather savagely if all the Flairs?—He walked away to the long window, and opening it drank in

with a snort the air of a chilly May evening.

A man came out of the darkness suddenly and stood before him, and he stepped back a pace into the room. The man stepped in past him and stood in the light, and then Fairbrother stepped back again in amazement, for this man was neither Mereworth nor Sinclair, and yet he wore the habit they wore that night. He was tall and dark and handsome, and he wore black velvet and black silk stockings, and had a sword by his side. He smiled on Fairbrother, and saluted him with a sweep of a black plumed hat, which he then put again on his head.

"Who," said Fairbrother—"who on earth are you?"

"Nay, look on me," said the other; "you should know your host."

"My host is Lord Mereworth."

"By your favour, kind sir. This is indeed Mereworth House, yet no lord am I, as I have a soul they tell me will be damned. And yet I am your host." He walked to the portrait of Sir Eustace Flair, and stood under it. "I am plain Sir Eustace Flair, at your service."

Fairbrother looked. There was indeed a very strong resemblance, and to Fairbrother's eye the portrait might well have been that of the intruder. Fairbrother put his hand to his forehead, and for a moment thought that the event might be a delusion of wine, or that he had fallen asleep and was dreaming. Then he thought it might be one of the disappoint-

ing guests, arrived late and unexpected. But no—he knew they were not coming. He walked towards the door, but the stranger took a step quickly from the picture and put himself in front of it.

"You would leave your host somewhat suddenly. But I have answered your question, and you should answer mine. 'Tis needless, notwithstanding: you are Master Fairbrother, are you not?"

"How the devil did you know my name?"

"Good Master Fairbrother, you are welcome to my poor house, but you are not the most courteous guest it has received."

"Stand out of my way," said Fairbrother angrily, and taking hold of the stranger's arm he gave it a savage pull, which did not however move him from his position. But it caused a change in the man's demeanour: his smile vanished, and a flash of passion came into his face. "Uncivil churl!" he said, and struck Fairbrother with his open hand on the cheek. Fairbrother aimed a blow at his face, which he warded easily, and the next moment he had drawn his sword, and pointed it at Fairbrother's breast.

"If we're to fight, you and I," he said, passionately, "it shall be seriously. Draw your sword. Stay, it's not a gimcrack thing, is it? They gave it you here? Right, I see; I know it. Draw, damn you! Can you fence? I know you can; draw, if you're not a coward!"

"Yes, I can fence; but I'm not going to fight like a mad-

man. Get out of my way, or I'll knock you down."

But the stranger kept the point of his sword at Fairbrother's breast, and it could not be passed. Fairbrother dropped his hands, and in a moment the stranger had struck him with the flat of his sword, and recovered his position before the other could rush in. And then Fairbrother, with fighting blood in his veins and claret in his head, drew his sword and put himself on guard, and the blades crossed. And in this strange way there happened a thing which may well have happened there before, but could not have happened—the dress and the act considered—for two hundred and thirty odd years in the dining-room at Mereworth.

But my romance is trivial, and I have to record that the fight was bloodless. Fairbrother

attacked fiercely; but the stranger, recovering his composure and the smile coming back to his face, contented himself with defence, and made no actual passes. They had fought for a few seconds only when a girl's voice called "Arthur!" in the hall, and a moment later, "Why, what's happening?" Fairbrother slipped on the polished edge of the floor, and knocked his head violently against the wall in falling, and between the blow and wine and confusion lost consciousness and lay still. At the moment the door opened, and Lady Betty ran in. She stopped suddenly and covered her face with her hands, giving a little shriek. But it was not until two or three minutes afterwards that she ran into the drawing-room, crying that Arthur had hurt himself and was lying unconscious.

(To be continued.)

BIRDS.

SURE, maybe ye've heard the storm-thrush
Whistlin' bould in March,
Before there a primrose peepin' out,
Or a wee red cone on the larch :
Whistlin' the sun to come out o' the cloud,
An' the wind to come over the sea,—
But for all he can whistle so clear an' loud,
He's never the bird for me.

Sure, maybe ye've seen the song-thrush
After an April rain,
Slip from in-undher the drippin' leaves,
Wishful to sing again ;
Och, low wid love when he's near the nest,
An' loud from the top o' the tree,—
But for all he can flutter the heart in your breast,
He's never the bird for me.

Sure, maybe ye've heard the cushadoo
Callin' his mate in May,
When one sweet thought is the whole of his life,
An' he tells it the one sweet way.
But my heart is sore at the cushadoo
Filled wid his own soft glee,
Over an' over his "me an' you!"—
He's never the bird for me.

Sure, maybe ye've heard the red-breast
Singin' his lone on a thorn,
Mindin' himself o' the dear days lost,
Brave wid his heart forlorn :
The time is in dark November,
An' no spring hopes has he :
"Remember," he sings, "remember!"—
Ay, *thon's* the wee bird for me.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

THE RETREAT FROM LEIPSIC.

THE battle of Leipsic was fought on the 18th and 19th of October 1813, and from the numbers engaged was termed by the Germans the *Völkerschlacht*. The combined Russian, Prussian, and Austrian forces, to the number of nearly a quarter of a million, encountered Napoleon's army of 160,000 men, and inflicted upon it one of the most crushing and terrible defeats on record. It is said that over 80,000 men fell, of whom about half were French, and Napoleon was forced to recross the Rhine with hardly one-quarter of his troops, the rearguard of his flying army being captured by the Allies.

The following account of the Retreat from Leipsic, lately found among some family papers, and never before published, was taken down from the lips of a survivor, a young French officer, by his cousin, an English lady, Miss G., not long after the event, and is here translated into English.

IT was there that French bravery shone in its brightest colours. You should have seen these youths advancing with cheers on the enemy's batteries repulsed, almost overwhelmed, by the heavy fire, then dashing forward once more with levelled bayonets and carrying them! Or, again, the formidable squares of infantry, posted before the village, awaiting motionless the charge of the masses of cavalry hurled upon them, the front rank forming a bristling rampart of steel, from behind which the others poured in a hail of balls which drove back their assailants in the most hopeless disorder. Nothing seemed to shake these stalwart masses. We watched them literally melting under the enemy's fire, dropping by files at a time, then—as coolly as if on parade—they dressed up, though they had lost quite half their number; and this, too, without a man leaving the ranks, or the line breaking.

No! it is impossible to deny that the French soldier is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the art of war. What precision and rapidity in drill, and what dexterity and skill in each man as a unit! What fire and enthusiasm in assault, yet what coolness in defence!¹

A most terrible sight it was to see the artillery fire in the streets, the hand-to-hand fighting, and the cavalry charges, made for the most part over the still breathing bodies of our unfortunate wounded, who strewed the pavements of the town and its suburbs to the number of 10,000 men, the hospitals having hardly sufficed for the wounded of the battle of the 16th. Add to this the villainous joy of the *canaille* of Leipsic, who, barricaded in in their houses, filled the windows and roofs, and howled curses and taunting adieux to the flying French, and even fired upon them. Lucky was it for them that there was

¹ Ye larger portion of ye French army retreated on ye night of 18th October. A. C., having had nothing to eat all day, went out at night to try and find some potatoes, and, losing his regiment, was thus left in ye town.—*Note by Miss G.*

no time to put a worthy end to this terrible engagement by exterminating this den of ruffians.

But these moments which we longed to devote to vengeance we had to give up to flight, and we fled from the town in a state of disorder impossible to describe—cavalry, infantry, baggage, artillery, huddled together pell-mell. But at the instant that we got free of the town and gained the road in all haste, thinking ourselves at last safe, a terrific explosion was heard—the bridge was blown up!! A cry of fear and horror broke from every lip at this dreadful blow. A shout immediately arose that the enemy was upon our rear, and in a moment every man, leaving the ranks, rushed forward to escape. The enemy, observing this disorder, brought their artillery to the front in haste, and placed their guns, loaded with grape, to enfilade us, at the same time charging us in flank with their light cavalry.

No one who had not witnessed it could form any conception of this scene of horror. Imagine 20,000 men, stampeded, entrapped; having in front of them a wide and deep river without a bridge, and at their backs a horde of barbarians, who charged upon and slaughtered them, while to right and left a hail of bullets mowed them down. The younger men, in terror, half mad, threw themselves upon each other, screaming in their despair; the older ones awaited death in silence, or poured forth a stream of curses on their chief, whom they

imagined to have betrayed them. Brave officers ran hither and thither to cheer their men and rally some battalions while they sought to contrive a bridge, but they soon saw that their efforts were in vain. The baggage and artillery, thrown into disorder, blocked the road, while the horses, wounded and masterless, plunged about in all directions, knocking down the terrified crowd. Those who dared not jump into the stream watched in gloomy silence from the banks those who chose this desperate alternative, and saw with dread how little trust was to be placed in it. Almost all the foot soldiers, indeed, encumbered without exception by their knapsack and accoutrements, were carried away, or stuck fast in the mud and perished there, uttering heart-rending cries. The mounted men for the most part got across, but many sank or were struck down in the water by the fatal hail of grape-shot. For officers and men alike discipline no longer existed. Orders, prayers, or threats to obtain a horse, or to avoid being crushed beneath the feet of those riding, were alike in vain. Generosity and pity were no more, and self-interest cried aloud to each man to save himself.

As for me, in the midst of this scene of horror, rage, terror, and hope mingled in my breast. But retaining my presence of mind, my state of uncertainty soon vanished, and I pushed into the river with my horse without further hesitation. A few steps and he was swim-

ming. Arrived within a yard or two of the farther bank, which was rather steep, the poor brute, exhausted, struggled a moment or two, and fell back, and his head began slowly to

disappear beneath the stream. At this moment I had presence of mind enough to throw the bridle towards a tirailleur who was just landing: he caught it, drew us in, and we got ashore.¹

THE FIELD OF BATTLE AT MIDNIGHT, OCT. 18.

I quitted the camp with my friend de S. to try and find one of our young comrades who had had his leg broken. It was in vain. Too many sufferers lay there for us to be able to distinguish the object of our search. Everywhere feeble voices implored our aid, some begging linen to stop the bleeding of their wounds, others water to quench their thirst, while others, again, implored us to put them out of their misery. Some I saw making the sign of the cross as they murmured their last prayers and died. More impeached the Deity for their sufferings; and one heard them crying in their anguish, "Oh, my God, my God, what have I done to Thee!" The very young called their friends and relatives by name to their succour! "Father!" they cried. "Oh, mother, mother!"

One I saw among them who affected me more than all the others by his despair. He was almost a child—indeed could not have been more than sixteen. Both legs were broken, and he besought our aid with heartrending cries. Touched to the heart, I picked up a musket, and putting the bayonet to his breast, I said, "My poor friend, look; here is death, do you desire it?" "No! no!" he gasped, redoubling his cries and convulsively grasping the weapon to turn it aside; "spare me, spare me!" Had not my whole soul been wrung with pity for him, I could almost have felt it in me to be indignant. What! does man so cling to life at such a moment that he chooses to drink the bitter cup to its very dregs?²

¹ A. C. is uncertain whether ye bridge blowing up was really ye colonel's negligence as was related in ye bulletin, or by ye Emperor's order: on ye most favourable judgment blames him deeply for not more care on such an important point.—*Note by Miss G.*

² Ye Emperor, said A. C., in ye retreat, amidst ye melancholy and silence of his army, preserved perfect serenity of countenance and manner, and even affected to laugh loudly in talking to Murat. "Quelle force," said A., "et César trembloit en passant le Rubicon, et Charlemagne s'arrachait les cheveux à Roncesvalles!" A. met a wounded colonel, his friend, in attending whom he was shut up in Erfurt, arriving at ye gates when they were just shut for ever, and he describes with force his surprise and grief, and his melancholy prospects on that day, which was his eighteenth birthday. He was shut up there besieged seven months, till news arrived of ye Emperor's downfall.—*Note by Miss G.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD.¹—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE SHADOWS.

ALL this hilarity does not imply the total absence of sadness in those bright days. I had lived and suffered too long in solitude not to have reserved a private corner for unuttered griefs, into which no regard of sister or stranger could ever penetrate. It is extraordinary the art with which a circle of children can make one chosen by mutual consent feel in all things, at every moment of the day, an intruder. The two elder than I were sworn friends, the three younger likewise; both groups united as allies. I stood between them, an outsider. I shared their games, it is true, as I shared their meals; but when they had any secrets to impart, I was left out in the cold. I daresay now, on looking back, that had my sullen pride permitted a frank and genial effort, I might easily enough have broken down this barrier. But I was morbidly sensitive, and these young barbarians were very rough and hard. Not ill-natured, but most untender.

I wonder if any other child has been so ruthlessly stabbed by home glances as I. The tale of the Ugly Duckling is, I believe, as common as all the essential legends of human grief and human joy. My dislike of large families is born of the conviction that every large family

holds a victim. Amid so many, there is always one isolated creature who weeps in frozen secrecy, while the others shout with laughter. The unshared gaiety of the group is a fresh provocation of repulsion on both sides, and not all the goodwill of maturity can serve to bridge that first sharp division of infancy. The heart that has been broken with pain in childhood is never sound again, whatever the sequel the years may offer. To escape the blighting influence of cynicism and harshness is as much as one may hope for; but the muffled apprehension of ache, the rooted mistrust bred by early injustice, can never be effaced.

I cannot now remember the cause of all those dreadful hours, of all those bitter, bitter tears, nor do I desire to recall them. But I still see myself many and many a day creeping under the bed that none might see me cry, and there sobbing as if the veins of my throat should burst. Always, I have no doubt, for some foolish or inadequate cause: a hostile look in response to some spontaneous offer of affection, a disagreeable word when a tender one trembled on my lips, some fresh proof of my isolation, a rough gesture that thrust me out of the home circle as an intruder, and a scornful laugh in front of me as the merry band

¹ Copyright, 1898, by Dodd, Mead & Co. in the United States of America.

wandered off among the rocks and left me forlorn in the garden. A robuster and less sensitive nature would have laughed down all these small troubles, and have scampered into their midst imperious and importunate. A healthier child, with sensibilities less on the edge of the skin, not cursed with what the French call an *ombrageux* temper, would have broken through this unconscious hostility, and have captured her place on the domestic hearth—would probably not have been aware of an unfriendly atmosphere.

But this same morbid sensitiveness, mark of my unblest race, has been the unsleeping element of martyrdom in my whole existence. "Meet the world with a smile," said a wise and genial friend of mine, "and it will give you back a smile." But how can one smile with every nerve torn in the dumb anguish of anticipated pain and slight? How can one smile burdened by the edged sensibilities and nervousness of sex and race, inwardly distraught and forced to face the world, unsupported by fortune, family, or friends, with a brave front? It is already much not to cry. But I shed all my tears in childhood, and left my sadness behind me. When the bigger troubles and tragedies came, as they speedily did, I found sustainment and wisdom in arming myself with courage and gaiety, and so I faced the road. I had then, as ever since, plenty of pleasure to temper unhappiness, plenty of bright rays to guide me through the obscurities of sentiment and suffering. An unfailing beam of

humour then and now shed its smile athwart the dim bleak forest of emotions through which destiny bade me cut my way.

One dark moment of peculiar bitterness now makes me smile. I record it as proof of the tiny mole-hills of childhood that constitute mountains. It shows the kind of booby I was, and have ever been, but none the less instructs upon the nature of infant miseries.

We were walking along the road one afternoon with Miss Kitty. A public vehicle tore down the hill led by four horses, three white and one brown. We were four: I the eldest, and my three pretty step-sisters. Birdie shouted—

"Oh, look at the three lovely white horses! That's us three. Angela is the brown horse."

I regarded this choice as a manifest injustice. There was no reason on earth that I should be a brown horse any more than one of my step-sisters. I was angry and sore at what I deemed a slight, and cried—

"I won't be the brown horse. I'll be one of the white horses, or else I'll go away and leave you."

"No, you won't, and you may go if you like. We don't want you. We're three nice white horses."

Here was an instance when I might have laughed down the exclusiveness of these proud babies. But no. I must turn back, and walk home alone, sulky and miserable, nursing my usual feeling of being alone in a cold universe.

An hour of terrible fright for all of us was the morning

Birdie fell into Colamore Harbour. We were coming down from Killiney Hill, a lovely spot more prosperous lands might envy us. Birdie walked inside, in a pretty short frock of pale green alpaca, and a new hat with red poppies among the ribbon. In those days Birdie and I ran it closely as infant beauties. Her hair was a shade more flaxen than mine, and the roses of her cheeks a shade paler. She was fatter, too, and less vapoury; but I carried the palm as an ethereal doll, with a classic profile. Alas! the promise of that period was never fulfilled. Both profile and pride of beauty vanished on the threshold of girlhood, to make way for the appearance of a dairymaid in their distinguished stead.

The wall of Colamore Harbour was protected by an iron chain that swung low from the big stones that divided the festoons. Birdie's foot slipped, and the child in a twinkling tumbled over, and plunged, with a hollow crash, into the heavy grey sea. Happily there were bathing-women and fishermen within hail, and as quickly as she had taken an unexpected bath, Birdie was once more in our midst, dripping like a Newfoundland, white and shaking with terror. One of the big boys took her up in his arms and tenderly carried her home. We all followed, awed and hysterical.

My mother was standing in the front garden talking to the gardener, when the party marched in upon her. She frowned as Birdie was deposited

on the gravel path in a woeful state—her wet green skirt clinging to her little legs, the discoloured poppies of her hat flat upon the wet ribbon.

"Change that child's clothes," said my mother, indifferently, as if she were all her life accustomed to the sight of a terrified child rescued from the deep, and went on talking to the gardener.

It would be a bold and inhuman assertion, to make, and certainly one I am far from maintaining, that harsh treatment is the proper training of children. But my mother's method has undoubtedly answered better than that of many a tender or self-sacrificing mother. It built us in an admirable fashion for adversity, —taught us to rely upon ourselves, taught us, above all, that necessary lesson—how to suffer and not whine. It is only when I observe how feebly and shabbily a spoiled woman can face trouble and pain, that I feel one may with reason cherish some pride of the power of enduring both with a smile. And when, stupefied and shamed, I contemplate the petty trickeries to which worldliness and untruthfulness can reduce a woman, the infamous devices a slender purse can drag educated ladies into, thus am I partially consoled for the sufferings of childhood. It is much, when one fronts battle, to have been reared in an atmosphere of absolute rectitude, of truthful and honourable instinct. It is a blessing indeed when love includes all this. But bleak as the start was, I would not have

had it otherwise at the cost of these great and virile virtues. And since it would appear that the Irish habit of boasting is an incorrigible weakness, and that even in these democratic days my people still persist in descending from kings who have slept in peace over seven hundred years, and may without any extravagant scorn of fact be presumed to have passed for ever into the state of legend, I am glad to acknowledge the priceless debt of common-sense

to a Scottish mother. Kings are all very well in their way, especially if they happen to be reigning; but when one learns as authentic fact that an Irish journalist has offered an article to an unknown editor, accompanied with a letter stating that the blood of seven kings runs in his veins, one feels that such a race is all the more rational for a little foreign blood to modify the imperishable and universal blight of royalty.

CHAPTER XXVII.—A DISMAL END OF HOLIDAYS.

For the joy of our small kingdom a delightful Fenian dropped into our midst. It was breathed among us in fatal undertones that he had actually shot a man. He was a figure of romance, if ever there was one. He went about with long boots, and an opera-glass slung over his shoulder. He had lovely dark-blue eyes, which Pauline described as Byronic, and lisped most captivatingly. He was a kind of adopted relative, and, as a special correspondent, has passed into history. He became our elder brother, and in the years to come solaced himself in camp by regarding Agnes as a lost early love. We lay about him on the grass as he told us the tales of the Wonderful Nights. Better still, he invented adventures of his own almost as alarming and enthralling. He told us that he had been to Persia, which was not true—but no matter. We believed in the Persian princess who had swung her-

self, at the risk of life, from the harem window to become a Christian and marry him; and the king, her royal father, who followed the lovers on horseback and was stabbed in the breast by Edmond's trusty sword. The incoherence of his reminiscences constituted their conspicuous charm. To-day we left him at Samarcand, and on the morrow found him with a fresh and more perilous love-adventure at Constantinople.

It was entrancing.

And then he would offer us a taste of adventure for ourselves: in the absence of our parents he would crowd us into the waggonette, and drive my stepfather's pet horses at a diabolical rate up by the exquisite coast-road of Sorrento, into Bray and through the Wicklow mountains, each curve and hollow and hilly bank menacing to lay us in pieces upon the landscape, and we shouting and hurrahing, in a fond notion that we were offering to the uni-

verse the spectacle of the instability of the United Kingdom. Edmond's formidable method of conspiring against the Government at that time consisted in delighting and amusing a troop of little girls!

Foolish, reckless creature, alcohol absorbed and tarnished his brilliant gifts, and his bones lie scattered at far-off Khartoum. He made of a life that might have been a heroic poem a mere trivial legend, and, with his lust for adventure and peril, he met the death he wished for, brief and glorious.

His fear of my mother filled us with a rapturous sense of comradeship, though this fear was quite foolish, for my mother never concealed her preference for his sex, and to men was always as amiable as she was the reverse to us. He beamed and joked with her, but was careful to scan her visage, on the look-out for the first symptoms of storm. The bolt fell rudely upon his shoulders the day he lamed the horses, and did some damage to the waggonette. I never knew what she said to him; but it must have been exceedingly bitter and unbearable, for his cheeks were as white as paper, and his eyes as black as sloes. He was penniless for the moment, and down on his luck, which makes a man more nervously sensitive to slight than in his happier hours.

My stepfather was sorry for him; but, remembering the horses, was relieved to send him off to Spain with a new outfit and the inevitable opera-glasses.

"I shall never forget the old Dalkey garden," he said to Agnes, on the morning of his departure, quite as sentimentally as if he were talking to a grown-up young person. The rascal was always playing a part for his own imagination, and even a slip of a girl of fourteen was better than nobody to regret after a three weeks' stay in a romantically situated house. It was stronger than him. He could not exist without a fancied love-affair on hand.

In the Carlist War, where he claimed to have saved the colours of Spain, rejected the hand of an Infanta, and lent his last five-pound note to Don Carlos, which that illustrious person forgot to return,—'tis a way, he would say musingly, with princes,—as he started for battle, he pathetically adjured his comrades to cut off a lock of his blue-black hair and send it to Agnes, with the assurance that his last thought was given to her. In the pauses of battle he actually entertained himself by composing an imaginary correspondence with an ardent and amorous Agnes, which he read aloud to his dearest friend, with tears in his voice.

But that, as Mr Kipling in his earlier manner would say, is quite another story, and has nothing to do with the tale of little Angela.

I had no time to lament this fresh eclipse of romance, for Miss Kitty was busy preparing my things for Lysterby, and two days after Edmond's sentimental farewell and departure, I myself most dolefully had

said a bitterer good-bye to the rocks and harbour and hills of Dalkey, and had been transported into the town house, to see Mrs Clement for the last time, and, along with her, make my farewell visit to Kildare.

It was a grievous hour for poor Nurse Cockrane. Jim, her husband, who was down at Wexford two months ago when I came back from Lysterby, had returned a fortnight earlier with death in his eyes.

When we got down at the post-house, the soft fine rain of Ireland was drizzling over the land. A few steps brought us to the top of the green, with the slit of water along the sky and two wild swans visible through the pearl mist. All the blinds of nurse's windows were drawn down, and I instantly recalled a like picture the day Stevie dropped out of life.

The door was open, and a group of working men, in their Sunday suits, were talking in undertones.

"What has happened?" asked Mrs Clement, alarmed.

"Troth, ma'am, an' 'tis a bad day for herself," said one.

"A power of ill-luck," said another. "A fine young man struck down like that in the flower of youth."

Mrs Clement hurried inside, and I followed her in excited silence. In the familiar old parlour, with the china dogs and the green spinet, dear kindly nurse sat back in the black horse-hair arm-chair, sobbing and moaning in the frantic way peasants will when grief strikes them, and around

her in voluble sympathy women hushed and exclaimed and ejaculated, "Glory be to God!" "But who'd think of it?" "Poor Jim! but 'tis himself was the good poor crathur."

I advanced hesitatingly, abashed and frightened by such an explosion of sorrow—I who always went under a bed to weep lest others should mock me. Not then or since could I ever have given expression to such expansive and boisterous feeling, restrained by a fierce and indomitable pride even at so young an age.

Nurse caught sight of me, and held out both hands. I encircled her neck with my arms, and pressed my cheek against hers, and when her sobs had subsided, she stood up, holding me still in a frenzied clasp.

"Come, darling, and look at him for the last time. Poor Jim! He loved you as if you had been his own, his very own, for sure never a child had he."

She took me into Stevie's room, the best bedroom, and on the bed lay a long rigid form. I hardly recognised the dear friendly Jim of my babyhood, on whose knee I so often sat, in the pallid emaciated visage, with the lank black hair round it, and the moustache and beard as black as pitch against the hollow waxen cheek. The same candles were alight upon the table in daytime, and the air yielded the same heavy odour of flowers as on that other day I had penetrated into this room, and found Stevie in his coffin. I shuddered and clung to nurse's skirt, sick with a nameless re-

pulsion, yet I am thankful now that I found courage, when she asked me to kiss him, not to shrink from that simple duty of gratitude. I allowed her to lift me, and I put my mouth to the frozen forehead, with what a sense of fear and horror I even can recall to-day. I was glad to nestle up against Mrs Clement on the mail-car and press my lips against her live arm to get the cold contact from them. I felt so miserable, so broken was my faith in life, that the return to Lysterby passed unnoticed. I remember neither the departure, the journey, nor the arrival at school.

The episode of my first vacation closed with that dread picture of a dead man and a white shroud, and in the lugubrious illumination of tapers, and nurse sobbing and keening, with no hope of comfort. After that the troubles of home and school looked poor enough, and for some time the nuns found me a very sober and studious little girl. It was long before even Mr Parker could raise a smile; and Play Day, when we were permitted to do as we liked all day, found me with no livelier desire than to sit still and pore over the novels of Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MY FIRST COMMUNION.

This period of unwonted mildness in a turbulent career was seized by the good ladies of Lysterby as a fitting moment for my first communion. It might be only a temporary lull in a course of perversity which would not occur again, and so I was ordered to study anew the lives of the saints. This was quite enough to turn my eager mind from thoughts of daring deed to dreams of sanctity.

I proposed to model my life on that of each fresh saint; was in turn St Louis of Gonzague, St Elizabeth of Hungary, St Theresa and St Stanislaus of Kosciutzo,—for the life of me I cannot remember the spelling of that Polish name, but it began with a K and ended with an O, with a mad assortment of consonants and vowels between. St Elizabeth I found

very charming, until the excessive savagery of her confessor, Master Conrad, diminished my enthusiasm. When I came to the barbarous scene where Master Conrad orders the queen to visit him in his monastery, which was against the monacal law, and then proceeds to thrash her bare back while he piously recites the *Miserere*, I shut the book for ever, and declined upon the spot to become a saint.

Nevertheless I made my first communion in a most edifying spirit. I spent a week in retreat down in the town convent, and walked for hours up and down the high-walled garden discoursing with precocious unctuousness to my good friend Mother Aloysius, who, naïve soul, was lost in wonder and admiration of my gravity and sanctimoniousness. I medi-

tated and examined my conscience with a vengeance. I delighted in the conviction of my past wickedness, and was so thrilled with the sensation of being a converted sinner that, like Polly Evans, gladly would I have revived the medieval custom of public confession. Contrition once more prompted me to pen a conventional letter of penitence, submission, affection, and promise of good behaviour to my mother, which virtuous epistle, like a former one, remained without an answer.

This was part of the extreme sincerity of my mother's character. She wished her children, like herself, to be "all of a piece," and did not encourage temporary or sensational developments in them. Since she never stooped to play for herself or the gallery the part of fond mother, she kept at bay any inclination in us to dip into filial sentimentalism. Never was there a parent less likely to kill the fatted calf on the prodigal's return.

And then, in wreath and veil and white robe, with downcast eyes and folded hands to resemble the engraving of St Louis of Gonzague, I walked up the little chapel one morning without breakfast. The harmonium rumbled, the novices sang, the smell of flowers and wax was about me, incense sent its perfumed smoke into the air, and I lay prostrate over my *prie-dieu*, weeping from ecstasy. I fancied myself on the rim of heaven, held in the air by angels. I have a notion now that I wanted

to die, so unbearable was the ache of spiritual joy. I was literally bathed in bliss, and held communion with the seraphs.

It seemed a vulgar and monstrous impertinence to be carried off, after such a moment, to the nuns' refectory and there be fed upon buttered toast and crumpets and cake. With such a feast of good things before me I could not eat. I wanted to go back to the chapel and resume my converse with the heavenly spheres. Instead, Mother Aloysius invited me out to the garden, and there spoke long and earnestly, in her dear, simple, kindly way, of my duties as a Christian. I was no longer a bad troublesome child, but a little woman of eleven, with all sorts of grave responsibilities. I was to become disciplined and studious, check my passion for reading, take to sewing, and cultivate a respectful attitude to my superiors. She owned that for the moment I was a model of all the virtues, but would it last long, she dubiously added.

Wise woman! It did not last long. The normal child is occasionally bad and generally good. I reversed the order, and was only very occasionally good and generally as bad as possible. The period of temporary beatification over, I was speedily at loggerheads again with my old enemy Sister Esmeralda. Would you know the cause of our last and most violent quarrel? Lady Wilhelmina of the Abbey had a

little girl of my age, so like me that we might have been twin-sisters. Because of this strange resemblance, Lady Wilhelmina often invited me up to the Abbey to play with her daughter Adelaide. She was a dull, proud child, whom I rather despised, but we got through many an afternoon comfortably enough, playing cricket with her brother Oswald. One Sunday after benediction, Adelaide and I were walking side by side when we came near Sister Esmeralda talking to an elder pupil.

"Isn't it wonderful that those children should be so alike!" exclaimed the girl. "They might be twins."

"Not at all," cried Sister Esmeralda, tartly. "Lady Adelaide is far handsomer than Angela, who is only a common little Irish thing."

The words were not meant for my hearing, but they stung me as a buffet. I flashed back like a wild creature on flame, and stood panting in front of my enemy, while Adelaide, pale and trembling, caught my dress behind.

"I heard what you said, and it's a lie. I'm not a common little Irish thing. I am just as good as Lady Adelaide—or you, or anybody else. The Irish are much nicer than the English any day, ever so much nicer,—there, and I hate you, so I do."

"Oh, Angela!" sobbed Adelaide, clutching at my dress.

"Let me alone, you too!" I screamed, beside myself with

passion. "I don't care whether you are handsomer than I, for you're just an ordinary little girl, not half as clever as I."

Adelaide, who had a spirit of her own, retorted in proper fashion, and before Sister Esmeralda had time to shake me and push me in before her, I struck the poor little aristocrat full on her angry scarlet cheek.

I was only conscious of the enormity of my fall on receiving a tender almost broken-hearted note from Mother Aloysius. "Dearest child," it lovingly ran, "what has become of all your good resolutions? What about all those nice sensible promises of gentle and submissive behaviour you made me down here in the garden? Is that how St Louis of Gonzague, St Elizabeth of Hungary, would have acted? Tell Sister Esmeralda how sorry you are; and write, like my good little Angela, and tell me you are sorry too."

I penned with great care a fervent and honest reply, which I begged Miss Lawson, the lay teacher, to carry to my friend in town. "I'm sorry, ever so sorry, because you are sorry, and you are the only person here I love. But I won't be sorry for Sister Esmeralda. I hate her. She said I was a common little Irish thing. It's mean and nasty, for I am only a child and can't hurt her, and she's big and can hurt me. If I am Irish, I am as good as her."

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE LAST OF LYSTERBY AND CHILDHOOD.

My mother came over again to Lysterby with Pauline and Birdie, who shared my last year in that quaint old town. My mother's second visit is a vague remembrance. I recall a singular old gentleman who joined us in an expedition to Guy's Cliff, and terrified the life out of us girls by a harrowing description of the hourly peril he walked under, and a fervid assurance that he might drop down dead at that very moment of speech. We walked behind him in frozen fear, and looked each moment to see him drop dead at our feet, but my mother discoursed in front of us quite unconcerned. He wore a cloak with a big cape, and said "Madam" after every second word. Guy's Cliff I remember as a lovely place; but the chill water of the well was not so chill as my blood while I contemplated that doomed old man.

Pauline's latest enthusiasm was Miss Braddon, and what glorious things she made of 'Lady Audley's Secret,' 'Aurora Floyd,' and, I fancy, a tale about a Captain Vulture! I read these books afterwards (that is the two first), and what poor tawdry stuff, my faith, compared with the brilliant embroideries of my most imaginative sister, who turned lead into pure gold!

Years, how many, many years, after, a man of European fame, one of the rare figures that go to make up a century's portraits, speaking of Pauline, said she was the

cleverest woman he had ever known. But alas! alas! hers was not a cleverness a woman poor and obscure could utilise. A man, she would have been a great statesman, for she was a born politician. Geography was her passion, history her mania,—not that she could ever have written history, for she was too quick, complex, and vital to learn so slow a trade as that of a writer's; but hers was a miraculous intuitive seizure of history, that made it to her imperious vision present, and not the smallest historical fact in Europe escaped her attention and remembrance. Could crowned heads but know what a severe and unflinching gaze was fixed upon them! of what singular and passionate importance to her was the marriage of their most distant relatives! Modern history and modern politics became to her what classical music had been to our daft grandfather, whom she strongly resembled. They absorbed her, filled the long, long days of sick and lonely maidenhood, when, such was the vividness, the surprising vitality of her matchless imagination, that in a dull seaside residence she found, and lived and died in, her own excitements and gratifications of mind and soul.

Miss Lawson before leaving the convent had inoculated us, the little ones, her devoted admirers, with a curious passion for pinafores and mites — whist. Whist for several months be-

came the object of our existence. Lessons in comparison were but a trivial occupation. When Birdie and I next went home, we taught the game to still smaller mites, and such were the gamblers we became, that we have played whist, I the eldest of the four confederates, twelve, with renowned and aged clubmen, who found us their match. We slept with a pack of cards under our pillow, and dawn found us four little night-dressed girls gathered together in one bed with the lid of a handbox over our joined knees, rapturously playing whist.

On the pretext of meeting our father at the station of Dalkey every evening at half-past six, we took possession of the waiting-room, cards in hand, and imperiously acquainted our friend the station-master with the fact that the room was engaged. The novelty of the situation so tickled the station-master that while we four miscreants in short skirts played our game of whist, not a soul was allowed to enter the waiting-room—an injustice I now marvel at.

The boys and girls around us were neglected. We only cared for whist, which we played from the time we got up until we went to bed, with no other variation that I remember except sea-bathing and Captain Marryat's novels. As none of the boys or girls shared our desperate passion, it followed that I and my three smaller sisters became inseparable, and held all our fellows who did not live for whist to be poor dull

creatures. Once we made part of a children's gathering at Killiney Hill, but after the cold chicken, jelly, cakes, and lemonade, we speedily found life intolerable without a pack of cards.

"I say, Angela," whispered Birdie to me, when I was musing of honours and the odd trick, "I've brought them. Let's go behind a tree and have a game."

Now I always take a hand with pleasure because of that defunct vice; but, alas! I am compelled to own that I never played so well as at eleven.

My next passion, for which Pauline this time was responsible, was genealogy. We invented a family called the L'Estranges, and brought them over with the Conqueror. Where they had previously come from we did not ask. What did it matter? To come over with the Conqueror was, we knew, a certificate of chivalry. The chief, Walter, fought at the Battle of Hastings. We pictured him with golden locks, a bright and haughty visage, stern grey eyes that could look ineffably soft in a love-scene, and beautiful shining armour. We married him to a certain Saxon Edith, and down as far as the Battle of Bosworth Field, Walter and Edith were the favourite family names of the L'Estranges. To give piquancy to our most delightful game, and stimulate our imagination, we founded a cemetery of the L'Estranges. We made little wooden tombstones, on which we carved imaginary epitaphs of all the imaginary L'Estranges

who had died since the battle of Hastings. As we loathed old people in our dramatic history, except the aged lord who dies blessing a numerous progeny from time to time, all our resplendent heroes perished in romantic youth on the Spanish Main, on battle-fields, on the African coast; or rescuing Turkish princesses, or capturing Grecian isles; while their brides invariably faded away either of consumption or a broken heart at seventeen. The cemetery was peopled to excess by the time we got as far as the battle of Bosworth Field, where the last hero fell in front of the enemy before he had time to marry the maiden of his choice.

It is astonishing how little the average child approves of a natural death. The heroes must die by violence in the flower of youth, and the heroines must perish or pine away from unnatural causes on the threshold of maidenhood. Nineteen is even old and commonplace: the age of glory is seventeen.

If you entered our garden, turned into the cemetery of the L'Estranges, you would have seen layer upon layer of little wooden sticks that looked like the indication of hidden seeds, and if you stooped to read the legend, this is the sort of thing that would have greeted your eyes:—

"Here lies Walter l'Estrange" (or Rupert, or Ralph, or Reginald, for we were fond of these names), "born such and such a year, wrecked off the coast of

Barbary such and such a year," or "perished in a conflict with Spanish pirates," &c.; and beside him, with day and date of birth and burial, "Here lies Edith, his beloved wife, daughter of Lord Seymour or Admiral So-and-so."

In a big ledger, recorded in Pauline's sprawling caligraphy, were the lives and characters of the imaginary dead. It was remarkable that all our heroes were as brave as lions, as modest and mild as lambs, and as stainless as Galahads. To lend relief to the monotony of their implacable virtue, we now and then invented a villain, who invariably died in a vulgar brawl or a duel. The battle-field, the Spanish Main, the rescue of Turkish princesses, and a noble shipwreck, were kept for the Galahads.

The last profile of my Lysterby days is that of a radiant and lovely Irish girl, who came from Southampton, the Mother House of the Ladies of Mercy, to stay with us until the nuns found her a situation as governess. Her name was Molly O'Connell: she was doubly orphaned almost since birth, her mother having died giving life to her, and her father within the following year. Everybody about her thought it very sad that her mother should have died on the very day of her birth. But I, alas! knew a sadder thing. My father who, I am told, was a very kindly, tender-hearted man, died some months before my birth. Had I been given the choice beforehand, and known what

was in store for me, I should have greatly preferred it had been my mother who died many months before my birth. But, alas! babies in the anti-natal stage are never consulted upon the question of their own interest.

Molly O'Connell remains upon memory as beauty in a flash. Never since have I seen such a flashing combination of brilliant effects. Oh! such teeth—teeth to dream of, teeth that laughed and smiled, that had a sort of light in them like white sunshine, and were the fullest expression I have ever known of the word radiance! Then her eyes were pools of violet light, where you seemed to see straight down to the bottom of a deep well, violet all the way down to the very end, where you saw yourself reflected. These glorious eyes, like the teeth, smiled and laughed; they caressed, too, looked an unfathomable tenderness and sweetness, shone, irradiated like stars, went through the whole gamut of visual emotion, from the holiest feeling, the effable eloquence of sentiment, to the bewildering obscurities of passion. They were eyes, I now know, to damn a saint, and—heaven help us all in a world so inexplicable as ours!—they performed their fatal mission to the bitter end. Add to these eyes and teeth hair as dark as shadow, as thick as the blackness of night, a scarlet and white face, round and dimpled, of the divinest shape, the rarest and ripest combination of fruit and flower, with deep peach-like bloom upon

the soft cheek, and the hue of a crimson cherry upon the curved full lips, and there you have a woman equipped for her own destruction, if she have a heart to lose, no brains to speak of, and only as much knowledge of man, of the world, as a fresh-born kitten or a toddling babe.

Molly was the joy, the light, the glory, the romance of our lives. We worshipped her for her unsurpassable loveliness, which kept rows of young eyes fixed upon her charming visage in round-lidded wonder and awe; we adored her for her gaiety, her chatter, her incessant laughter, and we loved her for the conviction that she was as young and innocent and helpless and unlettered as ourselves.

Molly was nineteen, but she was a bigger child than any of us; and now I hold my breath in pain when I remember the nature and quality of her innocence. She had been brought up from infancy in a convent. Had her life lain among the roses, such ignorance as hers might be pardoned in her teachers. But to send out into the world, to earn her living among selfish and indifferent strangers, a young girl of such bewildering exquisiteness, and never once hint to her the kind of perils that would beset her, give her no knowledge of man, nor of herself, nor of nature! This is an iniquity the nuns of Southampton can never be pardoned.

Now that I know the sequel, and understand what the beginning meant, I cannot recall our laughter over Molly's first

experiences without a thrill of horror. The nuns had placed her with titled folk—Lord and Lady E., with whom lived Lady E.'s father, an old earl, a widower. Molly was the most ingenuous and garrulous of creatures. She spent her first vacation some months later with us, and kept us at recreation hour in shouts of laughter and scorn over her adventures. The old earl was the most extraordinary old man, according to her. He was always meeting her alone, here, there, and everywhere. She seemed to think it was a sort of school-boy's game. Once he showed her in the garden, when no one was by, a splendid diamond bracelet, which he had bought for her.

"O Molly!" we all screamed in joy, "he wants to marry you, and you'll be a grand countess, like the gipsy maiden of the song."

But Molly curled her lips haughtily. Did we know that he was seventy, a queer old gentleman, just fit to be tucked into bed and given gruel? The suspicion of evil design never once entered her innocent head, for the simple reason that she had not the ghost of a suspicion of any kind of evil.

Then Lady E. went up to town, and left this bewitching creature at the mercy of her husband. Molly again regarded it in the light of a capital game. The aged earl and his middle-aged son-in-law appeared to be on strained terms. The poor goose never suspected why. Lord E. insisted on her

sitting in his wife's place at table—and still she suspected nothing.

One night, she told us, shrieking with laughter as at the height of the grotesque, Lord E. mistook her room for the nursery, and entered it in his shirt. Not the faintest feeling of anger or fear on the part of this blind, silly maid. All she did was to go into convulsions of laughter, "because he looked so ugly and so ridiculous." But it was still part of the high old game of life, where everything happens to send one into fits of laughter. That tears, that trouble, that shame and blighting misery lay in wait for her, this radiant, unconscious, ignorant, and foolish innocent could not then suspect.

We, too, thought it a splendid game, laughed heartily at the ridiculous figure she described Lord E. as cutting in his nightshirt, agreed with her that the old earl was a monstrous old fool to go skipping in that absurd way down the park avenues with her, putting his hand upon his heart, sighing and talking in a wild incoherent way about "the loveliest girl on earth," whom Molly, the least vain of creatures, never for one moment suspected was herself. For she was far too busy laughing at people to understand them. You had but to stand solemnly before her, and say, "It's a wet day," and off she was on a ringing cascade. What you said she probably did not understand in the least; but the expression of your eye, the

tone of your voice, made her laugh.

And so the infamous nature of the pursuit of the earl and his son-in-law quite escaped her, and neither the diamond bracelet, nor Lord E. in his shirt at night in her room, awoke the faintest throb of alarm. All this to her and us was part of the eternal joke of nature. And a very, very few years afterwards, I learned, one who had loved her well and sought her far discovered her at night in the vicinity of the Haymarket, with paint upon her cheeks and lips, and the fatal brightness of consumption looking out of her hollow violet eyes.

My remembrance of the rest of my stay at Lysterby fades away upon the heavy perfume of incense in the cold aisles of the cathedral, whither we were conducted by the nuns for the breathlessly interesting offices of Holy Week. It is a long dream of sombre tones and solemn notes, which I followed in a passionate absorption in the "Offices of Holy Week," printed in Latin and English, for which I paid the sum of four shillings. I studied those offices so diligently, followed them so accurately, that afterwards I could detect to a movement, a note, a Latin word, any error or omission in the Lenten services of the pro-cathedral of Dublin, where I must say the rites struck me as shorn of all impressiveness.

But at Lysterby the functions were rigidly correct. The evening office of *Tenebræ* was

a funereal delight. The services of Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday were religious excitements on which to live for months. I shut my eyes, even now in middle age, and I see again the long grey cathedral aisles dim in taper-light, altars hung in black, and the lean aristocratic visage of Father More above the surplice and violet stole, and I hear him chant in his thin, melodious voice, "Oremus, flectamus genua!" and listen again for the response, "Levate!"

I cannot precisely define my sensations in this period. Religion with me was nothing but an intense emotion nourished upon incense, music, taper-lit gloom, and a mysterious sense of the intangible. It was in the fullest meaning of the word sensuous; but while its attraction lasted, nothing I have since known could be compared with it for intensity. While under its spell, you seem to float in the air, to touch the wings of the angels, to be yourself part of the heavenly sphere you aspire to attain. Rapture itself is a mean enough word to define your emotions. And then you come back to earth with a sense of unspeakable deception and surprise. You feel hungry, and loathe yourself for the vulgar need. Your ear is buffeted by loud earthly sounds instead of the roll of the organ and the monotonous solemnity of Gregorian chant.

To realise this is to understand how so many sentimental, virtuous, and sensuous souls

seek oblivion of life in religious excitement. It is a mental and moral mixture of opium and alcohol extremely soothing to the bruised consciousness, a gentle diversion in commonplace cares that poor humanity must not be begrudged; though, as George Eliot has finely said, it is proof of strength to live and do well without this narcotic.

The return to Ireland coincides with the outbreak of the Franco-German war. A mist hangs over those terrible months, but Dublin I remember was French to a man. Every morning my eldest sister marched us off to mass to pray for the French, and we wept profusely over each tragic telegram. Our hero Edmond was over there, fighting and lying with equal gallantry. Several noble dames had tended his wounds and offered to marry him, and he escaped from prison with the assistance of the jailer's daughter, who loved him despairingly. I recall our awed inspection of several helmets and swords brought back from the war by a quantity of heroic young Irishmen who professed to have laid the Germans low on countless occasions. I do not now know what they did out there, for there is always a great deal of Tartarin, an atmosphere of Tarascon, about the Irishman returned from abroad. But we all went down in a glorified body, dressed in our very best, to assist at the arrival of Marshal M'Mahon and his wife, who came all the way from far-off France to

thank us for what they had or had not done.

Here, at the age of twelve, my childhood ends, and youth, troubled youth, begins.

To stand upon the hill-top and cast a glance of retrospection down the long path travelled in all its excess of light and shadow; impenetrable darkness massed against a luminous haze through which rays of blazing glory filter, each one striking upon memory in a shock of prismatic hues, until the eye reaches as far back as the start from the valley,—how astonished we are at the unevenness of the road! So brilliant, so ineffectual for most of us, is this dear thing called Youth! The uneasy flutter from the nest, the wild throb of pulses, now for ever tamed, at each sharp encounter with fate; the courage, the hope, the passion—alas! how futile and how sad to eyes in middle life that see the inexorable word "failure" written across that splendid tear-blotted page of strife, of yearning, of frailty and endeavour. Seen from the hill-top, how small the big stones are that broke our path! How easy it might have been to skirt the thorn-bushes and brambles, instead of tearing an impulsive way through them, and falling so repeatedly on bleeding face and hands!

Impatience and panting courage have served to carry us through the unequal battle, and now, resting in the equable tones of middle life, how sweet a wonder seem the blackness,

the purple, the golden lights of youth! We sit in the unemotional shade, and slake our thirst for the old joys and sorrows by fondly recalling the ghosts of dead hours and dead dreams, of forgotten faiths and dim-remembered faces; and though we may not desire to relive each year with its burden of pains and pangs, surely we may tell ourselves that it is good to have lived those past years, even if tears seem the most prominent part of our inheritance.

Then, however sad the living moment, we still had the consolation of that beautiful and vision-bearing word "To-morrow." In youth, sorrow fells us to to-day, and joy awakes us to-morrow. It is always—Land may be in sight to-morrow!

The night is dark, but hope dances blithely through our veins with the delicious assurance that to-morrow brings the sun. The world is empty, but vague dreams tell us that to-morrow love will cross our path and fill the universe. Hope is the magician that waved us forward and carried us recklessly through briar and bramble, with undaunted confidence in life, in ourselves, and in all things around us. Each fall was ever the last, each pang the precursor of eternal happiness.

And now it is over. Hope's magic wand for us is broken, and she has folded her wings and dropped into slumber that wakens not again; henceforth our best friend is drab-robed content.

GEORGE BORROW.¹

DR KNAPP has thrown away as good a chance as ever came to an ambitious biographer. He elected to write the Life of George Borrow, and with patient industry he collected a perfect mountain of material. He not only acquired the books and papers of Lavengro, but he even explored all such local journals and pamphlets as might contain a distant allusion to his idol. He lived where Borrow lived; he followed Borrow's footsteps in England as in Spain; that he might prove himself as expert a "philologist" as his master, he has studded his text with gems from all the foreign tongues he knows, though English should have been sufficient for his purpose. No detail seems too insignificant for him: with praiseworthy energy he has tracked the most notable of Borrow's schoolfellows; he has drawn a ground-plan of "the Borrow House" at Norwich. In brief, he has told us a thousand things which touch Lavengro more or less remotely; but he has completely failed to draw a recognisable portrait of his romantic subject.

Borrow says somewhere that it was from the 'Newgate Calendar' that he learned the art of writing genuine English. Whether Dr Knapp has studied the lives of thieves we know not, but it is certain that genuine

English is beyond his reach. Apparently he has read deeply of Carlyle, the worst model that ever befogged a pedant's style, and believes that he can reproduce the humour of 'Sartor Resartus.' Yet his style is not mere Carlylese; it is Carlylese vilely tempered by the daily paper. For him Borrow is "our George" if he is not "Don Jorge"; when a pack of schoolboys expect a flogging from Dr Valpy, they are in his phrase "candidates for the Valpeian scourge"; worse still, he says of Lockhart, "Of course there was one more unfortunate candidate for the pickle of our peregrine hater." In these terms does he announce John Borrow's birth: "This scion of an ancient house made his *début* on the stage some time in the year 1800. The font over which he was held is unknown. It must be sought either at Chelmsford or at Colchester. But in the latter town the barracks stood in the three parishes of St James, St Leonard, and St Mary Magdalen. In the present decline of Peter's pence and rise of parochial fees, experience has taught its lesson. *Natus est*—he was born. He was likewise named: first, after his paternal grandsire, *John*; then after his sire, *Thomas*, and finally after the whole family, *Borrow*." The fatigue of a book composed after this pre-

¹ Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow. By William J. Knapp, Ph.D., LL.D. London: John Murray.

tentiously trite manner can easily be imagined, and there are many worse specimens to be found. It is thus, for instance, that he translates the simple statement that Borrow was bathing: "He was engaged in stirring the briny waters of the German Ocean with his ponderous *corpus*." How Borrow himself would have laughed at so gross a perversion of what he believed to be genuine English! "Ponderous *corpus*" indeed! *Natus est!* Why not *nati sumus* or *nati sunt*? But that's what it is to be a philologist, and to possess the gift of tongues.

While Dr Knapp is not very judicious in his choice of words, he displays little more wisdom in the selection of his facts. He tells us in his preface that the cool judgment of his publisher persuaded him to curtail his book, yet the book as it stands is padded with pages of irrelevance. He can find room for such common notes of invitation as the following: "Dear Mr Borrow,—We have a few friends coming to us next Wednesday evening. Will you be persuaded to join us at 9 o'clock?" Yet he withholds the description of the battle between Painter and Oliver—that famous battle from which Kean got a hint for his Richard—though it should surely be a masterpiece of romantic reporting. Then he has rescued many a review from the columns of ancient journals, which long ago did their work of offence, and have earned oblivion. To Borrow they were red rags; they are pallid sheets to us, and

not even Dr Knapp's loyalty can bring back a single touch of colour to their faded abuse.

But from beginning to end the book is marred by a lack of proportion, by the author's inability to distinguish between the trifling and the essential. A new fact is not important from mere novelty, and to proceed with Dr Knapp's reckless curiosity is to risk making not a biography but a rubble-heap. However, Dr Knapp's defect is easily intelligible: he has failed because he is an American. Now, the American who professes a sympathy with England, and does not harbour an ambition to twist the lion's tail, is apt to approach our country with too shy a reverence. Having few shrines of his own to worship, he goes abroad to bow the knee, and once beyond the reach of telephones and electric bells, he displays a capacity for devotion which is admirable and touching. The American, in fact, is the modern pilgrim. As our remote ancestors visited Jerusalem, so our reputed descendants seek out the tombs of poets and novelists. They recite verses in the groves of Kenilworth, or under the shadow of Shakespeare's cottage. They explore the graveyards to discover where their heroes lie buried, and they commonly bring back stories of dilapidation and neglect. But like all neophytes they push their worship too far; they comprehend in a general admiration everything that is personal; they are surprised at what we take for granted; and they invest the most trivial

circumstances with an importance which they never possessed. It is an amiable indiscretion, no doubt; but it is blinding to the intelligence, and we doubt whether a dozen Americans of to-day see the life of the Old World in a sensible light. Dr Knapp, for instance, cannot rid himself of his transatlantic prejudice, and he surveys the ordinary facts of Borrow's life with the astonishment of a yokel gazing at the Lord Mayor's coach. A similar prejudice prevents him from seeing the real qualities of his subject. A man, who was inspired always by a love of action, who, as we shall presently see, admired gypsies, prize-fighters, and highwaymen far above writers and philologists, must not be judged by the common standards. If you would understand him, you must yield to his vagaries, and confess the imperiousness of his tastes. Yet Dr Knapp, despite his doglike respect for Borrow, proves in a dozen instances his lack of sympathy. Though the example of Borrow has persuaded him to study the gypsies and their language, he proves that he has never conquered the general dislike of the roving people. He denounces the rumour that Borrow's mother was a gypsy as "an unworthy and unjustifiable slur." Why slur, Dr Knapp, why slur? Have not many brave men and beautiful women carried gypsy blood in their veins? And is not Borrow the last man in the world who would have resented the mistake? But Lavengro himself

has already reproved Dr Knapp's "unworthy slur." "'Don't speak contemptuously of Mr Petulengro,' said I to the Armenian, 'nor of anything belonging to him. He is a dark, mysterious personage; all connected with him is a mystery.'" There is Borrow's own answer to his biographer, and Dr Knapp, before he despised the gypsies, should have remembered the nobility of Jasper Petulengro.

Nor is Dr Knapp more fortunate in his few references to boxing, which was in Borrow's eyes the finest and most necessary of the arts. "The lad knew of his own father's early proclivity for the ring," he writes, "and thought it only dutiful to occasionally put on the gloves." Of course he thought it nothing of the kind; and even if we overlook the split infinitive, we find in this statement a complete misunderstanding of Borrow's character. He did not put on the gloves for the sake of duty,—he was a fighter born and bred; his father's scrap with Big Ben was his most glorious memory, a memory not effaced by his own battle with the Flaming Tinman, when once more "Long Melford" did its work. If he was a better hand at the gloves than at the naked fist, his morleys were always ready, and for his biographer to mention duty and fighting in the same sentence is to misrepresent his pride and character. He was master of many accomplishments, but he was proud of none so much as of his power to hit a man when he was angry.

Again, a sentimental sympathy with footpads and all their works was instinctive with George Borrow, and was doubtless fostered by his compilation of 'Celebrated Trials.' He was quick to appreciate the free courage of their career; for were they not, also, kings of the highroad? His admiration of Harry Simms never languished, and he would set Haggart, whom he knew, by the side of Tamerlane. Yet Dr Knapp brushes this sympathy roughly away. He does not even condescend to a mention of Simms, and Haggart inspires him to little else than the cold announcement that "he was very properly hanged at Edinburgh jail." Properly, no doubt, from the magistrate's point of view. But Borrow's biographer might have looked beyond the code, and attempted to picture the enthusiasm of a man who never examined too scrupulously the morals of his comrades.

However, Dr Knapp's greatest difficulty was to hold the scales of justice even. Borrow thought the smallest provocation sufficient for enmity. He was a good hater, who in every controversy set his feelings above reason. Such was his nature, and his nature needs no justification. But his biographer, who at other points has fallen short of sympathy, surely goes beyond his brief when he espouses an ancient quarrel. That Borrow disliked Bowring is quite certain, and the reasons for the dislike are to-day immaterial. Yet Dr Knapp sees animus in two perfectly civil letters, and detects

an insult in Bowring's plain question, "Have you ever been at Kiatcha?" Whether Borrow ever did go to Kiatcha is an unsolved problem. He seems to have believed that he did once visit that remote spot, and Bowring might have been excused for seeking information on a point whereon Borrow himself was doubtful. But Dr Knapp transforms himself into a partisan, and makes a confident statement, of which proof is impossible. "Meantime," says he, "'Life, a Drama,' by George Borrow, had been advertised; and Bowring, suspecting that the struggles and disappointments of his victim would be treated of in the book, privately engaged the 'Edinburgh Review,' while passing through Italy at the beginning of 1849, for a paper on the 'Life' when it should appear. This holding of the 'Edinburgh Review' kept all articles on 'Lavengro' from its pages in 1851." To propose a review in order that a book might never be noticed at all is the subtlest villainy, of which Bowring could only be convicted on his own confession. Did he ever tell Dr Knapp of his trick? If not, how does Dr Knapp declare as a fact what can only be an unamiable surmise?

But at the end of his book Dr Knapp brings a charge against Borrow's stepdaughter which certainly should not pass unchallenged, and he brings it with an easy nonchalance, as though it were not worth support. At any rate, he does not support it with a shred of documentary evidence, and we must be forgiven if we decline to ac-

cept it on the mere word of a biographer. George Borrow died on the 26th of July 1881, and, says Dr Knapp, "the circumstances were these. The step-daughter and her husband drove to Lowestoft in the morning on some business of their own, leaving Mr Borrow without a living soul in the house with him. He had earnestly requested them not to go away, because he felt that he was in a dying state; but the response intimated that he had often expressed the same feeling before, and his fears had proved groundless. During the interval of these few hours of abandonment, which nothing can palliate or excuse, George Borrow died as he had lived—*alone!*" It looks like a grave accusation of manslaughter by neglect; and even were it true, it had been better suppressed. But, to use his own phrase, nothing can palliate the suggestion of a serious charge, whereof no proof is offered. Moreover, it is unfortunate that Dr Knapp has a personal grievance against the lady whom he accuses of this shameful neglect. "The Henrietta of that day," he says, "refuses to communicate with the present writer, for reasons best known to herself." Had she suspected his opinion of her, the reason of her silence would be obvious; and though we do not for a moment imply a relation of cause and effect, it would have been prudent in Dr Knapp to suppress either one reference or the other to "the Henrietta of that day."

The biographer, then, has failed to produce a worthy life of George Borrow, because

with all his industry he has not the skill to write nor the tact to arrange his material. In the near future he promises us an annotated edition of 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye,' a work well worth the doing, and one which cannot be successfully achieved without the papers collected by the industrious doctor. But the Life gives us little confidence in its worthy performance, and we regret the inevitable failure the more, because Borrow's strange career deserves elucidation. What a story there was to tell, if the biographer had had the gift of narrative! What adventures to relate for a man who knew the romantic value of words! And the best that can be said of Dr Knapp is that his two volumes are a quarry, from which a competent workman might extract the blocks of a fair monument. But where one writer has failed, there is little chance of another attempt; and we cheerfully take leave of this lost opportunity and look for Borrow in his works.

For, despite his own indignant denial, Borrow's works are one and all chapters of autobiography. It should, therefore, not be difficult to compose a portrait. But Borrow, brave, wilful, arrogant as he was, had the vaguest perception of his own character. His romantic temperament was deeply veined with pedantry, and he would persist in believing himself a philologist when he was merely a rover with an indomitable gift of tongues. Between him and the man he would speak

with, be he gypsy, Armenian, or Spaniard, there was never a barrier. He addressed every one in his own language, and he assuredly valued his talent less for the sake of science than because it gave him the insight he wished into the life of East and West, of Jew and Gentile. His philology, of course, was the merest empiricism. He was completely ignorant of the study, as it is seriously pursued. For him, in truth, languages were a means, not an end, and he had the good fortune never to waste his precious hours in a herbarium of dried words. Yet all the while he would preach "philology," and even declare that his valiant romance was a work of research! Nor was he content thus to belittle his own achievement; he was now and again emboldened to give specimens of his science, wherein, if he deceived himself, he can hardly hope to deceive others. Gravely he assures you that he has made out crabbed words in *Æschylus* by the help of the speech of Chikno and Petulengro. In another place he rhapsodises on the words for bread—*pannam, panem, morro* or *mauro*, the Irish *aran*, the Welsh *bara*, and with an insusceptibility to sound, which would shock a modern philologist, he declares that he sees a resemblance in all these words. After that, you are not surprised that tanner should be derived from the Latin *tener*, and that one word is older than another because it is easier to say. But these lapses from romance are unimportant, and they are at least characteristic

of the man's sanguine temperament. Whatever he wished to understand seemed to him easily intelligible, and though he constantly boasts his scholarship, he never troubled his head about the real mysteries of philology. Man was his book, and to gratify what he terms his "laudable curiosity," he would patter the flash in a pothouse, or gossip with gypsies under a hedge. But in whatever company he found himself, he could not deny himself the pleasure of a pedantic excursus. "My grandfather was a shorter, and my father was a smasher," such is the immortal opening of the jockey's story in 'The Romany Rye'; "the one was scragged and the other lagged." Borrow instantly interrupted the recital with a few false derivations, until at last the jockey begged for silence; and this anecdote reveals both the true and the false Borrow. It is the true Borrow who sketches the story of the smasher; it is the false who asserts irrelevantly that "lagged" is genuine old Norse.

But philology is not the only snare which Lavengro spread for his readers. He is always trying to catch you in the net of prejudice. He would have you believe that his books were written for any other reason than the real one. Now the first object of his work is to protest against Popery; now it is designed to prove the error of gentility. On one page he condemns the Jacobites and all their works, on another he commits an unmerited outrage upon Sir Walter Scott. But to arrive at the real man you must brush

away these specimens of extravagance and ill-humour. In his own phrase, "With him the pursuit of languages was always modified by the love of horses." Give him a horse or a fighter and he forgot his peevishness, his grievances, and his pedantry. His books, which are all chapters of one vast work, compose a long and eloquent panegyric of the wandering life. Whatever was done under the open sky was in Borrow's eyes sanctified. So he loved the loafers and footpads, whom the righteous man contemns. So he delighted in the free companionship of tramps and gypsies. For him the one palace of London was the Bridge, whereon he spoke with the old woman, and read the wonderful 'Life of Moll Flanders.' So, notwithstanding the 'Celebrated Trials,' he abhorred the life of a literary hack, and was far happier botching kettles, and very badly he botched them no doubt, to mending the "genuine English" of torn and battered chap-books. Romantic to the core, he espied an adventure in every inn, and could not loaf along the high-road without good hope of surprise at the next turning. He was, so to say, the natural man with a pen in his hand, a Dumas of experience, who had no need to go to history for his material. Whether he walked across England or rode over the arid plains of Galicia, he had a constant faith in the unexpected. His was the true traveller's curiosity: he wondered always where he would pass the night, what company he would keep at dinner, and with admirable

skill he inspires his reader with something of his own wonderment.

Other writers of romance invent their characters, and embellish their backgrounds. Borrow was his own hero, and he pictured the lanes and dingles where he himself had trod; he sang the praises of the ale which he himself had drunk; he reported the gossip which the strangers of chance brought unto his ears. 'Lavengro' is not an autobiography he once declared, with more venom than was necessary, but on another occasion he admitted its authenticity; and the clear result of Dr Knapp's researches is to prove, what from internal evidence always seemed probable, that Borrow's narrative is personal and veracious. His friends were never tired of likening him to Don Quixote, and the casual traveller detected in this white-haired tramp a resemblance to the Wandering Jew. And both comparisons are justified. Borrow had in him much of the Wandering Jew, more still of Don Quixote. Above all, his wanderings were ever attended with good luck. He was a tireless collector of eccentric characters, and he made such a collection as fiction has never equalled. Where shall you match his splendid Petulengro? where equal the grim and grisly Tin-man? Who save Borrow would ever have encountered Peter Williams, with his sin against the Holy Ghost? And who save Borrow would have cured his malady with a quotation from 'Moll Flanders'? Then

again, the man who must always be touching things to avert an evil chance, is he not absolutely real and yet absolutely Borrovian? Nothing in these strange books is too unremote from experience to be true, and though Dr Knapp has not yet proved his point, we are content to believe with him that 'Lavengro' and 'Romany Rye' are a faithful record of things seen and heard. No one who had not bought a horse a bargain and sold it at a proper figure could have written of *Horncastle Fair* with Borrow's enthusiasm.

Good fortune, then, never deserted Borrow, when he went upon the road; and his delight yielded to nothing save the "horrors"—that imaginary "fear," which more than once was near to turning his hand against himself. For even if he encountered no human curiosity, no old man who had mastered Chinese yet could not read the clock, and no Magyar to wile away the hours with new words, he still knew the vivid joy of the open air. "Life is sweet, brother, said Jasper. . . . There's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath." A wind on the heath! That is the characteristic phrase. A wind on the heath, which even the blind man can feel! These five words should be placed on the title-page of all Borrow's works, for not only did he feel the wind on the heath more acutely than any other man, but he knew well how to give

the impression to his readers. Truly the wind blows not only on the heath, but through all the pages of 'Lavengro,' driving before it the author's pedantry and bitterness, and leaving the ineffaceable image of a covered sky and fair green turf.

So he loved the heath, and all that passed thereon. And was it not upon the heath that the boxers took their stand,—the boxers whom, despite Dr Knapp's reference to duty, Borrow loved as his brothers? Nothing in the world moved him like a battle, and his chapter on pugilism is assuredly his masterpiece. Hazlitt, a master too, sketched a fight, and sketched it with his richer resources of style and words. But while his picture is more compact and of a better finish than Borrow's, Borrow's vision is incomparably quicker and more alert. For he has touched the prize-ring with the fingers of romance. He has purged it of prosaic horror and common blackguardism. He has sung a pæan to the fist, which carries you along with the right Homeric lilt. "Hail to thee, six-foot Englishman of the brown eye!" Has not that the exact touch? Does it not put you instantly in the proper humour? And where, outside the 'Iliad,' shall you match this famous image: "He strikes his foe on the forehead, and the report of the blow is like the sound of a hammer against a rock"? And the leonine Cribb, and Belcher, the Teucer of the Ring, and Jack Randall,

the terrible Randall, and, best of all, that "true piece of English stuff, Tom of Bedford, sharp as Winter, kind as Spring"—he knows them all, and draws them as one who understands their dignity and grandeur.

They, too, felt the wind on the heath; they, too, knew the joy of the open sky. "There they come, the bruisers, far from London; . . . some one way, some another: some of tip-top reputation came with peers in their chariots; . . . others came in their own gigs, driving their own bits of blood, and I heard one say: 'I have driven through at a heat the whole hundred and eleven miles, and only stopped to bait twice.'" There is enthusiasm in every line of this rhapsody—an enthusiasm which is never aroused by strange tongues or curious pedantry, but which responds instantly to the aspect of blood-horse or boxer, or even to the vague memory of Jerry Abershaw and Galloping Dick. But there are two heroes, two kings of the road, who inspire Borrow to his highest flights,—Jasper Petulengro and his black pal Tawno, "the horse-leaper of the world." When these two are upon the scene, the narrative never flags; it trots as fast as the famous horse which the author bought of the green-coated innkeeper, and we must read fast indeed if we would not lag as far behind as the cob bestridden by the fellow in velveteen.

Borrow, then, was a wanderer, and his restless passion is enough to explain the work he

accomplished for the Bible Society. At first sight he does not reveal the missionary spirit; and though his hatred of Popery gave a zest to his Spanish crusade, it was the love of adventure rather than a zeal for the Gospel which quickened his footsteps. To force a prohibited book upon an indifferent people was an enterprise after his own heart, and by the way there were gypsies and horse-copers to encounter, or cavaliers and señoras to reprove. But he was assuredly a sore trial to his worthy employers, and the scraps of correspondence given us by Dr Knapp are unconsciously humorous. At the outset Borrow had not acquired the lingo of the place, and his letters were not always designed to be read before a pious committee. He gave particular offence by expressing a hope that his work would be useful to "the Deity, to man, and to himself," and you are tempted to ask, "Which did he think mattered most of the three?" Above all, he aroused the wrath of the eminent secretary,—one Brandram,—who administered continual rebukes. "Luck," said this eminent divine, "is a scandal to Englishmen," and knew not that he was addressing an inspired traveller, whose head was packed with the superstitions of all the ages, and who believed (maybe) that the clouds foreshow the "duk-keripens" of men.

"A series of Rembrandt pictures, interspersed here and there with a Claude"—that is his own description of 'Lavengro,' and the praise which

his confidence gave to his worth is well deserved. Portraiture and landscape, indeed, were the arts at which he aimed; and though his portraiture has a touch of Rembrandt's depth and solemnity, his landscape is far away from Claude's classical simplicity. What sympathy should this wild lover of romance feel for the Virgil of painting? But he chose Claude, no doubt, as a convenient symbol, and keeping his eye upon reality as resolutely as Rembrandt's own countrymen, he forgot the Frenchman's stately temples and grandiose palaces. For they, in his eyes, would have savoured of "humbug," and he was determined to write a book without "humbug," though he recognised the supreme difficulty of the task. Humbug in truth was his bogey; he saw it everywhere, and was constantly suspecting it in himself. What the sin against the Holy Ghost was for Peter Williams, what the borrowing of another's thought seemed to the unhappy writer who could never keep his fingers from touching the objects about him, such was humbug to George Borrow. Whenever he thought of it, he put himself in an attitude of self-defence, and seemed as if he would refute a charge which had never been brought. His famous appendix to 'The Romany Rye' is but a superfluous protest against his favourite sin, and he is at as much pains to prove himself a gentleman and a scholar as he is to denounce Sir Walter Scott's Jacobitism, the folly of Radicals, or the

villainy of those who presumed to judge 'Lavengro' without a previous study of Armenian. But he might have spared his vehemence. He is triumphantly absolved from the great transgression. Never once did he purposely represent himself what he was not, either for his own glory or for the discredit of others. At times he shows a magnificent lack of self-knowledge, and befogs his character with qualities which were alien to it. But these mistakes are a clear proof of sincerity: his books have no humbug about them—not even the humbug of an accurate style.

His appearance is as familiar to us as his character. He was tall, handsome, and athletic. A pair of dark eyes flashed from out a fair complexion, and his hair was prematurely touched with white. He delighted to live in an atmosphere of movement and mystery, and Lieut.-Colonel Napier, who met him in 1839, and who has left a sympathetic portrait, could find no better name for him than the Unknown. And truly he was an insoluble puzzle. He would reveal to no man the goal or purpose of his travel. He spoke French, Italian, and English with so equal an accent that he did not betray his own race. He addressed the Spanish landlord in Castilian, and gave orders to his Greek servants in Romaic. His knowledge of the gypsies and their languages seemed more startling than his acquaintance with Hindee, and it is not strange that after four days

spent in his society the British officer gave the riddle up. "The more I see of him the more I am puzzled. He appears acquainted with everybody and everything, but unknown to every one himself. . . . In his dark and searching eye there is an almost supernatural penetration and lustre, which, were I inclined to superstition, might induce me to set down its possessor as a second Melmoth." And so he was a second Melmoth, as he was also Don Quixote and the Wandering Jew.

Thus romance clung about him as it clung about his books, yet it was not in the unrevealed mystery of his character that he took his keenest delight. He was still more proud of his physical prowess. "He has been a great rider, walker, and swimmer,"—so he wrote in a brief autobiography, with an evident and just pleasure. Twice he saved the lives of drowning men, and once "he walked from London to Norwich, a distance of one hundred and twelve miles, in seven-and-twenty hours. His entire expenses in this expedition amounted to five-pence halfpenny, the only refreshments which he took on the road consisting of a pint of ale, a roll of bread, half a pint of milk, and two apples." That is an exploit of which any man of letters might be proud, and it is small wonder that Borrow

sets it down as the crowning achievement of his life.

He was always irascible and intolerant—a good hater, as we have said, and sublimely careless concerning the grounds of his hatreds. For instance, he disliked sherry, and looked upon sherry-drinkers with a positive contempt. Though a staunch Tory, he denounced Jacobitism and Popery—"complines and Claverse"—as the hobbies of Oxford pedantry. Moreover, he execrated the memory of Wullie Wallace, and suspected all London zanies of gentility. To those who in his view had thwarted his career he was implacably hostile, and he embraced in a common hatred all who bore a hated name. His vanity persuaded him to believe that he was capable of teaching every lesson, and surely a second Mr Barlow was lost in this tramp and horsebreaker. But his faults were the faults of a hero, and they were based upon the solid rock of egoism. To reopen his books is to breathe a purer and a larger air, to feel the wind upon the immortal heath. And truly he deserved a better fate than an American biographer. Yet we may spare a modest gratitude for Dr Knapp, since he has shot down a vast heap of facts, whereon some pearls may be discovered, and better still, he has sent us back for a while to 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye.'

ROMANCE OF THE MINES.

THE NEVADA SILVER BOOM.

WASHOE, which was destined to have a world-wide renown, is believed to have taken its name from a wandering tribe of Indians. It is a bleak range of hills, with an average height of 5000 feet, running parallel to the Nevada on one side and to the Rockies on the other. The range is cut up in all directions by deep cañons and gullies. The cities that afterwards sprang up immediately beneath the crests enjoy perhaps the vilest climate in the States. The summers are scorching, and there is no shade. In winter, and indeed at all seasons, the gales from the north, pleasantly known as the Virginian zephyrs, and confined between two mighty mountain-ranges, burst on the treeless plateau with incredible fury, when the warmest clothes are no sort of protection. But the earlier prospectors kept to the shelter of the gullies, for it must be remembered they were still searching for gold, and had no thought of the silver-reef. In one or two of these lateral *arroyos* they struck it rich, and Gold Cañon was the magnet which drew multitudes to the camps. At first the yield was highly satisfactory. But as the washers worked up the ravines, the gold-dust visibly deteriorated. San Francisco brokers, who had been buying for twenty dollars an ounce, would now give little more than half the money. The workers them-

selves were forced to own that the siftings were decidedly lighter in colour. Moreover, the loose auriferous gravel had been changing to sticky clay, and, with many a curse, they tossed wide "the blue stuff," which accumulated in unregarded refuse-heaps. The ignorance was profound, and it seems almost incredible now that the evidences did not penetrate their dull intelligences. For the grey shimmer of the depreciated dust was due to the rich combination of the white metal: the execrated blue stuff was so richly impregnated with the overflow of inexhaustible silver stores, that it would have yielded them twice the profit of their gold. The hills, on the sides of which they were painfully scraping, were pregnant with their lodes of silver: everywhere interspersed through the reefs of quartz and porphyry were bonanzas of almost virgin ore.

How the existence of those wonderful silver-reefs was first realised is by no means clear, though much has been written on the subject. Comstock and others who have left records of their investigations were notorious liars, and all that is certain is that they are never to be trusted. The story of all the miners who were first concerned with the find is one of almost unchecked misfortune and bitter disappointments. All sold out for a comparative

trifle and came to subsequent grief; but the fate of the men who are most plausibly credited with having struck the silver is the most tragical of all. They were two brothers of the name of Grosh, sons of a New England minister, and fairly educated. They devoted their scanty leisure to the survey of Mount Davidson, while toiling from hand to mouth as working miners. They are supposed to have transferred notes of their surveys to paper, with sketches of the ground. But they saw that capital was indispensable to work the quartz, and capital they could not command. One brother died of an accident. The other started to cross the Sierra to San Francisco in the depth of winter, with a single companion, in the intention, as it is supposed, of seeking the necessary financial assistance. He succumbed to the severity of the weather after untold sufferings. The donkey which they had loaded with their "outfit," and which carried the papers, was abandoned. Probably the secret of the mines perished with the donkey: yet there is a doubt whether some stray memoranda left behind may not have fallen into the hands of Comstock. For when Allen Grosh left the camp, he handed over his stone hut with his implements to Comstock's keeping. Comstock, who claimed to be the original discoverer, and gave his name to the great treasure-lodes, was ignorant as any of his comrades; but he must have been an uncommonly sharp fellow. He has put on record that he was led to his discovery by his panning out

the rich contents of a gopher-hole. It seems more likely that he was 'cute enough to take advantage of the find of another party. Water was indispensable to working. He claimed a convenient spring to which he had questionable pretensions, and forced himself as a partner on a little fraternity who apparently had really struck rich silver. In those primitive times a man's asseveration, even if he were a notorious liar, seems to have passed current as a state deed or a formal mining-lease. Be that as it may, it did not much matter in the end. The silver-mining and the silver boom were fairly launched; but not a man of that group made anything solid by their transactions. Had they suspected it, they were on the verge of being enriched by potentialities beyond the wildest dream of avarice. Four out of the six sold out for a few thousand dollars, and squandered them. A fifth held on a little longer, realised a good round sum, speculated in stocks, and died a lunatic. Comstock waited just long enough to miss his chance. He sold in his turn, and went prospecting. He came back penniless to his Comstock, to work on his own ledges for an ordinary wage. After a time he threw up his pick in disgust, and ended by committing suicide.

In 1860 the rush to Mount Davidson had fairly set in: in 1863 the excitement may be said to have culminated. Before that a characteristic incident had occurred which seriously disturbed the municipal economy. A man digging in the soil of his sage-

bush tenement chanced to come on a silver-vein. By miner's law he had the right to peg out a claim for a length of 400 feet, and concede stretches of 200 feet to any chum. Consequently all his neighbours in the adjacent streets had to quit, or trade, or shoot, as the case might be. For at that time every citizen was on the shoot, and the pistol was the ultimate court of appeal. There was a strange mingling of desperadoes with the hard-working miners, who would gladly have been peaceable had that been possible. The swaggerers, who terrorised the town, carried not only revolvers, but, as a rule, shot-guns. The miner went girded with a Colt in self-defence, and the bowie-knife was his inseparable companion. The climate, as we have said, was unhealthy enough, yet three-fourths of the corpses borne to the quiet graveyard had come to a violent end. The innumerable drinking-bars were the only places of recreation when a man tired of the theatre or the travelling circus. But when he dropped in for the evening gossip or drink, he knew that he took his life in his hand. A breeze blew up in a corner, and forthwith the six-shooters were out. The bar-tender's was a popular and lucrative post, but the privileges inferred corresponding liabilities. He kept his private armoury in a drawer beneath the counter. The bar was intrenched and fortified with sand-bags till it was shot-proof. At the first symptom of trouble, he dropped.

The customers who were not over-excited by curiosity scuttled promptly behind full casks, left around for their accommodation, or cleared out into the street. The bars charged dear, and made good profits. But one of the heaviest drawbacks was the outlay on mirrors. The miners insisted on a grand show of plate-glass, and a pistol-shot might send a week's profits to smithereens. And naturally the stray bullets would often find billets in the bodies of disinterested and involuntary spectators.

There is much that is grimly humorous in the matter-of-course way in which the local news-sheets reported these nightly brawls. A year or two later, after an atrociously cold-blooded shooting-scene, an old resident, in his fond reminiscences, plaintively remarked that it brought back the lively times of 1860. For those Washoe camps were the most lawless of all, and only surpassed subsequently by the wilder licence in Montana. Notable bullies turned up from the Californian placers to terrorise the community: the crimes for which they had been outlawed were so many feathers in their caps, and the biggest ruffian of all arrived with the brilliant record of a baker's dozen of unjustifiable homicides. Then there were the more gentlemanly, but scarcely less bloodthirsty, professionals, who made a livelihood by gambling. Bret Harte has relieved their darker shades, for purposes of romance, by crediting them with qualities they seldom pos-

sessed ; and a certain Cherokee Bob, who hailed from Idaho, is said to have been the prototype of Mr Oakhurst and Mr Hamblin. They had the one redeeming virtue of being the most abstemious members of the society, for they could not afford to lose their heads. Burglary, too, was good business, though the risks were proportionate to the gains. The sage-bushes of the first hovels had been replaced with boarding, as roads improved and lumber was cheapened : but the loose planking was a frail protection to buried deposits of gold, and locks and bars were of the most primitive description. As robberies grew more frequent, the prudent miners felt it was simple wisdom to squander their money. At least they had the satisfaction of spending it themselves. The advent of ladies was a tempting opening for extravagance. At first the apparition of a woman was rare as that of an accredited ghost. The rude celibates hungered for the sight of a feminine face. Mark Twain has a story, at any rate *ben trovato*, of how a stage with a lady passenger inside was stopped by a gang at some outlying diggings. With levelled pistols they compelled her companion to hand her out. They gathered round her ; they gazed her out of countenance ; they actually wept over her ; and then they presented her with a purse of twenty-five hundred dollars subscribed on the spot. That gives an idea of the warmth of the reception of the frail San Francisco beauties

who speculated in a trip to the ironically named Virginia City. They were intoxicated with adoration and champagne, and loaded with costly gifts. Attended by trains of admirers, bedizened with jewels of price, they trailed their satins and silks through the dust and foul refuse of a city where it seldom rained. A girl of talent, who could dance, or sing, or play the piano, was engaged at twice a senator's income, to figure at some theatre booth, or bait a gambling-saloon.

The development of the subterraneous industry had been prodigious and unprecedented. In 1859 ground was broken ; in 1860 the boom was well on, and sixty stamp-mills were running ; in 1863 it was in fullest swing. Enormous capital had been invested in the companies. The Ophir, the Gould & Curry, and many other mines almost as widely advertised, had been marked out with fixed boundaries. Yet the border rock was often fiercely disputed, and after those sanguinary encounters below ground, the derricks would be busily at work hoisting up the dead and wounded. For each miner was personally loyal to his salt, and fought for his paymasters with feudal devotion. Right through the mountain and under Virginia City ran the Comstock lode : from the main branch diverged innumerable lateral veins, like the fibres on a leaf or the side-creeks from a sea-channel. The main vein was from sixty to eighty feet thick, traversing walls of barren rock. Expectation was always kept

upon tiptoe, by the fact of the silver being stored in bonanzas, often solid deposits of almost pure metal. Shafts had been sunk in all directions: tunnels and adits were branching away in gloomy labyrinths on both sides of the main gallery. That transept for the length of nearly two miles was loftier than the roof of the noblest cathedral, and, like the cathedral, it was reared upon stately columns. Pillars of the rock had been left; but they could not be trusted, and were supplemented by massive supports of timber, where the tree-trunks, as thick as the body of a man, were bratticed and riveted by strong clamps of iron. They bore up a network of ponderous cross-beams and rafters. Yet not infrequently, and in spite of all precautions, rock and timber succumbed to the pressure of the hill, burying a gang of workers under a stone avalanche. The Spaniards, who had their own experience of mining, say that it needs a gold-mine to run a silver-mine, and there never was a truer proverb. That colossal timbering cost infinitely more than the marbles and sculpturing of many splendid fanes. Each tree had been felled in some distant forest, dragged laboriously over snow or rutted tracks by interminable teams of oxen, hauled up the steep slopes of Mount Davidson, and painfully lowered by huge derricks. And, *apropos* to the derricks, it must be remembered that all the machinery was transported from San Francisco. Before the erection of the mills, when the first

tons of valuable ore were sent to California for crushing, the freights had swallowed five-sixths of the profits. And a continuance of that excessive outlay was the history of all the mines: when the best were making enormous yields, perhaps not a tenth might be distributed in dividends. The quicksilver alone was an enormous item. Never was more powerful pumping-machinery erected than on the Comstock. At one time the pumps were lifting about ten million gallons a-day; yet they were too feeble to cope with the flooding of the lower levels when the shafts had only gone down to 400 or 500 feet. That was one of the chief reasons for the projection of the Sutro tunnel.

“Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink,”

sang Coleridge in “The Ancient Mariner.” When the miner ran a fair chance of being drowned below, above he had the choice between slow poisoning and perishing of thirst. Water there was, though in no great profusion, but it was impregnated with alkali, or even tainted with arsenic; and that, perhaps, was the best excuse for the hard drinking. Afterwards, when the first fever of the silver-chase had calmed down, the community came forward in a public-spirited manner, fetching the pure element from distant lakes in channels and long aqueducts worthy of the Romans.

As for the Sutro tunnel, it is not only one of the most stupendous achievements of modern

engineering, but one of the grandest monuments to individual determination. Sutro, by sheer indomitable strength of will, actually forced it upon the hostile capitalists it was to benefit. He was a young man with no influential connections, who owned a small quartz-mill on the Carson river. His ambition was as aspiring as his means were small. He set himself to solve the drainage and ventilation problems, so that the mines might be worked profitably, and more or less salubriously, at the deepest levels. He was no man for half-measures. He proposed to pierce the mountain at the depth of 2000 feet: with lateral branches his tunnel was to be six miles in length: and though the estimates fluctuated as conditions changed, the ultimate cost was a million sterling. The tale of his trials and disappointments is a long one. At first his hopes were high, and everything ran in his favour. He had obtained the signed support of all the leading owners. He obtained Acts conferring certain privileges from the State Legislature and from Congress. Then the Bank of California, which was all-powerful on the Comstock, took alarm, and induced the owners to repudiate their pledges. Most men would have given up in despair. Sutro, by selling himself up, cleared a sufficiency of dollars to pay his expenses to Washington. His trip was successful, for Congress confirmed its grant, and, moreover, he got some substantial financial assistance. He came back to

make burning appeals to the miners of the Comstock, by explaining to them that they were missing their sole chance of relief from discomfort and immunity from accidents. The fierce agitation put pressure on the capitalists. Next he crossed the Atlantic to stump France and England: there he raised sums by subscription which were swelled on his return, till the funds were secured for commencing the enterprise. When the financial difficulties were overcome, the engineering troubles had to be surmounted. We have heard something of similar troubles from the St Gothard works; but the Swiss engineers benefited by the Sutro experiences. We cannot enter into details, but the labour was carried through in face of fire and water. The vertical shafts sunk from above were flooded by the drain from the porous rock, and the labourers, whose shifts were changed every two hours, were drawing their breaths in the blasts of a burning furnace. Notwithstanding the use of all scientific appliances, the temperature, towards the end of the work, had risen to 114°. The strongest men would drop asphyxiated, and the mules refused to face the heat. Human endurance had wellnigh reached its limit when the final wall of partition was breached and free ventilation established with the cooler drift on the other side, in a drift of dust and *débris* that nearly suffocated the exhausted pioneers.

Going back to the spring of 1860, Virginia City was already

in a hot fit of speculation. Never was seen such strange gambling: it was all for counters, with no cash. The ready money was planked down in the gambling-dens or on the drinking-bars. No one had any credit, yet any number of sales were effected without even the formality of setting them down on paper. But as genuine lodes yielded real profits, and exaggerated reports of the results reached San Francisco, transactions became serious. The Californian capitalists were beset in the passes of the Sierra by penniless prospectors, offering the most tempting bargains. When they got to Virginia the shrewdest of them saw that the reefs were quite good enough to gamble on. Now and again a shaft struck a bonanza which showed the value of the prizes to be gained. The simple enormity of the sums nominally paid for claims sufficed to float a prospectus and rig a market: 500 dollars per mining foot was no extraordinary price, and as much as 2000 dollars had been given. The formation of new companies, the shares of which were readily subscribed, went on with unexampled rapidity. In two or three years they were to be numbered by the hundred: some had a more or less fictitious capital of a million sterling. A regular Stock Exchange had been established in Virginia, and in San Francisco from three rival board-rooms the buyers and sellers overflowed into the adjacent streets. It was a case of Law's South Sea Bubble over again, and with more universal excitement. For everybody,

without exception, was trafficking in stocks, from the state governor and the mayors to the bootblack at the block corner. Yet still, and for long, the claims were only held by right of occupation; important transactions were carried out without the execution of title-deeds, which was to give the primitive law courts excessive occupation, and enrich a class of legal specialists. One mine, the Ophir, went in for nearly thirty lawsuits in three years: there was such a rush on the services of one popular pleader that for a single fee he had 160,000 dollars. That litigation, by the way, was responsible for a large proportion of the crime. A Galway sessions in the beginning of the century was a scene of millennium peace compared to the proceedings of a Virginia tribunal. The judge, like he of the 'Bon Gaultier Ballads,' backed up his judgments with his Colt; the litigants took shots at the opposing counsel, and subsequently argued the questions out among themselves, when they drew and fired over their whisky-skins.

The capitalists who came to the front would never have become millionaires had they made much pretence of playing fair. It was the small investors who went to the wall: as one was beggared another came in; and the great object was to tempt them, and then squeeze them out. If small holders refused to be scared, irresistible pressure was put upon them by increasing the calls for the development of the mine. They failed to pay up, and their shares were

forfeited. So each speculation, whether good or bad, was at the mercy of the innermost circle who controlled it. It was such a commanding position which enabled the Bank of California, holding large interests either in property or on mortgage, nearly to balk the gigantic enterprise of Sutro, when success seemed practically within his grasp.

Reticence was of the essence of that shady speculation. The gloom of the deepest recess of the Comstock was not so dark as the ideal secrecy observed in the working of a favourite quartz-mine. Surprises of one kind or another were always to be sprung, and the shareholders had any amount of sensation for their money. No outsider was admitted to the workings on any pretext. The superintendent and foremen were well paid to be silent, and only a chosen few of the miners were engaged for "the secret shifts." One company tried the plan of imprisoning their people in the works at proportionate wages, but the plan did not answer. The free-born Americans refused to be enslaved. Yet it is astonishing how staunchly the employed stood in with the employers, and how seldom important revelations were made. For the surface swarmed with spies of the speculators, who had *carte blanche* to bribe to any amount, and who stood drinks in the saloons that they might worm out invaluable confidences. But when there was no authentic intelligence, reports were invented, and being accredited by the sales of leading banks

and brokers, they served pretty much the same purpose. At length, after crying wolf time after time, a Nemesis overtook the largest operators. In 1864 the inflation suddenly collapsed, when Gould & Curry burst up. The owners had bought it for a trifle from Gould, who wandered off to get a livelihood by lumbering. It had paid three million dollars in a couple of years, and now it was said to have given out. There was a simultaneous fall in other stocks: the panic spread: the small shareholders went bankrupt: no calls could be enforced: the pumps ceased to work, and the lower adits were drowned: the mills were abandoned: buildings and timbering fell into decay, and temporarily the Comstock was a solitude. The ruin was universal, yet it was a false alarm, for ten years afterwards the biggest bonanza of all was discovered. When industries and speculation were resumed with redoubled vigour, the victims of that unreasoning scare had sad cause to repent their precipitation.

For a time there was consternation and general perturbation. The fever of speculation was succeeded by a cold fit, and many thousands of immigrants saw their subsidiary occupations threatened. Not to speak of the actual workers in the mines, for three years the three hundred miles of mountain and valley from the coast to Washoe had been overcrowded with ever-increasing traffic. The teamsters who brought machinery and provided supplies were to be numbered by the thousand.

Lumbering camps doing lively business had been set up in the lonely forests of the Sierras. Now the Stock Exchanges were deserted, there was a stoppage in the passes, and the axe of the woodman was thrown aside. But the momentary set-back proved a blessing in disguise. In 1864 the mining activity of the West was still severed from the settled States to the eastward by dreary expanses of unpeopled territory. The collapse at Washoe made adventurous men desperate, and sent forth a lost legion of prospectors, who had to choose between discovery and starvation. Reckless as they were, they argued reasonably that the wealth of Washoe could be no isolated phenomenon. Nor were they without material proof of the theory, for the year before, in another district of Nevada, fresh ground had been broken at the promising diggings of the Reese river. There was a scattering rush from east to west, and new treasure-troves lured on the advance-guards of the army. On the Reese river they struck it gold- and silver-rich, beyond the most sanguine hopes of the prospectors. Oregon ledge ran a good second to the Comstock lode. Austin City sprang up in a couple of years, from two to twenty thousand inhabitants. Again at Austin there was the sharp pinch of famine, when flour was fetching two shillings the pound; again the constraining force of hunger opened up regular communications, and with the trains of waggons setting in from Washoe there

mingled picturesque strings of camels, who found themselves at home in the sandy wastes, and breathed freely in the sulphureous atmosphere. Again adventurers had to endure the tortures of Tantalus. There was wealth at will, but it cost dear to realise it. Remoteness from sea and rivers made the outlay almost prohibitive. Timber brought from a distance fetched a dollar for the two feet. But the chief trouble was the cost of the smelting: ore which would have paid well at Virginia, at Austin was barely worth the working. Nevertheless the settlements flourished, and made another start with the approach of the eastern railways. Then gold placers, which were always the preludes to the silver finds, were discovered in the Black Hills, the Mauvaise Terres of Dacotah. That unkindly and repulsive region began to be colonised, and the prospectors had pioneered the way for the ranchers. Next the tide of exploration swelled up in Montana, where at the euphoniously named Silver Bow, and round "Granite Mountain," richest of all the Montana mines, it reached high-water mark. Thence it overflowed into Idaho, and the more remote territory of Washington was not unsuccessfully *exploité*. We do not say that the prospectors were disappointed, but more systematic investigations were indefinitely deferred.

But the second stage of the great boom was the revival of enthusiasm over Washoe. In

the first, the expenditure had been lavish to extravagance: the new era was to be characterised by economy and retrenchment, for the speculators were wise enough to profit by experience. We have alluded to the opposition offered by the Bank of California to the Sutro tunnel. The bank had become an autocratic power. It was fortunate in a manager of remarkable shrewdness and foresight. Sharon had still faith in the Washoe future: he could not believe that the silver had been worked out, though the sinkers had got down to a barren stratum. He knew well that it was a question whether the suspended mines were worth anything or nothing; but he had the eloquence to persuade a group of financiers to play *le tout pour le tout*. It needed all his eloquence and iron determination to keep his confederates up to the mark through a time of prolonged and intense discouragement. Under his prompting the bank had been making the most of its opportunities. As shares had been flung on the market, as its mortgagers got hard pressed, and as stockholders backed out of their assessments, it had been buying cheap or confiscating, until it owned or controlled many mines and mills. Under its auspices and the direction of Sharon, the "Mill and Mining Company" was launched, to resume prospecting operations on a large scale. On the Crown Mine, one of its numerous investments, it bored down for nearly 1000 feet. Nothing but barrenness was the invariable

report. The financiers were in despair, and even Sharon felt dubious. Then the workers came on a shimmering of metal. It led them straight down to the second biggest of the bonanzas: San Francisco and Virginia were in a hotter fever than ever, and there was a rise of fifty million dollars in Comstocks.

In the meantime another small group had gone quietly to work under shadow of the great monopoly. Very different they were from the strong capitalists who were backing Sharon. All were men of the smallest means, but all were cool and sagacious, and the leaders were practical miners. These were the famous bonanza kings. Mackay is the best known; but in his friend Fair he had a colleague at least as capable. Mackay had drifted west from a clerk's stool in Broadway to do a little placer-mining on the Sacramento. Having saved a few hundred dollars, he tramped into Virginia City in 1860. When that money was gone, he engaged as a common miner. He was fortunate enough to come across Fair, whose previous history was very similar: they were prompt to appreciate their common qualities, and thenceforth the two were in closest partnership. From labourers they rose to be overseers, and could lay by. They practised severe economy to form a joint fund. Mackay had the miner's ambition in excess. He would often say afterwards, that from the beginning he had devoted himself to becoming the greatest

mine-master in the world. The Man of Destiny moved steadily onward; but he had his fluctuations and his anxieties like Sharon. Yet most of his little ventures had succeeded, and each gain was shrewdly invested in mines, as a stepping-stone to something further. Sharon had secured all that was supposed best; but these outsiders could pick and choose among abandoned properties, and Fair had the scent of a sleuth-hound in puzzling out signs of metal. The partners, who had already accumulated a moderate fortune, decided to break ground on a tract of the hill comparatively neglected. Fair pronounced that it had a likely look, and the purchase-money was a trifle. Performance seemed to belie the promise. When they had sunk to a depth of 1200 feet, they had nearly touched their bottom dollar, and the big Californians were chuckling over their discomfort. Then came one of the most wonderful turns on record of the capricious wheel of Fortune. For weeks Fair had been growing more gloomy and more anxious. One day when Mackay met him at the mouth of the shaft there was a smile on his worn face. At last they had broken through the barren quartz to rock that showed distinctly metalliferous. Next morning they had picked up the thread of a tiny silver vein. They followed it: they lost it when Fair had broken down under the strain: they harked back, and they found it again. Tunnelling along it for 250 feet from the bottom of the shaft, it brought them

out upon the upper floor of the Comstock bonanza *par excellence*. Foot by foot, as the new shaft went down, the bonanza steadily increased in richness. They tested its width by cutting transverse drifts, and nowhere did they strike indications of poverty. In fact, with the silver sparkling from the sides in the lamplight, they might have fancied themselves in some fabled treasure-cave of the gnomes. Almost as surprising as the rare richness of the find was the comparative secrecy in which it was shrouded. Sharon and his Californians obstinately refused to give credence to the reports till the yields of the ore made unbelief impossible. In truth, the little syndicate was literally a close corporation. Mackay and his partners kept the mine in their own hands: there were no shares to be rigged on fluttering markets. He always held to the principle he avowed, of sticking to mining and never speculating in stocks. In the course of some seven years their bonanzas had paid the partners nearly fourteen millions sterling in dividends. They had made their piles and should have been well satisfied, when, after a sudden and swift decline, all the bonanzas had simultaneously given out. They sold the reversions for what they would fetch: they retired from business, and when Mackay the millionaire was being fêted in the Old World as the bonanza king, many of the adventurers who had taken over his property were filing their schedules of bankruptcy.

A NEW HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.¹

"THERE is not in existence a compendious history of Scotland which at once supplies a consecutive narrative of events and seeks to trace the gradual consolidation of the various elements that have gone to the making of the Scottish people. It is as an attempt to meet this want that this book was conceived and written." So says Mr Hume Brown in the preface to his 'History of Scotland,' of which the first volume, ending with the last sigh of James V.,—"He exclaimed that the Crown had come to his house by a woman, and would pass from it by a woman,"—is now published. There are, indeed, verbal differences in the reports of the king's last words; but no report is quite so bald as Mr Hume Brown's statement. This baldness of manner is the chief fault in a book which has many merits (perhaps all the merits at which it aims), and is destined to be very useful. The book is one of the Cambridge Press Series, edited by Mr Prothero, who says that "it is intended for the use of all persons anxious to understand the nature of existing political conditions."

Now a book should be judged by the author's aim and scope. But even to understand "existing political conditions," it is, we think, above all things necessary to understand what sort of men

made them. As far as we have a complaint against Mr Hume Brown, it is that, in the relentless effort to keep romance (the romance of fact) out of history, he neglects the personal element, which gives history its charm. He never stirs the blood in telling the most stirring of all tales of the human past—nay, he seems to scorn the action. Thus, in our opinion, a reader of even the uncritical 'Tales of a Grandfather' knows more of our fathers who made us than a reader of the critical Mr Hume Brown is likely to know. Our meaning is not that he should repeat the legends of Pitscottie, Boece, Buchanan, and Knox, where facts disprove their fancies. But facts resting on good authority are themselves, in all conscience, romantic and characteristic enough. These are the flesh and blood, the colour and life, of history. The modern school prefer to give us the excessively dry bones, the osteology of national existence.

We are not objecting to a critical method. "The latest critical opinion" need not be the best, but must certainly receive due attention. "Dr Skene's elaborate account of the Roman occupation is largely rejected by the highest modern authorities." Who are these revered highest authorities? Mommsen, we think, and

¹ History of Scotland. Vol. I. To the Accession of Mary Stewart. By P. Hume Brown, M.A., LL.D. (Cambridge Historical Series.)

Mr Haverfield—who disagree. Mr Hume Brown does not say who the authorities are; but he includes Dr Christison's 'Early Fortifications in Scotland' and the 'Celtic Britain' of the Principal of Jesus in his Bibliography. He also thanks Dr James Macdonald, Rhind Lecturer for 1897, "for his invaluable assistance in connection with the chapter on the Roman occupation of Northern Britain."

The invaluable results of Dr Macdonald's reflections, if they are represented here, seem to be chiefly negative. Nobody knows where "Mons Graupius" was, nor where Agricola's camps were, nor what was his line of march. But we do know how and with what weapons, claymore and target, the natives fought. We do know that, as in 1240, they lived in wattled houses. Of all this Mr Hume Brown says nothing: nothing about "certain customs" of a possible pre-Celtic northern people, which "seem to have affected their Pictish conquerors." Was it not the Picts themselves who were "pre-Celtic," if pre-Celtic anybody was? Without discussing that question, which needs discussion, Mr Hume Brown thinks that "the main body of the Picts" were "Goidelic Celts."

We incline to agree with him, but we consider that a page of discussion (though the problem is unsettled) would not have been wasted. Did Severus reach Burghead in his energetic northern march?¹ (210). Mr Hume Brown does not inquire. Of St Ninian's labours "all traces disappear," yet we doubt if Professor Rhys would thus dismiss the Latin and Christian inscriptions of Galloway, not quite rejected even by the scepticism of Mr Hill Burton.² Mr Hume Brown, however, does admit "what seem to be Roman temporary camps" "as far north as Aberdeenshire."

What seems to us regrettable is the total lack of spirit and sympathy in the blank negative conclusions of "the latest critical opinion." The picturesque method, where it rests on fancy, is detestable. But in Tacitus's account of the immortally glorious stand of Calgacus it is the *facts* that are picturesque. And the event is historical in this sense, that the fame of it has often uplifted the hearts of Scots, whether Highlanders or Lowlanders. Mr Hume Brown's account of the Roman occupation is too negative and colourless. On the other hand, his description of the chaotic affairs between 449 and 844—the war-

¹ We incline to believe in Severus's march as far north as Burghead. See the several hoards of Severus's coins found in Kincardineshire, Kinross, and at Leuchars, in Haverfield, 'On a Roman Inscription,' Glasgow, 1898. Mommsen argues for a long occupation, by Rome, of the country within the "Vallum of Pius," from Forth to Clyde. Mr Haverfield differs (p. 5). That the Roman occupation was mainly military, Mr Haverfield and Mr Hume Brown agree. See Mr Haverfield's paper, with Map, in the Clarendon Press Historical Atlas, vol. i.

² For other such monuments, see Rhys, 'Academy,' September 3, 1891. Mr Haverfield admits these missionary colonies.

rings of Brython (practically Welshman), Dalriad Scot (Irish settler in Argyll, *circ.* 500), English from Forth to Humber, and Pict — “defæcates to a pure translucency,” and may be praised as a remarkably excellent account of a most confusing period. On the other hand, the account of the Columban introduction of Christianity is not accompanied by any statement as to the native religion on which it was engrafted. Columba “is, in fact, half Druid magician, half Christian missionary.” This is true; but its truth implies the survival of “Druidic” or Shamanistic ideas into the age of Adamnan, the historian of Columba. Mr Hume Brown draws a valuable contrast between the book of the Celtic Adamnan and the works of the English Bede, half a century later. “It is a difference of mental and moral atmosphere. In his keener sense of truth and the relations of things, Bede represents a general movement of mind of which Adamnan, with his childlike taste for the wonderful and the miraculous, had no conception.” He had not; but we think that “a general movement of mind” was not the cause of the intellectual advance. We would rather suggest that the difference is an affair of race. Columba and Adamnan were Celts; Bede was English. In every page of Adamnan you meet second-sight, clairvoyance, telepathy, just as you meet them to-day in Lochaber and Appin. Bede also, of course, believes in miracles; but his St Cuthbert

has but very few examples of the powers so notable in Columba, and in the Western Celt to this day. Once Christianised and educated, the Englishman reaches Bede’s remarkable level of criticism; but Christianity and education leave the Celt still a poet, still a seer. This in itself is a fact of history.

Again, from Adamnan’s legends, however we may estimate them, we gleam a hundred details of Celtic daily life, as it was till “Drumossie’s day,” nay, as in the lonelier isles (for instance Eriskay) it continues to be. But Mr Hume Brown is either indifferent to this colour of human existence (a thing as “historical” as Magna Charta) or cannot afford space for what is so charming and so real. He tells us, admirably, how the fortunes of Celt and Englishman veered; how each race in turn had the upper hand: but he does not tell us what manner of men were these English and Celts; how they lived their lives, what they believed, what were their ideals. Yet nobody can put more tersely and lucidly the political *differentiæ* of the rival Churches, English and Celtic. “While Roman Christianity” (which England adopted in 664) “had fitted itself into the mould of the municipal institutions of the empire, Celtic Christianity had grown out of the tribal system of the peoples who had embraced it.” There is a chapter in a sentence! But a reader needs to know more of what “the tribal system” really was. The difficulties about St Patrick and Palladius are not discussed;

but a page from St Patrick's Life (true or false as history of events) would have shown what Celtic life and Celtic Christianity were in essence. A book must be judged, we repeat, by its aim and scope—an author has a right to make his own selection; but we regret that, in Mr Hume Brown's selection, so much of what we cannot but think essential should be passed over.

Picts, so styled, ceased to be a name in the making of Scotland after 844, the date of Kenneth MacAlpine, a Scot. We take it that he was a Scot on the sword side, a Pict on the spindle side, and by the spindle side the Picts arranged their Royal pedigrees. Thus Picts existed in force, though now merged in the name of Scots, who were Irish! History shows the Picto-Scottish realm dilapidated by Northmen, especially in the north and west: disturbed in the great province of Moray; acquiring a kind of hold over the Brythons of Strathclyde or Cumbria, and over the English province of Lothian (North Northumbria), while the claims of English over-lordship, which flowered under Edward I., are budding in various English claims to homage. Internally the Crown fluctuates at the end of each reign between representatives of the houses of

Constantine and of Aodh, both sons of Kenneth MacAlpine. Mr Hume Brown mentions the "law of Tanistry, which had prevailed among the Scots"; but what, precisely, was the law of Tanistry, and why did it procure alternate successions? We are not fully informed. It seems a more remarkable omission to make no allusion to the famous Commendation of Scotland to Eadward the Elder, by Constantine II., Mr Hume Brown's Constantin III. This is dated 924 by the English Chronicle, 921 by Florence of Worcester, who probably saw that 924 was an impossible date. Everybody knows how much Mr Freeman made of this affair. The topic is confused.¹ If the submission made the vassalage of Scotland part of the law of Britain, it was important enough to deserve discussion. But not a word is given to the theme, nor to the alleged submission of 926, while a "temporary submission" to Æthelstan in his raid of 934 is recorded. On miracles wrought by Æthelstan at this juncture, Edward I. gravely based part of his claim. Is there good authority for any submission at this date? Three years later Constantine and his Northmen were well beaten at Brunanburh, which Sir James Ramsay locates at Bourne, in Lincolnshire.

Over another alleged event,

¹ See Sir James Ramsay, 'The Foundations of England,' i. 276-282; Robertson, 'Scotland Under Her Early Kings,' ii. 394-397; Freeman, 'Norman Conquest,' i. Probably Mr Hume Brown regards this old quarrel as covered by his remark (p. 36), "From the scanty and conflicting accounts of the different chroniclers it is often impossible to determine either the exact date or the precise nature of the occurrences to which they refer." Still, they do seem to us to deserve an allusion which we do not find. On Malcolm I. and the Cession of Cumbria, see Mr Hume Brown, p. 38, and his Note.

the appearance of Kenneth II. in the eight-oar of Eadgar on the Dee (an event very dear to Mr Freeman), Mr Hume Brown passes in silence. Sir James Ramsay accepts Florence's legend of this service: Mr Robertson did not, nor do we; but we think it deserved an allusion, for the English claims were based on things of this kind. Mr Hume Brown only alludes, very vaguely, to a recognition by Kenneth of Eadgar's superiority, as influencing Eadgar's nominal grant of Lothian. This on "a somewhat doubtful authority." Mr Robertson annihilates the "doubtful authority," we think. Malcolm took Lothian in the days of Cnut.¹

Now "all persons anxious to understand the nature of existing political conditions" (and to these earnest souls the editor appeals) may say that the grounds of the claims of Edward I. on Scotland do not matter. He did not get Scotland, so all the old controversy may go by the board. This is an opinion like another. But surely the anxious political reader of historical manuals will ask, "What does it matter how much white wine was drunk at Lincluden when Mary of Gueldres entertained the wife of Henry VI.?" If they had drunk a dozen pipes of white wine in place of three, the "existing political conditions" would be exactly as they are. Yet Mr Hume Brown finds room for the white wine and salt (which have docu-

mentary evidence), though he does not find room for the Commendation of 921 (?), 924 (?), or the alleged submission of Celtic princes to Æthelstan in 926. Once more, the anxious student of the evolution of existing political institutions must pant for information about Celtic land-tenures, for, practically, they prevailed, in places, till 1748, and they are at the root of the Crofter Question of to-day. But Mr Hume Brown does not venture into this thorny wilderness, any more than he explains in its length and breadth "the law of Tanistry." These things clamour for discussion, and are not discussed. Nevertheless Mr Hume Brown enables the inquirer to understand the importance of the definite undeniable conquest of Lothian, by Malcolm II., at the momentous battle of Carham on Tweed (1018). Lothian was the making of Scotland: English of Lothian was to become Scots, and the real Scottish language, Gaelic, was to cease to be the speech of Court, and law, and literature. In spite of Malcolm's victory at Carham, he, and two other kings, Jehmare and Maelbeth, are said to have become Cnut's men in 1031. Mr Hume Brown thinks them sub-kings so important that Malcolm did not "represent" them. But, says Mr Robertson, it is later MSS. that introduce these two kings, and, in 1031, Maelbeth (Macbeth) was not yet even a Mormaor, far less a king. If

¹ Robertson, ii. 390-392. Sir James Ramsay believes more in the *Angli dona ferentes* (i. 321, 322).

so, these kings were not so important.¹

Mr Hume Brown adds little that is new, or disputable, to our history between the battle of Carham, with the acquisition of Lothian, and the great Royalist revolution of David I., the feudalisation of Scotland, the abundant grants to the non-Celtic Church, and to Norman nobles, such as the Fitzalans, that is, the Stewarts, who got Renfrew and part of Kyle, or the Bruces, who got Carrick, which was under a Celtic earl about 1240. Here Mr Hume Brown raises, but does not solve, a problem which has puzzled every intelligent child who reads the 'Tales of a Grandfather.' How did David get the vast lands on which he settled his clergy and his Normans? Mr Hume Brown says, "We have no certain knowledge of the manner in which this transference was carried out by David or other kings." He might have referred to Mr Robertson's masterly argument against "The Theory of Displacement." We know that Bruce's disinheriting of the lords bequeathed to Scotland a generation of civil war and the never-sated feud of the evicted Gregara; we know that intrusions of Normans in Galloway caused the feuds which leave their mark in these "mounds of mystery," the motes, on which the Normans built their palisaded towers.²

We know that intrusions and forfeitures in Ross and Moray meant a century of war for the MacHeths and MacWilliams. Mr Robertson has shown how these evils were avoided, when David and William the Lion gave large grants in Lothian and Strathclyde and Scotia proper, and how the Celtic proprietors (as Jury lists prove) became the feudal Anglicised barons. By grants to the Church David gained the all but uniform and consistent aid of the Church to the cause of national independence. The clergy would not be subject to York or Canterbury, and stood for Scotland till Archbishop Hamilton was hanged. But the descendants of David's Norman nobles played the double part which we all know.

Mr Hume Brown's account of David's important reign is extremely lucid: he even manages to be clear and satisfactory about that amusing and enigmatic clerk and claimant, Brother Wilmund, who entangled himself as a genuine "Pretender" in the "running plea" of the legitimist house of MacHeth. That Somerled married his *daughter* to Donald MacHeth we do not feel certain; Mr Robertson makes Somerled's *sister* hold this place. That Somerled fell by treason, in his invasion of Scotland (1164), we cannot accept on the authority of tradition in

¹ Robertson, i. 97. Sir James Ramsay holds that the two kings of 1031 do not occur before the Peterborough Chronicle, compiled a hundred years after the event. He says that Jehmare has not been identified. Mr Robertson finds Jehmare in the 'Heimskringla.' Cf. Ramsay, i. 404, 405.

² Neilson, Scottish Review, October 1898.

the mouths of the learned ministers of Killearnan and Kiltarlity, who regard the Celts as victors in "the sair fight o' Harlaw." The children of Somerled are not unbiassed historians.¹

From David to Alexander II., Scotland was trying to acquire the north of England as a province. The result was the capture of William the Lion, and the Treaty of Falaise, which, for a few years, reduced all of Scotland but her indomitable Church to the abject condition which Edward I. revived for a year or two. Another result was the definite beginning of that sad and glorious Ancient League with France, to which Scotland owns her part in the fight of Bauge Bridge, and in the immortal victories of the Maid. About these names, Pathay, Lagny, Orleans, the most illustrious on our banners, Mr Hume Brown is so self-denying as to say nothing at all! He does not even touch on the crucial value of the Falaise treaty in its bearing on the question of English supremacy,² except by remarking that Richard I. "restored the independence of Scotland." This, of course, implies that Scotland, save from 1174 to 1189, had been independent: which is exactly what the English, and Mr Freeman, have denied. The troubles of William contained one element of progress. At

various times he had to pay heavy ransoms and indemnities to England—or to refuse pecuniary aid. These were the occasions of great assemblies and assessments, and hence began, on the question of finance, the very scanty "Constitutional history" of Scotland.

The reigns of the Kings of Peace, Alexander II. and Alexander III. (1214-1286), show the Celtic rivalries diminishing, while factions among the nobles take their place, and the truly Scottish constitutional practice of kidnapping the king in the interests of a party begins. The English claims, too, show various signs of maturing: and in the cells of monasteries fraudulent historical grounds of claim are quietly elaborated by monkish chroniclers. Into the delicate question of the homage of Alexander III. to Edward I. (1278), Mr Hume Brown, as usual, does not go, merely accepting the Scottish as against the English version.³ Here economy of explanations is justifiable, we think, the Scottish case is so strong. The subjugation of Argyll and the Isles are the great successes of this period.

As to the formation of the Regency, after the death of Alexander III., Mr Hume Brown observes: "It is interesting to note that the dividing line of the Forth was still a practical consideration." Of

¹ See Clan Donald, by these authors: a very interesting book in many ways.

² Cf. Robertson, ii. 409.

³ Robertson, ii. 113. Register of Dunfermline, and letter of Boniface VIII. to Edward I. Federa, i. i. 554, 563; i. ii. 907; and Robertson, Appendix L. Hume Brown, 127, 128.

this we can offer a picturesque proof. When Edward I., in 1296, took oaths from all Scotland, those of Stirling were attested by the seal of the burgh. It represents Stirling Bridge. In the centre (as at Orleans) is a crucifix. On the right are a group of spearmen; on the left a group of bowmen take aim at them. Above the spearmen we read the legend, *Hic armis Scoti bruti stant*; over the bowmen, *Hic cruce tuti*. The Christian bowmen are the English-speaking race south of Forth; the spearmen are *Scoti bruti*, "brutes o' Hielanders." Not a very united Scotland is attested by this little monument of folk who were glad that "Forth bridled the wild Highlandman."

Mr Hume Brown justly says that the Treaty of Birgham "bears signal testimony to the sensitive patriotism of the Scots." But of what Scots? The *noblesse* had no patriotism: they had a foot in each country, and only wanted to keep estates in both. The burghs could not make themselves heard, much less the rural population. The patriots, who show their sensitiveness in the clauses of the Treaty, must have been the educated Churchmen, who had almost a monopoly of legal knowledge. They freely imperilled their immortal souls by desperate and repeated perjuries all through Edward's period of rule: they spent their wealth; they gave their lives on the gibbet; and we know from a contemporary letter that they preached energetically for the cause of Scottish freedom, while

the nobles were sold, and the commons were dismayed. The clergy saved the national independence, with the aid of a sacrilegious assassin, whose crime they heartily condoned. Such were "Baal's shaven sort," in the pretty phrase of Knox.

As to the War of Independence, Mr Hume Brown writes, may we say, unheroically. He not only omits all Bruce's adventures; he does not even give the battles of Loudon Hill and Glen Trool, early successes, in the first of which, if Barbour may be relied on, Mr Oman justly recognises the military genius of the king. These advantages were won when Edward I. lay no farther off than Carlisle, while Lorne and Aylmer de Valence, with many other knights, were weaving their nets round Bruce in Galloway and Ayrshire. The brutalities of Edward, his gibbets, cages, and deaths of men quartered at the heels of horses, turned Scotland against him, as we know from English sources, and these details are not brightly stated, any more than is the energetic preaching of a kind of national crusade by the clergy. Yet all these things did more than we can estimate towards the making of Scotland. In place of such convincing details we only hear vaguely of Edward's "harsh and imperious dealing," of the "execution" of Nigel Bruce and many others, and of the "testimony from the national Church," given by a Provincial Council at Dundee, in 1310. Bruce's triumph looks like a miracle. It is explained by

the picturesque details, and by the action of the Church, no less than by the contrasted characters of the hero and of Edward II. The actual facts show what manner of men the Lowlanders were, and to make this clear is the interest as well as the duty of history. For the facts are romantic and interesting. Here again, therefore, we urge that history, while it should be "critical" and "scientific," cannot be either, or both, by dint of lack of colour. History, above all Scottish history, is not 'The Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood,' nor to be written with the calmness of such records. It is not enough to call Bruce an accomplished knight, of winning personal qualities. We need to add the detail and living colour of Barbour. The annals of David II. exhibit a period of reaction. The deeds of Bruce seemed to be wiped out: "his own bishop," and his own Abbot of Inchafrey, who paraded the crucifix before the kneeling ranks at Bannockburn, went over to Balliol and the English. The luck of Scotland, the blood of Randolph, the brave old sister of Bruce, a Mr Thomson, the Steward, and the English wars with France just saved the Scotland which the son of the victor of Bannockburn, and the representative of the Good Lord James, were trying to sell to the Southern foe. Now, in Douglas and the Black Knight of Liddesdale, begins the unexampled career of Douglas treachery. Mr Hume Brown, as

usual, leaves out almost all the fun (except for an allusion to Black Agnes of Dunbar); he avoids, however, Mr Tytler's welter of confusion about the affairs of 1363. Mr Burnett, in the edition of the Exchequer Rolls, has not written in vain; and Mr Bain's 'Calendar' is also used to good effect. We cannot agree with Mr Hume Brown that Barbour's 'Bruce' "as literature cannot rank high." The judgment of Mr Henderson, in 'Scottish Vernacular Literature,' is more to the point. Barbour is an early avatar of Sir Walter Scott, and Sir Herbert Maxwell has vindicated his historical value. Mr Henderson's book, we may remark in passing, though, doubtless, no more infallible than other works of man, is an excellent and spirited summary of the vernacular literature of old Scotland.

To that literature the most illustrious contributor is King James, first of that name. Mr Hume Brown does not much like him, and we share his aversion. As to the recent critical attempt to deprive James of his chief claim to renown, "The King's Quhair," Mr Hume Brown discreetly observes that it is made "probably on insufficient grounds." Whether James wrote the poem or not, the "grounds" are not merely "probably," but, we think, conspicuously insufficient. The curious may refer to the arguments of M. Jusserand, and of Mr Henderson in his work already cited.¹ James's

¹ See 'The Authorship of the King's Quhair,' by Mr J. T. T. Brown, and M. Jusserand's reply, *tiré à part* from 'Revue Historique,' May-June 1897.

rage against the House of Albany is probably explained by his letters written in captivity, where he complains of neglect by Albany. Mr Hume Brown does not allude to these, given in Sir William Frazer's 'Book of Menteith.' He is sceptical about the so-called "contemporary" account of James's murder; but, if he does not rely on this document, whence does he derive his belief that James's subjects in general thought him rapacious, violent, and so forth? Not from Bower, and not from the rhyme—

" Robert Graham
Who slew our king,
God give him shame."

The story of how James avenged the poor Highland woman, in his effort to protect his unhappy Commons, is evidence of popular qualities. For social details we are referred to 'Early Travellers in Scotland' (a valuable collection by Mr Hume Brown), and the French ambassador's narrative, from which M. Jusserand has extracted the plums.

In the reign of James II. two gentlemen were put into pits and "bollit." There is something awful in being "bollit." Mr Hume Brown, *periculo suo*, interprets "bollit," and says "thrown into dungeons and placed in fetters." We much prefer the authentic "bollit in pits" of the Auchinleck Chronicle. We may be prejudiced, but we conceive that the treachery of the Douglasses in their relations with the Yorkists in England, under James II., is rather more con-

spicuous than Mr Hume Brown allows for; while, on the other hand, their provocation, the appalling inhospitable murder of the earl by the king on his own royal hearth, leaves our author "more than usual calm." The act "betrayed folly and passion," like the peccadillo of Bruce at Dumfries. In that case, we think it can be demonstrated that the Red Comyn had not (as partial historians allege) betrayed his assassin to Edward I. On the other hand, Mr Hume Brown justly lays stress on the circumstance that, bloody, distracted, and treacherous as were the doings of our ancestors, other nations were not one whit better. Reading history, Scottish life seems not worth living. The sumptuary laws, however, attest a high standard of "the decoration of life," if not of "all modern appliances of comfort."

Mr Hume Brown dislikes the enigmatic James III., in whose dark melancholy face in the portrait at Holyrood we recognise a prophecy of the ill-fated James VIII. By aid of the Paston Letters, and a despatch of Kennedy's to Louis XI. in Wavrin, Mr Hume Brown makes it clear (and to us it never was clear before) that Kennedy and "the Young Lords" were for the Lancastrians; Mary of Gueldres and the Old Lords for the Yorkists. Douglas "schall not be reported, nor taken, but as an Englysshe-man, and if he come in the daunger of Scotts, they to sle him."¹ Even so was Angus of a later day "an Englishman,"

¹ Paston Letters, Gairdner, ii. 111.

and to "sle" him would have been a patriotic act. In fact, Douglas, of course, was a banished man, and was aiding the Lord of the Isles in his scandalous Treaty with Edward IV., and raiding the Scottish marches. Douglasses Black and Douglasses Red are in the same condemnation, despite gallant and patriotic acts of the House under Bruce and later. The queen's death (December 1463) left Kennedy nearly two years of good government, he being now reconciled to the House of York. But his death, in July 1465, "let in" the shameful banded Flemings, Kennedys, and Boyds, with Graham, the first Archbishop of St Andrews, who probably soon quarrelled with his fellow "bandsters," and was apparently driven insane by St Andrews quarrels. But as Graham was in the Boyd-Fleming "band," we cannot see that "from the first he had many and powerful enemies." The Boyds had all their own way till the king's marriage in 1469, when the Boyds were "justified" in the usual style, and the House of Hamilton arose on their ruin. We have never been able to see why Graham has been praised as "an honest reformer." First, he was in an unholy band of cynically rapacious courtiers; next, he was mad; and we cannot hold that what Buchanan says is evidence. Mr Hume Brown, omitting Graham's share in the Boyd "band," thinks Buchanan not improbably right.

James's misfortunes begin with his twenty-fifth year,—with the troubles in his own

house, his brothers, Albany and Mar. James was fond of books, art, *bibelots*, and artists. He had a bad seat on horseback. His brothers were sportsmen—*hinc illæ lachrymæ!* Mar died in confinement, and, of course, James was accused of murder, with no sort of evidence, as Mr Hume Brown admits. The picturesque stories of Mar and Albany are, as to detail, omitted. The nobility are said to have been "driven to desperation." In fact they hated an "æsthete." James, anxious for peace, was being betrayed by England and the Celts. Famine raged, the coinage had been debased, and so, in place of aiding their king to meet his open foes in Eng-land and his traitor brother "Alexander Rex" (Albany, who was under treaty to acknowledge Edward IV., as Balliol had acknowledged Edward I.), the nobles revolted, and hanged James's artists (but *not* his tailor) over the bridge of Lauder, shutting up the king in Edinburgh Castle. Against this infamous mutiny under arms, and in face of the approaching enemy, Mr Hume Brown has not much to say. Now, granting that James, or Cochrane (which is disputed), was responsible for the "Wood's pence" of the period; granting that James was interested in art and in psychical research, and that he had a bad seat on horseback, we cannot condone an outrage in which Angus, presently to be Albany's agent in another plot against national independence, was the ring-leader, "belling the cat."

James, who is allowed to be "no mere weakling," overpowered

his traitor brother Albany, and seized but spared the traitor Douglas. Mr Hume Brown believes in the charge of "undue leanings towards England." It was brought against James by subjects, such as Angus, who themselves were undeniably in treasonable relations with England. And now James, "not a mere weakling" (p. 280), is guilty of "weakness and folly" (p. 284). He was, indeed, too lenient, later.

"Mercy, ill-timed, ill-placed, their only crime

To trust too much, or trust it out of time"—

writes of the Stuarts a poet of the last century.¹ The end came. The very traitor lords who were intriguing with England (p. 285) accused James of doing so (p. 284), after they had murdered him! Mr Hume Brown does not seem to think their evidence bad. They captured the fatal "whelp" of the prophecy, that was to be James IV. At Sauchie Burn the king's horse ran away with him (we admit that he rode ill), he fell, or alighted, and was assassinated. We hold no brief for the Third James, but he "died in his enemies' day," and by his enemies' evidence he is too apt to be judged. "The heavy murmur and voice" of his people lamented the murdered king. Sir Andrew Wood lamented him. The burghs had fought for him.

The reigns of James IV. and James V. are dealt with by Mr Brown lucidly, carefully, and without a touch of the singular prejudice of Mr

Froude. Mr Hume Brown has no illusions about Henry VIII. As to James IV., he quotes the criticism of Ramsay, the faithful friend of James III., the enemy of and spy on James IV. "Young adventurousness" and "simple wilfulness" were in the new king's character. James's energy and personal honour are acknowledged, and the series of quarrels leading up to Flodden are very carefully and tersely explained. As to Flodden, we disagree with Mr Hume Brown, who seems not to have read, or trusted, Mr C. J. Bates's tract on the subject. James, leaving Scotland on August 22, and dying on September 9, cannot have wasted "six weeks" in besieging Norham (p. 334). "Six weeks," for "five or six days," is a mere slip of the pen. As to want of food, the Bishop of Durham's letter shows that the army was well supplied. The old yarn about an amour with Lady Heron is abandoned by Mr Bates, and is inconsistent, or almost so, with documentary evidence. Knowing of Surrey's advance, James did not "waste his time" when he was clearing his flank of hostile castles; and in waiting on the inexpugnable Flodden Edge he showed military sagacity. His real error was in descending from it. He had but to entrench himself and wait. Surrey's drenched, and beerless, and quarrelsome army would have melted in two days. James made his blunder, and, like the unhappy commander at Majuba, he would not survive it. He fought to within a lance's length of Surrey.

¹ *Loyal Songs*, 1750.

In the reign of James V., Mr Hume Brown hardly recognises the unparalleled baseness of Angus and Sir George Douglas. He appears, though Arran's allies warned Sadleyr that he was a liar, to believe Arran's myth of the intended proscription of 360 nobles and barons of Protestant tendencies. Knox, who repeats the fable, could not possibly "have the story from the same source," namely, Arran. Or is Sadleyr meant? Knox is not likely to have met Arran before or after his Protestant "start" and his recantation (p. 389, note 1). Knox's legend about the Raid of Solway Moss as a purely clerical and catholic enterprise is known to be false, and should be nailed to the counter.

That the secret of the raid was betrayed by Sir George Douglas and cheaper traitors, Mr Hume Brown neglects to record. Yet he cites the Hamilton Papers which prove the facts. His comments on constitutional and legal matters, on the other hand, are most valuable.

What quarrel we have with Mr Hume Brown is, perhaps, hardly a fair quarrel. We seem to censure his work (where we do censure it) because it is not what it does not try to be: because romantic facts, and social details, are bleakly stated. But, while they are so much in the background, we sincerely doubt whether Scottish history can be understood; and our feud is rather with the "critical method," when it produces insipidity, than with the accomplished author of this his-

torical osteology. Nobody has produced so luminous a brief narrative; but its light is "dry light." Mr Hume Brown's skill in arranging facts, often highly complex, is admirable, and is perhaps his chief merit, though it is to be confessed that the facts which he selects are not always those which we could wish him to have chosen. He, or she, who reads this History with Scott's immortal 'Tales of a Grandfather' (which might well be edited "up to date," the text being preserved), and with Mr Henderson's vivacious work on Scottish literature, will have an adequate conception of the national character and fortunes. It may be hinted that the Celtic affairs are not, perhaps, so lucidly treated as Lowland matters (and no wonder), and tables of genealogy would be a useful "eke" to a new edition. For some reason, Sir William Frazer's books of noble houses do not appear in the serviceable bibliography. They often clear up a problem by a date from a charter. Mr Hume Brown has done some original reading in unpublished charters, and in the MS. 'Acta Dominorum Concilii,' and it is not his fault if the gleanings are of no great importance. On one point we must leave no doubt. When we think that he is injudicious in omission, it is not that we think him ignorant of what he leaves out, or scarcely touches. His knowledge and accuracy we do not dream of impugning; and he is (except in the case of James III.) almost too impartial.

THE LOOKER-ON.

DEFICIT, AND ITS TIMELY SUGGESTIONS—THE WAR-CALL FOR INDIRECT TAXATION—THE WHY-NOT OF AGREEMENT WITH RUSSIA—LORD SALISBURY ON THE CONFESSIONAL: HIS ADVICE TO THE BISHOPS.

TOWARD the end of the short month of February, a rumour stole out that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was surprisingly short of money. His accounts for the next financial year would show a great deficit—three millions or thereabout according to the best calculation. Then silence: no contradiction coming forth to sweeten his tobacco again for many a poor though respectable payer of income-tax. By the bitterness of the weed at my own lips when the pipe of cogitation was smoked, I know the first feeling of thousands of such persons on reading this news; at the same time receiving, as I hope they did, a seasonable lesson in the difference between direct and indirect taxation. Was I ever sensible of the three-and-twopence saved last year on my account for Mr Wills's "Three Castles"? Did that amount really fructify in my breeches pocket? Shall I be equally unaware of the impost should another penny in the pound be added to income-tax? And can it be that there is no difference between the burden that is felt and the burden that isn't?

Even while these *triste* meditations were fresh, another financial announcement in the newspapers. The Government proposed to spend nearly three

millions more upon the Navy this year than they asked for last year.

Prospective deficit, more taxation, while three additional millions are expended upon an arm already thought strong enough to risk a general war upon! Yes. But that is not the surprise. The surprise is that, after taking in this news from the Admiralty, the moody spirits described in a foregoing paragraph became more tranquil and not less. Some professional politicians and some partisan journals expressed uneasiness of one sort, and there is no one but must feel uneasiness of another; yet the second financial announcement had the instant effect of reconciling the burden-bearers to its predecessor.

Though at first sight a strange consequence, it is in truth a perfectly natural one. When the deficit was whispered, the first thought in every mind was that, whatever else might be cut down, there could be no economising on the Navy. There was no wish to economise on the Navy; but, on the contrary, a fixed desire—a desire founded on the experiences of last year—that its strength should be undiminished by a single shilling's worth. Whenever a strong feeling runs through the public mind, it

may be as wordless and yet as manifest as the wind that sweeps across a moor. Such a feeling was this ; and the natural result of hearing that the Government intended not to weaken but to fortify the Navy was a sense of justification and relief. A British Minister with deficit to make up, and already provided with a fleet powerful enough six months ago to command peace on English terms, would not call for larger naval supplies without good reason. It is as we thought, spite of all the newspaper tales of "impending agreements" with France on the one hand, with Russia on the other. And so, with a sigh, we the poor multitude of income-tax payers fill our pipes again—unable still, however, to resign our tobacco-grudge against the Government—and prepare with cheerful minds to bear what greater burdens must be borne.

But now the prospect brightens—the financial prospect, that is to say. The last weeks of the Exchequer year begin, and as they near the end an increasing flood of cash pours into the public treasury. To all appearance, it will be found when this sheet is travelling through the press that there is no such deficit as was feared. If so, let us be rather glad than sorry for those days of needless apprehension. They harmed us in nothing, and they brought to our knowledge and to the perception of all concerned two good things. The Government is firm in the only policy that can be trusted to keep the country safe : which is a satis-

faction for us. And even in a time of peace-and-agreement speculation, a time when a "period of reaction" was supposed to have set in, the country is not only willing to bear whatever charges may be needful to sustain that policy, but heartily desires that nothing shall be spared to keep it efficient. And that must be a satisfaction for the Government : assuring its footing at home and arming its agents abroad.

The daring things that statesmen think are daring beyond all comparison with what they do or say ; and so, for a reason soon to appear, I can conceive, can even believe, that some of the most Christian minds in the Cabinet welcomed deficit when it approached in seeming magnitude, and viewed its dwindling form with disappointment. For one of two things : we are either on the edge of a European settlement which will lighten all the cares of statesmanship, or else at the beginning of a sharp time of conflict. Mr Bowles—a man of industry and judgment, and more like what a member of Parliament should be than nine-tenths of his contemporaries in the House of Commons—sees in the naval plans of the Administration a proof that it thinks the alternatives imminent ; and something that Mr Macartney said in defending those plans (March 16) lent colour to the belief. But however that may be, one thing is evident : no Government could remain long in the position in which Lord Salisbury's Administration stands without anxiety to

ascertain the measure of support that lies behind them in the country. If "anxiety" is not the word (and I should object to it myself), "desire" is. We have just spoken of a "country" willing, and more than willing, to make its little sacrifices that the Government may go well armed and be not afraid. But what is the country so described? To speak with the precision required in such matters, it is a certain number of taxpayers accustomed to think themselves answerable for whatever extraordinary expense the nation may be put to. And that is all very well within certain bounds. But should these troubles continue and go on to war, the extraordinary expense will far surpass all that a small number of the people can provide, or should be expected to provide by the remainder. Meanwhile it is uncertain at what point the remainder would think themselves rightly called upon to make their little sacrifices too: and an anxious uncertainty it is becoming for the Government we may be sure. So far, that part of the subject has never been approached on a definite line; and yet, if the outlook is such that three millions more ought to be spent immediately on the navy of 1898, the time seems to have come for bringing a larger number of Englishmen into the bill for England's protection. It would be only politic, with such an outlook, to remind the general mass of the population that there is a point at which the cost of keeping it in safety and freedom must be spread

over the whole community—the richer still bearing most, the poorer least, but all contributing: as in duty and honour and gratitude bound. But—remind? Well would it be if the Government could go farther than a reminder would carry it, and so thinks the Government itself. Affairs standing as they do, well would it be if Sir Michael could forthwith put the country to the test of one or two small imposts, serviceable in much more than they would return in cash. For however light their incidence, they would substantiate betimes a duty which every man owes to his native land; and, while the country is yet at peace, they would open (though only just open) sources of income absolutely indispensable in time of war.

But, according to the general conception,—offspring of a financial policy which, though wise to the scientific, is foolishness to the wise,—these sources of revenue do not become legitimate till a war of the first magnitude has actually begun. How dream, then, of reopening them when a Peace Conference of all nations is just about to meet, and when anticipation of an Anglo-Russian agreement dawns in all the newspapers? It is difficult: difficult, and yet so desirable for the deepest reasons and the best, that if a swinging deficit would help, a welcome to the swinging deficit! No misfortune would it be for once, but a veritable blessing in disguise.

This *must* be the view of her Majesty's Ministers. It is forced upon them by every considera-

tion for the public good ; and though a deficit must ever be a fearful joy, this we may believe : that for the wise in the Cabinet this year's deficiency had a radiance about it when it loomed at its largest that was lost when it dwindled into manageable mediocrity. I say dwindled, but only as guessing, not knowing, by how much a precipitate payment of taxes in the later weeks of the financial year has lowered a wise hope and confounded a patriotic purpose. The year's deficiency may have lost a profitable use by becoming less, or after all may prove great enough to justify, if the Government has sufficient courage to venture it, an endeavour to replace the taxation of the country on the broader ground which should never have been quite abandoned. The wish to do so must be there ; the thought of the attempt must be there, stimulated by the later experiences of the Government, and by the high probability that an already vast cost for defence must increase as the universal rage for naval development goes on. So much appears certain and unavoidable. Doubt comes in when we remember that the reintroduction of indirect taxes, even at their mildest, does need courage in a British Government ; and that the popular mind is so little instructed in the changed condition of things all the world over, as not to see why the basis of taxation should be enlarged.

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The vast expense of the coun-

try at the War Office and the Admiralty divides, to my view, into a war expense and a trade expense. Though not actually at war, we are in a state of war—a state of war that may not be unfairly illustrated by the case of a nation called upon to keep a costly army in the field, far from home, to hold in check a force mustering for invasion. War there would be *but* for these extraordinary armaments, and therefore the charges on account of them are in an evident sense war-charges. The income-tax has been abusively applied, but it has been always understood as especially a war-tax ; and this leads me to think that since we are in a state of war, the call for reducing that tax is not imperatively reasonable. A few weeks ago the 'Times,' in a very remarkable article, suggested a reduction of twopence in the pound. Now, if the other great nations did faithfully cut down armaments, so that, according to Mr Goshen's offer, we also could reduce, it would be fair to give the whole of the financial benefit to income-tax payers. If not, and if we must still add to our naval out-goings, the tax should stand at its present rate, I think—certainly with no addition for additional charges. It stands high enough as long as—the country being in a state of war—the mass of the people pay not a farthing on that account. That they should be called upon at this point to take up some part of the burden—say as much as may be borne unawares—is not only justice but righteousness. It should be done for the

sake of doing it were there no other reason.

But there are many good reasons; amongst which we may set high the fact that the war-charge of to-day is almost entirely devoted to the defence and acquisition of trade—the means of living. It is to seize markets, keep markets, fill workshops and factories, that all the world's at strife,—the nations eager to trample each other down. And the most urgent and direct end of these endeavours is the contentment of the people—that is to say, the supplying of wages and the storing of cupboards. I say the most urgent and direct end. Demagogues may answer no; the statesmen who have nations in charge are conscious at every hour of their lives that it is true. And if true, when should the working-men of this country begin to take their share in its war-charges if not now? Are not their personal interests sufficiently touched at this point to justify personal concern, and even the sacrifice of a penny a week to put them out of jeopardy?

How badly they must have been taught by People's Friends if they think not! But how badly taught they have been! There is a free-trade principle, of most excellent use for certain peoples in certain conditions and circumstances, and by those peoples not to be abandoned lightly. It is, however, no law of nature, but an expedient—a variable expedient, and never yet used without exception or deviation. Yet the people of this country

have been taught to think of it as the one revelation of Infinite Wisdom in regard to the traffic in commodities; so that to say "Infringement of Free-trade principle" is to damn any little arrangement in cottons or sugar which the differing conditions of another people may seem to commend. The superiority of direct over indirect taxation has been preached less dogmatically; it does not admit the glamour of religiosity so much, or even at all. But this, too, has been wrought up into a matter of principle, whereas it is only another matter of expediency, to be decided as circumstances differ. When direct taxation was so much in favour, when the true gospel was to cut down indirect taxation to the utmost, the Intellectuals of the time were under the delusion that commerce would extinguish war. That was as much as to say that the call for extraordinary additions to revenue would diminish, the ordinary returns available for calculable purposes increasing meanwhile by "leaps and bounds." Had that been a wise forecast, not only a reduction of indirect taxes, but removal of the machinery for collecting them, the choking of the fountains thereof, would have been wise enough too, no doubt. But the forecast being as foolish then as it looks now, we see how right they were who held that fewer indirect taxes should be abolished—that the sources of a greater number should be kept running, if almost imperceptibly,

in readiness for the need that would surely come — no one doubting that they were properly available for it. However, the national finance was governed by a man of genius, whose grand peculiarity was (his friends say), that whenever his mind was fixed upon a certain course, he resolutely excluded as hostile, as offensive, every consideration that rose up against it. Under his influence abolition of indirect taxes went on. The fountains thereof were choked, their attendant machinery was destroyed, and an idea was given out that their restoration could only be accepted as one of the inhumanities of war.

Time passes, a year in the life of a nation being only as a day, and events which lay in wait to prove our direct-taxation policy excessive have arrived. So much must be clear to the common-sense perception of most men, while they that are dull have the '*Times*' to help them to a spying-glass. On the first day of this month of March its readers saw there a declaration that "there is now good reason for reconsidering and revising our financial system as a whole, and in a bold and comprehensive way." (This is said, I should remark, without regard to the considerations advanced in the foregoing paragraphs, and upon a different line of argument.) Question asked, whether the basis of taxation has not been perilously narrowed? Answer, that "the true policy is to extend the scope of indirect taxation," which I,

for one, read with the pleasure of a Looker-on who was never of a different opinion, but always strongly of this. No, nor even took free-trade for anything but what it is—an expedient good or otherwise as conditions decide. Yet even such an one might read with a shock what followed (in the '*Times*!') after the above-quoted sentence: "The reimposition of a shilling duty on corn, which was not felt when it was in operation, and would bring in at the present time a very large sum, is one proposed reform. A duty of a halfpenny a pound on sugar, which is another, would yield some six millions a-year. We doubt if the present Chancellor of the Exchequer is likely to propose either. Yet if some measure of the kind is not adopted we shall find ourselves, in all probability, confronted with far more serious financial problems in the immediate future."

Reimposition of a tax on corn, reintroduction of a sugar-tax—this is going deep at the first plunge; and yet not so deep in one direction as may be supposed. It is said that the "shilling duty on corn" was not felt when it was in operation, nor can it be imagined that so light an impost would ever be felt. But what if this shilling was no tax at all, and abolition of the duty still more needless and improvident than the surrender of the city coal-dues? Whether he remains of that opinion I know not; but some years ago, when our importations of grain were much smaller

than they are now, one of the first authorities in trade and finance (he has no superior) believed that the abolition of the shilling corn-duty was a grievous mistake. A hard free-trader, he yet had no doubt on that point. For the advantage of "Government measure," which the collection of the duty secured, was fully worth the shilling a quarter to buyer and seller; and, at the same time, a trade-convenience put into the Treasury every year a large sum of money as well earned as the Post Office profits. The abrogation of the duty made no difference to the consumer, because the cost of measurement had still to be paid, and of course paid by him. The shilling duty had this further advantage, it was thought. Being usefully there, it could be increased by another shilling, and yet make no sensible addition to the consumer's outgoings. The two-shilling duty would bring a large revenue from what would be in effect a one-shilling duty.

Prove all this to be true, and yet the shilling duty would be called a tax on the food of the people—insidious, malicious, intolerable; and the proposal to restore a charge on sugar would be denounced no less fiercely. But while we speculate Sir Michael's plans are settled,—before this discourse appears they will perhaps be known. If in any discreet way they assert the righteousness and timeliness of falling back a little on indirect taxation, good: or so I think, for reasons given.

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To be *sage*—*sage* in the sense enjoyed by the good French father of a family—much it becomes us as a Government and a people. Prudence, discretion, calculation, the arts propitiatory and disarming, these should guide us in our dealings with foreign States, for all our many ships and preponderating sea-power. To seek out causes of quarrel and remove them, to weed out growths of rancour from honest and perhaps inevitable rivalry, to cultivate useful friendships on worthy terms—why, what Government should not be forward in works so helpful to themselves, and what people be slow to exhort and approve? All counsel to that effect is precious, and not less precious because there seems to be a universal, everlasting need of it.

All good men, many bad ones, and nearly all who are both bad and good, must wish to see the foreign business of their country so conducted. Yet no Government and no people seems to hold this desire in countenance. I think I know why, but the explanation is so much disliked that I do not repeat it. The fact, then, may pass for strange though true, that where every motive for *sagesse* rises to the *nth* and exists in perpetuity, it is little more than a Sabbath observance—recurring in most countries at about one year in seven: and usually upon some sort of compulsion.

There will be no United States of Europe and America till the wild-wood savagery of

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which we have here a sign is tamed. But that will not be, probably, until the Christian nations, having no more barbarous hinterlands or effete empires to civilise, begin to civilise each other—of course by different processes. Such occasional efforts to harmonise the unharmonious as we already witness will help, no doubt; but not at ill-chosen times, not if they wear too plain a look of compulsion, not if they rush all at once to extremes of solicitude and anxiety. For wherever “the law of the beasts” lingers, as it does in international affairs, timidity invites violence—feeds it.

A great many silent Britons find these mistakes, and more, in the imploring question that goes echoing round and round the newspapers, “Why not come to an agreement with Russia? What prevents an understanding with Russia? How is it that our Government—a Government which acknowledges that a British policy offensive to Russia was altogether wrong—never attempts an arrangement with the Czar?” That it could be done if Lord Salisbury had a mind to do it, and would only make the necessary unobjectionable concessions, is the common answer to these questions; which are asked, indeed, that the chosen answer may follow.

It is not the first time that these nervous inquiries have rung through the press. At short intervals they have been heard again and again; and the only reply—the reply which the questioners them-

selves furnish—is for one thing incomplete, and, for another, the most incredible that can be imagined. Lord Salisbury indisposed to make a peace-securing agreement with Russia? Lord Salisbury reluctant to concede unobjectionable terms? What genius could contrive a more absurdly unjust suspicion? Merely to speak the Prime Minister’s name is to dissolve every such fancy. It does more. It supplies the complete answer to a question which had been better disposed of in silence.

Name the name that stands first in British statesmanship, and we see the face of one who ever since the Constantinople Conference, at any rate, has been thought friendly to Russia. The Constantinople Conference was in 1876; but not many months have passed since Lord Salisbury made a bid in open market for the much-desired Russian understanding. This was when he said publicly that we had “put our money on the wrong horse”: plain overture, as everybody understood then, and as nobody should forget who now asks, “Why no agreement with Russia?” But personal bias has not all to do with the matter. Whatever the leaning of his likes and dislikes, what should be expected of any British statesman holding office in these later days, than that he should labour to ascertain the conditions (if any) upon which England and Russia might hedge off their rivalries and work them out peaceably? To do that became the absolute duty of every British

Minister from about the time of Lord Beaconsfield's death, when a new political era began; and it is hard to believe it a duty which Lord Salisbury neglected. I go so far as to say that he could not neglect it. It would have forced attention from a Minister much less sympathetic with the end in view than Lord Salisbury.

But if we must believe that an arrangement with Russia has been studied, and if, nevertheless, nothing of the kind exists, must the inference be that Lord Salisbury's unaccommodating temper spoiled an acceptable bargain? Other explanations are conceivable—some far more probable. In a matter like this, the wish of one party for a well-settled working agreement is the least advance to the desired object that can be made. Encountering a no-wish on the other side, it withers and there is an end of it: and till we are better informed I shall continue to believe that on the other side there is no corresponding desire. With such a history as it looks back upon, why should the Russian Government voluntarily set bounds to its ambitions—meaning to keep faith? As to a corner of the world here and there, and for temporary purposes (as in China, for example), it is possible. But, starting from an understanding that "there is room enough in the East" for both countries, the agreement desired is one that shall mark out the territory which each of them may or may not pretend to now or hereafter. And

unless upon compulsion, or unless the agreement gave to the Czar large carvings from the British Empire (what is *not* ours in the East other Powers have something to say about), why, I ask, should the Russian Government sign a treaty of limitation, of abnegation? And what would be the value of such a document after signature? Would it be worth as much as the Czar's oath to the Finlanders? No impartial man will say so. The Czar's oath was not made to foreigners, nor was it an instrument of diplomacy.

The details of such an agreement should, at least, be satisfactory in appearance to both parties; but of all the many politicians who find no difficulty there, not one has ever presented Lord Salisbury with a draft of mutually acceptable conditions, and I venture to say never will. The difficulties are enormous. Reviewing them all together, the conclusion must be, I think, that, as in duty bound and by natural bent inclined, Lord Salisbury *has* felt his way to the longed-for agreement with Russia. But whether because he found no corresponding wish there; or because of the impossibility of drawing up a scheme satisfactory to the Czar's Government and presentable to the people of England; or because such agreements are so unstable that nothing of the kind would be released from watchfulness or justify any considerable reduction of armaments; or because of all these difficulties in combination—the idea did not prosper. Perhaps

never for a moment looked prosperous. Had to be abandoned on sheer obligation.

Now, if that is the true answer to the question, "Why no agreement with Russia?" so much the more reason is there for regretting the querulous persistency of the inquiry. The fact being that no such agreement can be got, that it is denied, that it is obtainable only on humiliating and hazardous conditions, that, to common knowledge, it would not be trustworthy for as many years as there are days in the week—the clamour for it seems worse than undignified. Undignified it certainly is. After a well-remembered speech of Mr Chamberlain's, he was loudly reprov'd for presenting England to the world as a beggar for alliances. It could be said with much greater truth that large numbers of her more thoughtful citizens are praying their Government to buy off the Russian advance, so that they may live at peace within whatever lines may be determined by the bargain. Of course, I am not speaking now of the limited arrangement in Chinese affairs which Lord Salisbury (they say) is endeavouring to make with Russia, but of the general live-and-let-live agreement, extended over nearly the whole of the East, which has so long been the aim of a certain British *sagesse*. At bottom the cry for such an agreement is an offer to purchase rest and peace. And rest and peace may be wisely bought sometimes, no doubt: it may be wisely bought when retention

of the commodity can be counted upon with confidence. But that is never the case with such bargains as the proposed agreement with Russia—which should never be heard of again till the suggestion comes from St Petersburg.

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So far, no speech on the troubles in the Church has made so deep an impression as the pregnant little sermon addressed to the House of Lords by the Prime Minister. There is a mastery of words which, while it conveys one plain meaning in a full, unbroken, unconfused stream of light, carried other and auxiliary meanings by rays imperceptible. It is a mastery of which we are always sensible in the greater poets, often in such prose as Burke's; and though Lord Salisbury's powerful mind is not poetical, and though it has no cousinship with the like of Burke's, the same fine faculty comes out in his speeches very strongly sometimes. It did so on this occasion, when judgment and feeling were both moved to speak.

The confessional, which has succeeded the "mass" as the main point of dispute between English Catholics and Protestants, was Lord Salisbury's theme. Lord Kinnaird had moved for returns showing the number of churches in which the confessional had become an established thing. The Bishop of Winchester had said that "no greater calamity could befall the English Church" (nation

would have been the better word) "than that the practice of private confession should become general." The Archbishop of York had said that "if it would be any comfort to the noble lord, he could assure him that no one had a greater dread than he himself of anything like private confession going beyond the carefully-defined limits laid down in the Book of Common Prayer." The Bishop of Winchester had also said that he had "always considered it the duty of the bishops to do everything in their power to repress" the practice; yet the question still is how it should be done. It was to this point that Lord Salisbury addressed himself. He entirely agreed in dreading the growth of habitual confession in the Church of England. "If there were any means of repressing or discouraging the practice, such means would deserve all our consideration." "But," said he, "remember that you are dealing with a spiritual question. I very much doubt whether Parliament will find that its powers are adequate to accomplish the end which I believe the enormous mass of the people desire. I fear that you are undertaking an effort to coerce consciences, which greater powers even than the British Parliament have failed to effect, and that you are more likely to increase the disease than to stop it." After declaring that he would rather have the open confessional box in the church than the secret interview in the vestry, and after warning us

that between these two we shall have to choose, the Prime Minister ended as follows:—

"I greatly fear that if men wish to confess to men, or perhaps I should put it more accurately by saying if women wish to confess to men, all the power that this Parliament possesses will not avail seriously to arrest the process. The power of arresting it lies with the organisation over which right rev. prelates preside. It is for them to teach their flocks—and they cannot do it too earnestly or too often—the evils which may attend habitual and systematic secret confession. But let us be careful lest we hinder their work and prevent them from doing that which it is their proper charge to carry out, by bringing in the arm of the flesh, which never yet beat down a religious error and has often made the evil worse than before."

Now the beauty of this little series of sayings—they comprise nearly the whole of the speech—is this. While strongly impressing his audience in and out of the House of Lords with his main purpose—dissuasion from attempting to cure the disorders of the Church by Act of Parliament—he puts these same disorders in the shrewdest light, pictures the excess to which they are tending, shows how untenable the Catholic position is while repeating the Catholic account of it, suggests by alarming innuendo the necessity of combating what Parliament can hardly touch, points to a strangely unattempted way of making the fight,—and accomplishes all this without giving the least ground of offence to anybody. No Roman-Anglican can complain of it, and it does its work in many a breast unconscious of the Minister's intention.

Look again to what the speech asserts, implies, suggests. The practice of habitual confession in the English Church is described as a disease. An indication of its character is given (rightly or wrongly, but certainly not by accident) identifying it with an old social and domestic trouble, particularly grievous to fathers of families, and not long ago supposed to be reformed out of existence. That the evil should spread is much to be dreaded, but, we are told, not to be doubted; for its disseminators are such that if they cannot have open confessional boxes in the church, they will have secret interviews in the vestry. As matters stand, indeed, "it is between these two that you will have to choose"; and the confessional box is recommended for preference. Confessional boxes are illegal, but it would be judicious to bow to the illegality rather than risk the only other alternative—secret resort to the vestry. Resistance is vain. Government, parliament, law—there is no help in them: the grievance must be endured.

Now these are really counsels of desperation; and such they are found to be when, their tissue wrappages stripping from them in the process, they sink and dissolve into the mind. Taking new shape there, a story of what must be endured resolves into a tale of what should on no account be borne. That consciences cannot be coerced is no more true, we perceive, than that consciences ought not to be violated or tamely submit to

outrage. Then we reflect—again at Lord Salisbury's suggestion—that as to coercing the conscience of the Romanising Anglican priest, no such thing has ever been proposed; while outrage of the Protestant conscience is practised every day. Habitual confession is one of various things which are false and abhorrent teaching in the Church of England. What is the conscience of the man who, entering the Church as its servant, sworn against subverting its doctrine and bound not to do so by common honesty, persists in inculcating habitual confession? And in what but a ridiculous sense can it be averred that this same conscience is coerced when its owner is bidden to leave the Church if he must needs play traitor by remaining? And—spiritual question here, spiritual question there—if, this being a spiritual question, certain sacerdotalists may lawlessly reimport evils which the Reformation expelled, why, this being a spiritual question, may not Protestants find a way of preventing them with a similar independence of law and the State? Even *that* question arises quite naturally from the Prime Minister's speech, being implanted therein by the speaker.

We may believe, however, that there would have been less of stirring suggestion in the speech but for the wise word of counsel with which it was to end. This wise word was addressed to the bishops; and they have only to act upon it as their duty and the occasion demands—learning at last

to underrate neither—and a great incalculable mischief will be reduced to nought. After saying that all the power that this Parliament possesses will not avail seriously to arrest it, Lord Salisbury added, “The power of averting it lies with the organisation over which the right reverend prelates preside. It is for these to teach their flocks—and they cannot do it too earnestly or too often—the evils that may attend habitual and systematic secret confession.”

There is a little ambiguity of language here, no doubt; and but for the nature of the case it might be possible to contend that this exhortation is addressed to the ordinary Protestant Church clergyman, and not at all to the bishops themselves. But besides that the words bear against that contention, it is otherwise incredible. How likely is it that the Catholic Anglican priest, weaving the glamour of the confessional about his flock, will desist at the voice of the mere Protestant minister preaching in the next parish? Lord Salisbury is far too wise a man to found his hopes on such a probability as that. No. His admonition was addressed to the bishops, and with reason good indeed.

Silent while for years an evil change has been working in the Church, the bishops have now been compelled to open their eyes upon it, and to acknowledge that it is evil. Not, of course, all that is complained of, but some things, such as this that Lord Salisbury con-

demned. The doers of the evil are priests over whom the bishops have authority. But the people whom these priests mislead are also the charge of the bishops. The priests hold that they have as good a right to judge of what is sound and expedient in matters of doctrine and ceremonial as the bishops themselves. Speaking generally, the people are of a different opinion, but interpret the bishop's silence as betokening agreement or at least consent. His silence, therefore, convenient as it may be between himself and his Romanising clergy, is infidelity to the people. Surely that is a reproach which the bishops (who are all in it) must desire to clear away, now that its consequences appear. Discovery of the fault, and the good sense of the Prime Minister, invite them to repair damages; and, fortunately, this they can do over the heads of their Romanising priests, and without putting themselves to the pain of naming any one of them. Why should not the bishops begin by taking this course—the shortest, the easiest, and perhaps the most effective at their command, and blest, too, with the happy advantage that it neither prosecutes nor persecutes, and cannot make martyrs? Why should they not address themselves to the laity direct, not merely announcing the true doctrine of the Church in such matters as transubstantiation and confession, but expounding them, defending them, and more particularly making known *why*

they differ from similar doctrine in the Church of Rome? When the bishops of the Reformed Church of England speak of the "evils" that swarm from the confessional, they know precisely what they mean. Men of reading and men of thought, it is not to them a word of vague generality, expressive (as it often is in other applications) of small mischiefs and annoyances. They cannot utter the word in this connection without raising before their eyes evils that are evils indeed: evils that enter with sap and mine into every relation of life, every function of citizenship, finally reaching to the foundations of national character. These are the evils which the bishops declare themselves so sensible of, and it is of them that Lord Salisbury speaks when he says that, in the present state of the Church, its prelates cannot warn the people against them too earnestly or too often. Questions of swinging censers and lighting candles and praying to saints may most properly employ the princes of the Church—that is not denied; but the main of their duty at the present time is this. It was never much less, and they have doubled its obligations by neglecting them. But if now they would only apply themselves to their duty with the learning and the authority they possess, and with the heart and fervour they might borrow from the great divines of old, the "crisis in the

Church" might be turned to happy account after all.

That, however, they will not do. It would seem to them contentious, a prolongation of disquietude, offensive to Roman Catholics. In all that they say on the matter their cure for the evils that spot the Church is plainly seen: it is to fold them in, and cover them down, and think of them no more. If left unnoticed, they will presently disappear. Similar disorders have been safely treated in that way, no doubt; but with this one it is different. We are in presence of a turn to the Church of Rome from causes so natural that it was expected. One of these causes is the revolt from agnosticism—terror at the outlook from Mount Science. Others are the softenings of luxury, the growth of a craving emotionalism, a fashionable twist to Rome, an æsthetical twist in the same direction. These causes—of which the lightest may be more lasting than they seem—have been turned to full account by the sacerdotalists in the Church; and they have a long field before them yet. In these circumstances, minor questions of ritual need not concern us much. Shelter should be denied, of course, to Romanising priests in the English Church; and, that determined, the prelacy should follow Lord Salisbury's counsel with all the eloquence they are possessed of and all the ardour of which they are capable.

A YEAR'S DIPLOMACY IN PEKING.

THE new China blue-book is a handsome offering of the fruits meet for repentance. The Government has answered to the spur, and overcome its indisposition to take action regarding our interests in the Far East. Slowly indeed, and not without great reluctance, it has learned the lesson which the pressure of events has been for some years forcing on it, and apparently made up its mind to deal henceforth with facts and not with phantoms. We need not dwell on the deplorable consequences of previous neglect. We have indeed given away the vantage-ground which we held fifteen months ago; but all has not been lost, and though we have now to fight an uphill battle, it is something to have the nerve to fight it.

We think the record now submitted to the public will be received with satisfaction. It is a great point gained that at last the policy of the Government is pointing in the right direction: what remains is for the country to apply the impetus from below and from behind, to make sure of continuous progress on the course which is now being set. We are pleased also to be able to congratulate the Government on the achievements of their Minister in Peking. It was a hazardous experiment sending a man of his official record to such a critical post, and the first half of his time of office in China did not afford much evidence of

the fitness of the choice. We now understand that in those days he had the dead-weight of his Government paralysing all his efforts. The events of last year, however, the sharp experiences, and the humiliating rebuffs which this country had to put up with in the earlier part of 1898, have happily changed all that; and now we have the cheering spectacle of an active and energetic Minister backed by a Government that is beginning to know its own mind and intends to have its own way.

In its selection of correspondence for publication Government has implicitly, if not explicitly, acknowledged its indebtedness to the press, and we have rarely known an instance of the leading organs of public opinion rendering such persistent services to the country as they have done in connection with the Chinese crisis. But for their diligence in supplying the best information and the best reasoned comments thereon, our interests in the Far East would indeed have been in a parlous state. Where all have done their duty it may seem invidious to make distinctions; but the 'Times' newspaper may well be excused a little self-congratulation on the part it has played in the enlightenment of the public. Its correspondent in Peking has no doubt been favoured by circumstances and opportunities; but his industry in collecting and

"salting down" his information from diverse sources, and in a few terse words giving the gist of the most important negotiations, prove him to be a man of capacity who has risen to the occasion. Whatever value we may attach to the services of our accredited Minister, those of the 'Times' correspondent will always claim at least an equal share of appreciation, and we have little doubt that the things which have not been given to the public would be found quite as interesting as those that have been printed. But for further enlightenment from that source on the maze of Eastern diplomacy and the by-ways of intrigue, we shall probably have to wait a little while.

It is no new lesson which the Government and their Minister have learned; it is but the old lesson frequently learned, and as often forgotten, the one lesson which stands out in bold relief throughout our whole intercourse with China. It is the same which Lord Elgin had to learn by his own experience forty years ago, and which he put so tersely into the epigram, that "China yields nothing to reason but everything to fear." This sentence might be put as a motto at the head of every despatch of Sir Claude Macdonald's; but while this has always been the leading characteristic of Chinese diplomacy, the proposition has in these latter days to be considerably extended in its application. While China was an entity, with a will and a purpose and a certain power to give

effect to them, it was true that fear and not reason guided her deliberations; but we are now learning the further lesson which was impressed on close observers four years ago, that "there is no longer a China to negotiate with." This takes some time to realise; but every line in the new despatches makes it clearer that the Chinese rulers are getting into the condition of a person in the last stage of sea-sickness, when even the influence of fear ceases to operate. What is there left for them to fear? Their country is potentially in the possession of foreigners, they themselves are under the protection of foreigners; the more practical of them have considered the situation, and have made their selection of what they deem the strongest protector: which may be the explanation of what Sir Claude Macdonald found to be the anti-British policy of Li Hung-chang. That the influence of fear has not entirely ceased to act upon the Government is probably true enough. The effect generally survives the cause, and even scientific convictions do not entirely dislodge inherited superstitions. But it is evidently a disappearing phantom so far as the collective Government is concerned. The old forms may be kept up, and the foreign Powers continue to go through the pantomime of negotiation, but under such desperate conditions that it must more and more become with the Chinese a question of *Sauve qui peut!* This no doubt is what Russia has understood

long ago and acted upon with such striking effect.

The transactions recorded in the blue-book¹ began on the morrow of the Russian acquisition of Port Arthur. It was then for the first time that her Majesty's Government saw the necessity of action in China in order to safeguard British interests. The whole position was changed by the establishment of Russia in a Chinese fortress, actually in the inner waters, not on the Pacific at all, except in the sense that the Gulf of Finland is on the Atlantic. As a counterpoise, Great Britain claimed the naval harbour which faces Port Arthur on the southern coast of the Gulf, and after certain peremptory negotiations, the lease of Wei-hai-wei was extorted from the Tsungli-Yamên. Without venturing on any estimate of the value of that position, we may at least claim for its seizure that, as a definitively aggressive action on the part of her Majesty's Government, taken avowedly to preserve the balance of power in the Gulf of Pechili between Russia and Great Britain, this stroke was the herald of the new policy on which the British Government has launched.

The other matters attempted and done, treated of in the correspondence, are chiefly connected with the progress of railway concessions on the part of the various countries. The most interesting of these is no doubt the concession granted to a Belgian syndicate for a line

from Peking to Hankow, on behalf of the Russian and French Governments. This concession, running right into the heart of the Yangtse Valley, which had been assumed as a British sphere of influence, was a bold but insidious attack on this country. Consequently Sir Claude Macdonald made the strongest remonstrance with the Tsungli-Yamên against the ratification of the contract. The Ministers of the Yamên appeared to be quite ignorant of the nature of the concession and of the consequences involved in it. Only one man, we are told, understood it, and that was Li Hung-chang, who was credited with rushing through the ratification under strong pressure on the part of Russia, France, and Belgium. On his failure to bar the conclusion of this contract, Sir Claude Macdonald makes the pertinent and obvious remark that, "if heavy payment is not exacted from the Chinese Government for their bad faith, Li will persuade his colleagues that it is easier to slight England than any other Power," and he formulates a set of demands which ought to be made on the Chinese Government as a punishment for their bad faith, which, however, he adds, "it would be impossible to obtain without bringing great pressure to bear." This is the recurring note throughout the whole three hundred and sixty pages: it is not right nor wrong, good faith or bad faith, injury or benefit, but pressure, that is

¹ China, No. I., 1899.

of any account in all these negotiations. If the fact that this railway concession into the very centre of China, with the large powers of control granted to the Russian agent—or whether granted or not, certain to be exercised,—if these considerations, plainly placed before the Chinese Ministers, did not deter them from granting this concession, it must be very clear that no argument but force, or the belief in it, will have any influence on their minds. The defeat of our Minister in Peking on this question seems to have made a sharp impression upon her Majesty's Government, who promptly instructed Sir Claude Macdonald to put forward demands for other concessions, to be enforced, if necessary, by an appeal to the Admiral. In carrying out these instructions, Sir Claude Macdonald seems to have had some rough passages with the Chinese Ministers. They repudiated his charges of breach of faith, and disclaimed any intention of giving offence to Great Britain. As far as writing a note went, they were quite willing to do so; but they would not name the Belgian agreement, because it was certain to lead to trouble with other Powers. The coincidence of this explanatory and apologetic note of 7th September last with the dismissal from the Yamên of the Grand Secretary, Li, is remarked upon by Sir Claude Macdonald; but the connection between the two events seems insufficiently established.

On the real opinions and feelings of the Chinese with respect to these trunk rail-

ways, and the secret machinery which has been at work to procure such tremendous concessions to Russia, we obtain no light from the despatches,—perhaps for the good reason that the writer had none to give. But that Chinese intelligence is not blind to the ulterior consequences of what they are now doing, is shown in a memorial from the Viceroy of Central China, Chang Chi-tung, in conjunction with a no less celebrated official called Shêng Hsüan-huai, Director-General of Railways. They say—

"If England is allowed to build the Hankow and Canton line, afterwards when the Russian line advances southwards and the English line is continued to the north, although we shall be in possession of the Lu-han line [Hankow to Peking], we shall be stifled and our profits curtailed, for being between the other lines we shall not be able to defend our own. It is also greatly to be feared that our own line would pass into either English or Russian hands. In this case, not only is our throat stopped by the foreigners being in possession of our ports, but our vital parts are injuriously affected."

They add—

"Your memorialists are distressed when they consider the extreme danger of the situation; but they think that the best method of meeting it is to proceed ourselves at once with the construction of the Hankow-Canton railway."

Here are the views of two Chinese officials antithetical in personal character; but, whatever their respective failings, men of first-class intelligence,—yet they affect to speak of the

Lu-han line as in their possession, and even imply that it is a kind of defence against Russian designs! And we find the Tsungli-Yamên, with all these arguments before them, fur-tively, and in desperate haste,—because they had given their word to Sir C. Macdonald that they would not do it,—rushing through a contract which gives over the possession of that very line to Russia; for, as the China Association pithily puts the matter, “the real control rests with the predominant partner in the alliance, which seems to hold China in its grip.”

The remedy proposed for these dangers to China is to build a line from Hankow to Canton. It is not plain to the common understanding in what way that line is to counteract the effect of all the others; but if we consider that Shêng himself is the promoter of the Canton line—and very far from disinterested—we may read the whole memorial as a mere plea for that project, the denunciations of the craft and subtlety of foreign countries being but a Chinese form of preamble. The association of two men with such different records as Shêng and Chang can only be appreciated by those who know which will be the dominant partner in the firm when there is “money in it.” Such discussions afford us a glimpse of what Chinese statesmanship is,—a glimpse, however, which carries us no further than the conclusion of the poet that “the heathen Chinese is peculiar.” Could we but draw from the exhibition the prac-

tical inference that it is vain to play with players into the unfathomed depths of whose sleeves we are unable to penetrate!

The dispute about the extension of the settlement in Shanghai forms a very important subject of comment. The French have always separated themselves from the cosmopolitan community of Shanghai, maintaining their own jurisdiction within the elastic limits of their settlement. In area it is out of all proportion to that which has for so many years been sufficient for the accommodation of all other nations; but since the recent commotion in China, the French have considered that large as their settlement (or “concession” as they like to call it) is now, it is not nearly sufficient for their purpose. Hence they have claimed an enormous extension, which, if granted to them, would include much property at present owned by British subjects and others. At the same time, the real needs of the cosmopolitan community, which is a growing one and transacts practically the whole business of the port, have become very pressing. They also require a large addition to the ground they at present occupy, not for political purposes, which by the mere presence of mixed nationalities are precluded, but solely for business accommodation and residence. The claims of the general community conflict with the special claims of the French, and while Great Britain protests against the unwarranted extension of

French jurisdiction, Russia and France—who are anti-cosmopolitan—are attempting to block the way to any extension of the general foreign settlement. On this point it is satisfactory to find that Lord Salisbury is both clear and firm. “No matter under what regulations,” he telegraphed on the 24th December, “we cannot agree that any British property should be given over to be administered by the French;” and he significantly adds, “In refusing this demand we will support the Chinese materially.” Later on he took strong objection to any extension of the French concession, on the further ground that the proposal was at variance with the engagement given by the Chinese Government as to the non-alienation of any territory lying in the Yangtse region to another Power. Her Majesty’s Government therefore absolutely declined to consent to the arrangement, and to clench the whole matter, Lord Salisbury concludes with the very short sentence: “It will be well to ask the Admiral to send another ship to Shanghai.”

Thus, then, we have at last got on to something like solid ground, just enough for the sole of our foot, in China: we are prepared, as in the old time, to assert our rights and to defend them. More than that the people of England have no right to ask; less than that they will no longer tolerate. Such plain announcements *urbi et orbi* will smoothe the path of British policy in every part of the world. It re-

mains for the country, our manufacturers, chambers of commerce, financiers, adventurers of all kinds, to see that this policy is maintained, and to require that it shall be strictly applied. Relying on treaties will not help us against people banded together to subvert them. Assurances, no matter from what quarter, have been proved for the thousandth time to be empty wind. Whatever we have gained in China will be lost if we neglect to utilise and follow it up. Henceforth it must be clear to all that what we desire we must take with every form of ceremony that does not bar the acquisition. We are not likely to copy the violence of other nations; but our interests are greater than theirs, and by all proper means we must defend them. It is satisfactory to observe that the commercial representatives of this country are becoming alive to the interests which they possess in China. The Associated Chambers of Commerce, at their opening meeting, gave forth no uncertain sound on this important question. Mr Keswick, M.P., led off the proceedings with a resolution expressing satisfaction with the action taken by the Government for the protection of commercial interests in China, and urging them to maintain vigorously the policy of the open door for commerce throughout the Chinese empire, and the prior British rights in the Yangtse Valley and its watershed, and at all ports and settlements where British interests and business have been

established and have predominated for many years.

If further proof were needed that the commercial class have been strung up to a sensitive appreciation of their interest in the Far East, it would be afforded by the amendment to Mr Keswick's resolution, proposed by Mr Joseph Walton, M.P. This was to omit the words "expressing satisfaction with the action taken by the Government," and it went on to point out in vigorous terms the necessity of upholding our position. He denied that England could claim even to-day any special sphere of influence even in the Yangtse Valley, and that we were far from receiving equal treatment with our rivals in China. So amended, the resolution was passed unanimously by that most important and representative congress, whose action no doubt will give a clue to that of all local associations throughout the country.

The annual report of that very active body, the China Association, comes opportunely to give emphasis to, and fill up the gaps in, the correspondence presented to Parliament. With regard to the Yangtse region in particular, the Association has done well to remind us that protection of that important zone of Central China is no new idea. It is there that our greatest commercial interests are consolidated, it is there that our political influence has been more than anywhere in the ascendant for many years. We had arranged to defend it for China

during a dispute with Russia about Kuldja in 1880; again, during her war with France in 1884, we distinctly warned the French off the Yangtse Valley, and thus their coercive measures against China were limited to a naval patrol of the coast. Finally, during the war with Japan in 1894, Great Britain once more asserted her interest in that region, and intimated to the invader her readiness to defend the mouth of the river at all costs. Thus it is no political doctrine extemporised for the occasion that we should claim the integrity of the Yangtse Valley, but a principle of policy resting on a respectable historical basis. What remains is to give full practical effect to the claim, of which we trust that Lord Salisbury's dictum about the French concession in Shanghai may be taken as an earnest.

We may sum up the whole matter by insisting on the active, well-considered realisation of all our rights and claims, trusting to no paper titles, no goodwill of any Power, or group of Powers, with a decent regard to the feelings of the Chinese Government so long as they are reasonable, but without entering on exhausting controversies with that inanimate body, the Tsungli-Yamên. For we must remember that as yet there is only promise, but little in the way of achievement; and with regard to the Yangtse Valley itself, absolutely nothing has been done to secure our position there excepting the declaration of Lord Salisbury with regard

to the French claims in Shanghai. Since our policy in China has been, by our own self-effacement, formed for us by the action of other Powers, it is always well to take notice of the views held by those Powers.

In this connection there is a significant despatch in the Blue-book from the Foreign Office to the Ambassador in Berlin, dated 13th May. Lord Salisbury, reporting an interview with the German Ambassador with regard to co-operation in railway schemes in China, says: "His Excellency maintained that Germany, by her occupation of Kiaochow, and her agreement with China respecting Shantung, has acquired a special position in that province, which consequently is not unreservedly open to British enterprise; whereas Great Britain not having occupied any place in the Yangtse region, that region is still unreservedly open to German enterprise: consequently, my suggestions did not contain any element of reciprocity."

Although Lord Salisbury was "unable to assent" to this proposition, it is well to know the view that Germany takes of

our rights in China. And it is especially important to observe that Germany is acting on her view to our detriment, while we are not acting on ours. As we have said over and over again, it is not by protocols and treaties that we shall secure the enjoyment of our rights, but by the only authority which is now universally recognised, effective occupation. So far we have done little more than turn the vessel's head to the current; we have yet to make headway against it, and recover by strenuous exertion the ground we have lost.

There is a pathetic side to this voluminous blue-book. When we consider the labour of statesmen and diplomatists embodied in these 360 pages, the strain of relations with other Powers, the jarring, friction, and commotion all round, and reflect that all this is but a laborious effort to recover some portion of the ground which was lost through inadvertence, —we may applaud the effort, but cannot help holding it up as a warning against easy optimism and a policy of drift in the future. The blue-book is a public confession of failure containing the germ of amendment.

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PIONEERING IN KLONDIKE.

BY ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

THE START.

THE goldfields of the Klondike are now well known, yet it is little more than a year since the first news of these Arctic discoveries was being circulated through the press. In this country we are slow to give credence to extraordinary rumours, and rightly is it so; but in America the most improbable tales gain an easy hearing, and the newspapers were dedicated almost entirely to the booming of the northern goldfields, which were then believed to be in American territory. The 'New York World' and other papers of standing devoted whole pages to the subject, while on the west coast the newspapers of Seattle, the outfitting port for Alaskan miners, advised

all and sundry, old and young, to proceed to the frozen Eldorado without delay. I had gone to Montana for the purpose of experimenting with the refractory ores of that district, but, like many others, was seized by an irresistible impulse to prospect the much-talked-of country, and soon found myself, with two companions, sailing for Dyea on one of the coasting steamers that had been hastily requisitioned for the Klondike traffic. My companions were both Scotch: the one, familiarly called Mac, was a middle-aged man of much travelling experience, great muscular strength, and dogged determination; the other, named Stewart, was a very different type of person, not over thirty, tall, lithe, and

strong as a horse. I could hardly have chosen two men more eminently suitable for the country. Their strength and courage stood the party in good stead on many occasions during our hazardous campaign. Before leaving Seattle we acquired an addition to our party in the shape of a large black mastiff, with enormous mouth and big intelligent eyes. I purchased him from an old Hudson Bay trapper who had recently come out of the country, and as Dave—that was his name—had been accustomed to sleigh-work all his life, I considered that he would be very useful to us, and I was not mistaken.

After being buffeted about by wind and weather for the best part of a fortnight in the steamer *Rosalie*, a transformed sailing vessel fitted with miniature engines, that succeeded in keeping afloat mainly by the mercy of Providence, we arrived at the Indian village of Dyea, which is at the extreme end of the Lynn Canal, and a thousand miles from civilisation. The water is very shallow in the vicinity of Dyea, and as our boat could not get within four miles of the village, all goods and passengers were transferred into a flat-bottomed scow, which was then towed slowly landwards by a tiny shallow-draught tug. The scow grounded fully half a mile from shore, and we were informed that we should have to wait for six hours before the tide would leave us on even comparatively dry land. This idea did not please in the least, so we donned our long gum-boots

and dropped over the side of our stationary craft, and, after much careful manœuvring, succeeded in reaching the barren shore of the Indian encampment—the first outpost on the mountain trail.

Dyea, or Ty-a as the Indians pronounce it, was then a very small village, consisting of a few Indian dwellings, some log-huts inhabited by teamsters, and one store. It was well sheltered by fine forests of pine-trees, but since then it has grown to be a small town, and all the timber has been used for logging purposes, with the result that Dyea now stands bleak and bare, exposed to the full fury of the fearful winds that periodically blow up the Chilcoot valley. We arrived at this Klondike outpost towards the beginning of autumn, and immediately started to make investigations regarding the method of getting our outfit over the pass. I was surprised to find that even at that early season the winter had practically commenced, and all the prospective Klondikers had given up the idea of proceeding onward until the following spring. Evidently the danger to be feared was not altogether the crossing of the Chilcoot, but the risk of being frozen in on the main river when, perhaps, midway between Dawson City and the coast. I announced my intention of going forward, nevertheless, and chancing the dangers; but locomotion was no easy matter, as we had a heavy load of provisions to take along with us. We at last got a teamster to take our

goods by waggon to Finnigan's Camp, a point on the Dyea river four miles from the village; and having paid him (dearly enough) for the service, we saw ourselves next day at

our new camping-ground with our stores, well pleased at having got even that short distance on the way, but in blissful ignorance as to how our next stage was to be accomplished.

FINNIGAN'S POINT.

Finnigan's Point is an excellent camping-ground—in fact, the best on the trail, as the soil is dry, and covered with a thick grass, while clumps of large trees form an effective shelter from the wind. We passed a day here deliberating as to how our next move was to be made; but the following morning we had the good fortune to meet a teamster with seven pack-horses on the way to Dyea from Sheep Camp, and after much consideration he offered to “pack our outfit” to Sheep Camp at 7 cents per lb., and to this arrangement we had to give in.

The summit of the Chilcoot is twenty miles distant from the coast, the rise beginning at Finnigan's Point and continuing gradually for three miles until the mouth of the cañon is reached; but then comes half-a-dozen miles of stiff ascent between that and Sheep Camp. Unfortunately for us the snow had begun to fall, and thus our progress was attended with great danger, especially on the precipitous parts of the route. Each horse's pack consisted of 250 lb., and, considering the nature of the trail, it appeared to be far too much. The trail roughly follows the valley of the Dyea river; but at the mouth of the cañon, which

stretches to a point near Sheep Camp, the real difficulties of the way began. The river could no longer be followed, and the horses had to strike a trail over the face of a precipitous mountain that flanks the valley. At this stage the dangerous nature of the journey was but too evident: one false step meant being dashed to pieces on the jagged rocks a hundred, sometimes even a thousand, feet beneath. Many horses had met their fate here: at one point I counted over fifty carcasses lying on the cruel rocks, where they had fallen some weeks before.

We got safely over, however, although it did appear to me miraculous that we succeeded in doing so without mishap. From time to time one of the horses would slip and recover itself by a supreme effort. We dared not lead them, but had to leave the sagacious animals to pick their own way; and this they did very carefully, sometimes pausing with one foot uplifted, or vainly pawing the slippery rocks to obtain a secure footing. The river flowed so deep between the cavernous rocks that it was for the most part invisible.

As we neared Sheep Camp the timber became more and

more sparsely scattered, and when we arrived at that picturesque mountain shelter, nothing but small scraggy brushwood could be seen: we were clearly at the timber limit.

Fortunately we had taken our tent-poles, and having paid the owner of the horse-team for his, or rather his horses' services, we were not long in rigging up our canvas home; and soon after Stewart, who attended to the culinary arrangements, announced that supper was ready.

Sheep Camp is the last camping-ground on the coast side of the summit: beyond it no timber is to be found until the Chilcoot is crossed and many miles traversed on the other side. At the time of which I write the settlement consisted of about two dozen log-houses and one store, its population totalling not more than forty, all of whom were packers who, at exorbitant rates, contracted to carry loads over the summit. At this point the valley has narrowed considerably, and on each side the rugged and barren rocks rise almost perpendicularly. Right overhead hangs a huge glacier that for ever threatens destruction; and, when the storms blow, huge masses of it become detached and are hurled down into the midst of the camp, invariably causing great damage and loss of life. The ever-changing population do not seem to realise their danger until they are startled by the roar of the avalanche, and then it is too late. As I looked at the scene on the evening of our arrival, I had to acknowledge that it was

the most weirdly picturesque I had ever beheld. The enormous glacier glittered splendidly in the setting sun, and its reflected light somewhat relieved the intensity of the gloom beneath, while the great cleft mountains, rising to stately height, gave an impressive grandeur to the spectacle that awed one into a sense of insignificance.

I lost no time in visiting the "Packers' Rest" to make arrangements for our further progress. This was a huge wooden structure built by the packers themselves as a sort of club in which to pass their spare evenings, and they did not seem at all pleased when, late in the evening, I intruded on their privacy. "It is suicide to attempt the crossing of the pass now," said one weather-beaten veteran; "no one has dared it since the snowfall." "Better wait here till spring," advised a young man, with a strong nasal accent. "You won't get packers to take your stuff over," decisively spoke another, with an air of wisdom. "I'm your man for 15 cents per lb.," announced a quiet-looking and powerfully-built Canadian in the back of the room. "If he goes, I'll go too," shouted some one; "and me," "and me," cried several from the region of the gambling-tables. In the end I managed to engage seventeen men at 15 cents per lb. The Canadian was evidently the leader, as they all showed their willingness to go after he had spoken. "Boys," I said, "we will start early, so as to allow plenty of time to get over this little mountain of yours before

darkness falls." This was at once agreed to, so I left them and hurried back to our own

camp, where Mac and Stewart were anxiously awaiting the result of my inquiries.

THE ASCENT OF THE CHILCOOT.

Our tent was struck before daybreak on the following morning, and all our goods lay scattered in 50-lb. sacks on the top of the snow. Leaving my companions to arrange matters and choose their respective loads, I went off to gather my pack team. I had some difficulty in rousing them: they were not at all anxious for the job, and if it had not been for the promise given the night before by their leader, I believe I should not have got one of them, even at their own extravagant price. They, however, got ready and came, sullenly enough, to our camping-ground to get their burdens. Most of them drew aside two fifties and at once proceeded to fix them into their pack-straps. One got our three sleighs as his load, while another contented himself with the stove and blankets. Before their arrival on the scene Mac had packed for himself the tent and two fifties. "A'm no gaun to be beat by ony man," he grunted, as he adjusted his pack-straps to his satisfaction; and Stewart, not wishing to be excelled, surreptitiously undid his pack, which had contained the orthodox weight, and inserted another sack. "If he can dae it, a' can dae it," he remarked firmly; and no remonstrance of mine had any effect. Even Dave was requisitioned, and had all the

cooking utensils strapped to his broad shoulders. As for myself, I carried my snow-shoes, three rifles, and all the ammunition,—the latter no trifle,—yet altogether my load was the lightest, and allowed me more freedom of movement than was possible to the others. At eight o'clock we started: the chief packer went first; I followed with Dave at my heels, struggling nobly with his load; then came Mac and Stewart, while the main body straggled erratically behind. If the route to Sheep Camp was bad, the continuation to the base of the summit was a hundred times worse. The mountains gradually closing in on each side, we were forced to keep in the river-bed, and move upwards over its almost dry rocky channel as best we could. The acclivity was now exceedingly steep and seemed to lead right into the clouds; and as we slowly climbed, stopping every few hundred yards to rest, I wondered if the "Summit" could be much more difficult. Great glaciers hung all around, and their enormous masses of blue ice stretched half-way down the mountains. No trace of vegetation was visible: truly it was a scene of the most extreme desolation. After three hours of very hard work we reached the scales, as the base of the "Summit" is called. The last

climb was over the summit of the joining ridge of the "Great Barrier Ranges" that unite at this point, and from which many lesser spurs radiate.

For nearly 1000 feet the frowning barrier rose at an angle of almost 90°. No place for foothold could be seen, and the snow had covered any markings that might have been there previously. The snow was falling in large soft flakes as we sat down to rest before making the final effort, and the sound of the wind whistling fiercely above came to our ears as a soft sighing moan of varying cadence. A few minutes passed in contemplation, and we started to the seemingly impossible task before us. The chief packer went first to pick out the snow-covered trail, but this he found to be impossible, owing to the depth of snow on the ledges. Several unsuccessful attempts were made, and my pack team began to show evident signs of mutiny: some were even prepared to return to Sheep Camp. Just then Dave scrambled past us, his pots and pans rattling furiously as he leapt upwards, and in a short time he was well above us, slowly yet surely getting nearer to the top.

"Hurrah! the dog's found it," shouted the chief packer, who had been anxiously watching Dave's progress. "Come on, boys, before his trail is covered;" and he was soon leading the way after Dave, I following in his tracks. "Good old Dave!" came from Stewart below in laboured accents. "A'll never kick him again," solemnly spoke Mac. But the

rest of the packers did not seem at all pleased, and gave vent to their dissatisfaction at every step. With hands and feet clutching at the snow-covered rocks, and straining every nerve to keep from falling backwards, we struggled up the face of the awful mountain. At times we had to depend on strength of arm alone to drag ourselves over the jutting crags that stood out above us at intervals; and occasionally, when no foothold or chance crevice offered itself, progress could only be made by lying flat against the snow and writhing upwards until some welcome projection appeared to aid us. We seemed to make scarcely any progress, and when an hour had passed we were not more than half-way to the top; but so steep had been the ascent that a stone could be dropped to the point from which we started. A little more than half-way up the mountain we came to a small cave, and out of a fissure in its rocky floor gurgled a stream of crystal water. Here we rested for a few minutes and then started again to our difficult task. It was getting late in the afternoon, and I was much afraid that darkness would be on us before we reached our destination. This way, then that way, in every conceivable manner, we twisted and zigzagged. Now we came to a narrow snow-covered ledge only a few inches in width, over which we moved carefully, not daring to look down: again a small glacier presented its slippery surface, and to it would

succeed the usual stiff climb over snow-covered rocks. I have already noted the absence of vegetation, but above the scales a very curious-looking plant finds root in the crevices, and twists and twines its long creeping roots and stems over the rocks, and one is sometimes tempted to grasp it as a means of aid to progression; but what an irony of nature this seems to be, for the innocent-looking plant stings like an adder, and the hands are rendered useless by its poison for days after touching it. Although aware of its dangerous properties, I could scarcely refrain from making use of it occasionally. As we neared the top the whistle of the wind increased in shrillness and the air grew keener, and two hours after leaving the scales, amid blinding showers of snow, we arrived at the height of the notorious Chilcoot Pass. We floundered on through the snow, first into a small hollow, then over another sharp ascent, now called the second summit, and at last we looked down on the other side. Our pack team gave a yell of delight which I echoed heartily, and Mac and Stewart betrayed the depth of their emotion by muttered ejaculations of extraordinary fervour. The descent on this side was fairly steep, but without rocks, and an even depth of snow spread downwards into the mists below. The packers undid their loads and let them roll, while they themselves lay down on the snow and rolled after. My load of rifles, &c., prevented me

joining in this exercise, so I had to be content with the more commonplace method of walking down on my snow-shoes.

We must have descended about 500 feet before reaching what in the dusk appeared to be a level table-land. It was almost dark when we got down, and my pack team departed hurriedly to get back over the summit before nightfall, and we three were left alone in an awful solitude. Our first discovery was that there was no timber, consequently we could have no fire. Then I anathematised myself for not bringing the tent-poles; but we could not better ourselves, so we dined on pilot biscuits, and afterwards proceeded to dig a hole in the snow wherein to pass the night. We could do nothing in the darkness, and, as we were beginning to suffer much from the cold, we rolled ourselves up in our blankets, lay down in our snowy excavation, and tried to sleep. We shivered all night. My companions each wished to appropriate Dave as a pillow; but Dave objected to being a pillow for either of them, and sprang out of the snow shelter, sending a small avalanche down on our faces. Mac was much annoyed: "A'll hae that dug's life," he growled. Dave, however, found it too cold outside, and came quickly back, jumping down with a thud on Mac's chest. After much argument I managed to save him from Mac's just indignation, and Dave showed his appreciation by nestling his big warm body close to me all night. It was

a long dreary night, and the glimmering stars looked plaintively down on our snowy encampment while we, as Stewart said, "did a mighty big freeze."

FROM CRATER LAKE TO LINDERMAN.

Next morning I looked on a frozen lake set between two noble mountain-ranges that circled round and almost enclosed it. Behind me lay the Chilcoot Pass, with all its terrors and hidden dangers, while in the distance in front I could distinguish the lofty mountains that formed the magnificent Yukon Valley.

The small lake before me was Crater Lake, the real source of that vast waterway that drains the heart of North-West Canada and Alaska. I was much impressed by the natural beauty and rugged grandeur of the scene; but I was hastily recalled from my sublime reflections by Stewart whispering gently in my ear something to the effect that "he couldn't see how he was to cook the breakfast!"

"I rather guess we'll have to do without any this morning, Stewart; the best plan is to have our goods divided over the three sleighs and get as quickly as we can into a lower latitude, where we may find some timber, and heaven only knows how far off that may be." Stewart and Mac quickly loaded the sleighs, and without losing any time we started to make our way over the glassy surface of Crater Lake. Dave had a small sleigh to himself, and pulled his 200 lb. without difficulty.

We very quickly got over the lake, which was about two miles long, and then we had some hard pulling over the rough ice of the small river that flowed from it. This small stream continued for about two miles, and took us through a dark narrow gorge that looked quite eerie in the dim light. Great stalactites and icicles hung from the rocks, making the gully look like the icy cavern of some Demon of the Mountains.

We were making very fair progress, and if Mac and Stewart seemed to lag for a moment, as well they might, the mere mention of breakfast would make them redouble their efforts. We now entered another frozen water, called Long Lake. It was also about two miles long, but only a few hundred yards wide. We were all feeling very hungry by the time we had traversed it, and were beginning to wonder how much farther it would be necessary to go before reaching timber. It must be remembered that the descent had been scarcely noticeable since leaving Crater Lake, and we were still fully 3000 feet above sea-level. I had heard that Lake Linderman was surrounded with fine timber, but we were still several miles from its shores. Long Lake ends in a small frozen river similar to that

which issues from Crater Lake but slightly larger: it is, however, of no great length, and after crossing a few hundred yards of comparatively flat country, it broadens out into yet another lake, also a small one and bearing the name of Deep Lake. It was two hours since we had left our "snow dug-out" on the shore of Crater Lake, and I calculated that we were now within four miles of Lake Linderman. The ice on Deep Lake was soft and wet, and the sleigh-runners stuck hard in the slush, causing us much delay: as a matter of fact, it took us fully half an hour to get over this lake, and yet it was but half a mile long. We were becoming very much exhausted, but were somewhat cheered to notice small scraggy brushwood appear above the snow on the hillside. Soon we came to fairly large timber, and with one accord Stewart and Mac unhitched themselves from their sleighs and rushed with axes at the larger trees, bent on their instant destruction.

Soon a huge fire blazed up cheerfully, and we drew our sleighs close to the glowing logs, and making a seat of the sacks, we enjoyed the genial warmth with feelings of profound thankfulness. Mac and Stewart now busied themselves in making breakfast, and while they were engaged in this pleasurable occupation Dave and I had a look round. I saw that we would have some difficulties to overcome before reaching Linderman, as the river below us again disap-

peared into a deep gorge and rushed over some great rocks. Its surface was now free from ice, and the roar of the water could be plainly heard even at our camp-fire. I saw that our only plan was to strike a trail over the side of the mountain, which, unfortunately, was at this point very precipitous. I afterwards found that this was not the chief drawback, as the snow lay deep on the mountain and was a factor to be considered; but, in blissful ignorance of the toilsome work that lay before us, I went back to the fire and smoked the pipe of contentment while breakfast was being got ready. I can hardly say that the cold affected us very much, even although my thermometer kept well below zero: so long as we moved about we did not feel uncomfortable, but if we were inactive for a moment a benumbing sensation was felt all over the body, particularly in the nose and fingers. The season had only commenced, and I confess that I looked forward with feelings of great trepidation to the time when our thermometer would register 60° below zero.

We did not trouble to pitch our tent at this place, as it was yet quite early, and we hoped to reach Linderman before nightfall. There was no sign of animal life in this district, but the want of vegetation fully explained the circumstance.

"Well, boys, I think we'll make another move," I remarked after breakfast: "Linderman is only a few miles off, although we can't see it from

here; it lies in the hollow, and when we get over the side of this mountain we'll get there with a rush." "Mebbe we will and mebbe we winna," was Mac's oracular response; but we all got into harness again and started to make a trail across the mountain-side. The first attempt was very unsatisfactory, as we all floundered up to the neck in the soft powdery snow, which evidently had fallen long before the lakes froze, and therefore had accumulated to a vast depth. We should have disappeared from sight had we not each had the sleigh-ropes round our shoulders. Our sleighs, I should mention, measured 7 feet in length by 18 inches in width, and their iron runners were about 2 inches in diameter. These sleighs when loaded would go over any depth of snow without sinking, as their weight was spread over such a large surface.

"We'll better get out of it, boys, and I'll pad a trail with my snow-shoes," I said; and we all struggled back to our starting-point. I was very proud of my snow-shoes, which had been given to me by a Copper River Indian to whom I had done a trifling service when in his country: they were made of birch-wood interlaced with strips of caribou hide, and measured 5 feet in length by 9 inches in breadth. There is no snow-shoe like the Indian runner. I had fully proved that by experience. Again we started, but this time my snow-shoes packed the snow so well that Mac and Stewart had no difficulty in following. I sped ahead rapidly, leaving my com-

panions to follow as they might, while Dave kept floundering at my heels, sometimes making a big hole in the trail, to the great disgust of the rear-guard.

In a very short time I had crossed the mountain-side and was sliding across a small wooded plateau that spread before me. I could not see the river, but I could hear its deep roar far down in a cañon to the right. The plateau was but short, terminating abruptly in a steep decline, and far away at the foot I saw the glittering waters of Lake Linderman nestling at the base of an enormous snow-capped mountain. Its shores looked barren and desolate in the dull light of the wintry sun. I stood and gazed on the scene with feelings of great interest. This, then, was the starting-point of the boats bound for the golden region full six hundred miles to the north.

Mac and Stewart soon appeared, labouring along with their sleighs, cautiously keeping on my trail and never once looking forward. "Better hitch your rope on behind and hold them back, or they'll run away from you on this hill," I advised. Both saw the force of the remark and acted upon it immediately, and soon we were travelling downwards, sleighs first and men behind holding them back and guiding them with long ropes.

I felt as if my snow-shoes would run away with me on this hill, and I had to force them deeply into the snow at each shuffling step, or they would have carried me down in a manner too quick to be comfortable. I think we must have

descended 700 feet before coming to the shores of the lake, and at some places the descent was positively dangerous. We arrived safely, however, about three o'clock in the afternoon, having accomplished ten miles since morning.

Linderman was much larger than the other lakes we had passed. I found later that it was about four and a half miles long and averaged a mile in breadth. The gentle slope of the mountains rising on each side was a marked contrast to the wild and rugged shores of Crater Lake. Only half of its length could be seen; the other half wound away towards the right and was lost to sight. But the enormous watershed

could be traced plainly from the cañon mouth of the small stream that flowed into Linderman, to the gradually widening and vast ranges that marked the Yukon's course towards the north. We pitched our tent close to the shores of the lake and near to the timber, and my companions were soon engaged in clearing the snow to form a site for our camp, while I went in search of timber suitable for ridge-poles. Within ten minutes after our arrival the tent was up and our stove crackling merrily. We drew the sleighs with their loads inside, and arranged matters as comfortably as possible, for we did not know how long we might have to remain in this locality.

INTRODUCES A YUKON BOAT.

I was agreeably surprised next morning to find that I could purchase a boat from an inmate of one of the few tents that formed Linderman Camp. I was informed that it was in first-class condition, dory built, and just capable of accommodating us and our outfit. I was very pleased to hear this, although I wondered why it had not been used earlier, and was prepared to find some serious defect in it; so I delayed asking the price until I had seen what sort of craft it was. I examined it carefully, it looked all right. We shoved it into the water, it floated all right. "How much do you want for it?" I asked. "Ah, well, a month ago I could have got 200 dollars, but I'll let you have it for 150." "That's very good of you, but

suppose we say 100 dollars and call it square." After some haggling I got it for the 100 dollars and towed it along to our camp, meaning to load immediately. Neither Mac nor Stewart had ever seen such a boat, and it did not find much favour in their eyes.

"She's no' Clyde-built, ony w'y," was all that Mac would say; and as it was built of roughly-sawn planks and had no lines at all, I could easily see that it would require great care and attention, not to mention muscular energy, to pilot this strange craft through the great lakes.

We laid some branches on the floor of the boat, so that we might bale out any leakage that appeared before it had time to damage the bottom

sacks, and then we carefully trimmed her to our satisfaction. When fully loaded I could see nothing to find fault with. She had lots of freeboard, but looked rather cranky. We all wore boots reaching to the thighs, and we started to push our boat out to deep water. Then I carefully climbed to my perch astern, where I intended to steer with a huge broad-bladed Indian paddle I had for that purpose. We all, including Dave, had got into our positions among the sacks, and Mac and Stewart were each ready with their oars, when, without any warning, our boat lipped over to the water's edge and emptied us into the water. It then righted itself quickly, and when we had extricated ourselves from the muddy shallow, we found our boat floating beside us, the very picture of innocence. Dave had swum for shore, and was now barking loudly, evidently thinking that the whole performance had been for his edification.

We gathered round the boat and hastily beached her to examine the damage done. She had not shipped much water, and as all the sacks of flour had been tied down, nothing had suffered injury. I saw there was nothing for it but re-erect the tent and get a change of clothing from our store, as the icicles were already beginning to form at our chins. By the time we had the tent fixed and the stove in working order, and a change of clothing effected, I realised that we could not make a start that day.

I was anxious to know why

we had been so unceremoniously pitched out, and we agreed that the rest of the day would be best spent in overhauling our tricky boat and getting her into a more seaworthy condition. Having partaken of dinner—at least we called it dinner, though all our meals were the same—we unloaded our boat, ran some pitch into the seams, placed about 3 cwt. of stones on her flat bottom, and loaded up again. She was no longer cranky, and allowed us to take our places without mishap; but it was now late in the afternoon, and we had no desire for an evening cruise in unknown waters. We therefore tied her to a rock on shore, and left her till next morning.

Mac and Stewart were very talkative that evening, and in turn recited weird and wonderful stories in which the narrator was always the chief actor. As I listened to the soul-stirring yarns, I thought that those doughty warriors of romance would have stranger stories yet to tell after this trip was over—stories that would be fairly exciting even without the adornment of imagination. I had begun to have my suspicions of certain whaling tales of Stewart's, and I knew that Mac was determined to outshine them with South American yarns. However, I said nothing to discourage them, except when Stewart offered to sing, and then I objected. "Your voice is very melodious and soothing, Stewart, but there is a pathetic ring in it that always makes me feel sad," and Stewart felt much flattered, and refrained.

ARRIVAL AT BENNETT LAKE.

Now we were fairly started on our eventful voyage, Mac and Stewart rowing, as they only could row, while my steering paddle had constantly to be in use keeping clear of rock that barely showed above water. Dave was stowed away among the sacks, leaving only his great head visible, and if he ventured to move, Mac promptly smote him, whereupon Dave would give a feeble growl and subside. To keep clear of dangerous reefs we steered well out into the lake, and even there I had to be very watchful, and on the slightest breeze arising I had hastily to seek the shelter of the land, or we should have been swamped, as many other and larger craft had been before.

Alaskan miles seem to be extra long: according to the Government maps, Linderman should have been four and a half miles in length, and it was that easily, however much more. The country on each side was bare and wintry looking. The mountains were neither rugged nor of extraordinary height.

As we neared the end of the lake the aspect of the country changed completely. The mountains were succeeded by hills that lacked the picturesque beauty of the rugged scenery to which we had got accustomed, and when we arrived at the outlet the hills also had disappeared, and we could trace away to our right the gradually ascending trail that,

forty miles off, culminated in the White Pass.

The outlet proved to be a roaring torrent that dashed its way over great rocks for fully half a mile, then flowed into Lake Bennett as a broad and peaceful river.

Our boat grounded on a sandbar when yet about fifty yards from shore, and we reluctantly prepared to get out and lead her to land by careful manœuvring. The water went over our boots several times, making us feel anything but comfortable, but at last we managed to beach our heavily loaded boat. I decided that we had better sleigh our goods over the dividing distance to Bennett Lake, and we started to the task at once. The trail was wonderfully smooth: it led gently over a small hill, and terminated abruptly by the side of the water, some distance from the entrance of the river.

We soon had our cargo over this small "divide," leaving only the boat to be considered; and we chose to pitch our camp on Bennett's shores, and pilot our boat through the Rapids by moonlight after supper. It was here that I first met that admirably-equipped and capable body of men, the Canadian Mounted Police. I noticed for the first time since leaving Victoria the union-jack flying aloft above a huge log-house, where a dozen of those hardy mountaineers were stationed to look after British interests generally. Although all these soldiers—for soldiers they are in every sense

of the word—bear the name of North-West “Mounted” Police, still there is not a horse in the country. Since returning from Dawson I have noticed several so-called Klondike stories, in which the Mounted Police invariably figure mounted on magnificent horses. Nothing could be more absurd. A horse can get no food in that country, and the rigour of the climate would kill it in any case. We were made very welcome by this Government encampment, and were shown every possible favour. I was especially grateful for a copy of the Government Survey map, which had been issued officially for the use

of the Police only. The sergeant gave it to me that evening, after trying for half an hour to dissuade us from going forward. “Remember, then, what I have said,” he cried after me. “Beware of floating ice, keep to the right in ‘Five Fingers,’ and may heaven help you in White Horse.” I do not think he meant me to hear the last sentence, but I did, and was not encouraged. Meanwhile Mac and Stewart had started for Lake Linderman, to fetch down the boat, and I hastened to follow, in case their ignorance of the treacherous nature of the water might lead to mishap.

FROM BENNETT NORTHWARDS.

We left Bennett in the early morning, and by midday had progressed nearly twelve miles. We had no sail, as our boat was already too top-heavy; but it would have been useless anyhow, as not a breath of wind stirred the placid surface of the water: a dead calm had taken the place of the chilly breezes.

The country was thickly covered with fine timber. Pine-trees grew to a stately height, and weeping-birches hung their branches in thick profusion over the water’s edge.

At midday we noticed a great gulf appear on the left, and I knew that we were opposite “Big Windy Arm,” so called from the terrific gales that periodically whistle down this narrow branch of the lake. Here a small island rose from the middle of the water, and I steered close to its rocky shores

to escape a dangerous line of reefs that almost joined it with the mainland.

The water was very treacherous, and I had to use great care in navigating our unwieldy craft. More than once we struck a sand-bar, and on one occasion, when about half a mile from the shore, I felt the flat bottom of our boat graze the top of a rock: it only grazed, however, or our journey would have ended then and there.

I was gradually realising that I was steering in unknown waters and amid practically unexplored country. Many a heavily loaded vessel has been wrecked on the cruel rocks that lie hidden a few inches under the surface of the water.

We sailed on until nightfall, and then pitched our camp among the fine timber that studded the shores. The cold

was becoming very intense and caused us great inconvenience. Our tent was frozen, so that we had to build a camp-fire to thaw it before it could be erected; but we had been prepared for these trifling caprices of the weather.

That night, as I lay half asleep thinking over the incidents of the past few days and wondering what the near future would have in store for us, I heard Dave, who was lying at my feet, give a long low growl. I gently extricated myself from the blankets, and seizing my long rifle, stepped cautiously to the door of the tent and looked out. The moon was shining brightly, and I could see a mass of doglike forms skulking among the trees. I recognised that we were surrounded by a pack of coyotes. I whispered to Mac and Stewart, and they came forward—Mac clutching a double-barrelled gun, and Stewart with a hunting Winchester. Dave had grown strangely excited, and it was with difficulty that I kept him from barking outright. I motioned to Mac to aim at the middle of the pack, as a charge of buckshot would do more damage than the rifles. Stewart covered one gaunt brute on the left, while I aimed at the biggest I could pick off on the right. Bang! the three guns went off simultaneously, and then the long weird howls of those cowardly coyotes echoed through the woods, gradually becoming fainter in the distance. They had left four of their number, however: Stewart and I had each brought down our game, but Mac had

accounted for two with his deadly blunderbuss, and he was very jubilant over it. "Talk about shootin'," he snorted, "that's naething: weel a mind o' a time oot on the Pampas o' Sooth America——" But I fled, and when Mac and Stewart came into the tent, still talking volubly, I was almost asleep.

I need hardly detail our next few days' experiences. On the day following our adventure with the coyotes we entered Lake Nares, a broad shallow water that unites Lakes Bennett and Tagish. Lake Nares is in reality a broad river with a sluggish current, flowing from three to four miles an hour. It required the most careful navigation, as in most places the water was barely 18 inches deep.

Before leaving Bennett we prospected a small river that flowed into the lake on the left shore, about half a mile from the entrance to Lake Nares. I was very much surprised to get, even at this place, several colours of gold, as it plainly showed that we were getting within the gold belt of the Yukon. Mac and Stewart were very anxious to remain and work here for a time; but as the weather, like time and tide, waits for no man, I objected, not caring to take the risk of being frozen in at this point. Two days later we were making good time over Lake Tagish. This beautiful lake is surrounded by mountains whose jagged peaks are but dimly seen through a pall of mist, while their lower slopes are thickly covered with mag-

nificent trees. Tagish Lake is twenty-eight miles long and averages a mile in width. In the forests surrounding its shores many wild animals find cover, the most dangerous of which is the lynx, as it drops upon one from the trees unexpectedly. The deep growling of the great bears, and the mournful howling of the Alaskan wolves, could always be heard, awakening the echoes of the night, and these sounds generally lulled us into slumber. One night we pitched our camp within a few miles of the end of Tagish Lake, and after finishing supper Stewart and I went out to hunt in the moonlight for any animal that chance might put in our way. Stewart had borrowed Mac's blunderbuss, and I had my magazine rifle, and thus armed we started to climb cautiously upwards into the forest. A deathlike silence prevailed, and the slightest motion of even a bird was sufficient to rouse us into alert activity. We had tramped around for almost an hour without firing a shot, and were deciding to return to camp, when a hoarse bellow close at hand startled our every nerve. We heard the brushwood crackling before the passage of some heavy animal, and without a word we levelled our weapons and waited. We saw advancing towards us an enormous bear, whose great eyes gleamed savagely in the pale light as he came near. Now he was within twenty yards of where we stood, and as his huge forelegs pawed

the air clumsily in his endeavour to climb over a fallen tree, his white breast was fully exposed in the moonlight. "Let him have the buckshot, Stewart," I whispered, and the report of his gun reverberated through the wooded slopes. This was followed by a savage roar from the bear, and, stepping clear of the smoke, I could see Bruin, the blood streaming from his head and his great tongue lolling out, staggering wildly forward. "His head has been too tough, Stewart; I'll need to spoil him after all," I said, regretfully, and I pulled the trigger of my rifle and sent a soft point bullet right into the great yawning mouth, scarce a dozen yards away. The sharp crack of my rifle was followed by no smoke, and I threw the lever open and was ready for another shot; but it was unnecessary,—the great bear lay dead on the snow, fast staining its white surface with his blood. We went forward to examine him, and found that two of Stewart's pellets had penetrated his eyes, while the rest had had little effect on his sloping forehead. My bullet had entered his mouth, and a large hole in the back of the skull showed where that deadly "dum-dum" had made its exit.

When we had narrated our adventure to Mac on returning to camp, that individual was vastly amused. "A bear!" he echoed in astonished tones: "na, na, that'll no' dae; was it no' a rabbit ye murdered?" "Well, well, Mac, I'm not going

to argue about it, but Stewart and you had better go up and skin him before these howling coyotes make a meal of him." Mac's surprise on discovering that it was really a bear was evidently genuine. "Ye didna need to spile the skin wi' that Gatlin' gun o' yours," he grumbled, laying down the skin on the floor of the tent for examination, and pointing to a huge rent in the back of the

head. "There's naeboddy kens hoo to use ma gun but masel'," he continued, discontentedly. "An' you," he said, turning to Stewart, "hae only insulted its poo'ers wi' pepperin' the puir beast's eyes in sic a menner." Stewart's sorrow was too deep for words: he made no reply, and soon after we were clustered round the stove, detailing to each other the most wonderful romances.

VARIOUS UNEXPECTED EXPERIENCES.

A broad and fairly deep river unites Tagish with Marsh Lake. It is between three and four miles long, and abounds in under-currents, which prevent it from freezing readily. I have seen it overnight with a coating of ice several inches thick, and on the following day it would all be broken up, the ice floating downwards towards Marsh Lake, where it piled itself in great pyramids. We sailed past the Canadian custom-house at Tagish river in the early morning. The current of the river itself flowed six miles an hour, and this, with our own exertions, took us along in good style.

When we were about half-way through this connecting river I saw the union-jack flying from the top of a tall tree on the right bank; then I noticed a long low house, built of logs and moss, half hidden among the trees.

Before we could get our boat stopped we were some distance past the flag, and I saw several men rush from the log house

and hastily launch a canvas canoe, as if to follow us. "Back water, for heaven's sake, Stewart; and you, Mac, pull like the devil and get her head round: I don't want to get potted with their Maxim guns," I shouted. We just got her round, and were keeping her stationary in the stream—and it took us all our time to do that—when a boat-load of policemen arrived beside us. "Well, sir," said a jovial-faced man in the stern, "did you think you could evade the officers of her Majesty's Customs?"

"I presume you are Captain Strickland," I replied, "and if so, you will understand that I had no such intention. I am Alexander Macdonald, a British subject, as are also my companions."

"Say no more, my friend; come and have breakfast with us," was the response of the genial captain; "I have not seen a real live Scotsman in these parts for an age."

Such invitations are very rare in Alaskan territory.

Needless to say we accepted the captain's proffered hospitality. One of the policemen threw a rope, which Stewart adroitly caught and fastened to the bow of our boat, and we were slowly towed backwards to the unpretentious offices of her Majesty's Customs.

Mac and Stewart looked quite elated at the prospect of a good square meal, and they chuckled audibly, while even Dave looked expectant. We were so hospitably entertained by these Government officers that it was with genuine sorrow we parted from them. "I am afraid you will not get much farther by water, boys," Captain Strickland said, as we were leaving; "the thermometer will be well below zero in a day or so. But good-bye and good luck to you!" We were preparing to push out into the stream, when the captain, who was standing silently on the shore, made a sign that he wished to say something. I went forward. "Macdonald, you know this country as well as I do, and I need not advise you about it," he said; then he continued, "Major Walsh left this place just a week ago with three boats and several men. They were not at all sure of being able to 'get in' before spring. You will likely pass him on the way. Will you be kind enough to give him this letter?" putting an official-looking envelope into my hand. "Tell him we are all right at Tagish, except that there is little enough grub, and that I hope he will get through without accident."

"All right, captain," I replied, putting the envelope in

my pocket and taking my position in the boat. "Sheer off, boys," and with a will Mac and Stewart pulled out into the stream. "Say *au revoir*, but not good-bye," chanted a chorus of policemen who had assembled to see us off; and with this classic melody ringing in our ears we swept swiftly round a bluff and out of sight.

In a few minutes we were passing an Indian village that bordered on the entrance to Marsh Lake, and soon after our boat was making good progress over the calm surface of that water. This lake is also about a mile wide, but it has no great arms stretching into the mountains like Bennett and Tagish. It is about twenty miles long, and in summer its shores are a favourite hunting-ground for all the kinds of game peculiar to that country, wild ducks being specially abundant. The Indians knew this when they built their little village in such close proximity. By nightfall we had arrived at a small island in the middle of the lake, and, as I calculated, about half-a-dozen miles from its termination. We pitched our camp on the mainland near by, leaving our boat with its load half pulled up on the beach. That night none of us could sleep, the cold was so very intense. Try as we might, we could not keep warm. Mac got up several times to put some wood in the stove, and after trying in vain to sleep, we all got up and sat round it. About three o'clock in the morning a terrific storm broke, the wind blew in great gusts, and the frozen snow struck against our tent

with a noise like thunder. I was alarmed for the safety of our tent. We had no pegs fastening it down, as the ground had been too hard to penetrate even with our metal spikes. The main ropes, fortunately, were made fast to surrounding trees; but the walls of our tent were only weighted down with logs, such as we cut for that purpose at each camping-ground: immediately on erecting the tent the weather side of the canvas bulged and strained, and finally lifted the log completely, which was then blown inward, almost smashing our stove. The strain on the guy and side ropes had caused them to slacken considerably, and our canvas shelter seemed likely to be torn to ribbons by the fury of the gale. Stewart and I went outside to tighten up and make all the ropes secure, while Mac sat on the great log that secured the foot of the tent to keep it from moving. For over three hours we battled with the storm, and then it died away as suddenly as it had risen, leaving us all in a frozen and breathless condition. Inside our tent the snow-drift blown from the outside was several feet deep; the body of the stove was covered, and only the funnel was visible. As for ourselves, we looked more like huge icicles than anything else.

All this time we had given no thought to the safety of our boat. We could not, in any case, have left the tent; but now that the storm was over, we began to wonder how it and the provisions had fared. We had not the courage to go out

at this time, so waited until Stewart had got the stove in working order and some coffee ready; then with fresh energy we made our way to the water's edge. It was now about eight o'clock, and the dim morning light was beginning to appear. The sight that met our gaze was indeed a marvellous one. Our boat could not be seen, but a huge icy mass having its form appeared before us. That was not all. I looked with dismay on a frozen lake in the place of the smooth waters of twelve hours before. It was a grand spectacle, if one had been able to admire the mighty power of old King Frost at such a moment. But its beauty was entirely lost on me at that time. Near the beach, where the breakers had dashed themselves during the night in mad fury, a rippling succession of waves appeared—waves, indeed, yet moulded as in glass; for, however impossible it may seem, they were frozen in their natural shape, and looked to the eye like the furrows of a field.

We contemplated the scene in silence for fully a minute, and then a muttered word from Stewart of a forcible nature aroused me. "Get the axes, Mac," I said, slowly. I was wondering what the end of this last misfortune was to be. Luckily our axes were in the tent and not in the boat, as we used them every evening for cutting timber. Mac departed without a word, evidently thinking deeply, and Stewart and I looked around for timber to start a huge fire. We spent the best part of the day get-

ting our boat out of its icy sheath, which was almost a foot in thickness all round, and took some time to get through. The fire had to be placed close to the boat to be of any service, the cold of the atmosphere preventing the heat from being felt at a distance of more than a few inches. I was very thankful to find our freight had again escaped all injury. The spray as it dashed over the boat had evidently frozen before it had time to seek its way through the sacks beneath, and we felt almost grateful to the icy monarch who had quelled the blizzard so suddenly and so effectually, asserting his right to rule in that country by one effort of his resistless will.

I found that the ice near the shore was several inches thick and could bear our weight easily; but I was very pleased to discover that near the middle of the lake it was considerably weaker, and I mentally calculated that we might be able to break a channel through it to the river, which I thought, by reason of its strong current, would not yet be frozen.

Our thermometer, which was hung on a tree beside our tent, now registered 20° below zero, and I feared that another night would increase the uniform thickness of the ice by several inches, and see us hopelessly frozen in.

"I'll tell you what it means," I said to my companions as we stood around our great fire thawing the icicles from our faces, "we'll have to clear out to-night and break a channel while we can." "Hoo can that be

done?" queried Mac; "the ice is faar owre thick to brak." "Yes, here," I replied, "but not out a bit. I prospected while you were smashing the ice off the boat, and I very nearly got wet about a hundred yards out." "A'll gang an' cut some heavy sticks, then," said Mac, departing hurriedly. "A'll hae supper ready in twa or three meenits," Stewart shouted after him, applying himself vigorously to the preparation of the evening meal.

It was only about three o'clock in the afternoon, yet darkness was rapidly closing over us, and as the moon would not appear till early morning, our task promised to be a very difficult and dangerous one. When we started to push our boat over the ice the twinkling stars were our only light. "Easy, boys, easy," I cried, as I began to feel the ice crackle under the heavy load when we had got a little distance from shore. A few feet more, very slowly this time, and then crash! the ice split asunder for yards around us. We all jumped into our positions in time—all but Dave, and I heard him growl savagely as he found himself immersed in the icy water. We quickly pulled our four-footed companion aboard, and then began our labours. Mac and Stewart hammered at the ice with huge logs, and very gradually we moved outwards towards the centre of the lake. Lake Marsh is in reality an expansion of the river that flows by Tagish custom-house, and is very shallow except in the middle, where is the only safe navig-

able channel. As we neared this channel, the ice became thinner and yet thinner, until at last it divided into huge floes before the advancing prow of our boat, which was propelled by the oars levered against the already broken sheets of ice. "Thank heaven!" fervently ejaculated Mac, as he felt the boat moving forward. "Now we shan't be long," chortled Stewart, behind him, as he made vicious lunges with his oar in the hope of getting his strength exerted to some purpose against a solid cake of ice.

I had great difficulty in distinguishing our position, but the snowy mountains in the background shone through the darkness, and the light of the stars was reflected in the glittering icy fields around. I steered to the right, then to the left, as the ice became thicker on one side and then on the other; but the channel was rapidly narrowing down as the night advanced, and the ice became thicker and thicker as we moved erratically onward. The oars had to be laid down, and the heavy logs again came into play. Still we moved forward: slower and slower became our progress, and I was almost despairing of reaching the end. Suddenly the ice commenced to decrease in thickness; weaker and yet weaker it grew, until the oars were again taken up and our heavy craft crashed her way through it with ever gathering speed. At last I felt all resistance

cease. I looked anxiously ahead and then astern—my eyes had become accustomed to the gloom. We were now sailing in unbroken waters, and were being carried forward with increasing speed on the broad Yukon river. "Back water," I shouted. I did not wish to prolong our cruise in the darkness, as I did not know the moment we might be dashed against an unseen rock or boulder.

We got our boat safely moored by the side of the river, and at once started to erect our tent and get our stove in order. This was all completed within a few minutes after leaving the boat, and as we began to enjoy the comforting warmth of the tent we felt profoundly thankful that we had so well accomplished our object.

We had started at five o'clock in the afternoon, and it was now one o'clock of the next morning. We had been eight hours battling our way through the ice.

We did not talk much then, but thawed ourselves quickly before the fire and lay down in our blankets. Dave's body was hung with icicles, and after thawing them completely away, he nestled against the stove and went to sleep.

Unfortunately our tent was pitched on a bank of snow, and as it became moist with the heat we got very uncomfortable: notwithstanding this annoyance, we soon fell into deep slumber.

(To be continued.)

THE GURKHA SCOUTS.

"WELL, in my opinion the only bloomin' beggars in this bloomin' division wot 'ave earned their bloomin' pay in this 'ere campaign are them there Gurkhy scouts!"

The above comment, overheard by an officer of one of the British regiments in the Tirah,—and joyfully reported to the commandant of the Scouts,—was undoubtedly a grievous libel on many gallant fellows who had fought and suffered and endured to an extent for which even the luxurious pay of the British private can hardly be deemed extravagant. The pessimistic Tommy who gave utterance to the slander would have been the first to resent any such calumny from an outsider. Yet two points are thereby made clear—the marvellous amount of finished work put in, and the admirable manner in which most difficult and hazardous duties were performed by "them there Gurkhy scouts."

In a recent speech before the Military Society of Ireland Lord Roberts emphasised his appreciation of the utility of these skirmishers, and advocated the extension of the system for future operations on the frontier. That this new departure was the most successful and most striking feature of the expedition, and that the innovation was more than justified, have been generally conceded, and on the Gurkha Scouts has been ungrudgingly conferred the title of "The finest hill soldiers in the world."

Of actual scouting there was little or none; the duties were much more complex and arduous. In the early wintry mornings, while still dark and bitterly cold, the scouts would creep out and seize important positions overlooking the scene of operations for the day, and so protect the troops from the harassing fire of numerous hidden foes scattered in small groups along the crests and sides of the surrounding hills. As the column toiled forward in the valley below, the scouts would extend their sphere of influence, clambering from rock to rock and rushing from ridge to ridge, and ever bearing in mind Mulvaney's advice to "take the upper ground in manoeuvring." They would form part of the rearguard during retirements, and their skill and experience would safeguard these so frequently disastrous movements. At dusk small parties of the little men would leave camp with intent either to stalk or ambuscade any of the enemy who might be coming down for an evening's sniping. Buoyed up by the hope of accounting for a few of these most obliging Pathans,—to Johnny's mind a race assuredly created for his especial gratification,—they would cheerfully lie out in the frost and cutting wind for hours. Though hope was frequently deferred, yet in time the desire would come, and there would be no further firing into camp from that direction.

The statement that the Tirah Expeditionary Force, with its enormous train of non-combatants and transport animals, was placed under the protecting wing of less than 150 little Mongolian mountaineers, would be an exaggeration, but a pardonable one. When we consider what this means, when we realise the helpless multitudes who must be guarded and watched over from dawn till dusk and from dusk till dawn, through deep fatal gorges and over steep alpine passes, where, behind boulder and *sangar*, death lurks untiring and unseen save for puff of smoke by day and spurt of flame by night; where every step in advance must be fought under disadvantageous conditions and every retrograde movement may mean disaster, some idea—some very slight idea—may be conveyed of the work and responsibility involved, and of the pluck, endurance, and wonderful skill required for so herculean a task.

The 30,000 fighting men assembled in the various columns for the invasion of the Tirah required some 50,000 transport animals, and a second army of nearly 30,000 drivers and other non-combatants. We are accustomed to regard with a feeling akin to awe the large scale on which Continental armies are mobilised and manœuvred. But the French or German officer, asked to carry all these impedimenta through the most difficult and dangerous country in the world, would stand aghast. And the Continental general hardly includes within his experience the stop-

ping and subsequent disorganisation of a whole division by ten or a dozen hairy savages, who, armed with the latest type of rifle and lurking in secret places along the precipitous ridge, send death, panic, and blind terror to sport amidst the helpless quivering baggage-train.

So far back as the year 1891 the need of picked men and skilled mountaineers for scouting duties in hill warfare had become so obvious that the 5th Gurkhas—"Gabriel's Gurkhas"—decided to select a certain number for special training. A few years later the 3rd Gurkhas followed the example of their Abbottabad comrades. Great care was taken in the selection and training of these men, none being retained save those who showed special aptitude for the work. The first officers with the 5th Gurkhas Scouts were Lieutenants Crawford, Lucas, and the Hon. C. G. Bruce. The last, a magnificent climber himself, has been instrumental in training several men in advanced mountaineering, as Sir William Martin Conway's readers know.

The Scouts soon became a self-reliant and capable force: courageous, cool, good shots, and in perfect physical training, they could be safely relied on in any emergency. The Gurkha has short muscular legs and wiry but not strikingly powerful arms. His chief strength lies in his back, loins, and legs. He is not a quick marcher, but, when in training, three miles an hour may be reckoned on for any reasonable distance.

In 1857 the Gurkhas were

the only consistently and uniformly loyal race in the native army. Not a single soldier cast in his lot with the mutineers. Though worshippers of Siva, they proved their trust in their officers by requesting that the greased cartridges be served out to them, that they might show their opinion of the agitation.

A native of the independent kingdom of Nepal, Johnny Gurkha considers himself as much a foreigner in Hindustan as his British officer. The higher ranks are not alluded to as "native" but as "Gurkha" officers, and the private is not a "sepooy" but a "rifleman." The recently-proposed No. 9 (Gurkha) Mountain Battery would have had "first-class" and "second-class" gunners in place of the "gunners" and "drivers" of every other battery of her Majesty's forces, had not the scheme fallen through. The term "driver" evidently smacks too much of the non-combatant for our little fire-eaters. And these men would not have been the *isl* Gurkhas at all, but the taller Limbus and Rais of Nepal, for Magars and Gurungs are too short of limb for either cavalry or artillery. A further distinction is that the Gurkha, alone of Asiatics in India, is addressed as "sahib" by men of other races.

Three men of the 5th Gurkhas were trained by experienced Swiss guides—one with Lieutenant Bruce in the early nineties, and the others with Sir Martin Conway in 1894. Good-tempered, cheerful, keen, and full of fun, they became

general favourites wherever they went. They, on their part, thoroughly appreciated the kindness with which they were treated, and their wonderful and delightful experiences in Europe still afford an endless topic of conversation. The little Himalayans were intensely interested in everything they saw, the sea and the ships proving a source of great delight. Flying-fish, however, they could not at all understand. To such great wielders of the rod this mode of piscine locomotion seemed most improper. One of these fish having fallen on board the ship, was immediately pounced upon by Karbir and Amar Sing. Being asked what their friends in the regiment would think when told that fish could fly, the Gurkhas naïvely replied that they hadn't the slightest intention of mentioning the fact, as their reputations for veracity were at present good, and, should they try their comrades' credulity with this traveller's tale, no one would believe a word they might say for the rest of their service.

Major Lucas relates his anticipation of their astonishment at the sights of London. But they would never own to wonderment. When he asked what they thought of the size of the great city the Gurkhas casually replied, "Oh, it's a large place; very like the capital of our own country, only we haven't the railways!" Now we know that

"The wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandu";

but these two Nepalese, unless

utterly devoid of all sense of proportion, must have belied the national reputation for veracity. For, unlike most Orientals, Magars and Gurungs bear a good name for honesty and truth.

Their great delight was to go about the streets on the top of a bus, smoking contentedly and looking down on the teeming population — the “street-bred people” — the boundaries of whose mighty empire it was theirs to extend and to protect. Their efforts to learn English provided much amusement. The mistress of the house where they were staying inquired of the cook, “Well, cook, how are the Gurkhas getting on?” “Oh, they’re gettin’ on very well, ma’am, and they’re learnin’ English fine,” was the reply, given in a rather astonished tone. “I gave them some cakes and milk just now, and when they’d finished they said, ‘Very good!’ So I said, ‘Will you have some more?’ and they answered, ‘No, we’ll bust!’” The cook’s rendering of “No, *bas*” (we’ve had enough), whilst flattering their linguistic attainments, was most uncomplimentary to Gurkha manners.

Gurkhas are born shikharis, and the two were enabled to enjoy some rabbit-shooting during their sojourn here. They became very fond of the sport, at which they excelled. When Conway brought them back from their tour through the Alps, they found Lieutenant Bruce waiting to take them straight to the Waziristan campaign. One morning, back from scouting with a grin on his

face, came one of the travellers and with great glee informed his officer that he had bagged “two rabbits,” the “rabbits” being Waziri snipers whom he had successfully stalked. In this expedition the scouts did good work, and won the approval of the authorities, but were not actively employed again until the year 1897. On September the 29th of that year a telegram was received at Abbottabad, ordering the 5th Gurkhas to send 90 men, under Captain Lucas and Lieutenant Bruce, to join the Tirah Expeditionary Force as scouts. Many and deep were the heart-burnings before the required number was finally selected, for all the men of both battalions of that fine regiment were wild to go on active service. On October 1 these two officers, with 51 men, marched from Abbottabad amid a scene of great enthusiasm, and 41 men were ordered down to Kohat from the wing of the 1st Battalion, then in the Kurram Valley. A fortnight later the 92 scouts of the 5th, and 40 from the 1-3rd Gurkhas, had assembled at Shinawari (the advanced base), and on the very next evening messages and invitations from the Afridis began to drop into camp. No casualties occurred among the Gurkhas, though two men found bullet-holes through their pillow. At 4 A.M. the scouts arose to accept the challenge by heading the force told off to make a flank attack on Dargai. A most tedious climb in the dark followed, for the track soon disappeared and the way lay up a ravine full of big

boulders. Just after dawn a party of the enemy was seen, evidently making for a peak about 1500 feet above the valley, whence the line of advance was completely commanded. The Scouts were ordered to checkmate this move, and a grand race ensued, the lengthy Afridis having the advantage in distance. But the active little Nepalese, joining in with the *esprit de corps* for which they are justly renowned, and with all the earnestness of British schoolboys, won by a neck. Then were fired the first shots preceding the two days' hard fighting around Dargai and the Chagru Kotal. A small village lay a few hundred yards from the point occupied by the Scouts, whose rapid advance must have taken the enemy completely by surprise, for the women were still in the houses. The cunning of the Pathan was at once illustrated. Observing that the women were not fired upon, an Afridi forced his wife to accompany him across an exposed piece of ground, barely 500 yards from the Scouts, who, fearing lest a bad shot should inconvenience the lady, courteously abstained from the tempting "pot." The generosity was misplaced: no sooner had the man reached cover than he opened fire, mortally wounding a rifleman of the 2nd Gurkhas who stood by the side of Colonel Travers.

The Scouts, advancing, cleared another peak about 2000 yards from the main Dargai position. Their arrival evidently disconcerted the enemy, for a Pathan is keenly alive to the danger of a threatened line

of retreat, and batches of the more faint-hearted could be seen moving off before the frontal attack had fired a single shot. The knowledge that a strong flank attack was developing certainly hindered them from defending Dargai with the obstinacy and determination displayed two days later.

When the decision to withdraw from Dargai was formed, General Kempster's brigade was summoned to cover the retirement. The enemy, however, had been on the watch, and the moment the withdrawal commenced they swarmed up in thousands and attacked with great vigour. But Highlanders, Sikhs, and Gurkhas behaved with a steadiness that could not have been surpassed. Retiring with coolness and deliberation, they not only kept the foe at bay, but inflicted such severe losses that the retirement was soon allowed to proceed unmolested. The first and last shots of the day were fired by the Scouts, who, thanks to their adroitness in working through difficult ground, escaped without casualties. A particularly bad place traversed during the retirement had stopped all the animals except one ammunition mule which the Scouts had managed to bring along. The Afridis recognised the boxes and concentrated their fire on the animal struggling behind, hoping to tumble him down the hillside and so secure a welcome haul. The Scouts had reached cover, but seeing the driver fall, Rifleman Motiram Thapa pluckily dashed back over the most exposed ground, and though the sling of his rifle

was cut, his arm bruised, and the ground spattered with bullets, yet he succeeded in bringing the mule to cover and so saved the ammunition. For this courageous and useful act he was awarded the Order of Merit of the Third Class.

On October 20 Lieutenant Tillard with the scouts of the 3rd Gurkhas led the famous attack on Dargai, and were the first over the fire-swept zone. Joined in the cover they had reached by three companies of "The Prince of Wales' Own," they sadly watched their countrymen of that famous regiment shot down in making gallant attempt after attempt to cross the fatal spot.

A few days later large bodies of Afridis were seen streaming across the Khanki river, apparently making for heights commanding the camp. The 5th Scouts were ordered to seize the hill, and turning out as they were, they raced for the top and reached it in an incredibly short time. And none too soon! The summit was barely secured before the enemy appeared from the other side, but being greeted by an effective and deadly volley, they did not wait for more.

General Gaselee's brigade having been ordered to advance from Gandaki in the direction of the Sampagha Pass, the Scouts moved out at dawn on the 29th to determine the enemy's position. This accomplished, they were detailed, supported by two companies of the "Queens," to cover the right flank of the advance. To effect this, the capture of a spur running parallel to the ground

traversed by the main column was a necessary preliminary. Taking every advantage of cover, the little men pushed rapidly up the hill under a fairly smart fire from three small *sangars*, which were promptly rushed by Captain Lucas and 35 men. In the meantime 20 scouts under Havildar Kaman Sing Burathoki had been told off to check a body of Afridis on the right flank. This duty was most admirably carried out by the havildar, who drove back and inflicted heavy loss on the enemy without suffering any casualties himself. That night the force bivouacked in the fields of the Mastura Valley, and, thanks to the non-arrival of the baggage, by no means an uncommon incident, a most cheerless night was spent.

Sir William Lockhart resolved to capture the Arhanga Pass on the 31st, and instructed the Scouts to seize a hill on the right overlooking the pass. Covered by rapid fire from the artillery, the Nepalese skirmishers dashed forward, breasted the hill, and were the first to view the Afridi Tirah — the Promised Land of whose very existence many had doubted, and which, so ran the boast, had never before been gazed upon by unbelieving eyes.

Having now penetrated the heart of the enemy's country and forced the main passes, all hoped that opposition would soon cease; but how different was the result! From that moment a harassing guerilla warfare commenced, and continued without intermission until the arrival of the 2nd Division at Swaikot on Decem-

ber 14. As may readily be guessed, this ceaseless worrying brought out the Scouts almost every day as well as on many nights, and the camp would sleep the more securely when it was known that the Gurkhas were on the alert.

On more than one occasion the Scouts, moving out at dawn, would come across an English picket who had been all night without food. Out would come the day's rations and be pressed on the hungry Tommies, the generous Gurkhas remaining without food themselves until evening. They, in their turn, would be met after the day's work with "Ram-Ram, Johnny!" or, "What cheer, Johnny? Come an' 'ave a drink," to which the Gurkhas would invariably reply "Good-morning!" and straightway accept. Once after a long day on the hill-tops, a scout was greeted with, "'Ullo, Johnny, where 've you come from?" Johnny, more or less understanding, cheerfully replied, "Pāhār sē āyā" (I've come down from the hill). Tommy, who was a wag, continued the conversation for the benefit of his appreciative mates. "Oh, bin to see yer pa,¹ 'ave ye, Johnny? Well, I hope ye've seen yer ma too." The Gurkha grinned. "Hān do, tin mārā" (Yes, killed two or three).

Another anecdote relating to this period runs as follows: A column being harassed by a couple of snipers far up the steep hillside, two Gurkhas were despatched to drive them away. When camp was reached

the two were reported "missing," and were given up for lost by officers and comrades, who feared they had ventured too far. In the early morning, however, they strolled into camp, evidently as well pleased with themselves as usual, and duly reported their arrival to the officer who had told them off for the duty, with the words, "Dūitā pāyō" (got 'em both). All night long they had stalked and chased the snipers, and finally silenced them for ever.

On November 1 it was noticed that the enemy were carrying off their Lares and Penates from villages in the vicinity of the Maidan camp. To prevent this a brigade was despatched, the Scouts covering the right flank as before. The ground, cut up by numerous deep nullahs and dotted with fortified houses, was most difficult, and an exciting skirmish ensued. That the Scouts, who contrived to lay an unusually successful ambushade, escaped without loss seemed no less than miraculous. But though the bullets poured in, raising little spurts of dust on either side, a moving man is not easy to hit, especially if that man chance to be a Gurkha—*facile princeps* as regards taking advantage of the cover of every blade of rank grass or shelter of casual pebble. The comparative immunity of the Scouts becomes the more wonderful when we realise that the Afridis were not only much more numerous, but frequently the better armed. For the Scouts fought with Martinis and black

¹ The pronunciation of "pāhār" (a hill) and of "mārā" (killed) would somewhat resemble "pa" and "ma."

powder that disclosed their position whenever they opened fire, whereas their opponents used the newest type of firearms; and the Afridi is considered by many as dangerous at 800 yards as the Boer was at half that distance. The accuracy with which these Pathans shoot was this day illustrated by their success in putting several bullets from long range through the small loopholes of a house in which a few men had been posted. But our Thapas and Burathokis were no whit behind in this respect: they could always give a Roland for an Oliver in spite of inferior weapons. A few days later the Scouts made some wonderful shooting at 1300 yards, literally strewing the road with men and animals who were streaming out of a village, and those who know the range of a Martini will best appreciate this feat. Moreover, the Gurkha is very careful of the ammunition, which he terms *kazuma*—treasure. The second reconnaissance to the Saran Sar Pass on November 11 was led by the Scouts, who were afterwards detailed to hold the cliffs and cover the withdrawal of the troops, and the duty was carried out in the same uniformly successful manner.

On the 14th, Lieutenant Tilard, with the 3rd Scouts, accompanied the expedition to the Waran Valley, and were hotly engaged. As the headquarters camp was heavily fired into this night, the Scouts of the 5th were employed to induce the Afridi to relinquish his popular pastime. At 7 P.M. on the following evening they

moved out, and almost immediately a small advanced group, consisting of four riflemen under Naick Karbir Burathoki,—Conway's joyous, merry, delightful Karbir,—fell in with a large party of the enemy, whom the scouts mistook for one of our own pickets being relieved at dusk. They were speedily undeceived. The Pathans at once let fly, killing one man—the first loss suffered in all these engagements. With a shout Karbir and the remaining three charged into the midst of the enemy, killed six men, then rapidly retired with their dead. A different man was Karbir then from the merry lad who gathered Alpine flowers with childish glee, or raced his round cap down dangerous inclines in exuberance of spirits, and won the hearts of the Swiss maids! His boldness in charging proved their salvation, for the enemy, believing the party much stronger, gave ground, and by the time the error was discovered the supports had reached Karbir's party. The stalkers promptly bolted, losing two more men. This salutary lesson discouraged sniping from that side of the camp.

The Scouts were next engaged in a necessary work that has not commended itself to the curious class at home who force themselves to believe that British soldiers are habitually actuated by the vilest of motives, and that all enemies of their own country must be harmless and blameless. To burn the homesteads of our foes may not appear the most kindly and considerate of proceedings, but the object of

warfare is not to make matters pleasant for opponents, and the partisan sentimentalism evoked by these acts has been wasted. The people whose indignation is always on tap for the benefit of unworthy causes refuse to learn that almost every building is fortified, and that each village destroyed means on the one hand temporary inconvenience and discomfort for the marauder, accompanied by salutary loss of prestige, and on the other incalculable saving of life and prevention of suffering for Pathans and British troops alike. But ignorance of human nature and of the motives that move men is proof against all the pleas of sweet reasonableness. That the Pathan—be he Afridi, Mohmand, Yusufzai, Swati, Bunerwal, or Waziri—is invariably the aggressor; that he kills and raids from savagery or lust of plunder; that he has little to lose in comparison with the damage he inflicts; that, with women and children in safety,—perchance cared for by his absurd foeman,—he regards these affairs as mere picnics; that when his fanaticism is aroused he is “as dangerous and as sensible as a mad dog”; that if his forts be spared when, after infinite trouble and expense they have been reached, such leniency would but encourage further pastime,—all these count as nothing to the sentimentalist, whose lack of

the sense of proportion permits him to see no farther than that villages and homes have been destroyed.

But responsible men are happily not always swayed by the cries of false sentiment. They understand that the Pathan must learn that war with the Sirkar is not invariably “Heads, I win; tails, you lose!” before he will appreciate the full beauty of peace.

So on the 16th of November the Scouts were told off to destroy the defences of the adjacent villages, and this they did under fire the whole time. The sight was not without interest from the spectator's point of view. The little men would skirmish up to a village, enter it, and then a few minutes later come dashing back, the rude forts bursting into flames behind them. On one occasion a trap had been laid, and violent explosions followed the firing of a village, but fortunately no one was injured.

The Scouts were engaged all the day of the advance to Bagh, and again escaped without casualties, though one officer and several men had their clothes pierced. After a night of unusually severe sniping an extensive trap was laid with trip-wires, flares, and crows' feet;¹ but elaborate preparations were, as usual, thrown away, for no enemy appeared.

On the 23rd a survey party

¹ A jerk on the wire would strike the composition and ignite the magnesium flare, which would give a brilliant light for a short time—long enough to put a volley into the disclosed enemy. *Crows' feet.*—Four iron spikes welded together, so that whichever way they are thrown on the ground, one spike points upward. A certain area is strewn with these, and any man stepping thereon would be certain to cry out.

went out from Dwatoi escorted by our Gurkhas, sections of whom were detailed to seize each of the three hills to be visited. Heavy firing was soon heard from the wooded heights occupied by the 20 men under Havildar Kaman Sing Bura-thoki, and when the surveyors arrived they found that this small section had taken the hill by a brilliant rush, inflicting heavy loss. Although the enemy had been reinforced up to the strength of 100, and had occupied cover within 200 yards from the section, the Scouts had held their ground for nearly two hours. To set up the plane-table was out of the question; so, covered by the fire of the other sections, and working beautifully through the trees, the havildar gradually withdrew from the hill. For this and other acts of gallantry, Kaman Sing was awarded the Order of Merit of the Second Class.

While yet dark on the 24th the Scouts were sent to occupy the high ground flanking the line of retirement through the Dwatoi defile back to Bagh. A tiresome wade through knee-deep water ensued, and so cold was it that the trousers froze on the men as they emerged from the stream. The height was seized before the enemy awoke, and the retirement was successfully carried out, heavy losses being inflicted on the foe, especially by that fine regiment the 36th Sikhs. During the reconnaissance Lieutenant Tildard had the ill luck to sprain his ankle, and, unfit for scouting duty, was sent back to the base. His men accompanied the

5th Gurkha Scouts throughout the remainder of the operations, and a warm friendship sprang up. When in January the men from Colonel Pulley's battalion were ordered back to their regiment, there was a most tearful leave-taking, and the Scouts of the 5th gave "a tremendous dinner" to their comrades of the 3rd. Hospitality is evidently a tradition with the riflemen of the 5th Gurkhas. It will be remembered that they presented a silver shield to the 72nd Highlanders at the close of the Afghan war.

When General Gaselee's force started from Bagh to join hands with the Kurram column, the Scouts again formed the advance-guard, and set out in the darkness. Before a mile had been covered they were fired into by an Afridi picket, with the result that three of the five men composing that picket never pulled trigger again. A running fight now took place: the Scouts, advancing at the double, drove the enemy through nearly two miles of scattered villages, with a loss of two men severely wounded. One of these—Captain Lucas's orderly—was shot by that officer's side; the other, a non-commissioned officer, had crept forward to reconnoitre when he was suddenly shot down by a concealed party of the enemy. As he fell three Pathans rushed to cut him up, but Rifleman Goria Rana, dashing forward, bayoneted one man, pursued and shot another, and then carried the wounded havildar under cover. For his heroism Goria Rana received the Order of Merit. In the meantime the

4th Gurkhas were pushed forward into the firing line, and they and the Scouts bore the brunt of the fighting in the direction of the Kahu Pass, and a company of the "Queen's" cleared the hills on the left in gallant style. Havildar Kaman Sing again distinguished himself: his section had a most exciting time, and accounted for a number of the enemy.

An early start was made on the 27th by the Scouts and the 3rd Sikhs. Admirably guided by Lieutenant Bruce and two of his mountaineers, they were half-way up the hill before dawn, and had reached a peak commanding the pass ere the foe quite realised what was taking place, although several occupied villages had been passed. The Scouts, 4th Gurkhas, and 3rd Sikhs, were required to occupy the pass for the night. By some mistake the mules with food and great-coats had not been sent on. Hungry, wet, and cold, the men huddled together for warmth; but sleeping on the ground late in November at an elevation of 8500 feet is not conducive either to rest or pleasure. However, the baggage turned up next morning, and after a good hot meal the tribulations of the night were forgotten. Two days later the 5th Scouts were welcomed by a half battalion of their own regiment at Lowari Mela.

On the 1st day of December the Scouts were employed against the Khani Khel Chamkannis, perhaps the most turbulent tribe on the border. The whole afternoon was spent in racing parties of the enemy

for the tops of hills, and on every occasion were our men successful. A section of the 5th Gurkhas came under a heavy fire from the right during this day's fight, and the right-flank man was badly wounded. The injured man's chum, who was lying a few paces away, at once got up, came round, and lay on the exposed side of his friend until the arrival of the stretcher party. The bullets were flicking up the dust all round, but happily the hero was untouched.

In further operations against the Chamkannis the brunt of the fighting fell on the 5th Gurkhas and the Scouts. A precipitous height, strengthened by *sangars* and occupied in force, could not be ignored. Lieutenant Bruce's wonderful eye for an ascent, and the marvellous shooting of No. 1 (Kohat) Mountain Battery, enabled the Scouts to climb the steepest rocks without loss, though they were forced to hand one another up. Arrived at the top of the cliffs, they found that the hill sloped gradually to the summit, and three strong positions on this slope were occupied. No sooner did the skirmishers appear than the enemy opened a heavy fire from three sides. To have brilliantly rushed the position would have entailed unnecessary loss of life, so Captain Lucas waited until the leading company of the 5th appeared on his left. Thereupon the Scouts' commandant told off half his men under Lieutenant Warburton (lent to the Scouts for the day) to cover his advance by sweeping the *sangar* with

their fire, and, placing himself at the head of the remaining forty, charged the first position. With a shout the Himalayan highlanders dashed at the breastwork: to their joy the Chamkannis seemed willing to stand, for, greeting the Gurkhas with a rattling volley, they drew their swords and stood up to receive the charge. But the sight of the glistening bayonets and eager faces behind—assisted possibly by the unearthly yells of the fierce little men—proved too much for Khani Khel nerves, for at twenty yards they broke and raced to the next *sangar*. Never before had Afridis so nearly stood up against the Scouts; for the Pathan, brave and strong though he be, will not fight the little Gurkha hand to hand. These tactics were thrice repeated by Lucas, with Warburton's men co-operating and the supports covering each advance with a most accurate rifle-fire. Soon the foe were streaming down the hillside and across the fields below, with Martini bullets rapidly following and frequently overtaking. The Chamkannis lost very severely: among their dead were the headman and two other leading *maliks* of the Khani Khels.

It was a magnificent piece of work, grandly carried through, yet, though the clothes of many of the Gurkhas were pierced by bullets, not a man was touched. The retirement from the hill was admirably covered by a company of the 5th: a few of the enemy attempted to follow, but seeing eight more of their number bowled over, the re-

mainder desisted, and from that moment the return was not molested. The retirements to camp after punitive expeditions afford the Pathan's opportunity. The companies told off to cover a retirement are bound to suffer, and the wounded must be brought away. In civilised warfare they might safely be left on the ground; but against a Pathan enemy this would mean torture and mutilation, and to bring off the dead is a point of regimental honour. As at least four bearers are needed for each injured man, five soldiers are thus withdrawn from the fighting line, so that eight or ten casualties will practically put a company out of action. Then comes the rush, and perchance the disaster. Here is seen the value of experience, and such seasoned regiments as the Guides and the Gurkhas have learned to retire with a minimum of loss. When they protect the rear, the pursuer becomes more cautious.

On December 7 the memorable march from Bagh down the Bara valley was commenced. At daybreak the advance-guard, consisting of the Scouts and the 1-3rd Gurkhas, moved out, flanking both sides of the Dwatoi defile. The defile was passed without opposition, but as the K.O.S.B. began to cross the river the enemy opened fire. The fighting, thus commenced, continued without intermission until the tired troops arrived in General Hammond's camp at Swaikot a week later.

There was not a day of these seven on which the Scouts were able to rest; but of all days of

the campaign the 13th of December was the most fatiguing, and again the hardest work fell to their lot, though the K.O.S.B. and the 3rd Gurkhas bore the brunt of the fighting. In the early morning they were told off to burn the defences of the villages on both sides of the river as far as Guli Khel. The destruction was rapidly accomplished, as a Gurkha is an adept at doing the greatest possible damage in the least possible time. From Guli Khel they kept parallel with the rear-guard along the tops of the hills on the left bank of the river. What this would entail is not easy to understand—even for practised climbers. The heights were all isolated; each hill towered from 1000 to 2000 feet above the slowly progressing column winding along the river-bed; the sides were steep and in some places precipitous; a perpetual climb up and down, and up again, went on until after dark; and, for a welcome change, parties of the enemy must needs be surprised and driven off. Even as the day's work seemed ended, a body of Pathans tried to rush the rear section, but, meeting with a reception warmer than had been anticipated, they decamped. To crown all, the baggage again went astray, the night was pitch dark, and an attack was expected. Worn out and famishing, the tough little fellows flung themselves on the ground to snatch what sleep they could.

Jamrud was reached on the 17th, and there a whole week's welcome and well-earned rest

was enjoyed. Christmas Eve was spent at Ali Musjid, and at the hour when, throughout every village in England, the unwelcome carol-singer chants of "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," Christmas morn was heralded in by the sound of firing.

Three days of flanking duties, skirmishing, and desultory fighting followed Christmas Day, and on the 28th the Scouts formed part of Sir William Lockhart's personal escort back to Jamrud. On that day the first phase of the Tirah Campaign ended.

The 5th Gurkha Scouts had started 92 strong, and the men of the 1-3rd numbered 40. Of these only 3 had been killed and 5 wounded, whereas a loss of more than 100 in killed alone had been inflicted by them on the enemy. The value of the trained mountaineers had been frequently demonstrated during the war. Their admirable guiding had enabled the others to reach their objective with a minimum of exposure, and this accounts to a great extent for their immunity from loss. Still, so great a disproportion is hard to understand when we reflect on the losses sustained by other corps. With the exception of the fight on the Saran Sar, all or part of the Scouts had taken part in every action between October 18 and December 28. They were engaged thirty-one times by day and seventeen by night. And they had their reward. Eight men received the Order of Merit for gallantry in action, and six obtained special promotion. Of the three officers, Captain Lucas, com-

manding, received the brevet of major as well as the D.S.O.; Lieutenant the Hon. C. G. Bruce, on his subsequent promotion to captain, also received his brevet-majority, and Lieutenant Tillard the D.S.O. That the services of the Scouts were appreciated was also shown by their reorganisation into a battalion of 9 British officers and 666 Gurkha officers and men, drawn from the 5th, 1-1st, and 2-3rd Gurkhas, all under the command of Captain Lucas. They were re-armed with the Lee-Metford, and all ranks eagerly looked forward to a resumption of the campaign. But this was not to be: the Afridis complied with the terms, and on April 9 the Scouts marched to Peshawur, thence dispersing to their respective cantonments. Major Lucas describes the joy that reigned in the new battalion: "The men were delighted with the Lee-Metfords, and used to put on any amount of side at being the only native troops armed like the British. The roads at Peshawur were hardly big enough to hold them when they condescended to walk! Their favourite mode of locomotion was to drive through the place in dogcarts—about ten men in each!"

At Lundi Kotal the Scouts challenged all comers to a hill race. Numbers of Afridis and other Pathans competed, but were hopelessly out-classed, the Gurkhas taking every place in the first thirty except the 9th,

21st, and 22nd. Football was likewise indulged in. "We used to play a lot of football with the Tommies," wrote the commandant, "and held our own fairly well. The British onlookers would cheer our men with shouts of 'Go it, Johnny! Well played, Johnny!' and there was invariably a roar of applause when we got a goal."

As usual, British and Gurkhas became very good comrades. Several real friendships sprang up, and some of these chums keep up a correspondence to this day.

While the Scout Battalion was at Ali Musjid in March, an Afridi approached Major Lucas and begged permission to join his battalion. Informed that it was composed entirely of Gurkhas, "Oh, never mind," said he, "I like Gurkhas. We had great fun with some who used to prowl round the Maidan camp at nights." "When I told him that the prowlers were my men," wrote Major Lucas to Lord Roberts, "his delight knew no bounds. He smacked me on the back, shook hands, and introduced me to his friends." Yet these were the Gurkhas who had burned their villages and slain their young men. Can Mr Labouchere explain?

Summing up the work of the Scouts in the Tirah Campaign, we might imagine them declaring—not in tones of complaint but rather with complacent self-congratulation—

"Lor', they shoved us in the stalls!"

LIKE TO LIKE: A TRIVIAL ROMANCE.¹

BY G. S. STREET.

CHAPTER VI.

FAIRBROTHER was soon revived, and with his bruised head anointed and comforted with a cold rag, lay on a sofa in the drawing-room. The others stood by and looked on him with a gloomy interest—all but Lady Betty, who sat very pale and looked at the floor. Fairbrother was still dazed, and answered their questions with an effort of memory.

"Yes; I slipped, I suppose. Fellow came in window——"

"What?" cried Mereworth.

"Fellow came in window and challenged me fight, and we were fighting when it happened, I suppose." The gloomy interest was changed to excitement, and "My dear fellow!" "Man came in at the window!" "What on earth do you mean?" came in chorus. Only Lady Betty sat silent. "That's all I know," continued Fairbrother slowly, "except that we quarrelled 'bout something. Wait—oh yes, by Jove!"—and he half sat up and looked less vacuous. "Most extraordinary thing. He was just like your ancestor—yes, he said he *was* Sir Eustace; and he was dressed like we are, you know—like the picture."

There was a silence of amazement. Bertha Mostyn's round blue eyes widened, and Mere-

worth looked hard at his sister, who still looked at the floor. Hugh Sinclair was the first to speak.

"Tell you what my theory is," he said. "Old brother Fairbrother had been going rather strong with the drinks, and began fooling about with his sword, and very naturally fell down. Then"—turning to the victim on the sofa—"then, when you were coming to, you sort of dreamt about Sir Eustace and all that. That's it."

Lady Betty looked up for the first time. "That must be it," she said quickly.

Mereworth bit his lip, and looked at her again. "I expect Hugh's right," he said; "you must have imagined it, old man."

Fairbrother looked perplexed for a moment, and then spoke excitedly. "I tell you I didn't; I'm certain it was all real. He made me fight with swords"—his audience looked more and more incredulous—"and then—oh yes, I heard Betty call out my name in the hall."

"Well, but, Lady Betty," Sinclair, anxious for his theory, interposed, "did you hear any noise of swords clashing and that, while you were in the hall?"

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"No, I didn't," said Lady Betty, with a faint air of being on her defence.

"And there was nobody but old Fairbrother lying about the room when you went in?"

"Nobody."

Sinclair was triumphant. "You see," he said to Fairbrother.

Mereworth interposed. "We mustn't bother him with arguments to-night. Go to bed, old chap, and we'll talk it out to-morrow. Get a good night's rest, and then see if you still think there was somebody; and if you do, we'll investigate it."

So Fairbrother went to bed, his last recollection being the wide-eyed face of Bertha Mostyn, and Sinclair explaining everything with laughter. An hour later Mereworth knocked at his sister's door and went in. She had not begun to undress, and was walking about the room, seeming to have wept. He looked keenly at her; and sat down on the edge of the bed. Then he said casually, "So old Herbert's on the war-path. Better confess, Betty." She said nothing till he went to her and took her by the arms and made her look at him. Then she saw that he was trying not to smile.

"You won't give me away, Bob?"

"No; but hang it, you know, they might have killed one another if they really fought with swords. Did you know he was coming?"

"No—no—no! I nearly died when I saw him. He just said he wouldn't have hurt Arthur, and then he—then he went out

by the window. But—oh, Bob, I do love old Herbert, and I'm so sick, so sick!" and she began to cry again.

Mereworth spoke kindly. "I'm sorry, old girl, but what's to be done? Herbert's as mad as a hatter, and he's a wrong 'un as well, more or less. You can't marry him, can you? His turning up like this, confound him, has probably made you think you care more than you do—it's taken you by surprise. Anyhow it's no good, is it? And you see we're committed to this Fairbrother chap. I tell you candidly, if it doesn't come off I shall go broke, and this place will be sold: that would be *rather* beastly, wouldn't it? His father promised me to put things straight, as I told you, as soon as you were married — wouldn't before, cautious old devil. Fairbrother's a bit of a bore, but that will be all right when you're married: you can have your own friends and all that, and it would be much worse if you married a regular brute, as you might have to do. And, by Jove! just think of having a few dibs! How many times were you threatened with the County Court last month? It must come off."

"But if he finds that it was Herbert who came?"

"He mustn't. If he found out that you were such friends with a wild chap like that—mad enough to do such a trick as this—it's the very thing to make people like that cry off. And if it got about, people would talk and make things out much worse than

they are. We'll have to convince him he imagined it all, or at least stop his mouth. Herbert needn't be mentioned. And, for heaven's sake, tell him not to come here again. I tell you what, Betty, if Fairbrother's satisfied about this, we'd better rush things on. Never mind about the season. We'll have his people down here to stay, and keep quiet and bring it off in a month's time. That's the best plan. Old Herbert's quite capable of doing some other silly trick if we don't hurry things. Do you agree?"

Lady Betty thought. Yes: it was better that things should be finished quickly, if finished they must be. She was weary of small hypocrisies of gaiety, and of receiving pompous protestations, and marriage would end all that. She did not take, I fear, a very lofty view of that sacrament, but she meant no harm: married, she and Fairbrother might go their ways in peace and amity. So she consented, and her brother kissed her affectionately, and went to bed, convinced he was a born diplomatist. Lady Betty cried a little, and then went to sleep. The Flair family mostly lived for the day.

The next morning Mereworth went to his guest's bedside, and argued gravely that the encounter must have been a dream. Fairbrother stuck to his guns. He was quite certain that a man had fought him, though he was willing to admit that wine might have exaggerated his impression of the likeness to the portrait, and confused his

memory of the dialogue. Mereworth looked hard at the sensible face, and abandoned an alternative theory of a ghost. But he pointed out that if the man was real, it must have been some mad fellow of the neighbourhood who had heard of the masquerade and got some clothes from London and determined to thrust himself in, and lost his temper at being opposed. There would be no use in making inquiries: it would be extremely unpleasant if there was a fuss about it, and the thing got into the papers. So he asked Fairbrother to say nothing about it, and allow Sinclair and Miss Mostyn to suppose he had imagined it. After all, that was possible, and after all no great harm had been done. If the man turned up again, of course they would have to deal with him then. Probably he was either some harum-scarum young fellow or a lunatic. Above all, he implored Fairbrother to say nothing to Lady Mereworth, who was nervous, and might be frightened. Fairbrother at length consented most reluctantly. He was for measures of retribution, but admitted at length that if they were possible, they would make himself ridiculous. He tried to discuss the matter with Lady Betty, but she laughed at him, made light of his tumble, and warned him against drink, so that dignity closed his lips. Sinclair and Bertha Mostyn, really amiable people, were easily persuaded that the subject was disagreeable to poor

Fairbrother, and had best be forgotten.

On the day after a letter came for Lady Betty from London:—

“I give you my word of honour I meant no mischief. I was feeling horribly out in the cold and rather mad about things. And I thought I would see the old place again, and have some fun with you all and go back to Australia immediately afterwards. My plan was to arrive while you were at dinner, and wait outside by the window till I heard Bob make his speech, and then come in and return thanks for Sir Eustace. I thought the surprise—my being so like the old boy and turning up at the moment—would put you all into a good temper, and then I trusted to tact to carry things off. Of course I meant to be polite to Fairbrother—to accept the situation, and leave things comfortable all round. I found my old kit and the sword your father gave me years ago among my things in Duke Street. Well, I missed the train, and arrived hours later than I ought to have. I walked from the station with my things in a cricket-bag to the little cave under the cliff, you know—round by the cliff, and not going near the house. Then I changed, and came up the path to the little garden. I looked in at the dining-room window and saw your nice Fairbrother man alone, and I

thought I'd mystify him first, and establish a pleasant acquaintance in that way. With the result you saw. I won't say unpleasant things; but really, of all the disagreeable brutes I ever met—he began to insult me at once, and flesh and blood couldn't have stood it. I thought how he had everything I wanted and was going to marry you—Betty, it was too much. Also I had had no dinner. Well, I went sort of mad, and made him fight with swords. I remember you said he could fence, so I think it was fair. He nearly had me when we began, and then I came to myself. It was all right: I simply played to tire him out, and would not have touched him. Then he fell, and you came. I went back to the cave when I left you and changed my clothes, and I sat there all night. My reflections were not amusing; but they brought me to the conclusion that I had been an idiot, and can't fight the inevitable. Tell that to Mereworth and comfort his fraternal heart, and marry Fairbrother and be good; but don't make him too happy, please. Only if you change your mind—ou la la! Coolgardie is still there. I stay in England to do some business for Holland, who has wired to me, but Fairbrother shall rest in peace. Good-bye.”

And so the incident of Sir Eustace Flair his portrait seemed to be ended.

CHAPTER VII.

Bertha Mostyn and Hugh Sinclair removed their amiable and frivolous presences from Mereworth a few days later, and were succeeded by guests of a more solid and serious character, whom Lady Mereworth came down to receive. These were Mr Fairbrother, Mrs Fairbrother, and her niece and "companion," Mabel Simpson. The head of the Fairbrother family and firm was a commercially successful man of the modern English type. That is to say, he did not boast of his wealth, nor openly express his conviction that a rich man was the grandest of God's creatures. There was little or no surface vulgarity upon him. He was quiet in manner and mild in argument. He had educated himself with some superficial effect, and had laboriously acquired a sufficiency of outdoor and indoor accomplishments to sustain with credit his later rôle of country gentleman. A self-possessed and inoffensive man. On the other hand, he was not an amusing man. His experiences of life, which had been mainly of successes and disappointments in getting the most work possible done by his workmen for as little money as might be, could not make a conversational show, and his remarks in general reflected the morning paper. He had no sense of humour, and an unconventional act or expression brought a magisterial look to his face. Perhaps he would have been a more genial man

if he had had a different order of woman for wife. I cannot in honesty call Mrs Fairbrother an agreeable woman. Her ideal in life was refinement, and her idea of refinement was to speak seldom, and then with a peculiar mincing of words which was apt to irritate downright people. Anything she did not understand caused her, as it were, to withdraw into an offended isolation, and she did not understand very much. She seldom made a remark which did not contain a resigned allusion to her delicate health, and thereby, I am afraid, irritated the unfeeling. In short, an irritating woman.

Remains to describe Mabel Simpson, who has some part in this story. She had lived with her aunt since she was sixteen, and had grown to be indispensable. For Mrs Fairbrother, to be quite plain, was a lazy woman, and disliked the trouble of managing a large house, which in her husband's primitive view was the reason for her existence: he declined to allow her a managing housekeeper. Mabel, almost without his perception, came to manage the house altogether, to engage and dismiss servants, to order dinners, to arrange accounts. The rest of her duty was to be somewhat exceedingly deferential and attentive to her aunt. I do not think we should blame her for lack of independence. She had been bred to reverence older relations in general, and especially rich relations. The

management of a big house meant power to her mind, and she liked power. She came from a little, over-populated house where the living was hard, and she liked the good cheer of Elton Hall, and to have a comfortable allowance for dress. And if she was further sustained by a secret ambition, who should blame her? The great Arthur was two years younger than she. It had been always expected that he should make an imposing marriage; but Mabel argued with herself that her sympathy was appreciated by him, and that his parents denied him nothing. As a boy he had been inclined to bully her and order her about; but as he acquired nice manners he grew polite, even to her, and of late years had given her much of his confidence, and had sometimes taken her counsel. She was a sensible and practical young woman, who had very firm ideas of correct speech and conduct, but who could be tolerant on occasion. In appearance she was rather like her cousin, a substantial person, comfortable to see, not ill-looking, with rather cold grey eyes, and flaxen hair, and rosy cheeks.

Such were the new guests who came down to Mereworth to spend a fortnight there which was to end with a marriage of the old-fashioned, village sort. They came down to Mereworth and looked on its old gracefulness of aspect, and its kindly, careless ways, with eyes of criticism. To tell the truth, a certain strain seemed to be established not long after their arrival. Mr

Fairbrother had no great respect for aristocrats as such, although he was pleased that his son should be allied with them; and Mereworth, a young man who had talked to him about money, he quickly came to patronise. As he walked about the place, and visited the few farms that remained to it, he pointed out mistakes and suggested improvements, and made comparisons with his own larger possessions. Lady Mereworth could have endured downright vulgarity or coarseness with equanimity; but Mrs Fairbrother, who minced her words and said of everything that it was nice, was a sore trial to her. Mabel Simpson smiled and was obliging; but her manner did not entirely conceal, to an acute perception, that she thought Lady Betty "fast," as she would have phrased it, and even shocking, when Lady Betty lapsed ever so little from the weary decorum imposed upon her. Indeed, it was hardly to be expected that Mabel should be enthusiastic about her whom the great Arthur proposed to marry.

So the Flairs had a heavy load on their graceful backs, and they were not a folk to bear one easily. Mereworth began to look overworked and harassed. His mother's pretty speeches a little waned. Sometimes Lady Betty escaped from the house alone, and ran as fast as she could all the way down the path to the sea for relief of her feelings. She would sometimes meet her brother's eyes in the course of a weary dinner, and they looked despair at one another. And sometimes, when

Arthur and Mr Fairbrother had gone to bed, Mereworth would go to his sister's room, where they both, I regret to say, would use violent words in talking over the events and conversations of the day.

So things went on for a week, and then Arthur Fairbrother left the house. He had matters to arrange in London concerning a house he had taken and the like, and he was to bring down his best man on the day of the marriage, leaving town by an early train. His departure by no means improved the condition of things, for there was promptly added to other wearinesses the eternal praises of Arthur Fairbrother, which of course the Mereworth family had to echo. Mrs Fairbrother had been much disturbed by a lightness of tone and a want of respect which she had observed in Lady Betty towards her son. She remarked on one occasion: "I do not think, my dear, that I used to speak in that way to Mr Fairbrother before we were married." She invariably referred to her husband as Mr Fairbrother.

"No?" said Lady Betty, smiling politely.

"No, indeed!" Mrs Fairbrother said.

As soon, therefore, as her son was gone, Mrs Fairbrother lost no opportunity of enlarging on his virtues to this frivolous maiden; and when there was no opportunity, she made one. Arthur's achievements at Harrow and Cambridge, his conduct as a son, his preternatural sagacity and steadiness — all this was a theme for lunch

and dinner and between meals. "I feel unworthy of such goodness," Lady Betty said, humbly; and Mrs Fairbrother, "Oh no," without conviction.

The same theme served Mabel Simpson for conversation when she and Lady Betty strolled on the cliff or sat in the garden, and she urged her eulogies a little as one lecturing an unappreciative child. Her companion would grow silent, and then was eyed severely. In a little while Lady Betty's look of weariness changed to one that approached defiance. Her soft brown eyes took a trick of flashing, and she carried her slight body more erect.

"I can't stand much more, Bob. I'm not used to being bullied. I believe both these women would be glad if the thing were broken off."

"You can't go back now. Heaven knows it's bad enough for us all. But it will soon be over. You can strike against going to their infernal place when you're married. Probably that girl wants to marry the chap herself."

"I don't know, and I don't care. But I do know that if it gets any worse, I shall run away or go mad."

"Hang it, think of us all! Think of the mater."

Indeed Lady Mereworth, never a very strong woman, was ill at this time, wearied by her hospitalities, and perhaps distressed by doubts.

"Well, I won't bother her about it. I tell her it's all right. But it's pretty average hard lines, Bob. The bargain's been made. What's the use of

their eternally making out that we have the best of it?"

"Oh—people like that! Cheer up, old girl! Only three more days."

"Oh, it's all very well for you," and so forth.

The Flair women had sometimes been rakes, and had seldom been pious or over-altruistic; but they were not subtle insinulators, and Lady Betty understood neither the attacks nor the defences of the art. Short of an angry retort, which breeding even more than policy denied her in her brother's house, she had no weapon against the mincing mother and the indefatigable cousin.

On the last afternoon but one before the marriage, the post brought an interesting letter for Mabel Simpson. Arthur Fairbrother was a man of his word; but in an unguarded moment he had told Mabel—his confidential and appreciative cousin—something of his encounter on the night of the masquerade; and, having excited her curiosity, he thought he had best complete the story, pledging her to secrecy. Mabel was very much interested indeed, but she kept her promise. She saw no way, without breaking it boldly, of leading to the subject. A curiosity she showed about Sir Eustace Flair's portrait fell quite flat. But this letter roused the interest to an intolerable point:—

"A very strange thing happened this afternoon. I was going to call on Mrs Ogilvie, when I met, on the steps of her house, a man I could have

sworn was the fellow who fought with me. I looked hard at him, and felt quite certain. He was just like the portrait, and had just the insolent look the man had that night. You know that I do not easily lose my presence of mind, but I hardly knew what to do. Of course it might have been a coincidence of likeness after all—though I feel sure now it was not. He certainly did not seem to recognise me. However, I stopped him, and said I thought we had met before. He smiled in a most exasperating way, and said he was ashamed not to know who I was. I said 'Fairbrother,' and he said, in a sort of thoughtful way, 'No—Fairbrother—I'm afraid I don't know any one of that name. We must have met in a crowd somewhere.' Then he smiled again—I should have liked to kick him!—and strolled away without telling me his name. Mrs Ogilvie began talking politics when I went in; but you know I am rather good at insight into people, and I was certain she was excited about something else. She seemed less friendly, too, than usual, somehow. I asked her who it was had just left the house, and she said: 'Oh, a boy called Mardon. His poor mother was a friend of mine.' I said I thought I'd met him somewhere, and she replied that it was not likely, as he'd been in Australia for years, and had only just returned. Then I asked if he was a friend of Mereworth's, and she said, 'Why do you ask?' in a quick sort of way. I told her because

he was just like one of the portraits at Mereworth, and she was sarcastic about my want of logic in connecting the two things. However, she told me this Mardon fellow *was* a distant cousin of Mereworth's, she believed. Then she changed the subject, and began, as usual, to argue about my marriage. I write all this, because somehow it all seems so strange to me, and I feel sure it was the man. You might ask casually about Mardon; but don't let them think I told you about the fight, because I promised not to, and, as you know, I am punctilious about that sort of thing."

Mabel, who would have done anything for her cousin, was quite ready to perform the slight service required of her. That evening at dinner, when the servants had left the room, and there was one of the numerous breaks in the conversation, she remarked that she had received a letter from Arthur. "And, by the way," she said to Mereworth, "he says he met a cousin of yours, a Mr Mardon." She half expected a sensation, for to her mind the fight was now very well explained, and the light of explanation shone very luridly on Lady Betty. But in the course of a life not remarkably well spent Mereworth had faced many embarrassing remarks and questions, and he answered with perfect composure—

"Did he? That must have been Herbert Mardon,—I suppose he is a cousin—rather distant, though." He turned

to his mother. "I forgot to tell you that I'd heard he was back in England."

To Mabel's surprise, the only person who showed any interest was Mr Fairbrother.

"Mardon—Mardon," he said, "not a son of that socialist fellow? I heard he had a son."

Lady Mereworth looked up. "Harry Mardon," she said quietly, "was a friend of mine—his wife was my dearest friend."

It was not pleasant to hear the brilliant Harry Mardon called a socialist fellow by a person like Mr Fairbrother. But this was a subject which touched Mr Fairbrother sorely, and he forgot his mild manners.

"That may be so," he answered; "but the man was a dangerous fellow. He tried to set the working classes against their natural superiors—and their best friends. He had the impudence to put me in a pamphlet——"

"Abominable!" Mrs Fairbrother said, in her most definitive manner.

"He ought to have been sent to prison. His shooting himself was the best thing he ever did."

"Let us hope he repented first," Mrs Fairbrother thinly interjected.

"I hope his son's not tarred with the same brush." Mr Fairbrother had spoken hotly, and was out of breath.

Lady Mereworth, preventing her son's interposition with a look, waited till the end, and then said, with a touch of ice very unusual with her: "Mr Mardon was a socialist, I sup-

pose, as you say ; but he was the head of one of the oldest families in England—if one values that sort of thing—and a very brilliant and accomplished man. But I think we won't discuss him : he was, as I think I said, a friend of mine."

Mr Fairbrother murmured that he had not meant to say anything against him, and cast a deprecatory glance round the

table. His eyes met those of Lady Betty, who sat flushed and very uprightly, and looked at him quietly until he looked away. So doing, she did not see that Mabel Simpson was looking very keenly at herself ; and when she did look in Mabel's direction, that self-possessed young woman was peeling a peach, and kept her eyes on her plate.

CHAPTER VIII.

The day before the marriage arrived, with a still air and a hot sun, and at eleven in the morning there was no sound about Mereworth House. Mereworth had taken Mr Fairbrother in the dogcart to Bellmouth ; Lady Mereworth and Mrs Fairbrother, a real and a professed invalid, were in their rooms. Lady Betty sat reading in the little walled garden, and Mabel Simpson had gone to the room which looked on to it to write a letter. But she did not write a letter : she sat at the writing-table by the window and watched Lady Betty, as two mothers had watched the child and her playmate many years ago, but I fear with less kindly thoughts. The picture was pretty enough : all was bright and green and blue, sky and grass and trees and the sea beyond them, all green and blue, but Betty's white dress and the red-covered novel she was reading. But as Mabel sat with her chin resting on her hand, her not uncomely face showed dislike and great suspicion. We do not like those who take what

we would have, and moreover, it is well to be angry if one thinks that a friend is dealt with falsely.

Mabel watched and frowned, and presently she started and leaned forward eagerly. A stone had fallen over the low wall near Lady Betty, and Mabel's sharp eyes observed something white, not a stone, lying near Betty's feet. Betty had started violently, and then looked round her : as she looked at the window, Mabel's head was bent, and her hand seemed busily to move a pen. But Mabel saw the other stoop and pick the white thing up, detach it from the stone, and spread it out on her book. Long she bent over it, and must have read it several times, turning it backwards and forwards. And then she shut it in the book, jumped up suddenly, and began to walk up and down the little garden. A sudden thought struck the watcher : whoever brought the letter had probably come up by the path from the sea, which led close up to the gardens, for she had seen nobody cross the

meadows; but the path led only to the tiny bay, and therefore it was likely he had come in a boat. Quickly she ran to Mereworth's study and seized his field-glass. The cliffs are low at this point of the coast, and from an upper window of Mereworth House the sea is visible to within a short distance of the shore. Mabel gazed through the glass, and a boat shot out from the shadow of the cliff. Her readiness was indeed rewarded. The boat was rowed by a man in a flannel suit, the sun was on his face, the distance short, and the glass good. Mabel distinctly made out that he was a dark, pale, handsome young man, with a curious likeness to the portrait of Sir Eustace Flair. The practical Mabel did not believe in far-fetched coincidences: here was certain proof, of what she did not know exactly, but at least of something sinister, and requiring to be explained. It should be placed to her credit that, though a quietly bred young woman, with these cards in her hands she determined on a bold game. The time was short.

She ran down to the little garden, and luck favoured her again, for Lady Betty was still walking up and down, with hands clasped behind her, and eyes on the ground, and the book was lying on the garden-seat, no doubt with the letter still between its pages. Mabel sat down on the seat, and took up the novel. Lady Betty came quickly towards her. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but there's a letter of mine in that."

"I know there is," Mabel said quietly, and still holding the book. "Your postal arrangements are odd."

Lady Betty flushed and bit her lip. "What do you mean? Please give me my letter."

"I shall take this letter to Mrs Fairbrother — no, wait, please. It was brought to you in secret by Mr Mardon, and it was Mr Mardon who tried to kill Arthur."

"He did nothing of the kind! But this is too much. What is it to you what letters I receive, and how dare you talk of showing them to anybody? Give me my book at once, please."

Mabel was unperturbed. "If you wish to make a scene," she said, rising, "perhaps we had better go indoors. We can talk in my room. I think you had better discuss it quietly."

"It is preposterous," said Lady Betty; but she followed her accuser, who still held the book, into the house. As she went she thought. How utterly absurd it had been not to say the little, the nothing, there was to be said of Herbert Mardon long before. This idiotic secrecy — it had been Bob's fault! Now there would be vulgar suspicions and hateful explanations, or at the least she would be, in a sort of way, in the power of this brute of a girl. Or should she do what the letter asked her to do? Would it even be possible now?

Mabel sat down in an arm-chair, but Betty stood and regarded her impatiently. "I daresay," said Mabel, "that you think I have no right to act as I do. But you must

remember that Arthur's father and mother have been like parents to me, and that he is a dear friend of mine. You don't love him, Lady Betty, and you have deceived him."

"What nonsense this is! I love him quite well enough; and as for Mr Mardon, he's a very old friend of ours, and he's a mad sort of boy: how can I help it if he sends me mysterious letters? Give it back to me, please."

"May I read it?"

"Certainly not."

"I tell you frankly I would risk anything to save Arthur being unhappy for life. If I chose I could push you out of this room and lock the door and read the letter, whatever you did." Betty stared in blank amazement; but somehow she felt that she respected this resolute young woman more than before, and almost disliked her less. "See what the facts are," Mabel continued. "This Mr Mardon comes here secretly and tries to kill Arthur."

"That's absurd. It was a joke; he never meant to hurt him—that is——"

"Ah, then, you knew all about it, and you never told the man you are going to marry? You have met Mr Mardon in secret?"

"No—that is, yes." Betty had not lost her courage; but the cross-examination overwhelmed her, and she longed to tell the simple truth and have done with it.

"I thought so. And he comes again secretly and gives you a mysterious letter. I tell you frankly that, to the best of

my belief, if Arthur knew all this, and if it turned out that you had in the least encouraged Mr Mardon, or had discussed Arthur with him, or anything of the kind, he would break off the marriage."

Lady Betty winced. She believed the speaker was right, and however tedious the present and doubtful the future, the idea of being thrown over at the last moment was not agreeable. What a horrid tangle it all was! Suddenly Mabel's manner changed. "My dear," she said, "I'm as sorry as I can be, and I hate to seem a busy-body. I can't betray Arthur, but I want to be your friend. If this letter is simply a mad boy's effusion, and if you can explain it all, I won't say a word. Give me leave to read it. I can, you know, whether you do or not. I'm stronger than you."

Betty looked in amazement again, and then she laughed, and Mabel laughed too. "Do you know, I like you much better than when you were so prim, and fussed about Arthur's virtues." Arthur seemed to be slipping away, and Betty had a curious feeling of relief. You see she did not care about him, and was not a fortune-hunter, merely a girl who did as her world did. "You may read the letter," she said. She sat down, and with an odd smile watched the other, who read the letter as though it were an official document. This was the letter:—

"BETTY,—This is the last chance. I shall bring this

myself, to avoid any risk of it's not reaching you, and wait for an opportunity. You simply can't marry this chap. You say in your letter how tedious it is having his people and all that; and you don't seem to grasp the fact that it will be worse, not better, when you're married, unless you make a scandal, and then all the advantages, as you think them, will vanish. Your mother doesn't understand you, and Bob's blinded by self-interest. You must break it off. But I know you can't do that deliberately and formally the day before, with everything arranged. Make a dash for liberty: it will be more amusing and better manners, on the whole, than sending the fellow away. You're weak, my dear; you can't face a pitched battle, but you can run down the path to the sea and get into a boat. Things are possible now. Holland put me on to a speculation a week ago, and I've made some money,—not much, but enough to start on. And I swear to you I'll work and make you happy. Once it is done your people will back you up, and everything will be all right. Old Mrs Ogilvie has come to the rescue. My plan is this. There's a train to-night from Bellmouth at 10.20. I'll come to the cove at half-past eight, while you're all at dinner, in a boat I've bought. If you can slip away after dinner—as you surely can—any time before half-past nine, all will be well. Put on a morning dress, if you can, and bring a bag—but even that's not necessary, if it can't be

managed. I row you to Bellmouth, we take the train to town, you go to Mrs Ogilvie's for the night, we are married to-morrow morning at the registrar's (I've arranged that), cross the Channel immediately afterwards, play about like good children, and come back when everybody is smiling again. I know you'd never bolt by yourself in broad daylight; but just to run down the path, after dinner, in the dear old friendly night! Betty, you can do it. I write like this because I'm in earnest; it would be easy to send you eloquence and poetry. But, my dear, this means more. Don't sell the plains for a golden stable. I can give you happiness. Come.

“HERBERT.”

Mabel read this letter slowly, and had the good taste to do so in a businesslike way. Then she said, “You must go.”

“I had determined not to go. Arthur has my word, and it would distress my mother too much, and——”

“My dear, what is all that to a life of misery? You love this man. He must have known that, to write as he does. Forget what I said that was unkind. It was only because I was hurt about Arthur. I want to be your friend. Go—it is the only right thing. Every one will forgive you. You can't marry Arthur: it would be horrible. I don't threaten now, I only tell you what I know is right.”

She caught Betty's hand and pressed it, and looked persuasively upon her. Betty laughed

a little, and quivered: the idea seemed more possible, now that another took it so naturally. Mabel said much in favour of honest dealing and being true to oneself, more than you may care to read at length, and she made an effective point when she spoke of the meanness to Arthur if one should marry him, loving another man. For it was the fact that such statements had seldom been made plainly and forcibly to Betty Flair.

"And think how easy it is. We say immediately after dinner that we will go for a stroll to the cliff and back. You come up to get a cloak, and change your dress—I'll help you—and pack a bag. You carry it under your cloak. We shall get away before Mr Fairbrother and Lord Mereworth have left the dining-room. Then we walk to the cliff, and you go down the path, and after a time I'll come back through the dining-room window, if the room's empty—anyhow without being seen, and go to the drawing-room and say you've gone to bed with a bad headache and don't want to be disturbed. You had better lock the door before you go and take the key—or, stay, your maid might go to it before I'm back: I'll lock it then, and keep the key: they'll think afterwards you took it or went later: there

would be time, you know, to catch the 10.20. And Arthur will have left London before it's found out, and you'll be married comfortably."

Lady Betty broke into a laugh that was almost void of care and worry. "You splendid conspirator!" she said. "But if Bob or Mr Fairbrother should follow us before you get back——"

"I'll dodge them," said Mabel, without a smile, and preserving her attitude as teacher of the virtues.

Betty laughed again, and then was grave. "Are we friends?" she said. "I've forgiven you, and I don't bear malice; have you forgiven me? I'm going. I hope you'll marry Arthur if you want to—no, I'm not imputing anything, and I don't know anything—and I'll be your friend. Are we friends?"

Mabel looked her straight in the face and said that they were.

Betty clung for a moment to her stronger hand with both her own. "You'll stick to me and see me through? I'm not your sort, but I see that you're right—and I want to go."

Mabel kissed her for the first time, and they seemed to be good friends when they went in to lunch. I will not attempt to indicate to you which of these opposing natures was in my opinion the better tree: in fact, I am even doubtful of the fruits.

CHAPTER IX.

Dinner that night was by far the most cheerful of the series. Lady Betty talked gaily, and Mabel Simpson

seconded her when she flagged. Mereworth, who had expected the last night to be terrible, joined in their mirth with relief

and alacrity. Perhaps the only displeased person was Mrs Fairbrother, to whom all rapid conversation seemed indecorous. As the ladies crossed the hall to the drawing-room, Lady Betty wavered for a moment and pressed her hand to her heart; and Mabel, who had indeed watched her all day like some careful trainer, fell behind the others and stimulated her with a friendly clasp. It was she who exclaimed on the beauties of the evening, and the charms of a breath of fresh air. Free of their elders, the two conspirators hastened to Betty's room, where she was hastily arrayed in a morning dress, covered by a cloak, and a dressing-bag feverishly packed—Lady Betty half laughing and wholly trembling, Mabel swift and calm. Then they set forth, Betty hiding a hat under her cloak, Mabel's stalwart arm hiding the bag under the folds of a big shawl. They gained the library, and were out of the window which gave on to the walled garden.

It was only nine o'clock, and near Midsummer Day, so that it was yet twilight. The sky was still red, and the air very calm. The fugitives did not wait to make these observations: they walked quickly through the garden, and were soon on the path to the sea. The path was a narrow and uneven road, impossible to vehicles for its steepness: it wound between high banks, thickly bushed, and was at once lost to sight from above; it was visible again where it came out within a few yards of a nar-

rower path that led straight to the bay. The girls stood for a moment on the top, and in the still air a man's low-pitched voice came up to them—

“Si vous v'lez venir avec moi—
Ou la la, ou la la.”

Betty laughed gladly, and turned to kiss her friend. At that moment another sound was heard far behind them. It was that of wheels on the road through the wood to the house. Both started, for their nerves were strung.

“Suppose it should be Arthur?” Lady Betty gasped. “It can't be—no!”

But the thought seemed to have defeated Mabel's presence of mind at last. “Good gracious!” she said, “if it is! If he comes out here! Betty, I shan't be able to keep to our story if he finds me—your room isn't locked, and there hasn't been time for you to get back! I must say you broke away from me, that I didn't notice the bag—take it, quick!—and I tried to prevent you. You'll say the same in a letter, won't you? Don't betray me!”

Betty laughed, and took the bag. She seemed the braver of the two now. “So your zeal for doing right doesn't go so far as quarrelling with Arthur? But you're a brick. I'll say you did all you could to prevent me. Good-bye, and be a good wife!”

She kissed Mabel lightly, and began to run down the slope. Mabel stood and watched the slight little figure as it hurried, swaying with the weight of the bag, and disappeared round the

bend of the path. She turned away and walked slowly towards the garden, her face half joyous and half troubled: perhaps she joyed for the triumph of right, and mourned for the waywardness of Betty Flair and her lover.

She had not reached the garden when Arthur Fairbrother hurried through it. "Where's Betty?"

"Arthur! Nobody expected you—in fact, it's very informal." She laughed without much jollity.

"Something made me feel horribly uneasy—something Mrs Ogilvie said. I knew Lady Mereworth wouldn't mind—I couldn't stay in town."

"But how unlike you!"

"Yes; but I must see Betty before it's all over. Where is she? They said you'd gone for a stroll together, and I said I'd join you while they got me some dinner. Where is she?"

"Arthur, I've bad news for you. I'm dreadfully sorry. I did what I could. I couldn't stop her. I knew nothing—she broke away from me—she——" At this moment Lady Betty's figure came into dim view at the bottom of the path, and was joined by another. Arthur, looking that way, saw them, and left his cousin without a word, running his best. Mabel sat down by the wayside, and pondered, I suppose, on human fortunes.

When Arthur reached the cove the boat was just floated, and Herbert Mardon, jumping in, sat down to the oars. He did not row, however, and the boat drifted slowly seaward.

"Good evening," said Herbert Mardon.

"Come back!" cried Arthur Fairbrother. He ran a pace or two into the sea, where—at Mardon increased the difference between them by a stroke, and then held the boat. Lady Betty sat silent in the stern.

"I'm afraid we can't," Herbert Mardon said. "We're in a hurry."

"Damn you!" shouted Fairbrother. "Come back and fight like a man."

Mardon laughed. "My dear man, your idea is primitive,—but I remember I set you the example some weeks ago. Some other time I should be delighted; at present I'm afraid Lady Betty couldn't manage the boat alone. You must admit that there are occasions when one must postpone even the pleasure of your society. I'm afraid you're getting wet." Fairbrother stood in the sea, the water over his yellow boots, and lapping his neatly creased trousers. "You cad!" he shouted. Lady Betty spoke to Mardon in a low voice, and Mardon said, "Very well." "Mr Fairbrother," he said, more seriously, "I'm doing you an injury, and you are right to be angry. Believe me, I honestly think it is the only thing to be done. If you like to follow me to France, and adopt the customs of the country, I'll meet you; though I think we should cut a ridiculous figure, and I'm sure you will admit that in calmer blood. But we can't brawl now. Good-night!"

"Cad!" Fairbrother shouted

again, and Mardon's manner again changed to flippancy.

"Your vocabulary's limited," he said: "I have no desire to bandy Billingsgate with you. Confound it, man!" he said more warmly; "be a gentleman. This lady has decided to marry me: it is for you to accept the fact without a fuss. . . . Oh, look, my dear man, look at the blue sea and the sky with the stars beginning to shine, and these splendid old rocks! It's nearly twenty years since Betty and I first looked at them together. Isn't it a night for romance? Don't stand gibbering in the water: don't, for God's sake, don't turn it all into a farce! You would be quite in the picture if you shot me; but you've not got a pistol, and it's no use throwing your straw hat

at me. God be with you! Good-night!"

He bent to the oars and shot the boat seawards. Fairbrother stood helplessly a moment, and then he pulled himself together and took off his hat. "Good-bye, Betty!" he called. Mardon rested on the oars again and took off his hat with no more offence, and Lady Betty turned in the stern and waved her hand. "Good-bye, Arthur!" she called. "We could not be happy together. Forgive me. Nobody's to blame but I: your cousin did her best to stop me. Good-bye!"

Fairbrother stood silently, until a voice called his name, pleasantly and familiarly, on the path above him. Then he turned his back on the wild things in the boat, and walked up the path to his proper mate.

HIS DAISY.

AIN'T I a treat wiv me swell green 'at,
Wiv its white net fall wot 'angs so pat,
An' its big gold bird wiv sealy wings,
An' its pearl 'ead-pin an' its shimmerin' fings?
Oh, it's 'urry up, sun, wiv a gleam o' dye,
An' cheer me troo love on 'is wye,—

Fer I am 'is little dysy.

So it's Root-toot-too an' a toot-toot-too,

Rr-rr-rr-rap,

The drums will boom an' the drums will tap,
An' the folks will cheer an' the kids will clap,
An' I'll be me troo love's dysy.

The tahn turns out, fer the ridgmint's due,
There's arches gye wiv shields an' glue,
An' the station's smawt wiv mawsts an' flags,
An' the old red b'ize, wot's trod ter rags;
Fer we doos the dandy style dahn 'ere,
Our leaf it ain't the yellor 'n' sere.

Oh, I shall be 'is dysy.

So it's Root-toot-too an' a toot-toot-too,

Rr-rr-rr-rap,

The drums they'll boom an' the drums they'll tap,
An' a gal's 'eart faints ter see 'er chap,—
An' I 'opes I looks the dysy.

The mayor yells, "Cheers f'r our noble Queen!"
('Is shirt's embrydered, 'is coat's sea-green,
An' oo would fink, ter see 'is 'at,
'E sells Kiel butter b' th' penny pat?)
An' we all "Ooryed," an' me st'y-lyce bust
When Bill come mawchin' out, the fust,

An' cried I was 'is dysy!

Oh, it's Root-toot-too an' a toot-toot-too,

Rr-rr-rr-rap,

The big drums boom an' the little uns tap;
An' I could eat my lovely chap,
F'r 'e swears that I'm 'is dysy.

The Tommies was wellnigh carried dahn
 Fro' the maze o' folk in the flah'r-roped tahn,
 The lydies smiled in their velveteen,
 An' the kiddies they piped, "Gord sive the Queen!"
 From a red gran' stan' w're they munched Barf buns;
 But, sweetest of all, the old tale runs

That I am a solger's dysy.

F'r it's Root-toot-too an' a toot-toot-too,

Rr-rr-rr-rap,

The drums they boom an' the drums they tap;

'E's 'ome fr'm acrost your widest map,

But 'e vows I'm still 'is dysy.

Now 'e ain't shot up ter the 'Ouse o' Lords,
 An' 'e 'aves no grant from the nashional 'oards;
 'E never could stand ter make no speech,
 But 'e growed in a school where the blood-sweats teach
 In a grillin' charge when it's steel ter steel,
 An' limbs go strippin' like orange-peel,—

An' I am 'is little dysy.

Oh, it's Root-toot-too an' a toot-toot-too,

Rr-rr-rr-rap,

The drums they boom an' the drums they tap;

'Is right sleeve's empty, 'is arm's in a strap,—

But I am 'is little dysy.

'E's jest the neatest bloke o' th' ranks,
 An' well-be'ived wiv 'is "please" an' "fanks,"
 None o' y'r riff-raff sort ain't Bill,
 Tho' ready to charge the world up-'ill.
 Lor, wot a poor pale fice 'e's got,
 But the pootiest smile o' the bloomin' lot!

I'll orlwis be 'is dysy.

Then, it's Root-toot-too an' a toot-toot-too,

Rr-rr-rr-rap,

The drums they boom an' the drums they tap;

Cheers for the brive, an' wive y'r cap,—

An' I am 'is little dysy.

W. H. H.

A VILLAGE SEMIRAMIS.

ON the day of Mrs Roden's death I think that most of us knew that a princess had fallen in Israel, and a great woman had gone to her last home. But I doubt whether any one of us had entirely gauged the enormous influence which she exercised in the parish. Exactly one week has elapsed since her funeral, and to-day we still find our village in the position of an infant state which, having prospered for years under what I may on the whole term a beneficent tyranny, is painfully awaking to the fact that it has suddenly become autonomous, and is expected to make its own way in the world.

We have got a parish council of a sort, but up to the present date, to borrow Job Billing's phraseology, "It ain't been of no count at all alongside of Missus Roden." Indeed nothing but the contempt that the good lady felt for the parish council as a modern institution prevented her from claiming the presidency thereof as a matter of right: in default of assuming the dignity in person, she graciously delegated the office to a subordinate, her cowman. At least that is, I believe, the position which our chairman holds in the deceased lady's establishment. And she so far condescended to take a personal interest in the election as to drive some hundred electors by detachments to the poll.

"Now, there you are," she said, as she deposited each suc-

cessive cargo, "and you knows what you've got to do. In you goes and you plumps for Tummas, and if so be as Tummas don't come out top of the poll I shall know as you've voted wrong, and then!"

The aposiopesis might be taken to imply anything: the effect of it was that the redoubtable Tummas was returned at the head of the poll by an overwhelming majority; and on the strength of further dark hints thrown out by Mrs Roden was at the initiatory meeting of the council unanimously elected chairman. Having so far gained her object, Mrs Roden further trampled on the feelings of the council by letting it be known far and wide that, in her opinion at all events, "parish councils was nothing more nor less than nincompoops," and cautioned Tummas that if there were "any messing with the rates" or "muddling with the charities," she would be under the necessity of looking out for a new cowman.

So it has come to pass that up to the present date the people's senate can hardly be said to have felt its legs, and has, under the able guidance of the chairman, refrained from taking any legislative action in the administration of parish matters. I cannot but regret that Tummas should have thought fit, on the very day of Mrs Roden's funeral, to celebrate his manumission by get-

ting gloriously drunk. It is, I fear me, a sign of the times, and may be taken as some indication of what we may expect under the new *régime*, or, to be more correct, the new want of *régime*. Only once, so far as my knowledge goes, did Tummas presume to make a beast of himself in the good old days, and then he was put into a horse-trough by Mrs Roden's orders, and left there till he was sober enough to find his way out.

And now for a more particular account of our village Semiramis lately deceased. I have in my time had some knowledge of authoresses and poetesses; I have been on speaking terms with the wife of a head of a college, with dons' wives by the score, with bishops' ladies a few, with a stray peeress here and there: I have seen Royalty herself in her carriage and Royalty's daughters walking in the streets, but I shall always regard my acquaintanceship with Mrs Roden, *née* Thorpe, as the brightest spot in my social career.

As I am unwilling to deal with matters beyond my ken, I will not enter into a detailed account of the birth and parentage of this great woman. I will merely state that her baptismal name was Sarah, and that she was the only daughter and sole heiress of Thorpe, the great butcher, or to give him the title upon which Mrs Roden herself always insisted, the great master-butcher who monopolised the custom of our village, and who effectually nipped in the bud any sparks of enthus-

iasm which may have existed in our old rector's mind in those far-off days when he was young and vigorous. The rector, who told me the story, explained that in years gone by there was existing in the parish grave discord on religious matters between two factions. The points at issue were of trivial import, but party feeling ran high, and one-half of the parish was hardly on speaking terms with the other. Anxious in the early days of his pastorate to compose these differences, the rector invited the rival chiefs, one of whom was the master-butcher, to dine at the rectory and discuss matters in a friendly spirit. The invitation was accepted, and up to a certain point the prospects of an agreement looked rosy. There was much unanimity in the appreciation of the dinner—the rector's cuisine, be it said, was at all times irreproachable—and a bottle of old college port disappeared like magic.

"And now, gentlemen," said the rector, pending the arrival of the second bottle, "I think we might just talk out your little differences, and see if we cannot adjust them in a friendly spirit."

It was then that the master-butcher got upon his legs. His type of oratory, according to the rector's description, was incisive, and his language at the outset of his discourse favoured that of the Scottish Covenanter, but later on there was exhibited a power of invective which would have aroused the admiration of a Billingsgate fish-wife.

"I have been a-looking forward to this meeting for days past," he commenced, "and I've been a-contriving how I may talk to you amicable-like, Richard Cope, as the rector says. And I've wrestled in prayer night and morning so as to get the power to talk things friendly. And the power it has come, and the spirit it is willing. But I'm warned as I must fust say things to you, Richard Cope, as will make your very heart burn," and then followed the invective.

The upshot of the peace conference was that the litigants had to be shown out of the rectory by different doors, and severally escorted on their homeward journey by the rector and his man-of-all-work, in order that they might not settle their disputes by a stand-up fight in the road after having nearly come to fist-cuffs in the dining-room.

After this one experiment the rector made no further attempt to act as mediator, professing to let matters take their own course. A few years later the Cope family moved their habitation to a neighbouring village, and the master-butcher remained master of the situation. When he died at a good old age, his mantle, together with a double portion of his spirit, descended on to the shoulders of his daughter, who shortly bestowed herself and her worldly goods on worthy John Roden, but retained in her own hands the paramount authority over our village. It is seldom, I should fancy, given to any one individual in any

parish to combine in his or her person the offices of churchwarden of the parish church, patron and proprietor of a little Bethel, censor of public morals, medical adviser, and sanitary inspector. Yet I may say that at the time I knew Mrs Roden she had practically usurped all these functions. For if the title of churchwarden more properly belonged to John Roden, it was his by courtesy only; and in the old days of vestry meetings it was well known to every member of the vestry that though the voice which was heard at their meetings was the voice of John, the sentiments and ideas it uttered were the sentiments and ideas of Sarah. Indeed John so far gave himself away in the matter that he never ventured to speak at all without a constant reference to a lengthy table of notes and queries copied in his wife's handwriting, and invariably prefaced his remarks with the phrases, "My missus says," or "My missus thinks."

"But what do you think yourself, John?" he was once asked by an irreverent vestryman.

Poor John! for the moment he was completely nonplussed. It was a popular saying that he never dared to call his soul his own; and he had probably long since given up the habit, or it may have been the exertion, of independent thought. He scratched his head and looked in a helpless manner at his paper of instructions, and feebly ejaculated—

"Well, I don't know rightly

as I think anything, and I don't know as it would be much count on if I did neither. But my missus thinks," &c., &c.

Apart from his wife's promptings old John Roden was not a man of many words, but occasionally in the privacy of his own house, if conversation seemed to be flagging, he would make a feeble attempt to entertain a visitor with some personal or family reminiscences. The ready manner in which his better-half would supply emendations and interpolations used to suggest to my mind the picture of an author and his critic sitting side by side and evolving a book together.

"Now I minds in the summer of 1860," John would begin.

"Why, that was the year you was ill a-bed most of the summer along of those colds you got at the sheep-washing, Roden. Nothing would please John but he must take and look after the sheep-washing himself that year, Master George. So I takes and claps him in bed with a good hot mustard plaster, and keeps him there a week or more."

"Well," continued John, "I minds as how me and my wife's father, as was a butcher——"

"A master-butcher, please, Roden; to hear you talk any one would think as you'd married a journeyman butcher's daughter."

"Well, me and my wife's father, as was a master-butcher then, we was a driving into market together——"

"Then I wonder what you was a-driving in, Roden? My father used to ride to market

on his cob just like any other gentleman."

"Well, perhaps we was a-riding," assented John.

"Ah, that's more like it: it were a slip of the tongue, Master George; he said driving, but he meant riding all the time. That is just John's way."

What between the interruptions and the corrections and the promptings, the exact circumstances that John "minded" never transpired; but, as Mrs Roden subsequently explained to me, the omission was of trivial importance.

"Lor' bless your heart, Master George!" she said cheerily, "what do it matter after all? John, he's had his say, and that has pleased him. I never take no account of what John says for my own part, though I likes to hear him talk. He hasn't had what you wouldn't call no eddication, hasn't John. But there, I knew he wasn't an eddicated man when I married him. But he knows more now than he did then by a bit, I count. I went to a boarding-school for a matter of three years or more."

Poor old John predeceased his wife by some ten years, and "a blessing it were that he was took and not me." So moralised Mrs Roden, and she gave me sundry good reasons in support of her theory that the fittest to live had survived. When a few days after his funeral I went to pay a visit of condolence, I found her sitting in her parlour in all the glories of widowhood. Discon-

solate widowhood I will not call it, for there was an evident feeling that the widow's cap with its long streamers and the heavily craped dress were becoming to her matronly person; and the consciousness that her attire was calculated to make a favourable impression on her visitors was eminently comforting and sustaining.

She sighed deeply as she motioned me to a seat.

"Well, he's gone, is Roden," she said presently, "and his end was peace. I buried him 'andsome, as I always said I would, as his family shouldn't never throw it up against me as I didn't do my duty by him. Not as I minds, Master George, what people do say, as is often blasts of vain doctrine. But there's a way of doing things, and I've done what's proper. There were Mrs Jakes up top of the village; it were twelve years ago come Christmas as she lost her husband same as I've done mine, and Jakes was a man of some count in these parts too, and had made his bit of money. But was there mutes and mourning coaches at his burying, Master George? Not one, as I'm an honest woman. There wasn't no hearse, just six farm labourers carrying him down, and all a-walking. I couldn't have done that along o' John; I told 'im I'd bury 'im 'andsome, and I done it. He were sitting by that table same as you're sitting now, Master George, three weeks back come to-morrow, and nothing will please him but he will have out the parish account-book,

and begins messing. Well, I stops him. 'John,' I says, 'you ain't no count to do that now,' I tells him; 'you've done with parish accounts now, you've got your own account to make up, and not much time to do it in neither. What you've got to think of now,' I says, 'Roden, is whether you'll have a wooden cross or a stone, — not as I wouldn't have a wooden cross myself if I were you, as can be made in the village, and then you'll know what you're paying for.' And then, just to cheer him up I shows him what I'd got ready to put over him. I'd like you to see it, Master George," and she handed me a paper.

"The best of husbands
And the best of men,
The village ne'er
Shall see his like again.
He's gone and left
His widow to repine.
She put this cross,
Helped by his children nine."

On reading this composition I was absolutely at a loss what to say. It has been the habit of our village to prefer original compositions to Scriptural texts, but I really did not feel that I was called upon to admire poor John's epitaph. Still I had to say something, so I hazarded a feeble criticism.

"I didn't know that you had nine children, Mrs Roden."

"Ah, that's what John said. But he'd got two nieces, and I told him that they wouldn't like to be left out, poor things, as they rode in a coach and brought their wreaths and all. And I tells him, 'Abraham, he called his wife his sister, and

she were only his cousin after all, and what was good enough for Abraham is good enough for you, John,' I says. Not that John hadn't a hankering after the other ending," and she handed me a revised version of the last four lines :—

"His widow left,
He's gone to heaven.
She put this cross,
Helped by his children seven."

"But there," she continued, "as I tells him, I thinks and I hopes that I'll meet him in heaven some day, but there's no knowing, and it's best to be on the safe side."

It was the original copy of these verses that were eventually inscribed on the handsome cross that stood at the head of John Roden's grave. I am still rather dubious as to whether the conversation on "graves, worms, and epitaphs" was so entirely gratifying to the feelings of the invalid as to those of his consort, but the general verdict of the village was that Mrs Roden had, as she herself claimed, done the thing handsomely.

And now, what were the lady's own religious views? A quaint medley indeed, and yet I am sure that there was a genuine depth in her convictions, and that according to her lights she was a religious enthusiast. Her own account was that she believed in the Gospel, and she added, "And for my own part, I don't see as it makes much difference who preaches it, so long as it is Gospel. And yet there

is the rector, Master George, as is always saying that the parish is getting that large as he shall soon want a curate, —he don't hold by Mr Timms preaching the Gospel on Sunday nights in my little chapel as I built on purpose. He says as how Mr Timms ain't never been properly ordained. Why, it's my chapel, and if I lets him preach there, and see that he preaches Gospel, what's it got to do with the rector or no one else? Why don't the rector offer to come and preach there himself?"

"Well, I suppose, Mrs Roden, it's hardly what you would call an authorised chapel."

"Authorised! I don't know what you call authorised, Master George. I give the land, I gets the money together for the chapel, I pays a man to preach there, and I tells him that I won't have nothing preached there but Gospel, and I goes every Sunday night to hear that he do preach Gospel, —if all that don't authorise, I should like to know what do."

As the old lady was getting warm, it was obviously unwise to continue the discussion; for, as Job Billing once sagely remarked, "When old Sarah Roden have once set her back up, ten thousand millions of 'osses ain't a-going to pull it down again."

And indeed, for my own part, I have never found argument with womankind on these topics either conducive to harmony or productive of effect.

And yet, notwithstanding

the motherly pride she took in the little chapel of her own establishment, no one would have repudiated more indig-nantly than Mrs Roden the idea that she was anything but a good Churchwoman. So far as a most regular attendance at morning service can be held to substantiate a claim to the title, she was the very best Churchwoman in the parish. Sunday after Sunday, fair weather or foul, she was to be seen in her place, sitting in all the dignity that appertained to the position of being the better-half of a church-warden, and with all the importance that attached itself to the wearer of the best black silk dress in the parish, and the tenant of the one and only faculty pew.

"I'm not one of that sort as lets yokes of oxen or bits of land stand in the way of my church-going, Master George. If ever you misses me at morning church, it will be because you ain't there to see me, or because I am ill a-bed."

But regular attendance by no means argued entire approval of all that was said or done in our parish church in these modern days.

"I'm true blue Protestant," she informed me one day, "and I can't a-bear no papists. None of yer newfangled goings on, your bowings and your scrap-ings, and your uprisings and your down-sittings for me. I don't hold with they idol-at-ries."

True to her creed, she reg-ularly sat down when the rest

of the congregation stood up at the entrance of the clergy; sniffed long and loudly if she disapproved of any doctrinal teaching in the sermon, and closed her purse with an aud-ible click if the destination of the offertory money was not entirely to her liking.

"There'll be an extra half-crown in our own little box to-night, Master George, what goes to a mother's club. There's more good in that, I reckon, than in that propa-gating of the heathen in for-eign parts. What's black by nature will be black to its dying day, and it's no use sending good money out of the parish to wash it white."

There spoke the spirit of the master-butcher's daughter. That she closed her purse-strings on occasion arose not so much from want of liber-ality as from the tradesman-like feeling against good money going out of the parish.

From each and every one of her pensioners — and they numbered not a few, for there was a lamentable lack of hon-est pride among our villagers, and many of them preferred being pauperised to going on short commons — my Lady Bountiful exacted something like feudal service. The boys of the family were expected to touch their caps to her in the streets and run on errands out of school hours; the girls to abjure feathers in their hats and drop their morning curt-seys; boys and girls alike to submit to a weekly half-hour's instruction in the Gospel from her private chaplain. Parents

were required to follow in Church matters the example set them by their benefactress, who never thought twice about entering a cottage and hauling a defaulter of either sex over the coals. She allowed no malingering to interfere with the duties of attendance at public worship. "Church in the morning and chapel in the evening, Widow Brown, or no more shillings from me. I reckon as if you're hearty enough to tramp to my house on Monday, you're well enough to go to church and chapel on Sunday."

The surprise visits of inspection which she paid to well-nigh every cottage in our end of the village were thus described by Tom Bull, the hunchbacked cobbler, privileged in virtue of his deformity to pass remarks on people in high places.

"The old woman do be just like a maggot," he said, "in and out, poking her nose and smelling in every corner, no by your leave nor with your leave nor nothing."

If I am not prepared to go the whole length of saying that these visits were acceptable to the recipients, there was no doubt at all about the general effect being salutary in the long-run. Drastic measures were necessary to make our villagers a comparatively clean and wholesome race. Mrs Roden's measures were very drastic, her language on occasions marked by decision rather than refinement.

"Here's your monthly shilling, Mrs Thomas, and I don't

know as it isn't the last you'll have. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and yours is the dirtiest cottage in the parish, so as I allers spits when I pass your door."

With what promptitude, too, did she in her latter days suppress a contractor who had ventured to deposit a noisome heap of rubbish in our village. I had the good fortune to hear the conversation between Tummas, who was her emissary on this occasion, and the contractor's carters. Tummas, whose head had been perhaps a little turned by the new dignity which had been thrust upon him, commenced operations by trying to play a card on his own account.

"Hi, you there," he shouted to the carters who were in the act of unloading the rubbish, "just you drop that."

"Drop what?" was the answer.

"Why, a - putting of that mess there—drop it, I says."

"And who says we're to drop it?"

"Why, the parish council, in course. I be Chairman."

"Well then, Mister Chairman of the parish council, you just trot off home again and mind your own business. We takes our orders from Slee, and not from no councils."

Put out of court on his first count, Tummas wisely swallowed the affront to his official dignity, and tried a new tack.

"My missus, Missus Roden of the Manor House, she sent me, and she says as you've to drop it. She says that you can go home yourself and tell Slee as she can

buy him up any day in the week, and as how if that muck is there to-morrow morning, she'll have the law on him."

The two carters suspended operations and looked at each other.

"Missus Roden!" presently ejaculated one.

"Old Sairey!" murmured the other, and after a momentary silence he stuck his shovel into the heap.

"I dunno what you're a-going to do of, mate," he remarked, "but I ain't a-going on with this job. I'd sooner run my old head up agin a brick wall as agin old Sairey, and I reckon as Slee 'd say the same."

There was not a trace of that rubbish-heap when I passed the place the next day. I feel that I have underrated Mrs Roden's importance when I spoke of her as having usurped the functions of sanitary inspector. In matters of this sort she played the part of sanitary inspector, District Council, and Local Government Board all rolled up into one. There was no delay and no beating about the bush: her methods were summary,—a word and a blow, and not infrequently the blow came first.

In her capacity of medical adviser she dosed all the old men and women in the parish, and nearly drove the authorised local practitioner to despair. Her medicines—Heaven knows where she got the recipes from!—were infinitely more popular than those of the poor Sawbones; there was nothing to pay and plenty to taste. I myself had a narrow escape from test-

ing her pharmaceutical skill, and it made me very cautious for the future. Happening to call upon her on an evening when I was suffering from a heavy cold, as ill luck would have it I was taken with a violent fit of sneezing.

"I must take you in hand, Master George," she said. "I've got some stuff in a bottle as will drive away a cold in no time," and after rummaging in a cupboard, she produced a small bottle full of a black compound. The smell, when I opened the bottle, was bad enough in all conscience, but I saw that she had it in her mind to pour the stuff down my throat instant. Pleading that the taste of medicine would infallibly spoil my dinner, and undertaking to swallow the draught before I went to bed, I beat a hurried retreat, and on the following morning successfully passed the bottle on to my gardener, an old Devonshire man, who also had a bad cold. It did him good, so he informed me the next morning; but he showed no inclination to ask for more. "As it would twist a cat," was his description of it.

A great woman in these her public capacities, Sarah Roden showed herself equally great in the petty details of domestic life. She permitted no circumstances to abash her, and from positions where others with less force of character might have felt embarrassed or humiliated, she would extricate herself without loss of caste. For instance, an ordinary woman might have expressed some annoyance at Mr Hales' sale when the job-

lot of dessert plates, which had been knocked down to her for a preposterously high price, turned out to be a very miscellaneous collection. Not so Mrs Roden.

"Well, Master George," she whispered in my ear, "and I knows as they don't match. But, Lord bless yer! what do it matter when they doylies is on?"

It is the mark, we have been told, of a well-balanced mind to feel at ease in any society. There was a morning when I found Mrs Roden at her silver cupboard putting away some forks.

"As John has gone to market," she explained to me, "and is very like to bring home a friend or two for supper. Plated forks is good enough for them to eat with on market-days, as half of them as John brings home can't eat proper, and bites their forks. For my own part, Master George, I says that if the Queen was to ask me to tea, *I* should know how to behave *myself*."

The accent laid upon the pronoun may or may not have been intended to imply that Mrs Roden would not undertake to answer for Royalty coming with equal credit out of the ordeal.

"I daresay that you and the Queen would have plenty to talk about, Mrs Roden. What should you call her?"

"Mum, of course, same as I should expect her to call me. Yes, mum," she repeated, reflectively, "or Majesty now and again perhaps, but mum would be good enough for me."

Being then such as we are in our village, a weak-kneed but gainsaying generation at the best of times, of such a woman have we been deprived. I do not pretend to be able to analyse the feelings of the whole parish on the loss that we have sustained. For my own part, I am unfeignedly sorry. I had known her worth, and gauged her merits as well as her weaknesses. And yet such is the want of charity in this world of ours, and such the lack of the power of due appreciation, that I fear me the reprobate Job Billing, who fills the office of sexton, struck the keynote of the line of thought that pervaded the minds of too many in the lower grades of society when he thus addressed me:—

"Looking at old Mother Roden's grave, Master George? Well, she were a masterful woman and no mistake. But she won't get up no more: I give her two extra feet drop a purpose. I counted as how she'd bossed the show here long enough, and as it were high time as she went and bossed it somewhere else. Upstairs or downstairs, I don't envy 'em."

THE ORIGIN OF "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."

I TRUST that I am giving Mrs Mary Baker G. Eddy no offence when I say that in claiming to be the founder of Christian Science she is not telling the strict truth. The real founder was a certain Phineas P. Quimby, who was in business as a blacksmith in a small New England town in the early sixties. In his spare time he practised healing by mental suggestion, with such success that patients flocked to him from all parts of the State, and among them came Mrs Eddy, who was suffering from some nervous disorder that defied medical skill. Quimby was contemptibly wanting in enterprise: though it was patent to all that there was money in the thing, he continued to give his services for nothing, and even to impart the theory of his practice to any of his patients who cared to listen to him. Mrs Eddy sucked him dry, and returned home full of new thoughts. She realised at once the defects and the possibilities of her master's teaching. He used the Bible for his cures; he argued that of the two commands laid upon the apostles—to preach the Gospel and to heal the sick—the Church had obeyed the first and neglected the second. Therein were endless possibilities; but he had not ambition enough to push the matter to its logical end, to break from the common herd of faith-healers and churchgoers, and proclaim himself the

apostle of a new revelation after the order of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormons. Now Mary Baker G. Eddy is before all things an excellent woman of business. She knew that a sect more or less does not count for much in a country like America, where they are numbered by hundreds. But here, ready to her hand, was the material for a religious sect of a novel kind, that should minister to the two wants for which mankind is always ready to pay without expecting any return in this world's goods—medicine for the soul and medicine for the body. Any medical directory will enable you to arrive approximately at the annual sum that it spends in the latter direction if you assume that every doctor in the list is making an average of at least £300 a-year. Mrs Eddy tells us that she spent three years in retirement "to search the Scriptures and ponder her mission," and no one can say that they were years ill-spent, since they were the incubation period of 'Science and Health,' and her Metaphysical College. And so, when she claims to have discovered Christian Science, as she does with much unnecessary warmth of language, she is doing herself an injustice. In reality she played Shakespeare to Phineas P. Quimby's Boccaccio: she stole the idea and made a masterpiece of it, as many other great artists have done before her.

She did not enjoy a monopoly of the business. She made enemies among the more stiff-necked of her converts, and, before the "Metaphysical College" of Massachusetts was in full swing, she had a rival sect of "scientists" about her ears who preferred to draw their inspiration unfiltered from the fountainhead. The camp was divided between the Quimbyites and the Eddyites. In England the proceedings of coroners' and police courts have made the name of Eddy almost a household word: of Quimby and his sect we have not even heard, but that is because the Quimbyites have stuck by the Church and have no master-mind to marshal their forces. In America they are said to outnumber the Eddyites, and love is not lost between the two. When Christian Science exhorts its leaders to embrace the whole world in fervent love, there is always, even in its book of devotion, a reservation in respect of the Quimbyites. If you mention them to the last English convert she will shudder, and call them "schismatics." What the Quimbyites would call her we shall know when they too come to England.

When the invasion of England was resolved upon about four years ago, Mrs Eddy had retired from active business full of years and substance, and the ablest of her lieutenants, a Mrs Field-King, was appointed to command. She had been, we believe, the proprietor of a bath establishment in Illinois, and, seeing her extraordinary

capacity for business, it is remarkable that she failed in her former calling. She began quite modestly by hiring a room for her meetings in the Portman Rooms, but in less than three years she had made money enough to house herself in an expensive flat, and had raised funds for the purchase of a derelict synagogue in Bryanston Street. Primitive Christianity, run upon strictly business principles, had done all this. In America there is a saying that has become a commonplace through frequent repetition, "Christian Science is neither Christian nor scientific." This may be true of the Christianity, but of the Science, if a profound insight into human weakness is science, it is strangely unjust. Any one, of course, who chooses to invent a new religion, can set up his tub in London, and count upon having a following of some kind; but there must be a streak of genius in him to avow frankly that his gospel is a money-making concern without exciting suspicion of the purity of his motives. Mrs Field-King, knowing full well, we need not doubt, the story of Simon Magus, announced from the first that her gospel was on sale. If you wanted the gift of healing yourself and your fellow-men by the power of Christ, you could have it for twenty guineas paid in advance. You then attended a course of private lessons, and emerged with the power of healing every ailment from a broken leg to the measles. Some forty persons

attended the first course, and forty times twenty guineas is £840,—no paltry profit for the first season's working.

Then, there were the books. We cannot advise any one to buy 'Science and Health,' Mrs Eddy's masterpiece, because, even in the poorest binding, it costs 14s., and, frankly, it is not worth the money, even for the amusement it affords. The authoress puffs her wares with the shamelessness of a Corelli. "The sixteenth edition has been reached," she boasts, "and many people are healed simply by reading the work." That was some time ago: the sale is said now to have reached 100,000. If she made the bargain with her publishers that one might expect from such a canny person, that means £50,000 into the pocket of the authoress. And they call her a stupid, ignorant woman!

How did she manage it? Christian Science is a sect of women headed by a woman. Perhaps if it had been headed by a man there would have been more opposition on the part of the male relations of the converts. It is, moreover, a sect of idle women with money to spend. Mrs Field-King aimed at one class only—the half-educated and frivolous women of London Society, who wanted some new pursuit when "slumming" fell out of fashion, and who had never yet been flattered with the suggestion that they had an intellect. She came to the people who went to church but had never given a thought to their religion, and persuaded them that they knew

things about the Bible that were never dreamed of in the philosophy of the clergy; to women who had never used the organs they were pleased to call their minds, and dangled vague philosophical puzzles before them until they believed that they were the first who had ever thought upon the relations of Mind and Matter; to women weary of the empty social tread-wheel, and showed them how they might be philanthropic without being dowdy, intellectual without reading, professional without losing caste. But all this, you may say, is the ordinary stock-in-trade of the theosophist, and all the other religious cranks who batten upon the credulity of idle women. True! but the founder of Christian Science had in reserve a bait that no human being, be he millionaire or gutter-snipe, has ever regarded with indifference. She promised to her followers no less than an income honestly earned by good works. She made money by simony, it was true, but, on the other hand, so should they,—not (mark you) in a spirit of self-seeking, but as a solemn duty to God and man. And why? Because in the pursuit of her science she had discovered that the cures would not work without a sacrifice on the part of the patient, a pecuniary sacrifice which she assessed at £1 a-week, or 8s. a visit, payable in advance, since, as an eminent healer deliciously explains in a letter to one of her patients, "the running up of bills for healing is contrary to the spirit of Christian Science."

Thus the whole structure of Christian Science is a pinnacle of sacrifice. The patient sacrifices to the healer; the healer sacrifices to Mrs Field-King; Mrs Field-King sacrifices to her tradesmen, or possibly (for this we do not know) to Mrs Eddy herself, in the form of a commission on the profits. Mrs Eddy alone enjoys immunity from sacrifice, as is only just, seeing that she is, as it were, patentee of the system. As one of her most trusted followers declared, "Mrs Eddy has a keen sense of the more practical side of life, and a shrewd business instinct. For that reason some have even accused her of worldliness." As she charges £60 for three weeks' training as a healer, and claims to have an attendance of 3000 pupils, and has sold 100,000 of her book at 14s., none will question the aptness of this loving description.

You may have been saddled with ten thousand a-year of your own, and yet prize the few shillings you have made by your own efforts above all your worldly goods. Magazine editors, who have had dealings with rich contributors, know that they are often greedier than the struggling hack who has to live by his pen. The smart lady who has taken to Christian Science is fast becoming as voracious as the needy American women who taught her her trade. She has still to sacrifice to Mrs Field-King, for that wily lady is always making fresh discoveries which can only be learned by a supplementary course at five guineas. She herself is ever clambering up

the ladder of knowledge and stretching a hand to those that stumble on the lowest rung, provided, of course, that they are willing to pay for her aid. She flatters her pupils by inviting them to contribute to the common store of knowledge. When a patient dies on their hands it is only because some obscurity that can only be overcome by unremitting study still baffles them. She counts upon nothing less than victory over death itself at last, or rather, to use her own phraseology, over the "error" which men call death, though she does not explain by what steps she proposes to avert over-population.

With all its ingenuity there is something so squalid in the money-making aspect of Christian Science that one may be curious to know what excuse can be made for it. A young high-school teacher, Miss Annie Harwood, who was treated by Christian Scientists for a nervous affection, has recently published her experiences under the title 'Christian Science, an Exposure.' Her title belies her: she is not concerned to attack her former co-religionists, nor has she always the wit to see the humour of her experiences: she simply tells a plain straightforward tale of her connection with the sect, without adverse comment, and she achieves thereby an exposure infinitely more damning than she can have intended. The healer was a young American lady whose identity she conceals under the name of Jansen, who told her frankly at the outset that Christian Scientists did not

care to treat any but rich patients.

The ingratitude shown by the more common class of our patients fully justifies our founder, Mrs Eddy, in making our charges reasonably high. Among the poorer classes . . . the greater number have coarse animal dispositions, which are far too near the clay for our teaching to make any impression upon them. . . . It is for that reason, and not from any greed of gain, that we have been forced to charge as much as twenty guineas for a course of lessons.

Again :—

If it were not that our purpose is philanthropic, and our mission to relieve the disease and suffering of the world, we could not possibly charge less than a guinea for each visit. Remember that the labourer is worthy of his hire. The apostles were distinctly bidden to take what the hospitable kindness of their patients pressed upon them. Not only so, but from the fact that Judas carried the bag we are led to infer that a regular charge was made from those who had benefited by miracles.

From this artless blasphemy we too are "led to infer" that a sense of humour is not among the mental qualities cultivated by Christian Scientists.

Miss Harwood had called upon the eminent healer at an unfortunate moment. A dress-maker, one of those persons with "coarse animal dispositions," had preceded her to the consulting-room to demand the return of seven guineas which she alleged had been obtained from her for a bogus cure. Under the influence of this fancied grievance she had none of the atmosphere of calmness and light and love about her which Christian Scientists insist upon in their patients, and she

left very little of them with the practitioner at the end of the interview, for she seems to have got her money. Miss Harwood began her course of treatment by observing the following prohibitions: "(1) Every kind of medicine must be at once left off; (2) patients must read Christian Science literature [*sic*] only, and must give up the newspapers and magazines." "In a truly scientific conception of the universe," it was explained to her, "doctors and medicines have no rightful place. Mind existed before medicine; mind originated medicine." One might as well say, "Fingers existed before forks; fingers originated forks," as a reason for transplanting picnic habits to the dinner-table. But in the second prohibition we may mark the hand of genius, or the hand of Mrs Eddy, which is the same thing; for if you read nothing but Christian Science "literature" you will cut yourself off for ever from the assaults of reason and common-sense. The literature of Christian Science is the literature of the patent medicine. The magazine is a list of "the most striking and extraordinary cures, duly attested by the name and address of the writer." "Why," asked a Science healer in a burst of eloquence, "should people give us these marvellous testimonials if the cures are not genuine? Our patients have nothing whatever to gain by telling falsehoods." Quite so; and no more have the patients of Professor Munyon and Mr J. C. Eno and a hundred other pa-

tentees who print unsolicited testimonials quite as marvellous without mixing sham religion and garbled philosophy with their universal remedies.

There was nothing startling about Mrs Jansen's practice. She read to her patient "in a crooning voice" until she got drowsy, and then she propped her up with cushions, and sat down before her, and brought her great intellect to bear on the case. That is all. "The healer sits in the room with the patient and thinks, and when the stillness tends to become oppressive, a few passages from Mrs Eddy's writings are read aloud with slow and earnest utterance, and two or three times in the course of the hour the patient is encouraged to talk." Small wonder that poor Harold Frederic on his death-bed exclaimed, "This woman Mills bores me to death!" If the treatment is by correspondence the healer sits in her own room and thinks, and from time to time she sends "instructions," which are extracts from Mrs Eddy's writings." Decidedly one would prefer the absent treatment.

Miss Harwood's experience was exactly what one would expect. She was nervous from overwork and unreasonably depressed about herself. Bidden to study Mrs Eddy, she forgot herself and grew better: relieved of this daily task, she relapsed into low spirits. Her duties recalled her to the seaside, where new interests and change of scene did permanently what Christian Science had failed to do.

She noticed that most of the women who testified to having been cured by Christian Science were suffering from hysterical affections, which women are fond of calling organic disease. Doctors know their phraseology so well,—“creeping paralysis,” “epileptic seizure”—the entire category of the imaginary complaints induced by idleness and high living. The doctors tell them that theirs is not a case for medicine, which they interpret into being “given up by the doctors.” Most of the Christian Science cures had been “given up by the doctors.” The testimonials hail, moreover, from over the water—from Texas, from Utah, and from Florida; so do Professor Munyon's. But there is this truth in all of them, that if you can make a woman believe that she is better than she thought, she becomes better than she thought, and this applies in some measure to all ailments, organic, incurable, and otherwise. Bread pills, if you can get the patient to believe in them, will do the same.

Since the deaths of Major Lester and Harold Frederic the leaders of the sect have become cautious. They used to claim to heal broken limbs; now they admit that further study is necessary before their prayers can set bones—a mere vulgar mechanical operation that may well be left to a common surgeon, while they take charge of the general health of the patient. If he makes a good recovery, Christian Science takes the credit. This ready change of front is just what one would

expect from so astute a commander as Mrs Field-King.

The services in the Christian Science synagogue are in process of evolution, like their doctrine. At one of the services, attended by the writer, forty-two were ladies, and only six belonged to the busier and less impressionable sex. Before Mrs King's appearance the conversation turned upon the usual topics of the London season, for Christian Science is a joyous faith, and is tolerant of social distraction and (we thought we noticed) face-powder. They were smart ladies for the most part; and we did not see one among them whose dress marked her as a worker or a crank. Five of the six men were the sort of people one would expect to see in such a place—the men of tea-parties and bazaars and weak small-talk and water. The sixth was an inquirer who was made to suffer for his temerity: Mrs King was not at all the sort of person we expected. Instead of a sharp, adroit, well-educated American, a stout, florid, elderly person, with the air of a housekeeper who has been long with the family, took her stand upon the platform. She spoke with an accent which it would be understatement to call American, and she showed herself to be quite illiterate. Her features were rather prepossessing, and her expression kindly until she scented scepticism in the male inquirer; but there was certainly nothing about her to inspire confidence. The service opened with a hymn, a well-known hymn grotesquely altered to

suit the views of the sect; and then there was an interval of silent prayer, during which Mrs King covered her face with her pocket-handkerchief. There followed a chapter from the Bible and a chapter from Mrs Eddy's masterpiece, and the gravity with which the congregation heard the ludicrous contrast between the beautiful English of the one and the turgid absurdities of the other showed well the class of mind that falls a prey to Christian Science. Mrs King then invited "testimony" (with the accent upon the penultimate), and two young ladies recited the benefits they had received from their twenty-guinea course of lectures, with pauses which Mrs King punctuated with exclamations such as, "That's very joyous!" Then came question-time. Mrs King read a series of dummy objections to her teaching, which, she said, she had received by post, and demolished them to the delighted titters of her congregation. A mild young man rose, blushing, to propound some innocent question. Mrs King beamed on him, and took him, figuratively speaking, to her broad bosom. But the inquirer was received in different sort. He wanted her to reconcile an obvious discrepancy between her remarks and the teaching of St Paul. She "turned nasty" at once, and tried to silence him with sarcasm, which would have discouraged a younger man, seeing that the audience, not understanding the matter in discussion,

had rallied to their mistress's defence. But when he pressed her for an answer, she threw St Paul overboard, seeming to intimate, like Mr John P. Robinson, that "they didn't know everything down in Judee." On another occasion she betrayed her belief that the Old Testament had been translated from the Greek; and when she was confronted with two contradictory statements which no adroitness could reconcile, her only defence was, "Oh, Mr —, that was not worthy of you." The ritual is a little changed now. There are two "Readers" on the platform, the one playing chorus to the other; and they have a wonderful reading of the Lord's Prayer, a paraphrase by Mrs Eddy, in which the opening words are said to be "Our Father and Mother," on the plea that it is wrong to attribute sex to the Deity.

This is a free country, and if people choose to give their money to an ingenious American, and to do their doctoring at home, who can object? Certainly not the doctors, who suck thereout no small advantage in the end,—the suffering patients, having tried the experiment of a smiling lady sitting by the bedside and assuring them that there is no such thing as pain, come back to

them cured of Christian Science for all time; not the undertakers or the coroners, who live by fees; not the relations of the converts, who gain by the conversion of fractious hypochondriacs into contented dupes; not the hypochondriacs themselves, who have at last found the kind of bread-pill that appeals to their imagination. Mrs Eddy and Mrs Field-King deserve the reward of their consummate ingenuity as much or as little as they would if they had won it by clever operations on the Stock Exchange, where their remarkable talents must have assured them success. But instead of assailing these clever ladies and their converts, let us watch the movement with sympathetic interest as a study of a curious side of many-sided human nature; as an excursion of the rich uneducated women of the day into philosophy and professionalism, as their protests against the intolerable dulness of a life of ease and pleasure from which their intellectual limitations prevent them from escaping by the channels open to their better educated sisters. Christian Science is important, because for the moment it is gaining ground so rapidly in London; but it will run the inevitable course of all such movements—schism, mutual vituperation, and extinction.

ADMIRAL SIR W. MENDS.

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS OF NAVAL SERVICE.¹

WHEN Nelson was negotiating with the Bashaw of Tripoli, and urging that potentate to make peace with our protégés, the two Sicilies and Portugal, the negotiations proceeded satisfactorily up to a certain point. Then the Bashaw found himself on the horns of a dilemma from which it was impossible to escape, and which promptly brought the negotiations to a close: he explained that if peace was concluded with our friends he would have no war on his hands, and then, said he, "What am I to do with my frigates?" From the Bashaw's point of view this argument was unanswerable: the frigates were provided for fighting purposes, therefore if he had frigates he must have a war to keep them employed. Moreover, he could not dispense with his ships, because his dignity would be impaired if he laid them up, so the war must go on. Accordingly the frigates sailed on their usual marauding expeditions. Here we see a standing navy regarded as an excellent reason for breaking the peace, and this was a common sentiment not only in Tripoli but all over Europe in the middle ages. Gradually, however, a great change has come about, and the nineteenth century, which is notable for the large

increase of the navies of the world, is also notable for the almost entire absence of serious fighting at sea.

Thus it came to pass that Sir William Mends, who served from 1827 to 1883, either afloat or at the Admiralty, never was in a purely naval action; and indeed since the battle of Navarino in 1827 no British man-of-war has been engaged at sea. Fighting there has been in which the navy has borne a part; but in every instance the fighting took place in connection with shore operations, and much of it was actually on shore. In this fighting, as we shall see, Mends took his share. Indeed the book seems to have been written by the Admiral's son, who himself served some time in the navy, not so much to give to the world an account of the high attainments of the Admiral, but rather to throw light on the work of the navy during the period which it covers, and especially to place on record the aspect of the Crimean campaign as viewed from the quarter-deck of Lord Lyons' flagship, which vessel was in closer touch with the land forces by whom the main operations in the Crimea were carried on than any other ship in the Black Sea.

¹ The Life of Admiral Sir William Robert Mends, G.C.B. By his son, Bowen S. Mends. London: John Murray.

In common with Blake, Nelson, Jervis, Collingwood, and the great majority of prominent naval men, Mends came from a good middle-class family. It is indeed remarkable how few of our great naval commanders have been of noble birth. Many a scion of the nobility has worthily proved his mettle in the sister service; but the noblemen who have served afloat have very seldom risen to prominence. In the early part of this century the proportion of noblemen serving in the fleet was by no means insignificant, and their interest always enabled them to get such appointments as would give the opportunity of coming to the front; but very few distinguished themselves.

The method by which young Mends entered the navy in 1827 was practically the same as that which is in force at present: he had eighteen months' training as a cadet in a college on shore before being sent to sea. But this was then a novelty, and the youngsters who entered in this way—"college volunteers," as they were styled—were looked upon with a certain amount of suspicion by the service afloat. From time immemorial the nomination and entry of youngsters to the service had rested with the captains, and they naturally resented being deprived of their patronage. Mends, however, being the son of a captain in the navy, one of fourteen fighting brothers who obtained commissions in the navy or army, and most of whom lost their lives in their

country's service, stood in a very different position from that of some Admiralty nominee whose friends had political interest; and the boy does not seem to have been badly received by his messmates. His first ship was the *Thetis* frigate, stationed on the South American command; and though in the piping times of peace the commission did not pass without more than one incident, which showed that lives may be lost in the service even in peacetime, and that it is quite possible for a man-of-war to be called upon to fight even when there is no war. The first occurrence took place in Valparaiso Bay. The *Thetis* was moored with two anchors ahead and a third astern, a portion of her men ashore, top-gallant sails unbent and awnings spread, when a Chilian official hurried on board to ask for assistance in the capture of a 24-gun brig whose crew had mutinied and were making off with the ship, which contained a large amount of Chilian Government treasure.

In a few minutes awnings were down, sails bent and set, cables were buoyed and slipped, and the ship was in full chase of the brig. Only three-quarters of an hour had elapsed from the first warning when the *Thetis* drew up within gunshot of the runaway, and a shot was fired across her bows:—

"No notice was taken by the brig of the shot, so a second was fired over her, upon which she at once brought her topsail to the mast and lay to.

Captain Bingham hailed that he wished to send a boat on board ; the answer came back that no boat would be allowed alongside. However, a boat was lowered with a lieutenant and a party of marines in her, and was proceeding towards the brig when the mutineers threatened to fire on her, and she was therefore recalled. The brig was then hailed to surrender, and after ample time had been given, a single shot was fired into her, which passed in at one ladder-way, through the mainmast, and out at the other. Upon receiving this shot the brig retaliated with a broadside of round and grape ; but as she had momentarily fallen off and the guns had not been retrained, little or no damage was done. The foremost division of the frigate's main-deck guns were then fired into her, upon which she struck her colours. . . . The brig lost three men killed and fifteen or twenty wounded in this brief engagement."

It must have been a great satisfaction to Captain Bingham of the *Thetis* to demonstrate in this forcible manner, in full view of the French flagship, the smartness of his ship and the excellence of her gunnery. It says much too for his humanity and forbearance, as well as for the control which he held over his men, that he did not sink the brig when she fired her broadside at the *Thetis*. Bingham had before been engaged in a serious action during peacetime. He was captain of the sloop *Little Belt* when, owing to a mistake which has never been satisfactorily cleared up, she was engaged at night by the United States frigate *President*, of fully treble her force. On this occasion the *Little Belt* suffered a loss of thirty-two killed and wounded, and inflicted very little damage on her huge foe. It seems not im-

probable that after this he found it expedient to pay close attention to training his men at their guns, and there is no doubt that the *Thetis* was in excellent gunnery order.

Bingham did not live to bring the *Thetis* home, and young Mends nearly lost his life at the same time as his captain, through the capsizing of the ship's barge by getting athwart the hawse of a vessel at anchor when running up the Guayaquil river in a strong tide. The tide in this river runs five or six knots, and Bingham showed some lack of caution in sailing up this dangerous river in the dark, amongst anchored vessels. With poor Bingham, Hall, his chaplain, also lost his life. The sailors of the *Thetis* were, however, far from attributing this sad accident to any lack of care : they had a much better reason for their captain's death. It seems that the *Thetis* sailed from Callao on a Friday ! Moreover, when making the entrance of the Guayaquil river, they sighted the island of *Amortajada*—the shrouded corpse—a name given to it by the ancient Spanish explorers who sailed with Pizarro, owing to its supposed resemblance to this gruesome object. Now, Captain Bingham was not only much interested in the strange name, but called to the chaplain to come and notice the resemblance. Such matters were most serious in our ships of seventy years ago, and though we may smile, the old quartermaster and his chum, the boatswain's mate, were absolutely certain that but for the reckless

disregard of true wisdom their captain's life would not have been sacrificed. But the commission was drawing to an end, and the *Thetis* was soon making the best of her way home, calling at Rio, where various changes were made amongst the officers, Captain Burgess of the *Warspite* taking command. The coast near Rio lies nearly east and west, and turns sharply to the northward at Cape Frio. The wind being to the south-east, as soon as Cape Frio was weathered the ship could set her course for home. The *Thetis* once more, by order of the Admiral, weighed her anchor on Friday, and set to work to beat to the eastward till far enough to windward to weather the iron-bound cape. On Sunday afternoon Captain Burgess thought that she was far enough to the eastward, and gave the order to keep the ship to the northward. Young Mends, now a senior mid., had been given charge of a watch in place of a lieutenant who was sick, and, coming on deck at 8 P.M., found that there was a strong breeze with heavy rain. He had just taken command of the deck, and had gone round to ascertain that all was right aloft and that a good look-out was being kept, when land was reported close to. He at once put the helm down, thus anticipating the orders of the captain, who came running on deck. In another moment the ship ran into a perpendicular cliff, which swept her masts down like so many reeds. Young Mends had the presence of mind, as the jib-boom crashed into the cliff, thus

giving a moment's warning, to order the men in his charge to lie down between the guns. Thus no lives were lost amongst the men stationed before the mainmast, and Mends's journal records :—

“But the people rushing up the main and after ladders suffered severely, many being killed, including the man at the wheel, who continued to grip it firmly, thus still helping to bring the ship round. Notwithstanding the scene of chaos and desolation, the fact that all the boats were destroyed by the falling spars, and the groans of the wounded and the dying, the ship's company never lost their discipline for an instant, and on the well being sounded and it being ascertained that the ship was not leaking, they gave three hearty cheers.”

He then goes on to tell how the ship drifted along the face of the cliff in deep water till she struck on a reef of rocks where the water shoaled :—

“Just before she reached the rocks I was sent down to see that the tiller was to starboard : I found that the men were at the relieving tackles, and that the helm was as desired. Whilst I was below the hull of the dear old ship crashed upon the rocks, and there was great grinding, for the sea was very heavy. I found the sentry over the spirit-room, in which over 800,000 dollars were secured ; I also found the guard over the gunroom door : there was no panic, and these men remained quietly at their posts.”

Although ships have changed beyond recognition since 1830, and officers and men also, recent naval history records the same quiet obedience to duty in men stationed below in times of imminent peril. Both in the escape of the *Calliope* and the loss of the *Victoria* the ship was the first consideration—“the dear old ship,” as young Mends calls

the *Thetis*,—there is no thought of self except that each individual must do his duty. It is not only the strict sense of duty and the fear of disobeying orders that keeps men steady in such crises as these, but there is a real sense of love to the ship that makes the duty almost pleasurable. The *Thetis* finally sank in comparatively shallow water, and only twenty-one were lost, including those killed by the fall of the masts.

The court-martial which assembled at Portsmouth for the trial of Captain Burgess and the surviving officers and men of the *Thetis* was a severe ordeal for young Mends, who, being officer of the watch at the time of the catastrophe, shared with the captain and master the responsibility for the loss of the ship. Both the captain and master were severely punished, the former losing two years' seniority, and the latter being placed at the bottom of the list: Mends, on the other hand, was warmly commended by the president and members of the court for his conduct, and this commendation took the practical form of the offer of a vacancy in every one of the ships then fitting at Portsmouth. Mends chose the *Actæon*, and was speedily on his way to the Mediterranean, where he remained from 1831 to 1835. These were uneventful years afloat, although the Eastern Question was very much in evidence on shore. In 1832 the Russians had 20,000 men encamped outside Constanti-

nople, who were only withdrawn in deference to urgent representations from the other Powers, backed by a British fleet in Besika Bay. Young Mends was at Constantinople, and was immensely interested in the embarkation of the Russian troops:—

"I watched the embarkation of the Russian army the whole day, scarcely leaving the deck of the *Actæon* even to eat. I made careful notes of their manner and methods of embarking the cavalry and guns, and most excellent and expeditious they seemed to be, the whole force of 22,000 men with all their stores and belongings being on board before 6 P.M., the embarkation having been commenced at 6 A.M."

This was undoubtedly a fine achievement for a nation like the Russians, who were not supposed to be good seamen. Moreover, the fleet which provided the boats and made all the arrangements was not a very large one, numbering only ten line-of-battle ships.

Early in 1835 Mends, still only a mate, though twenty-three years of age, was appointed to the *Pique*, a new Symondite frigate just off the stocks. In these days the first thing done with a new cruiser is to try her speed. This is no new thing, for although the practice of running up and down the measured mile only came in with steamships, the trial of a frigate's speed was a most important matter in the early thirties. The method consisted in selecting some ship of known merit and trying the new ship against her. Just as the efficient steaming of a ship depends not only on the design

of ship and engines but on the efficiency of her engine-room complement, so in old days the seaman-like qualities of the officers and men were an important factor in the sailing trials. The seamen of those days, it is to be remembered, not only sailed their ships but rigged them as well, which made their interest all the keener. In this case the Pique was sent to the Bay of Biscay during February and March to try rate of sailing against the *Castor*, a crack frigate, reported one of the best ships in the service for sailing. The Pique, under Captain Rous, afterwards that well-known, most upright, and thorough sportsman Admiral Rous, did well, but the *Castor* seems to have been somewhat superior. A month in the Bay of Biscay at the equinox was enough even for Mends's zeal, and keen as was his interest in the sailing contests, he lets slip a little growl towards the close of them. But in those good old days where was there a gunroom in which the mates were not privileged to growl? In many gunrooms there were men who had seen service in the great war, and whose hair was actually turning grey and they were mates still. They worked hard, but were most notorious growls, and thus worked off their spleen. Sailing trials not only continued the order of the day in the forties and fifties, but, such is the conservatism of the navy, even in the seventies the writer was in one of a pair of new ironclads which were diligently beating to windward

against each other in the bay, much where the Pique encountered the *Castor*. We all knew that sailing was doomed as a fighting factor; but we were just as keen over the merits of our ships, and as critical as to the sit of the jib and the trimming of the sails generally, as the seamen of eighty years before, with whom smart seamanship and good sailing qualities made all the difference between an efficient man-of-war and a useless dummy.

The next task for the Pique was one common enough for our cruisers in the days of good King William, but now, in these days of rapid and luxurious mail-steamers, quite as much out of date as royals and sky-sails. This was to convey a new governor-general and his staff to Canada, and thence to bring home his predecessor. The passage out was uneventful, except that the ship narrowly escaped running on the rocks in the Straits of Belleisle. In those days of imperfect charts and few lights, passages which are now traversed without danger by our steamers were full of risk for even the best found sailing-ship; and when the Pique was homeward bound she actually ran on the rocks, and it was only by the skill of her captain and crew that she was brought safely home. The stranding of the ship was, as is usual, inquired into by court-martial, and Captain Rous and his master were most honourably acquitted: there was, therefore, no carelessness or recklessness to account for the accident. As in

the case of the *Thetis*, the ship was stranded at night in thick blowing weather, all the circumstances being such as might well have caused a panic. But once more the power of discipline shows itself, assisted as before by a romantic attachment to the ship. In the midst of the work of shortening sail, sending down spars, and laying out anchors, Mends is deep in his sympathy for the *Pique*.

"The poor ship now began to thump and struggle for it very violently, which I am sure, if other hearts felt as mine did, made many ache for her. . . . Many a time did I think of my poor *Thetis*, though hers was a worse case."

The ship was very severely damaged, nevertheless Rous decided to take her home, and this during the equinox. As long as the pumps remained in good order they were able to cope with the leaks; but, as so often happens in such cases, one of the pumps gave out, and the necessary repairs were too much for the skill of the carpenters. However, the ingenuity of the bluejacket came to the fore, and three seamen who took the pump in hand got it into working order. The weather became very bad, and before they were half-way across the Atlantic the rudder was carried away. It was blowing hard at the time, and the ship at once broached to, threatening every minute to carry away her masts, which were badly sprung when the ship stranded. Sail being shortened, the crew set to work to make a temporary rudder, and after a time they

were successful in getting the ship's head in the right direction. A better and more permanent jury-rudder was prepared, and getting one day of fine weather, the opportunity was seized to ship it. With this rudder the ship was steered into the entrance of the Channel, where another gale swept it away, and the ship was saved from wreck by anchoring with her last remaining cable near the Caskets. Finally a light breeze enabled them to weigh and make Spithead without assistance. On anchoring, these gallant seamen, following the example of those saved from the *Thetis*, were not ashamed to assemble together to publicly thank God for their safety. The hand of God was more fully recognised then as ruling the raging of the sea than is the case in the present day.

Mends now got his promotion to lieutenant, and, thanks to the reputation as a seaman which he was making, was quickly appointed to a crack frigate in the Mediterranean, the 50-gun *Vernon*. Most of his lieutenant's time was spent on this station under two ancient and amiable commanders-in-chief, Sir Robert Stopford and Sir Edward Owen. In the early years of her Majesty's reign the navy was in a very depressed condition. Such life as there was existed mainly in the Mediterranean, but even there matters were in a very sluggish state. After leaving the *Vernon*, Mends was fortunate in getting into that really smart and efficient ship the *Rodney*, under the command of Captain

Hyde Parker, whose friendship was of service to him in after-years. Much of the rest of his time as lieutenant was spent as flag-lieutenant to Rear-Admiral Louis, superintendent of Malta dockyard, where he fell in love and married his charming and excellent wife, but did not advance his prospects from a service point of view. In 1843 he came home, and was offered the first lieutenancy of the *Fox* by Sir Henry Blackwood, son of Nelson's friend, who commanded the *Euryalus* at Trafalgar. The three years in the *Fox* passed uneventfully: the ship ran ashore once in the Persian Gulf, but was got off without being in much danger. At the close of the commission Mends was promoted to commander, and set up house at Malta.

Promotion in the lower ranks of the navy being by selection, the competition amongst lieutenants for promotion to commander is, and has always been, very keen. It results, therefore, that in order to gratify the ambition of those who are pressing for promotion, more are advanced than there is any employment for. So that those who have succeeded in obtaining their promotion have yet to obtain employment, and it frequently happens that a man who manages to get promoted finds himself in a worse case than before; for if unpromoted, he would at any rate get employment as a lieutenant, whereas as it is he is relegated to half-pay as a commander.

The way Mends spent his half-pay was very characteristic of the man. Living at Malta,

the ships of the Mediterranean fleet were constantly under his windows: he watched their performances at sail-drill and other exercises, and busied himself with an organisation for the crew of a line-of-battle ship which would enable every emergency to be promptly met, whether arising from the exigencies of the service or simply from the requirements of exercise. His journal at this time bears record to his diligence in preparing himself for undertaking the duties of commander of a line-of-battle ship. After a year's waiting his chance came. The *Vanguard*, a ship notoriously in bad order, needed a commander. Captain Rich, the newly appointed captain of the *Vanguard*, was naturally anxious for a man who would improve the bad state of affairs. Mends gladly accepted the task, and accomplished it with conspicuous success. The *Vanguard* paid off when Mends had been a year in her, and he was again relegated to half-pay, which was brought to an end by his appointment to the *Vengeance*, an 84-gun ship then waiting at Portsmouth for her crew. Mends owed his appointment to his old friend, Sir H. Blackwood, who in 1850 was once more hoisting his pennant as captain of a line-of-battle ship. It took nearly a year for the *Vengeance* to get her crew! For in 1850, on a ship commissioning, the men had to be picked up from the shore by voluntary enlistment. When volunteers failed, there being no pressgang, the ship had to wait and wait until she

was fit to go to sea. This waiting-time was demoralising to all concerned, and it does Mends immense credit that after this tedious delay the ship not only held her own with others in the Mediterranean, but speedily excelled them in all duties or exercises, thus becoming crack ship in the Mediterranean.

In the end of 1852, being forty years of age, Mends attained the rank of post-captain. He had worked his way up in the service by diligence, smartness, and resource as a seaman and organiser; and now a new force was making its way in the navy which bade fair to sweep away masts, sails, and seamen together. The old type of seaman was naturally bitterly opposed to steam and all its accessories. But Mends was of another stamp. He saw the advantages which steam would bring with it, and decided not only to accept the inevitable, but to keep abreast of, if not actually ahead of, the times, and accordingly utilised another inevitable spell of half-pay for the study of marine engineering at Woolwich Dockyard.

Towards the end of 1853 it began to be apparent that war with Russia was wellnigh inevitable. Both navy and army were exceedingly ill prepared, and even the Admiralty recognised that the commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean was not likely to distinguish himself if active operations were needed. Instead, however, of relieving Admiral Dundas, they

took the strange resolve to allow him to remain in command, and to appoint an active rear-admiral, who was to do the work whilst the commander-in-chief acted as figurehead. The man selected for this somewhat invidious task was Rear-Admiral Sir E. Lyons,¹ who, after making his reputation in the navy, had nineteen years before accepted an appointment in the diplomatic service, and had not since gone to sea. Moreover, distinguished as Lyons' services had been, he had never so much as served on board a line-of-battle ship, nor had he any acquaintance with the working of a fleet. All his time had been served in frigates, and almost always on detached service. With steam he was of course entirely unacquainted, and yet his flagship was to be one of the finest of our steam line-of-battle ships. Under these circumstances Lyons looked about for a flag-captain who would bring with him the knowledge and experience that he himself lacked. He had any number of applicants: 132 captains were candidates for the appointment! His choice in the first place fell upon Captain Symonds, who was then serving in the *Arethusa* frigate; but Mends was to act as flag-captain for the passage out, and when on the Mediterranean station Symonds was to have the option of exchanging into the flagship. For one of the junior captains on the list the offer was most flattering to Mends,

¹ See 'Blackwood's Magazine' for January 1899.

especially since he had very little interest in high quarters. But Lyons, when Minister at Athens, kept in close touch with the navy, and must often have had Mends's merits spoken of by his friends. The smartest commander in the Mediterranean is bound to be known and talked of, and Mends thus reaped the fruit of his labours in the *Vanguard* and *Vengeance*.

So modest was Mends that he never would have thought of offering himself for the appointment but for the persistency of his wife in urging him to at least make his claims known to Sir E. Lyons. Mends was one of those men who, instead of being, as Lord St Vincent declared all men were, spoilt for the service by his marriage, was all the better for having a good wife to spur him on.

The first incident of the *Agamemnon*'s commission brought to the front Mends's knowledge as to steam engineering. When on trial off the Eddystone Lighthouse the blades of the screw suddenly broke off. "The momentary effect on the ship was extraordinary; the masts seemed inclined to jump out of her." This would have been quite enough for many a captain of the old school. Steam henceforth and for ever would stand condemned. Mends was equal to the occasion: he wrote at once to the Admiralty pointing out that new blades could be shipped on board, and that it was not necessary to delay or even to dock the ship. His advice was taken, and the ship was ready for sea in four days.

It was characteristic of the distrust of steam at the Admiralty that the first full-powered steam line-of-battle ship sent to the Mediterranean should be directed to make the passage out under sail, so that no opportunity was given of accustoming those on board to the use of the engines. Mends characteristically speaks of this as "very provoking"; but he did his best with his sails, nevertheless, and made a very good passage out.

The *Agamemnon* arrived in the Sea of Marmora immediately after the destruction of the Turkish squadron at Sinope, an incident which in Mends's opinion entailed "everlasting disgrace on the Allies, who had timely warning of the impending stroke." This remark, recorded on the spot by one who had every means of knowing what he wrote about, is of great weight as showing that there is strong presumption for the belief that the allied commanders were not only cognisant of the exposed position of the Turkish ships, but sanctioned their remaining in an open port within 180 miles of the powerful Russian fleet at Sevastopol.

Acute as Mends was, and freely as he writes to his wife criticising the operations, no remark of his is recorded as to the necessity of either watching or blockading the Russian fleet. In the fifty years that had elapsed since Trafalgar the art of naval war had been well-nigh forgotten. It is especially curious that Lyons, who as a midshipman served in one of Nelson's frigates detailed for

the watch of the French fleet at Toulon, should never have so much as suggested that a single steamer should be kept off Sevastopol to observe the Russians, who were fully ready for sea. War was not declared until April, and Mends was fortunate enough to take part in the first operation conducted by the allied fleet. As a retaliatory measure for firing on a flag of truce, Odessa was to be bombarded, and the *Arethusa* (into which ship Mends had exchanged), though a sailing frigate, was detailed to take part in the operations. It was rather a trying ordeal: all the large ships, which, owing to their draught of water, were unable to take part, acted as spectators; and Mends's *Arethusa* was the only ship which had no steam-power to assist her. His journal records:—

"We had a delightful working breeze, and the men being on their mettle and working beautifully, I was able to handle the ship exactly as I wished. We stood in twice, tacked close off the Mole, and engaged the works on it in reverse: having on the second occasion got the range accurately, we poured in a destructive fire as we went about."

The onlookers were delighted, all except the nervous old Admiral, who made the signal for *Arethusa's* recall, which Mends reluctantly obeyed. His conduct, however, stirred the blood of the seamen of the old school, and he was not only the hero of the hour, but received the personal congratulations of many of the French officers, who fell on his neck and embraced him, much to his embarrassment. The return fire from the shore was wild and

ineffective, and the *Arethusa* did not lose a single man.

Mends remained in the *Arethusa* until the middle of the summer, and then, owing to a difference between Lyons and Symonds, he went back to the *Agamemnon* as flag-captain.

At this time the allied fleets were waiting on the land forces at Varna: the expedition to the Crimea had been ordered from home, but no steps had yet been taken to arrange for the embarkation and landing of the expeditionary forces. Mends writes:—

"Sir Edmund [Lyons] being in full accord with the Government by whom he had been sent out, was the moving spirit and genius of this great enterprise; but though he knew that details were important to success, yet, as General Sir George Brown often used to say, '*Lyons hates details*,' consequently it fell to my lot to think out and arrange for the whole of the embarkation, transport, and disembarkation on a hostile coast (down to the smallest detail) of that great army."

This entailed an immense amount of work; but all on board the *Agamemnon* set to with a will, nothing daunted by the visitation of cholera, which, however, never got a firm hold of the *Agamemnon*, in great measure owing to the wise sanitary measures enforced by her captain. He writes, as the work proceeds:—

"My head has never been so taxed as on this occasion. The providing for the disembarkation, in the face, probably, of an enemy of 25,000 men, the arrangements for anchoring the fleet, the plan to get the troops, guns, horses, everything disembarked as rapidly as is required, is an undertaking of no ordinary nature. . . . Six thousand men were embarked this morning. . . . Some of the noisy

declaimers were going on last evening, and — particularly so, against the possibility of embarking 10,000 in a day. I said it provoked me to hear it, as I was satisfied I could embark 20,000 in a day."

Mends's forecast was fully justified by the event, as we shall presently see. The progress of the expeditionary force when embarked was extremely slow, the whole distance traversed was only 250 miles, and this occupied the French nine days and the British seven. Part of this delay was evidently due to the apathy of Dundas, on whom Mends in his letters animadverts freely. Seeing that there were over 400 vessels employed, the great majority being unarmed transports, the Russian fleet missed a splendid opportunity in not sailing out to attack them. Once arrived at the place of disembarkation, great promptitude was shown in getting the men ashore. In twelve hours some 25,000 British infantry and twenty-eight guns were landed; the French also landed nearly as many men in the same time. On the other hand, the horses, baggage, stores, and ammunition were not all landed for another three days, the beach being at times unapproachable owing to the heavy surf; and but for the special provision of large boats and pontoons, owing to Mends's foresight, the delay would have been greater.

Mends obtained an excellent view of the battle of the Alma, and altogether contradicts Kinglake so far as the action of the French was concerned. He writes :—

"The rapid ascent of the Zouaves up the almost precipitous hillside to the edge of the height was wonderful and beautiful. . . . They rolled over the Russians so rapidly with their deadly fire that the Russian advance was soon checked, and a retreat commenced. We saw friends falling fast, but Russians faster, until they were out of sight."

On visiting the French portion of the battlefield, he records :—

"The field was strewed with dead, wounded, and dying. . . . Where the Russians made a stand round a small fort against the French, the dead and wounded were so thick that you were obliged to pick your way and step over them.

The letters are outspoken in their criticism of our own forces. The military officers are "very gentlemanly, very slow, but they fight like Englishmen." In the first week of October, before there was any thought of the winter troubles, when speaking of the defence of Balaclava, he writes: "The fact is, strange as it may appear, little is done that the navy does not take the initiative in. Sir Edmund does not fail to put in the spur where Horse-Guard apathy and formality block the way to the front." On October 13 he notes that information has been received of an impending attack on Balaclava; yet, as is well known, on the 25th, when the attack took place, the works for its defence were of the feeblest.

There is a vivid description of the gallant part taken by the *Agamemnon* in the attack on the sea front of the harbour forts, but nothing material is added to Kinglake's account. Mends's comment is very sound: "Thus ends the naval attack upon Sebastopol for the present, nor do I think another will be tried,

so futile are the efforts of ships against batteries unless they can get very close to them." The account of the very serious damage to the *Agamemnon's* spars and rigging shows that the Russians fired too high, otherwise the ship must have been very badly, if not fatally, injured. As it was, she was repaired without leaving her station. Much of the *Agamemnon's* immunity is attributed to the accuracy of her fire, which disturbed the laying of the guns on shore. "The *Albion* suffered very much, because she slackened her own fire."

Writing on the general situation on shore on the day before Balaclava, and a week before the Inkermann, he says:—

"A certain degree of apathy and very much ignorance prevails, made up for only by the desperate gallantry of the troops, which ever covers the faults of superiors, and on this they depend. . . . Sir Edmund is virtually commander-in-chief of the navy, and an active adviser and participator in the arrangements for the army, which latter ought not to be.

And again:—

"I wish I could recognise a little forethought in the preparations on shore to meet the winter. We sadly want a Wellington. My Lord Raglan is a charming private character, but no general whatever."

Those who require evidence of poor Dundas's mismanagement and incompetency will find it on every page. Speaking especially of the wretched want of forethought and seamanship, which permitted so many vessels to be exposed to the fury of the winter gales anchored in the open on a lee shore, Mends writes:—

"Admiral Dundas is the man, the head of all; under him, and applied for by him, are some officers of high rank quite unfitted for the arduous and important duty of conducting so superb a service. On one of these rests the responsibility for the serious losses sustained during that severe gale. I myself said to Sir Edmund, as we were quitting the anchorage of Balaclava in consequence of the threatening appearance of the weather, 'Would it not be well, sir, to signalise to Captain — the approach of bad weather and the necessity for sending the transports to sea?' The admiral's reply was: 'I cannot do it; it is entirely his own affair and the commander-in-chief's.' I have always thought Sir Edmund wrong in this, *entre nous*; he ought to have risked censure for interference to save life and property."

And so twenty-one vessels were dashed to pieces, entailing the loss of everything that was most wanted ashore; and many a poor soldier died owing to the lack of warm clothing, which went to the bottom of the sea because the naval commander-in-chief was given his appointment owing to political services.

Mends's letters are full of similar instances of elderly inefficient men being placed in positions for which they were entirely unsuited, whilst there was "much talent, energy, and zeal in the subordinate branches which were never allowed free scope."

As the war went on matters improved, especially afloat. Lyons himself, though well over sixty, was no favourer of old worn-out men, and he succeeded in getting young men appointed to most of the vacancies occurring, so that at the close of the war the fleet was in a far better state than at its beginning. But the

lesson of the Black Sea campaign is clear enough—namely, that constant weeding out is necessary, especially in the piping times of peace, in order that when war assails us we may not be as unprepared as we were in 1854.

After the war Mends served on in the Mediterranean till 1857, when he accepted an appointment which took him away from active service afloat, but still gave him scope for his powers of organisation in connection with the Naval Reserve and Coast-guard. The most unsatisfactory system, or want of system, in manning our ships, of picking up men from anywhere, was swept away after the Crimean war; and whilst on the one hand seamen were entered for continuous service instead of for three years only, a Reserve was also formed to supplement the continuous-service men. This Reserve consisted partly of naval seamen, who after a period afloat had been drafted to the Coast-guard, and partly of merchant seamen. Both these classes were to receive a certain amount of training annually in ships stationed at the various ports round the coasts, and Mends took command of the first line-of-battle ship stationed at Liverpool for this purpose.

Some of the most important work that Mends performed during his career was carried out during his last twenty years of employment, during the whole of which time he was at the Admiralty in charge of

the Transport Department. In the good old days there was no service which stood in greater need of reform than the Transport service. Soldiers were packed into ships entirely unfit for their reception, the food was bad, and the sanitary arrangements worse. Disease and death followed as a matter of course. One of the few special arrangements for the preservation of the health and efficiency of soldiers when afloat was to provide them with an extra allowance of liquor. An instance is recorded in which the supply of liquor ran short, and the chronicler gravely narrates: "The soldiers, through their being forced to drink water in so cold a climate, having their limbs benumbed, so that they were scarcely fit for service, five regiments were reduced to one thousand and thirty-five men." Matters had greatly improved at the time of the Crimean War, but there was still very much requiring reform when Mends took charge of the Transport Department in 1862. One of the first things that was carried out under his guidance was the building and equipment of the five well-known Indian troopships of the Serapis class. These vessels were a great advance on anything of the kind that had been built previously, and it was soon demonstrated that the rapid conveyance of troops in well-designed, well-manned, and well-disciplined ships not only conduced greatly to their efficiency when landed, but was also quite as economical as the shiftless system which it super-

seded. Mends was frequently called upon to provide at very short notice the necessary transport for the conveyance of large bodies of troops and stores to the theatres of our many small wars. The promptitude with which our troops were conveyed to Abyssinia, Ashantee, South Africa, and Egypt, and their excellent condition on landing, was in great measure due to his care and forethought. In fact, in recent years everything has always gone so smoothly in the transport of troops afloat that it was never supposed by the casual onlooker that it might have been quite otherwise. The Egyptian campaign of 1882 was carried on under the eyes of our somewhat jealous neighbours across the Channel. The conduct of the transport service filled them, if not with admiration, at any rate with a considerable amount of envy. And when the other day the French expedition to Madagascar took place, it was perfectly evident that with even the great organising powers that our neighbours possess it was quite possible to make many most serious blunders, entailing much unnecessary hardship on the troops, such as our own men have not had to put up with within the last generation.

Mends's services were considered of such value that he continued in harness up to the age of seventy-one, when he received the much-coveted Grand Cross of the Bath, and retired from the public service.

Even in his old days he delighted in the improvements

and development of our ships consequent on the march of invention, and kept himself in a remarkable way most fully abreast of the times. Attached to his old friends, and loving the service as he had known it sixty years before, he was full of sympathy with younger men who were occupied in developing the many novelties which distinguish the ship of the present day from her predecessors. He was essentially a lover of home, and very bright was the evening of his days, till the sudden death of his dearly loved wife gave him a blow from which he never recovered. But, as had been the case all through his life, his trust in God was his mainstay and strength, and he kept his cheerfulness to the last. On June 26, 1897, the day of the review in honour of her Majesty's Jubilee of the most powerful fleet that this country has ever assembled, as evening fell on the crowded waters and the lights shone out, his spirit passed peacefully away.

Mr Mends has not only faithfully carried out the pious duty of compiling a memoir of his father's life and services, but for the naval student in particular he has preserved a record which is of great utility in illustrating the history of the navy during the reigns of William IV. and Queen Victoria. Nor will the general reader find the book uninteresting: it is full of incident and adventure. Simply written, as a seaman's life should be, it gives a vivid picture of a life well lived in the service of the country.

A FORGOTTEN PURITAN COLONY.

ON the coast of Honduras, as near as may be thirteen degrees of latitude to the north of the equator, and somewhat less than eighty-two degrees of longitude west of Greenwich, there lie two little islands—a small, which is the southerly; a yet smaller, which is the northerly. A narrow channel divides them. Together they stretch for some four and a half miles of total length. Two miles is the measurement of their extreme breadth. But they are not without a certain dignity in height; for in the larger there is what, if we look to the proportion its stature bears to the whole superficies of the country, may claim to be called a mountain, towering 1190 feet above the sea-level, and visible, as the ‘West India Pilot’ assures us, “in clear weather from a distance of forty miles.” It is a useful landmark for seafaring men when they are sailing amid “the outlying banks and islands on the coast of Mosquito.” The islands are otherwise valuable, for water of good quality can be obtained on the larger, and wood can be cut on the smaller “with the consent of the proprietor.” Spurs run out from the central mountain, and drop abruptly into the sea as peaked hills of from 300 to 700 feet high. Volcanic action made those hills, and therefore they are split into rocky chasms, one of which is described by our friend the ‘West India Pilot’

as “a most remarkable and useful object.” Between the two islands “a bay is formed three quarters of a mile wide, and the same deep, which is so protected by shallow ledges to the westward as to make a secure harbour for a few vessels of 15 feet draught.” You are guided to that anchorage by “a most remarkable black rock 40 feet high” on the west side of the smaller island. The rock bears a strong resemblance to a human face, and British seamen have given to it the name of Morgan—as it is believed, and as is nowise improbable, in memory, if not in honour, of that Sir Henry Morgan, privateer, buccaneer, pirate (so said the Spaniards), brother of the coast, also deputy-governor of Jamaica for his Majesty King Charles II., and judge in the Admiralty Court of that island. Men knew him by various names, and in different functions; but he is chiefly memorable because he did what Drake broke his heart and died in failing to do—namely, march across the isthmus and sack Panama. The lesser island has a name of its own—to wit, Santa Catalina; but the two are generally indicated on maps and spoken of by the title of the larger only, which is Old Providence.

These two little patches of rocky land in the Caribbean Sea, now forgotten and neglected,—mere dependencies of a squalid Central American

Republic,—were yet once the scene of a very curious English colonial adventure. It began in the mists of the years before 1630, and ran its course till the Spaniards cut it short in 1641. The story was long forgotten. That the buccaneers, whose flourishing time was 1660 and 1680, or thereabouts, had used the anchorage in their savage wars with the Spaniards was known, and to them was attributed the fort of which the remains are still visible at the north end of the larger island. But the colony fell so completely out of memory that the vague notices of its destruction, which floated along among other memories of early West Indian days, were held to belong to the history of the island of Providence in the Bahamas—a later, a more permanent, and a wholly different settlement. The confusion was cleared up by Mr Sainsbury, editor of the Colonial Papers in the Rolls Series. The evidence for what was hoped, schemed for, attempted, done, and suffered, between 1630 and 1641 in Old Providence, lay in two entry-books now visible in the Record Office, but long hidden in the uncalendered archives, and a few scattered Spanish notices as obscure as themselves. These entry-books contain minutes of proceedings in the directing council of the Providence Company in London, and copies of letters written to the colony. The letters written from it have long vanished. But what remains is enough to tell the tale of an enterprise which, if not a venture of mistaken chivalry,

was a venture of mistaken piety. It is also an interesting, sometimes an amusing story, which affords some contributory evidence as to our other colonial activities, and shows us men of great note at work.

To understand the company for the plantation of the islands of Providence, Henrietta, and the adjacent islands, it is necessary to look back for one brief moment on its preliminaries. When James I. made peace with Spain there neither was, nor was there meant to be, a cessation of English enterprises in the Indies. The king—lover of peace as he was, and earnestly as he desired an alliance with Spain, as the best of all means for making an end of the religious feuds of Europe (in itself neither a foolish nor a dishonourable aim)—never recognised the claim of the King of Castile and Leon to hold all the lands “beyond the line.” This line was the limit first drawn by Pope Alexander VI., Rodrigo Borgia, from pole to pole between the spheres of influence of Spain and Portugal, and finally fixed by those two states themselves at the conference of Tordesillas. Spain, we held, must show effective possession, and what that was gave rise to many disputes then as now. The diplomatic history of King James is full of colonial questions with Spain. There was much difference of opinion as to how far Kings Philip III. and IV. were masters of Central America and the Southern continent. As regards the islands of the West Indies, the differences were even

sharper. Spain assuredly had settled only the Greater Antilles, Cuba, San Domingo, Porto Rico, and Jamaica. The Lesser Antilles lay vacant. Englishmen, Dutchmen, and Frenchmen began to filter into them as the first quarter of the century wore on. Meanwhile there were still men who believed in Raleigh's dream of a kingdom of Guiana. One of his own captains, Roger North, a gentleman of the Guildford family, made several voyages to the Spanish Main. The voyage of Robert Harcourt of Ellenhall, and Stanton Harcourt (a race still vigorous among us), is in print. Both, curiously enough, were recusants, and religion may have had something to do with their interest in the New World, as it had with Lord Baltimore's. What share it had in the settlement of New England is in the knowledge of all men. The Spaniards treated all settlers in the islands as interlopers, all traders who sought their fortune near the ports of the mainland as smugglers and pirates. Whatever may be the case in Europe, said they, "there is no peace beyond the line." Their rule was turned against themselves. All kinds of Europeans in the West Indies showed an increasing disposition to take to privateering. This was the word preferred till "buccaneering" came to replace it, and it was not inaccurate, for these men were not pirates, not enemies of the human race, but only of the Spaniard, and of him only because he would have no peace with them. In the weakness

of the thinly inhabited Spanish colonies, and of the Home Government at Madrid, these armed intruders soon began to gain the upper hand. During the early days of Philip IV. the decadent monarchy had a brief revival of energy. In 1629 a powerful Spanish fleet swept the West Indies under the command of Don Fadrique (the old Castilian form of Frederick) de Toledo, who expelled the French and English from St Kitts and Nevis. A hundred of them were brought back, "naked and destitute," to Plymouth by one Ire, captain of the *David* of Lubeck, where the sight of them produced the anger we can imagine. Yet the Spaniards left no garrisons, made no settlements, and the interlopers soon swarmed back. This, then, was the position. A weak government made vast claims, which it could not enforce. There was by its consent a permanent state of war to the west of a line drawn north and south 360 leagues west of the Azores. There were intruders, not positively strong, but strong in relation to the extreme feebleness of their adversary. Some were men in search of a place to worship God in, in their own way,—and, it may be added, to prevent others from worshipping in another. There were also pure adventurers looking for a freer world and a fresh soil, or seeking profit by trade, by smuggling, and by "privateering." Spain would not recognise any rights of other sovereigns in those seas by asking them to keep their subjects in order. She was too feeble to

vindicate her own claims. Finally, we have to bear in mind that there were men of wealth and position in England who might now take seats on the board of a company, or indulge in an occasional "flutter" on the Stock Exchange, but who then invested money in privateers which sailed with a commission, say, from the Duke of Savoy, or even with no commission at all, to plunder the Spaniard. Robert Rich, the Earl of Warwick, was a great speculator, or, as the term of the time was, "adventurer," in this way. The Constant Warwick, which is considered as the mother of British frigates, was built for him by the famous Phineas Pett, and was originally designed for this trade. She was bought by the king, and added to the navy.

It was in the midst of this clash of sovereignties, and confusion of rights and wrongs, that a patent was issued on the 4th December 1630 to "Robert Earl of Warwick, Henry Earl of Holland, William Lord Say and Sele, Robert Lord Brooke, Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, Sir Gilbert Gerrard, Sir Edward Harwood, Sir Nathaniel Rich, Sir Edmund Mountford, John Pym, Richard Knightley, Christopher Sherland, Oliver St John, John Gourden, Gregory Cawsell, John Dike, John Grant, and others hereafter to be joined with them, of incorporation by the name of the Governor and Company of Adventurers for the Plantation of the Islands of Providence, Henrietta, and the adjacent islands." The

Earl of Holland was to be the first governor of the Company, and John Dike, of London, merchant, deputy, "who in future is to be elected in every Easter Term." Ample powers of life and death, of building forts, of "striking into coin whatever metals except gold and silver," and of exercising martial law, were conferred. By "Henrietta" was certainly meant the smaller island now called Santa Catalina. The origin of the English name is obvious. It was clearly taken out of compliment to the queen Henrietta Maria. How Providence came to be the name given to the larger island is not so clear. We find the word applied to settlements, anchorages, and islands, all down the west coast of North America, and it generally indicates the existence of a Puritan element among the settlers. As there had been Englishmen there already, it is permissible to guess at the existence of some "servant of the Lord with the Bible and the sword," or some pious smuggler of the stamp of John Hawkins, who took this way of thanking Providence for giving him a "basis of operations" against the Spaniard. Be that as it may, we have only to look at this list of names to see that the body on which the king was prepared to confer such wide powers, "in case these letters patent were confirmed by Parliament," was intensely Puritan, and was composed largely of men who were destined to bring him to ruin. It would be rash indeed to assert that Holland,

the unstable, held these or any other principles. But Warwick lived to take the fleet out of the king's control, and to be the Parliamentary admiral. The names of Lord Say and Sele, Lord Brooke, who was killed fighting against the king at Litchfield, of Benjamin Rudyerd, and of Pym, speak for themselves. Some are obscure, yet it may be said of one of them, Richard Knightley, that he bore a very Puritan name. One, Sir Valentine Knightly (small differences of spelling went for nothing in those times), was rebuked by the Council in 1605 for presenting the petition of the deprived ministers of Northamptonshire. Richard Knightley of Fawsley, in that county, had been one of the protectors of the Martin Marprelate men thirty years or so earlier than 1605. But a company of adventurers, which included Say and Sele, Brooke, and Pym, was not likely to admit admirers either of High Church or High Prerogative.

The issue of the patent on 4th December 1630 was only the formal recognition of an existing body and enterprise. In 1629—that is, while Don Fadrique de Toledo was flattering himself and his sovereign by the show of expelling heretical interlopers from the West Indies—a voyage described as “of discovery” had been made at the cost of Warwick, Sir N. Rich, and others. It “stood them in 2000 and odd pounds,” for which they “were to be indemnified out of the first proceeds from those islands.” One Elfrith was left as gov-

ernor, and there is record of one Samuel Axe who built a fort, for which service he was promised two-fifteenths of the tobacco to be raised.

The objects which Warwick and the others had before them when they sent out the voyage of discovery in 1629, and which the Company of Adventurers was formed to perfect, soon reveal themselves in the minutes, and are found to have been somewhat various. In May 1632 the Company wrote to its Governor, Captain Philip Bell, Elfrith's son-in-law, and a man chosen for his experience in the Somers Islands, that the spreading of the Gospel was “the greatest work both in itself and in our aim.” This comes after some wise and humane instructions for his dealings with the Indians. The colony then was meant to forward missionary work—but in a peculiar way. Providence was no clerical settlement. The company did not neglect the spiritual needs of its “planters” and “servants.” It took much pains to discover and send out a pious and sufficient minister—with what measure of success we shall see. But he was for the service of the colony. The “spreading of the Gospel” was to be the work of the settlers, and they were to do it, not by preaching, but by the force of example. Meanwhile, the colony itself was expected to be the seat of a prosperous industry.

Being duly provided with authority, the company set briskly to work. It never

achieved quarters of its own, but met at Brooke or Warwick House, or at the house of Mr Gardiner, or at the lodgings of its Treasurer, Mr Pym. No French or German colonial office could be more thorough in providing an apparatus of government. A council was named to consist of Mr Elfrith, Mr Samuel Axe, Lieutenant Hugh Price, Mr N. Rudyerd, and Mr W. Rous, to whom all planters—that is, settlers—were to take oaths. Bell was asked to make his propositions for salary as Governor. On this point the company was somewhat confused in its methods. It gave strict orders that every planter was to raise twice as much food as was needed for the support of his family, and it severely forbade all excess in the cultivation of that “scurvy weed” tobacco, threatening, indeed, to prohibit the cultivation altogether if this injunction was disobeyed. Yet it proposed to pay all salaries by a proportion of the tobacco grown, which must have given its officers a powerful motive to promote the planting of the “scurvy weed.” This mistake was, however, a mere trifle in comparison to the great dominating error which made the labours of the company of no effect. It is clear that many, if not all, of the “adventurers” were under a complete delusion as to the extent and resources of the islands. Whether from mere want of experience, or because they had been grossly misled by Warwick’s skippers, who had aims of their own, the company over-rated the

number of people who could support themselves on Providence. There is this excuse to be made for it, that we had not yet learnt how impossible it is for white men to do field-labour in the tropics. Yet there must have been great want of thought, or some hidden purpose in the minds of men who sent out numbers of settlers to a scrap of ground in the tropics. The activity of the company in seeking tenants for its possession was great. At a later period of its short career, it is found employing an agent to tempt intending emigrants to New England to turn aside to the island on the Mosquito coast. Moreover, it met with a measure of success, which shows how strong the tendency to emigrate was in those years of the reign of Charles I. To be sure, the company had its fits of caution. It discouraged the emigration of whole families, on the ground that not many women were needed on the island as yet. Still, it was duly thoughtful for those who had gone. Very early in its career it made a contract with a midwife, for whose outfit the sum of £4 was duly voted by the council.

As we read the minutes and letters we become conscious of two tendencies, two policies, two very different sets of aims working in Old Providence. On the face of it, what seems to prevail is a constant virtuous effort towards the promotion of industry, exhortations to peace, and rebukes to all expeditions out of the island—

a euphemistic name for privateering voyages against the Spaniards. There is an ever-present zeal for the promotion of true religion. But we soon learn that these excellent motives were stronger in the council than among the settlers. The fortunes of the successive ministers—all at first sight apparently “painful” and virtuous—sent out from London, proves but too well that the puritanical “adventurers” did not succeed in making a puritanical colony—at any rate, not one in which Puritan zeal was the governing force. There are many complaints—such as that brought against “Capn. Wil. Rudyerd,” a kinsman, it may be, of Sir Benjamin—who is accused of “drunkenness, swearing, and ill carriage towards the Governor.” The example of the first minister sent out—Mr Lewis Morgan—can have done little to amend the morals of Captain Rudyerd. It is curious to note, by the way, how often this name of Morgan meets us in the early history of our West Indies. There were many who bore it besides the famous Sir Henry; and we may even ask, with no prospect, indeed, of a satisfactory answer, whether it was not rather the minister than the buccaneer who gave his name to Morgan’s Rock. The council did not accept Mr Lewis without hesitation, and regret that an older and graver man could not be found. Yet he seemed of good promise, and £20 were given him as a free gift to buy books and other necessities. Never were £20

spent to less purpose. Mr Lewis Morgan had not been many months in the island before stories began to reach the council, all tending to show that he was by no means of a godly spirit, and was wanting in respect for authorities. Letters, too, came from him stuffed with bitter expressions, and containing manifest proofs of a “seditious and malignant spirit.” In short, Mr Morgan is recalled, receives £5 in discharge of all claims on making his submission, and disappears. There was work in abundance for such men lying close ahead in England; and Mr Lewis Morgan may have beaten the drum ecclesiastic in the Civil War—may even have died for the liberties of “God’s chosen people” in some breach or on some battlefield, if he did not attain to the gallows, towards which he appears to have had a marked tendency.

Mr Rous succeeded—a family man, to whom a grant of land was assigned for his support; a more promising person. Yet Mr Rous also would not do. His parishioners did not find him sufficiently Puritan. They accused him of frivolity, of “insufficiency,” of not being “able to pray extemporary,” and declared that he “would soldierlike beat his men.” These charges of the aggrieved parishioners appear to have been unfounded. The worst that an impartial witness, who deposed before the council, could allege, was that Mr Rous taught him songs called catches, “the meaning of which word he [the witness] understood not.” “The

matter of them was the motion of creatures, as the nightingale and the like." These catches were sung by Mr Rous and Mr Sherland and the witness, but not on the Sabbath. We hear casual mention of other ministers, and not a little of one Mr Sherherd, of whose zeal there can be no question; for he excommunicated several of his parishioners, and refused to give them the communion on the ground that they were living in open sin. Yet even Mr Sherherd failed, and towards the end the council was constrained to recognise that the greed of the planters made the work of forwarding the cause of religion clean and clear impossible. It was in all ways cruelly disappointed in its tenants, of whom it had to record the severe judgment that they were worse than the Israelites for murmuring and ingratitude.

The simple fact which it would have been wise in the company to recognise sooner, was that the effort to make Old Providence a home of Puritan industry was hopeless from the beginning. It was too glaringly contrary to the nature of things. The island was of no value at all, except as a depot and "strength" for smugglers and privateers. There soon ensued what might have been foreseen—what perhaps was foreseen by some promoters of the settlement, who very probably did not speak with complete candour to the mild Rudyerd and the puritanical Pym. Those of the settlers who had gone to lead

a life of honest industry found the venture hopeless, and insisted on coming away. None remained save those who could not escape—the so-called "servants," or apprentices, who were very little better than white slaves—and those who meant to lead a life of "privateering." Slavery, black and white, plays its part in the brief troubled history of the colony. Negro slaves were introduced, though apparently not without protest from some of the planters, who held what the council describes as "the groundless opinion that Christians may not lawfully keep such persons in a state of servitude during their strangeness from Christianity." There is notice of a revolt of the blacks which was suppressed. The company thought that it might be accounted for by the fact that they were not kept sufficiently hard at work. The worthy gentlemen who met at Brooke or Warwick House, or in Mr Pym's lodgings, were copious in urging industry, and in impressing on their officers the beauty of the apostles' rule, that those who will not work shall not eat. The white slaves—for that is the true name for the articulated servants—play a great part in the early history of the plantations both on the mainland and in the West Indies. To entice or kidnap young people away and consign them to slavery in the plantations became, as the seventeenth century wore on, a very common crime. It was regularly pursued as a trade by a class of offenders, whose cant name was

"the spirits." One of the not too numerous acts of disinterested virtue to be put to the credit of the first Lord Shaftesbury is that he did exert himself with good effect to suppress these scoundrels.

Discontented planters, mutinous slaves, unsatisfactory ministers, and drunken officials did not exhaust the list of the company's troubles with its people. Captain Bell, the first governor, was in most ways a commendable man. He earned the approval of the council by a proclamation against "mixed dancing and other vanities." He was firm with Lieutenant Rous, "who struck Forman in the governor's presence." Yet Captain Bell had his own vanities, being, as one gathers, somewhat disposed to magnify his office. The council had to rebuke him tartly for talking of some "supposed privilege which you call prerogative as annexed to your place. . . . Neither like we the word." A year or so later rebuke grew into scolding, when the council had to write, "For the word absolute power we do utterly dislike the language, and therefore would not have it once named." Captain Bell must have lost touch with Puritan circles in London during his residence in the Somers Islands, else he would have known better than to use such terms as prerogative and absolute power to Pym, Brooke, Say and Sele, in "the dead vast and middle" of the long cessation of Parliaments. No words he could have used could well have sounded worse in those ears. We can afford to take Cap-

tain Bell's slip less seriously, and note with amusement, and also with some instruction in perennial human nature, how easily the most Puritan of governors could use these words—when it was to his own advantage. But the errors of Captain Bell were trifling. The council was more grievously vexed by the actions of certain others among the men employed by it. There, for instance, was Captain Punt, one of the skippers employed to take out settlers and bring back such produce as Providence afforded. Sad complaints were made, and as it seems with too much truth, of the brutality of Punt, who ill-treated his passengers and beat his sailors.

Of produce from Providence there were many hopes, but small fruition. In fact, the company had not been long in existence before it found itself called upon to take part in expeditions out of the island. At the very beginning it extended its field of operations by asking the king to enlarge its limit to the northward, so that it could take in Tortuga. This was the Tortuga on the north coast of San Domingo, one of the various keys and islands of the West Indies, christened by the Spanish name of the turtle. The possession of this place was most convenient to a company trading to the Mosquito coast. Their vessels could run out to Tortuga, take in fresh water, and then enter the Caribbean Sea by the Mona passage between San Domingo and Cuba. In fact, in days when a merchant skipper thought he did very well if he

made three and a half knots an hour on an average, when scurvy was a terrible enemy, vessels small and crews large, some half-way house of call was indispensable. It was for this reason that the Portuguese, the Dutch, and we have successively occupied St Helena—no very desirable place in itself, but priceless as a relief in the long East India voyage. The Providence Company endeavoured to rechristen the Tortuga, Association, and there are various notices of efforts to make a settlement, of officers appointed, and of ships sent. This part of the company's enterprise was the first to come to entire grief. In 1636 a Spanish expedition from San Domingo stamped out the colony of Association. The island fell back into the power of Spain, and so remained till it became the headquarters of the buccaneers, and the Brothers of the coast. Our disaster was attributed to the cowardice of the governor Wormeley. This act of what our ancestors thought aggression brought on a state of open war between the company and the Spaniards.

Meanwhile events had been taking place around Providence which tended to the same result. In the first days of the settlement one of the hired vessels of the company, the *Seaflower*, had been attacked by a Spanish frigate, when on her way home, and a passenger, one Mr Essex, together with two others, had been killed. The company did not as yet make reprisals, but it soon began to prepare for opening trade

with the natives, and for establishing factories on the mainland. In April 1633 instructions were issued to Captain Sussex Camock to make a settlement. One Hilton, or in lieu of him Richard Lane, was ordered to make a voyage of discovery of trade into Darien, and for the purpose of renewing friendship with the natives, who are understood to be "favourers of the English nation, and especially of Don Francisco Draco (whose name they seem to honour)." This belief in the enduring popularity of Drake among the natives of Darien was a well-established tradition of ours. What foundation, if any, it had in fact is very obscure. The native tribes fought fiercely against him in his last expedition, and had a large share in the defeat of Baskerville's attempt to march to Panama. In all probability it was a pure delusion of ours. Drake had no dealings with the natives of the isthmus, except during his expedition in the *Swan* and the *Pasha*. Whatever impression he made cannot but have been obliterated by time, and still more by the excesses of inferior adventurers, French, Dutch, and English, who had haunted the coast. If the Providence Company could have succeeded in carrying out all its plans, and in enforcing all its orders, there would have been no need to draw on the supposed popularity of Drake's name. Its explorers were strictly ordered to labour to possess all natives with the natural goodness of the English nation, to refrain from all bois-

terous carriage with the women, and particularly from "mocking, pointing, or laughing at their nakedness." The company was apparently convinced that the natives of Darien must needs be ashamed of going about naked. Camock made a settlement at Cape Gracias à Dios, which gave some slight promise of profit, but was incomparably more successful in rousing the fierce animosity of the Spaniards. In after-times these ventures, and the relations we established with the Mosquito Indians, bore fruit in the shape of British Honduras. But when Captain Sussex Camock set up his post the time was not come. Blewfields Bay may be named after two servants of the company—Albertus and William Blufield—who were engaged in these adventures.

There is nothing to show that the company was haunted by any such magnificent scheme as filled the speculative mind of our countryman, William Paterson—that they aimed at obtaining possession of the isthmus, and making it the emporium of trade between East and West. They no doubt went on the rule that they had a perfect right to settle on any part of America not actually in the occupation of the Spaniards. We were still young as a colonial power, and inclined to be strict in our interpretation of the word "occupation." At a later time any interloper who had set up his flag on the coast of North America, claiming that he was entitled to do so because we had no town

within fifty miles of the place at which he landed, would have had a short shrift. Even as it was, the company might have known that Cape Gracias à Dios was very close to the Spanish possessions in Nicaragua and Honduras. If it thought that the King of Spain's officers would leave it unmolested, it was soon undeceived. They were weak, and daily growing weaker, but they were strong enough to harass the English intruders. Thus it came to pass that just when the expulsion of the settlers in Tortuga had given the company one quarrel with Spain, it had another on its hands on the Mosquito coast.

From this time—that is to say, from about 1636—Providence ceased to be the home of even an attempt at a peaceful colonial settlement, and became the headquarters of a privateering war carried on against the Spaniards. The incidents were not splendid, and the end was disaster. But though it had little to show of which we can be proud, the passage of arms was curious. Exasperated by the expulsion of their planters from Tortuga, the company appealed to the king for leave to make reprisals. It was instantly given. If the wavering foreign policy of Charles I. was influenced by any fixed principle at all, it was by the desire to recover the Palatinate for his sister and her children. To do this by the help of the Spaniards was his constant wish, and that help he tried to secure by alternate cajolery

and threats. The reprisals of the company probably appeared to him to be likely to prove a useful weapon. He could give no effectual help, but he did permit his aggrieved subjects to fit out armed vessels, and he resigned all claim to a share in the prizes, leaving the captors to keep all they could seize for themselves. The situation was one which exactly suited Warwick, with his taste for privateering speculations. At one time he talked, if he did not think, seriously of going out himself, and was highly praised by his brother adventurers for his "noble" resolution. But nothing came of that scheme. The company being embarked on a war with a great Power—for Spain, though decadent, still held that rank—began to look about for a governor of higher rank than any it had sent out hitherto. Some talk there was of Lord "Fourbez"—that is, Forbes—as a fit gentleman for the post, but on this occasion the natural aptitude of a Scotch gentleman for the business of war was not tested. In the end the company sent out no governor of higher rank, but contented itself with such hardy mariners and other adventurous persons as it already possessed.

The cost at which a vessel could be fitted out to levy war on the King of Spain in the Indies was not great. As far back as 1633, before it had begun to make reprisals, but when the attack on the *Seaflower* had already shown that English vessels on the Spanish Main must be prepared to defend

themselves, the company was in negotiations for the hire of a vessel of 200 tons and 16 pieces of ordnance. She could be had for £50 a-month. When victualled and manned, the expenses, including wages, were calculated at £130 a-month. A vessel of 150 was offered to the company for £110 a-month. She was going out with cargo to St Kitts, but would be available for other service when unladen. All these vessels went armed, and were prepared to do a little privateering in the intervals of trade. Some of the instructions of the company to its captains give us a sketch of what a West Indian voyage of that time was. In July 1634 these orders were given to the captain of Long Robert. He was to sail for the "Caribbean Islands" in the beginning of August, which would bring him out by the way before the dangerous hurricane months were quite over. He was to land passengers, and go to Tortuga for salt. This apparently was the Tortuga, near Margarita, on the coast of Cumana. He was to send his "ketch" (an accompanying small vessel such as could be bought for £80 or so) to Providence, and thence to Association. He was to go to the Mosquitoes and load for the return journey, which was to be by the Straits of Florida, for he is told that if he has loaded salt at Tortuga he is to touch at Virginia on his way back and sell it. At the end comes the odd little instruction that sailors are to pay 10s. for every parrot brought to England, "that so your ship may not be

unnecessarily pestered." From another and earlier entry we learn what was thought the proper outfit of clothes for a sailor. It was not excessive. Three pairs of drawers, four shirts, one "cassock" (perhaps a form of jersey or jumper), four pair of shoes, three caps, three neckcloths, three pair of boot hose, and a Monmouth cap made up the kit. The Monmouth cap, which was worn later in the navy, has been supposed to have been of leather, with side flaps.

To come back to our fighting, such as it was. The company was unable to conduct operations on a scale requiring the presence of persons of such dignity as the Earl of Warwick, or other gentlemen who talked of going. It had to be content with lesser men, and with sending out solitary cruisers to plunder Spanish ships, and make raids on the coast. The success achieved was very varied. We hear of Captain Axe returning with good prizes, and on the whole it appears that several vessels were engaged on the work, some being part owned by their skippers. The injury done to the Spaniards was not small. On the other hand, one of the company's ships was captured by the Turks—that is, the Algerines—who then cruised boldly in the ocean, and who in these very years sacked Baltimore in the south of Ireland. Another, which bore the curiously inappropriate name of the *Blessing*, was captured by the Spaniards, and her captain, Wil. Rous, was carried prisoner to San

Lucar. There were stories of misconduct in this case. One Mersh was accused of deserting the ship, and thereby causing her to fall into the hands of the Spaniards, with a loss of £2000. It is to be noted that the Spaniards, whether from fear of reprisals or for some other reason, conducted the war on their side with humanity. Rous was released from San Lucar on the payment of ransom. In our own ships, as one can see from the constant complaints brought by the men engaged against one another, there was little discipline and some ferocity. One captain was accused of killing prisoners received to quarter. Yet the company tried hard to prevent excesses, and all the settlers in Providence were not savage. There is notice of certain friars who were prisoners among them, and who were allowed to depart in safety, though with the proviso that they were to be carried to New England, where the atmosphere can hardly have been congenial. It was in fact a war of raids and plundering on the medieval model, or a war of buccaneering before the buccaneers.

As we approach the fatal year 1641 the entries become rarer, and deal less profusely with instructions for the promotion of trade and religion. The council was perhaps becoming tired of an unprofitable venture, and of the incessant wrangles of subordinates and their complaints, which, by the way, were commonly referred to Mr John Hampden

as arbitrator. Moreover, from the day that a certain folding-stool was thrown at the head of the Dean of Holyrood in St Giles' Church at Edinburgh, Warwick and Say and Sele, Brooke and Pym, had very pressing matters to think about at home. Yet they did not give their colony up entirely. They still sent out instructions, and were careful to consider the interests of religion. Nor, while providing for the Bible, were they careless of the sword. Among the last entries is one expressing gratification at the news that a Spanish attack had been repulsed, and there are others showing that ships were being prepared to sail under the command of Maurice Thompson. But in the very despatch which conveys this information there is a significant statement. The council, it is said, cannot at present attend to many letters and petitions from the island, because Parliament is sitting and important affairs are impending. This was on 29th March 1641, and the affairs were important indeed—nothing less than the impeachment of Strafford and the Army Plots. Soon all entries end, for the colony had ceased to exist, and its founders were hastening towards the time when they would be sending swords down to their tenants, and swearing to live and die with the Earl of Essex.

For an account of the end of the colony of Old Providence

we have to turn to the Spanish authorities who are quoted by Don Cesareo Duro, in the fourth volume of his history of the Spanish Navy.¹ The increase of what they, not absurdly, called piracy had become intolerable to the Spaniards. In 1640, the new Viceroy of Mexico, Don Diego Pacheco, Duke of Escalona, exerted himself to impart some vigour to the efforts made for the suppression of the nuisance. He built galleons at La Vera Cruz and in the Rio Alvarado. It shows how weak the Spanish Government had become, that he had some difficulty in saving them from being burnt by three "pirates," who boldly turned up off the chief port of the greatest viceroyalty of Spain. Providence was cited by all the Spanish officials as the very headquarters of the enemy. In 1640, an expedition of two galleons and six small vessels (*fragatas*) was sent to attack the place, under the command of Don Antonio Maldonado. It was repulsed, with the loss of two captains and a hundred men. This was the success which cheered the last days of the company. But it also served to show the Spanish governors what a danger Providence had become to their master's dominions. In 1641, a more determined effort was made, and it succeeded. The command in this case was in the hands of Don Juan Diaz Pimienta (Pepper), a native of the Canary Islands, and the son of a Francisco Diaz Pimi-

¹ Armada Española. Rivadeneyra, Madrid.

enta who had fought with some credit at Lepanto. Don Juan was in command of the warships which protected the vessels employed to carry the treasure from Carthagena to Portobelo. He had orders to clear out the island as a preliminary to bringing on the trade. The spirit of the man was shown by the fact that one of his vessels having been reported too leaky to be seaworthy, he hoisted his flag in her in order to cut short all complaints from her captain, and perhaps also to guard against the risk of desertion. One of his vessels did, as a matter of fact, part company, carrying away a portion of his battering train. Spain was breaking down morally and physically. It is characteristic of the state of the monarchy that part of the force under his command consisted of impressed Portuguese, whose country was then in revolt against Spain, and whom he had to keep in order by sheer terror. But an energetic man will triumph over much. Pimienta appeared off the island on the 7th May, and attacked with vigour. The colonists made a good fight, by the confession of their enemies, but Pimienta could land 1400 men, and he led them well. The barrier erected to protect the landing-place was stormed, with sharp loss to the Spaniards, and the colonists were driven into the fort. Here they were bombarded with the cannon captured from them on the beach. Finally, they surrendered on condition that they

were to be taken to Cadiz. There were 770 persons in the island, but 350 of them were negroes, who, so the Spaniards alleged, had been carried off by the English in their raids on the coast. Maurice Thompson arrived too late to save the island. Yet he took some satisfaction next year—if indeed he was the “Guillermo Tazon” who threatened La Guayra, and sacked Maracaibo with eight vessels in the December of that year. Tazon has much the look of a Spanish attempt to write Thompson.

So ended the colony of Providence. Some memory of it lingered for a time, and the Spanish capture of the island was one of the grievances which Cromwell’s expedition to the West Indies was meant to revenge. The Protector regretted the loss of Providence, but the taking of Jamaica turned our attention elsewhere, and it was never reoccupied except as a haunt of buccaneers. The story is not without interest on various grounds. It shows, for instance, how persistent were the efforts of the chiefs of the Puritan opposition to find safe homes for their political and religious principles out of England during the years before the downfall of King Charles’s Government. It is obvious that the company of adventurers, at least the element among them represented by Pym, were seeking for something other than profit, though for that they had no contempt. Their failure was probably inevitable in the circumstances, even if the colony

had not shown rather the weak than the strong points of the Puritan character. But chiefly the brief history of the settlement goes to show that the kind of expeditions which were begun by Hawkins and Drake never really ceased in the West Indies. Record of them is lost, because they were undertaken by private persons who had commonly no motive for publishing a record of what they

did, but, on the contrary, many reasons for preserving a judicious silence when King James and King Charles wished to remain on friendly terms with Spain. A certain piquancy is given to the tale by the old combination of the Puritan and buccaneer elements. It stands alone in the strange pirating, smuggling, adventurous history of the Spanish Main.

A MASQUERADER.

SORROW once wearied of his sad estate,
And finding Pleasure sleeping in the sun
Put on his mantle, bargaining with Fate
That she should tell of the exchange to none;
Then through the city gates he made his way,
And eager crowds flocked round from far and near,
But some who strove to grasp his garments gay
Shrank back, they knew not why, with sudden fear.
And there were those who gave him of his best,
Who set before him a most royal feast,
Doing him homage as a kingly guest—
Till, as the music and the mirth increased,
One peered beneath his hood, and saw with wild surprise
The sombre Spirit looking out from Sorrow's eyes!

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

AN IRISH BOSWELL.

SAID an optimist once, "Every man and woman carries in his (or her) head the material of an interesting novel." One is inclined to dispute this judgment; but it might be argued with greater truth that in every life there is the material of an entertaining biography. No two men, unless they be priggish conformities to a type, pass through the same experience, and nothing is necessary to create an interest save a sincere personality. Grandeur, genius, courage, have a stately value, which we estimate apart from their possessors; and a hero may be far less romantic, when his trappings are laid aside, than the impecunious clerk who, at five o'clock, rides back to his suburb on a 'bus. In his own brain the clerk is as little conscious of romance as the hero, since romance is always and for all men that which happens to somebody else. But the clerk's experience and reflection may be more whimsical and curious than the epic, in which statesmen and warriors take part. Drum and trumpet biography, indeed, may become as tiresome as drum and trumpet history: it is right and proper that the lives of great men should be written for our amusement and instruction, but these lives are too often written with a wrong method and for an unsound reason. The achievements of a valiant commander, for instance, are set forth by some patient

admirer who forgets that the valiant commander was also a man. The bravery and skill which the commander shares with all his class are scrupulously described, but all the intimate tricks and features which mark him off not only from his own class but from the rest of mankind are clumsily slurred over. The result is rather the photograph of a dressed-up dummy than an individual portrait. We understand the rude outline by a kind of habit, but all the finer shades of character and aspect escape us.

For biography depends less upon its subject than upon its method, and the life of the greatest king would appear insignificant if it were written without talent and without sympathy. On the other hand, a Boswell could make the adventures and table-talk of a costermonger for ever memorable. Intimate knowledge and quick sympathy, of course, are necessary, but above all the biographer must possess the art of selection. He must discard no incident, no aphorism, which is characteristic of his subject, and he must remember that insignificant traits are generally of higher importance than the common proofs of distinction. All generals fight battles, but all do not use snuff nor pray on the eve of a contest. Now, it so happens that the two great biographies in the language—Boswell's 'Johnson' and Lock-

hart's 'Sir Walter Scott'— reveal to us the lives and characters of two great men. But that is an accident, and the same admirable methods of portraiture, applied to lesser men, would produce a no less human and distinguished result.

A fine biography, then, is as rare an event in the history of literature as a fine tragedy; and even of the few we have, some still escape notice. Who, for instance, knows the admirable 'Life of Philip Skelton,' which was penned a century ago? In all essentials this forgotten book is a masterpiece of the art, and though Macaulay counted it among his favourites, it has since sunk into a sad obscurity. This obscurity is the more to be regretted because Samuel Burdy, A.B., the biographer, was after his fashion a man of genius. The very name has a strange and simple look—more fitted to raise a smile than to inspire respect. But for all the simplicity of the man and the name, Samuel Burdy, A.B., not only knew his model intimately, but he understood the difficulties of portraiture; and the result is that, though Philip Skelton was but the clergyman of an Irish parish, we may enjoy a better acquaintance with him than with the most of his more exalted contemporaries. Swift, the greatest satirist of his century, remains a puzzle for the critics. His character is befogged by prejudice unto the present day, and so loud is the voice of posthumous slander that it is perhaps too late to explain the truth. But Skel-

ton, a rival in the pulpit to the Dean of St Patrick's, and author of a pamphlet once ascribed to the great man, need not escape our comprehension and regard. For there he is drawn by Samuel Burdy with the touch of truth and sincerity which Boswell himself might well have envied.

Of course he was a man of force and character. But the Ireland of the eighteenth century was rich in modest heroes, and Skelton would never have lived beyond his death had it not been for the skill and intelligence of Samuel Burdy, who has been as foolishly misunderstood as his eminent rival. The ancient theory that James Boswell was an imbecile drunkard, who happened by chance to compose a work of genius, was long popular, and the many excellences of his famous biography were but excuses for cheap ridicule and facile misapprehension. But at last it is realised that Boswell sacrificed himself to his ambition, that in order to enhance the truth of his portrait he would cut antics before the whole world, and no critic of the future dare say that his success was not complete. So in a lesser degree Samuel Burdy, A.B., might be underrated, were his name more widely known. It is easy to find him tripping over the same obstacles at which Boswell so gloriously stumbled. He uncovers the faults of his idol with a grotesque, unconscious candour; he repeats with an air of unsurprised piety the bitterest insults which Skelton

hurled at all the dignitaries of the Church; and he tells the truth in so austere a spirit of impartiality, that at the first glance you recognise the verisimilitude of the portrait. Here, indeed, is no "plaster saint," but a real man, whose temper was as violent as his orthodoxy was strong, and who never could be tamed, even in the shadow of the Church, to withhold his fist or to chasten his tongue.

And Burdy has succeeded in the task of portraiture, because he was born with the talent of biography. One work was allotted for his accomplishment, and he accomplished it like a master. Skelton, no doubt, was the single man who fired his imagination, and as deep a sympathy united the two men, different though they were in temper, as united Johnson and his biographer. Burdy's other works are merely commonplace; his career was merely commonplace: once only did opportunity confront him, and he deserves to be remembered, because he seized the opportunity with both hands. His style is vigorous, and sometimes even dignified; he gathered his material by the Socratic method, and no doubt he put as many questions as the laird of Auchinleck; the authority for his most outrageous statements is always Skelton; and while he makes no attempt to soften his model, it is obvious that he has never put a too harsh edge upon the reverend gentleman's features. Above all, he has cultivated the anecdote with a zeal that might

put the composer of chap-books to shame. And, in truth, the chap-book was to Burdy a potent influence. He wrote his authentic biography of an ancient clergyman as the hacks of the eighteenth century composed the lives of Freney and Barrington. Nor is there anything astonishing in this imitation. Ireland a hundred years since depended for her literature upon the pedlars—the real circulating libraries of old—who carried their pamphlets to the distant corners of that wild land, and picked up their modest bread and butter in cottages which knew not the meaning of the things we call books. So that, while on the one hand Burdy rivals Boswell, on the other he imitates the simple bundles of jest and anecdote which the pedlars carried in their pack. Yet the result is not incongruous, because the biographer, with his genuine sense of humour and proportion, keeps the picture within its frame.

In 1781 Burdy, still a student, was infatuated with the stories, which all Dublin repeated, of Skelton's vigour and skill in argument. So as Boswell sought Johnson in Davies's bookshop, Burdy sought the Irish divine in his humble lodging. He went with the avowed purpose of asking advice; but curiosity was stronger within him than interest, and his retentive memory was already prepared to feed a notebook. His reception was not so brusque as was Boswell's, yet it might have dismayed a less pertinacious admirer. Burdy

tracked the hero to his bed-chamber, where he found "a remarkably tall large man; his eyebrows were quite grey, his shoulders somewhat bent by age, and his bones nearly twice the size of those of an ordinary man. He wore a brown wig, a blue coat with black cuffs, the breast of which was covered over with snuff, black velvet waistcoat and breeches, yarn stockings made of black wool, and small silver buckles on his shoes." Thus the man is brought before you in a few lines, with the added note that "his countenance showed he had been handsome in his youth." Skelton instantly saw the man with whom he dealt, and rallied him incontinent. "You're finely dressed," said he, "with your fine bright buttons. I thought you were a man of sense and a scholar, but I have been deceived, I find; I believe you are but an indifferent sort of a body; I always judge a man by his buttons." However, the brilliantly bedecked Burdy was not easily subdued. Despite his finery, he put the old man, then past seventy, into a good temper, and, as he ingenuously declares, changed his buttons the very next day.

Henceforth Burdy's task was designed for him. He frequented the company of Skelton assiduously, and has left us the best portrait of a bullying, wrangling parson that exists. Philip Skelton, we learn, was born near Lisburne in 1706, the son of a "decent and honest country-man." He was roughly nurtured, but his early hardships did but increase the vigour and

insolence of his character. "At his father's they always got beef on Sundays," he said, "but not regularly during the week." So in the midst of poverty he grew up, dividing his time between the fields and the grammar-school. When he did not relish his books, his father put coarse brogues on his feet, a frieze coat on his back, and sent him to toil with the common labourers, and when the day's work was done sat him down to feed with the lowest servants. Then, as the boy began to relent, "Sirrah," said his father, "I'll make this proposal to you: Whether do you choose to drudge and toil all your life, as you have these few days past, living on coarse food, clad in frieze clothes, and with brogues on your feet, or to apply to your books, and eat, drink, and be dressed like your brothers here?" pointing to his brothers, who had just come down from the University, decked out in Dublin finery. Poor Philip, whose bones ached with the hand-barrow, said he would readily go to school, and be attentive to his studies. And so attentive was he that he made himself a scholar in spite of obstacles. Candles failing him he used furze, which he gathered for the purpose, and throwing it piece by piece on the fire, read by the glimmering light. But though he became a scholar, he would never make the smallest claim to be a gentleman. "He only is a gentleman," said he, "who has riches derived from ancestors, that possessed them from time imme-

morial ;” and on another occasion when a friend insisted that all clergymen were gentlemen, he turned upon him with a kind of fierceness—“Our Saviour was no gentleman,” he cried ; “the apostles were no gentlemen either.”

But, gentleman or no gentleman, he would endure insolence from no man, and the spirit of combat showed itself early within him. His career at Trinity College, Dublin, was disturbed by brawls of all kinds, and though he distinguished himself in scholarship, he regarded the authorities as his natural foes. With Dr Baldwin, the Provost, he had a lasting feud, and that stiff-necked Whig, using the worst insult he knew, denounced his pupil for a Jacobite. The result was that Skelton left the university two years before his scholarship expired. But his conduct was never marked by the priggishness of the student. His mighty strength and his aptitude for sports of all kinds gave him an early superiority among his fellows, while his irascible temper made him ever prompt to quarrel. Once, indeed, he was only saved from a duel on St Stephen’s Green by the diplomacy of his friends ; and on another occasion he raised a riot in the streets, and a man was unfortunately killed by some of the party. “This,” says Burdy, with his usual imperturbability, “had a serious effect upon him.” However, he was not always thus blood-thirsty, and at the common games of skill and strength he was always an adept. Though

he was a fine boxer, and most dexterous at the small-sword, the back-sword was his favourite weapon, and once at Donnybrook Fair he won a hat set up as a prize for the best cudgel-player. But having gained the victory he made a bow to the girls, and told them he fought just to please them, and returned the hat that they might have the more amusement. “A hero in romance,” says the faithful biographer, “could not have been more complaisant to the fair sex.” So complaisant was he, indeed, that he perfected himself also in the art of dancing. “He could both dance gracefully and dance long”—again we quote Burdy—“two rare qualities united.” And all the while he was resolutely preparing to enter the Church.

But his strangest prank of all was so near to swindling, and it is described by the biographer with so cold a humour, that not a word of it should be lost. It is the more interesting, too, because it has been repeated unconsciously a thousand times, and was gravely reported not six months ago in a French newspaper. Thus it is brought within the domain of folklore, and is the best possible proof that Samuel Burdy modelled his style on the pedlar’s wares. “The following trick of his” (we quote textually), “which has since been practised by some others, is not unsuitable to the character of a young man in the college. He and twelve more, dining at an inn near Dublin, when the reckoning was to be paid, they discovered there was no money

in the company. Skelton then invented the scheme of blind-folding the waiter, that the first he might catch should pay the reckoning, and thus they all escaped." It was a wonderful invention truly, and rather befitting the hero of a jest-book than an orthodox divine. But that is the strength of Philip Skelton: though his orthodoxy was impregnable, he always remained a man of infinite humour and fierce passion.

So Skelton left Dublin, where he had more acquaintances than any man in the college, to take orders in the Church. It was Bishop Sterne, of Clogher, who ordained him, and it is characteristic of the man that on the day of ordination he threw another deacon down-stairs. His first curacy was interrupted speedily by a brawl with the vicar's wife; but he had already discovered not only the splendid charity which dominated his life, but his talent for preaching. On the one hand, he was not a "dull drowsy lecturer," nor, on the other, was he one of "the smooth pretty preachers." His discourses were apt to draw tears or to arouse laughter. On the subject of hell-fire he was peculiarly eloquent, and he could move the most cultured audience to terror. Once when he had preached before a too refined congregation he was told that a certain lady did not like his sermon. "Oh," replied Skelton, "she has a good right not to like sermons about hell's fire, for she is mistress to the Archbishop of York, and all London knows it." But all

his hearers were not as this lady, and he thundered to good purpose wherever he went, and supported his stern opinions with his own lack of conventionality. "I set out on the road of orthodoxy," said he, "but I found leisure to switch the Arians now and then." And in good truth he switched them all, and defended his own opinions with admirable energy. "Between you and me," he said to a friend, "I'll pawn my salvation on the truth of the Trinity."

Appointed curate at Monaghan, this fighting Christian, who should have ruled others, wasted the best years of his life in futile subservience. Maybe it is not strange that promotion came slowly to one who cared not to conciliate his fellows; but promotion did come slowly, and Skelton freely attributed his failure to the treachery of his bishop. Nor did he accept the neglect in amiable silence. "God forgive me," he would say, "I railed against him most violently, but he did not regard it; his station placed him far above me, and what did he care for the censure of a poor curate?" However, Skelton neither forgot nor forgave: if the bishop slighted him, he ignored the bishop. He never attended a visitation during the rest of the bishop's life; and so far did he carry his rancour, as always to insult a bishop wherever he found him, and whoever he might be. Meanwhile, though he followed a serious profession, he did not neglect the prowess of his

youth. He was still undefeated at the game of long-bullets, and his strength was famous throughout the countryside. He could still lift such weights as no ordinary person could move, and he told Burdy that he could wind a 50-lb. weight round his head without any difficulty. Moreover, his fist was as active as his tongue to chastise the insolent, but he had not yet found the proper theatre for his genius.

On the subject of matrimony he was no less exercised than was Panurge. "Shall I marry?" said he. "Marry in God's name," might have replied his friends. But though he had made several attempts (ingeniously tabulated by the faithful Burdy) he never changed his state. The first lady to whom he paid his addresses showed signs of extravagance, and he would have none of her. "Between your pride and his poverty," he declared, "poor Phil Skelton shall never be racked." And poor Phil Skelton was not racked, though providence proved his wisdom by driving the lady to drink and adultery. Another experiment might have had a more hopeful result, had not Skelton called upon his betrothed and found her conversing in a private room with a "gay, airy youth." He dropped the beau over the stairs, and never spoke to the faithless one again. After this fashion four attempts failed, and Skelton resolved to suppress his passions, for which purpose he lived two years upon vegetables. But

he was not pleased with his own lack of bravery, and at the age of fifty he thought of marriage again. He then realised the loneliness of life, and repented that he had not married when young. "Would to God," he would exclaim, "I had married a servant-maid!"

The long years of his curacy were broken only by a literary project or two, and one journey to London. He was still young when he wrote 'Some Proposals for the Revival of Christianity,' a piece attributed to Swift, under whose inspiration it was composed. The great man, after his wont, would neither acknowledge nor deny the authorship; he merely objected that the writer had not continued the irony to the end. A more serious effort was 'Deism Revealed,' a work which was approved by Hume and profitably published by Andrew Miller. To launch this masterpiece Skelton travelled to London, and his impressions of the capital are droll enough. Like Voltaire, he was amazed at the intelligence of the merchants in whose houses he dined, and there "passed many agreeable hours with company fit to entertain and instruct me." But coming up from Monaghan he was most deeply struck by the sight of a wild Irishman in a public show, "dressed up with a false beard, artificial wings, and the like." A hideous figure, he wore a chain round his waist, and cut his foolish capers before a gaping crowd. He was a native of Skelton's own Derriagh, and had taken,

said he, a proper method of gulling the English. After the wild Irishman the parson was most astonished by the fact that he once dined in London for three halfpence, for which he got a quart of thick soup and a piece of bread. It was cheap and maybe savoury, but even Skelton, who was used to the hard fare of Ireland, did not like to repeat the experiment. "The soup," said he, "was made of broken meat collected from cook-shops, kitchens, and strolling beggars." And if he knew beforehand its composition, it is another proof of the old man's intrepidity. However, his visit to London gave him the air of a travelled man, and the artful Burdy was not slow to question him. "'What's the reason, sir' (I said to Mr Skelton once), 'that these deistical writers, Hume, Bolingbroke, and Gibbon, are so clever, while their opponents are often inferior to them in point of composition?' 'Do you think' (he replied) 'the devil ever sent a fool on his errand?'" It reads like a parody of Boswell's 'Life,' and truly both biographer and subject acquit themselves in the approved fashion.

But after twenty years of waiting Philip Skelton was appointed to the living of Pettigo, the roughest parish in Ireland, and there he showed his true character and courage. Remote and uncultivated, it verily deserved the name of Siberia, which he gave to it. The vicar himself had but one room, with an earthen floor, where he slept and studied. A simple screen

concealed his bed, and in this modest hut he entertained the great ones of the neighbourhood. His arrival was characteristic and magnificent. He was a bruiser himself, but he thought that his own fists might be over-matched, so he took with him one Jonas Good, a great boxer, to defend him. "I hire you to fight," said he to his henchman, "at which I hear you are very clever," and between them they fought the parish into submission and good behaviour. Moreover, his sense of fun got the better of him, and he dressed Jonas up to look as terrific as possible. Wherefore he would not allow him to wear livery, which might have destroyed the allusion, but clothed him in picturesque braveries, and gave out that he was a match for four. Yet the ruffians of Pettigo were equal to the emergency: the boasting of Skelton "excited the envy of some malicious people, who waylaid Jonas at night, and beat him most shockingly." This, however, was but an interlude. Jonas recovered his beating, and, his master aiding, ruled the parish with an iron fist.

For his own part, Skelton was always fighting. Now it is a mob of tinkers that he chastises single-handed. Now he thrashes an officer for profane swearing. At another time he quarrels at a vestry-meeting, and putting off his clerical robe, he beats his opponent within an inch of his life. He had been thirty years a priest when he challenged a major to mortal combat; and wherever he went or whatever enterprise he under-

took, he bore himself as a gallant man. But, his courage apart, he was always devoted to charity. He took upon himself the sorrows of all his poor parish. He fought hunger as he fought impertinence, with every fibre of his robust frame. "If you have not food," he said, "beg it; if you can't get for begging, steal; if you can't get for stealing, rob, and don't starve." So, as long as he had a penny in his pocket, he fed his parishioners, were they Catholic or Protestant. No heresy came in the way of his well-doing; only he must do good in his own way. When famine came, he sold his library to buy meal, and, distributing the meal himself, he kept back the extortionate thief with his strong right hand. At the time of the greatest dearth, "he and Jonas Good, the strong man, regulated Pettigo market on a Monday, standing among the meal-sacks, each of them with a huge club in his hand." It is a heroic picture, which you cannot contemplate without a frank admiration for this brave old parson.

Yet though he gave up everything, he loved comfort and the good things of this world with all the energy of his vivid nature. The force of life dominated him, and he lived every minute and with every drop of blood. His library gone, he collected another; in the face of poverty he cultivated his garden, and despite the bleakness of his Siberian Pettigo, he made a wonderful collection of flowers. Of dress he was properly contemptuous, since finery

in the wilds of Ireland would have been absurd. So in the time of frost and distress this open-handed hero would go through Pettigo "with a straw-rope about him to keep his large coat on." Yet in the face of disaster he allowed himself one pleasure. "He was fond of a good horse," says Burdy, "and generally had the best saddle-horses that could be got, though he was remarkably awkward on horseback, for he turned out his toes, and took no hold with his knees, but balanced himself in the stirrups, like a man on a slack-wire; so that when a horse began to trot he jogged up down like a taylor. A lady who was riding near him one day near Pettigo observed to him that he turned out his toes too much. 'O yes,' he said, 'my education was inverted, for I was taught to ride by a dancing-master, and to dance by a riding-master.'" Are not the picture and the excuse alike admirable? And still more humorous is Burdy's comment: "Horace himself informs us very candidly that he rode awkwardly on his mule."

Thus Skelton was preferred from one rectory to another, until at last old age drove him to seek refuge and retirement in Dublin. There he lived quietly and at his ease, discussing theology, baiting bishops, and playing piquet for a farthing a game. But by this time his fame had spread wide, and his table-talk was collected for the curious. For instance, at dinner (you are told) he would give two toasts. The first was

the family of the Latouches, which had a soul superior to the rest of mankind; the second was Richmond the dancing-master, who was famous in Dublin for the capture of burglars. This toast he would preface with the words: "I give you the health of a hero, Richmond the dancing-master." With Skelton's approval he must needs have been a hero, and at least he professed an art which the parson practised with skill and sympathy. But Skelton's familiar discourse was always free, and never smacked of his cloth. To a girl who came to him for counsel he exclaimed: "Marry a soldier, my girl, for you will find more honest soldiers than honest parsons." When a gentleman of Fermanagh told him that he expected to represent the county in Parliament, "Ay," he said, with a directness worthy of the Doctor, "they are all a parcel of rascals, and a rascal is fittest to represent them." Yet in spite of his energy and strength he suffered from the horrors, like Borrow and many another strong and energetic man. In his own thought, he trembled for fifty years upon the brink of the grave. He would rise at night to rush in timid search for a doctor, and half an hour's jogging on horseback would restore him to confidence. His parishioners, sympathetic in most things, tired of this perpetual anxiety, and one among them, bolder than the rest, said, "Make a day, sir, and keep it, and don't be always disappointing us." But he refused to make a day, and disappointed

them until he was past eighty and the pompous prebendary of Donacavey. Moreover, he had a simple faith in omens and dreams. Once upon a time a great lady fell in love with him, and offered him the tutelage of her sons, as a step to matrimony. Although perplexed, he might have looked upon the suit with favour, but in the night "he saw the appearance of a wig-block, which, rising by degrees out of the floor of the room, and then moving back and forward, said in a solemn voice: 'Beware of what you are about.'" He did beware, and procured the appointment for a friend. The lady married her tutor in two years; "in half a year after," says Skelton, "she cuckold him, and then I saw her with my eyes a beastly drunkard." Truly the wig-block gave a just and timely warning.

Such was the man whom Burdy drew, and in drawing Skelton he perforce drew himself. So he is revealed to us a simple friend and faithful biographer. His own career, as we have said, was merely commonplace. He attempted, ineffectually, to marry Bishop Percy's daughter, and he printed a volume of poems, one of which boasted the ingenious title: "On being refused the Loan of an Umbrella by a certain Lady." But the work of his life was Skelton's biography, and it is a curiosity of literature that, while Burdy and Boswell were inspired by a similar talent, they were working at the same time, and that their masterpieces were published within the limit of a single year.

CUTTIN' RUSHES.

OH, maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago!

Meself was risin' early on a day for cuttin' rushes;
Walkin' up the Brabla' burn, still the sun was low,

Now I'd hear the burn run an' then I'd hear the thrushes.
Young, still young!—an' drenchin' wet the grass,

Wet the golden honeysuckle hangin' sweetly down;
Here, lad, here! will ye follow where I pass,
An' find me cuttin' rushes on the mountain.

Then was it only yesterday, or fifty years or so?

Rippin' round the bog pools high among the heather,
The hook it made me hand sore, I had to lave it go;

'Twas he that cut the rushes then for me to bind together.
Come, dear, come!—an' back along the burn

See the darlin' honeysuckle hangin' like a crown.
Quick, one kiss! Sure, there' some one at the turn!
"Oh, we're afther cuttin' rushes on the mountain."

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago . . .

I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summer thrushes.
Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing an' flow,

For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o' green rushes.
Run, burn, run! Can ye mind when we were young?

The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark an' brown:
Sing, burn, sing! Can ye mind the song ye sung
The day we cut the rushes on the mountain?

MOIRA O'NEILL

THE RECORD OF A LIFE.

AN autobiography, or a confidential diary, affords an opportunity for the display of many attractive and engaging qualities. It may be instructive, amusing, and ingenious. It may contain interesting facts not hitherto revealed to the world, or valuable judgments passed by the writer upon his contemporaries, or vivid descriptions of *choses vues*. But there is one virtue without the presence of which all other excellences are as naught, and that virtue is candour. Any attempt to pose, any tendency to strike an attitude, is fatal. It is notorious how apt autobiographers are to be lacking in this one essential. In analysing his own character — “the other fellow” (to wit himself), as Laurence Lockhart used to say—a man, consciously or unconsciously, sets down what he desires to set down. In discussing the motives which prompted a particular action, he colours his picture with tints borrowed from subsequent experience and reflection. Thus he never comes to close quarters with his readers, who are quick to detect the ring of insincerity. Whatever merits or defects this remarkable volume¹ may possess, no one can deny its absolute straightforwardness. You feel instinctively that the writer is in good faith; and, whether you approve or disapprove,

whether you censure or applaud, you cannot help acknowledging the frankness of the record. Not one line is written for mere effect; not one sentence but is stamped with the unmistakable hall-mark of the writer’s mind and heart.

Mrs Oliphant had originally designed her autobiography for a legacy to her sons; but after their death she continued the work, avowedly with a view to posthumous publication.

“How strange it is to me,” she exclaims, “to write all this with the effort of making light reading of it, and putting in anecdotes that will do to quote in the papers and make the book sell! It is a sober narrative enough, heaven knows! and when I wrote it for my Cecco [her younger son] to read, it was all very different; but now that I am doing it consciously for the public, with the aim (no evil aim) of leaving a little more money, I feel all this to be so vulgar, so common, so unnecessary, as if I were making pennyworths of myself.”

It is difficult to believe that the narrative could have been more free from affectation and pretence, more open and more intimate, if the original purpose of the writer had not been altered by the crushing blow which made her once happy home “empty, cold, and silent,” and left her waiting, longing, in earnest expectation, for “the one event to come, which will, I hope and believe, do away with all the suffering past, and

¹ The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs M. O. W. Oliphant. Arranged and Edited by Mrs Harry Coghill. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1899.

carry me back a happy woman to my family." We will not call this book a human document; we will not say that it echoes with the true *cri du cœur*. Such phraseology would have moved Mrs Oliphant to just indignation and disgust. She detested all cant, and none more than that of introspection—the jargon of the "*psychologues*." But here is, no question, that combination of qualities which those slang terms so inadequately express. He who seeks an elaborate exposition of changes of belief—a pompous recital of how a first reading of Hegel made the writer think this, and a prolonged study of Mr Herbert Spencer made her think that—will, indeed, go empty away. Those who care for complacent whimperings over the loss of a creed never seriously held, or who love the lucubrations of such as brood, with a self-pitying, self-satisfied melancholy, upon the ruins of a faith which has yielded to the "pressure of the German historical movement" (Mesopotamic phrase!)—such persons may be directed to go elsewhere. To them this must needs appear the eminently "prosaic little narrative" which Mrs Oliphant avows it to be. But over the more ordinary members of the human race, who have little taste for reasoning high on such matters, it will cast an irresistible spell. Its power and attraction are not to be gauged by mere extracts. It must be read as a whole—the correspondence (so admirably selected and arranged by Mrs Coghill) illustrating Mrs

Oliphant's own story; and, so read, it cannot, we should imagine, appeal in vain to any save the most stolid or the most supercilious of mankind.

Mrs Oliphant's was not a life of incident or adventure. Chance brought her acquainted with a certain number of celebrities, and made her intimate with a very few; but she was no lion-hunter, and she admits, with great good-humour and enjoyment, the justice of the complaint made by a Jewish patroness of the fine arts, who used to ask her to her parties, that "she never did herself any justice" in general society. Her father had a small place in the Customs; his means permitted him to live only in the quietest way; and he nourished a strong and ever-growing dislike to the company of people outside his family circle. Hence, though by no means bred in a "mental greenhouse" (for her mother seems to have been a typical Scotswoman of the best school) Margaret Wilson's sole amusement in youth was found in books, newspapers, and magazines; and hence, no doubt, the habit of writing, which she formed early in life, became to her almost a second nature. "I always disliked paying visits," she says, "and felt myself a fish out of water when I was not in my own house." During the last thirty years of her life, when her position in the world of letters was assured, she resided principally at Windsor, and this effectually precluded the possibility of dining-out in London. Lunches and afternoon parties in

town were, of course, practicable, and these she sometimes attended, much against her will. In spite, however, of her distaste for the commerce of society, she had considerable knowledge of the world, acquired, no doubt, partly from natural shrewdness, and partly from frequent travel. That she was a keen judge of character the present volume alone makes abundantly plain. She possessed the faculty of making people talk, and with it (one may conjecture) the more dangerous art of "pulling people's legs," as it is elegantly termed nowadays. True, she repudiates with some warmth the impeachment of having been "a student of human nature," or of having acted as a spy upon her friends in any way. But, both in the autobiography and in the letters, there are thumbnail sketches which disclose the same gifts of observation and humour as characterise her best novels. Such a sketch, for example, is her account of Mrs Duncan Stewart's entertainments in Sloane Street, or her description of the people whom she came across when in pursuit of information about Edward Irving—people who were eager to impart much, if not all, about themselves, but were quite oblivious of the object of her inquiries. There are also many charming vignettes of men and women—of Mr Story, now Principal of Glasgow University, of the Tullochs, of Montalembert, of John Rufini, of Mr and Mrs Blackett, of Robert Macpherson and his wife, of Lord Tennyson, and,

above all, of Miss Isabella Blackwood, a constant correspondent and intimate friend of Mrs Oliphant's, and a woman of singular ability. The picture of the Carlyles, "that much maligned and much misunderstood pair," is charming. From the Sage she received nothing but "perfect courtesy and kindness." He praised her 'Life of Edward Irving' in very handsome terms—terms so gratifying that, as she writes herself to Mr John Blackwood, "for the space of a night and a day I *was* uplifted and lost my head." "I was never more delighted with any man," she continues; "I am ready henceforth to stand up for all those peculiarities which other people think defects, and to do battle for him whenever I hear him assailed." To his wife Mrs Oliphant became strongly attached, recognising in her something of the strong sense and ready wit which had distinguished her own mother. But admirable as these interludes are, and excellent as are the anecdotes (*not* "put in to quote in the papers") with which many of the letters are enlivened, it is upon Mrs Oliphant's own personality that the interest is chiefly concentrated, and it is the development of her character that the reader watches most attentively.

Mrs Oliphant was born on the 10th of June 1828, and was married on the 4th of May 1852. On the morning of her marriage she received the proof-sheets of 'Katie Stewart': an outward and visible sign, as it were, of the beginning of a con-

nection with 'Maga' which lasted for more than five-and-forty years. 'Katie Stewart'—that exquisite little work—was not, however, Mrs Oliphant's first effort in literature. 'Margaret Maitland' had been published by Colburn in 1849, when the author was twenty-one, and had been followed by other novels of decidedly inferior merit. Lord Jeffrey's letter of congratulation to the anonymous author of 'Margaret Maitland' will be read with much interest. The veteran critic was acute enough to guess the sex of the writer. Mrs Oliphant herself did not display the same sagacity when the 'Scenes of Clerical Life' and 'Adam Bede' took the reading public by storm. Lord Jeffrey's praise must have been intensely gratifying to the beginner, whose early associations and surroundings, by the bye, were all Whig, if not Radical; but, considering his lordship's letter with a cool mind, we think that his eulogy was not one whit too strong, and that, in his fault-finding, he was, if anything, hypercritical. It was well for Mrs Oliphant that her barque was thus safely and satisfactorily launched upon the sea of letters, for, after her marriage, she was the main support of the household. Her husband's business—that of an artist and designer of painted windows—proved the reverse of remunerative. Finally his health broke down, and after the removal of the household to Italy in the vain hope that Mr Oliphant might there recover health, he died at Rome in 1859.

During their stay in Italy the family, which now included a son and daughter, were principally dependent for subsistence upon advances made by Mr John Blackwood on the faith of articles to be written by Mrs Oliphant for his Magazine. Probably Mr Blackett also made similar remittances. At her husband's death Mrs Oliphant found herself in these circumstances: "I had for all my fortune about £1000 of debt, a small insurance of, I think, £200 on Frank's life, our furniture laid up in a warehouse, and my own faculties, such as they were, to make our living and pay off our burdens by." A posthumous child was born, and then, with the assistance of Mr Blackwood and Mr Blackett, Mrs Oliphant returned to this country, where, after staying for some months with her brother at Birkenhead, and afterwards at Elie in Fife (the scene of 'John Rintoul'), she settled for the winter in Fettes Row, Edinburgh. It was during her residence there that, when things seemed at their very worst, she began the Carlingford series—the most satisfactory and the most popular group of her novels. They "*almost* made me one of the popularities of literature," is her wistful commentary upon them. She retells the story of her interview with Mr John Blackwood and "the Major," which readers of the 'Annals of a Publishing House' are not likely to have forgotten. Truly, the tide turned for her at the right moment. She never made so

much out of her writings as some of her contemporaries—as Anthony Trollope, for example, or Miss Muloch. “Yet I have done very well,” she admits, “for a woman, and a friendless woman with no one to make the best of me, and quite unable to do that for myself. I never could fight for a higher price, or do anything but trust to the honour of those I had to deal with.” After a winter in Fettes Row, she moved to Ealing, which was her headquarters until she went to Windsor for the education of her boys.

Now let the reader mentally place himself or herself in the situation in which Mrs Oliphant stood after her husband’s death, always postulating, of course, a certain faculty for writing, and a certain established position in the world of letters. What course would he pursue? We imagine that a prudent person, on arriving in England from abroad, would seek out some low - rented house in some country-town where education was cheap, or even in some altogether rural district; would cut down expenses as far as possible and live with the strictest economy; would direct his or her efforts to paying off outstanding debts and thereafter to laying something by, as the phrase runs, “for a rainy day.” Not so Mrs Oliphant. Deliberately and with open eyes she adopted a policy which necessarily involved her being always behindhand with the world. Her avowals as to this “plan of campaign” are astoundingly outspoken. Nothing but

the best of everything was good enough for her. She hated small economies. To travel expensively was “her way.” She never would travel second-class. “I never liked second-class journeys nor discomforts of that kind.” Rather than face a twelve hours’ passage across the Channel she drove from St Malo to Boulogne. She had none of what she calls “the faculty of economics” in her. She stayed at the very best and most expensive hotels; she dressed in the richest of silks and satins; she insisted on producing champagne for her guests at dinner. To most people in her circumstances a “main-door” in Fettes Row and the boys going to the neighbouring Edinburgh Academy would have represented the summit of ambition. Fettes Row is uninviting enough in all conscience. But the Academy had revived classical learning in the Scottish secondary schools; it had introduced athletics into Scottish school-life; and it holds its own to-day in the face of severe competition. Yet the Academy, which was good enough for most Scottish parents five-and - thirty years ago, was not good enough for Mrs Oliphant. It must be either Eton or Harrow, and Eton it turned out to be.

But that was not all. Shortly after her removal to Windsor in order that her boy Cyril might go to Eton, her brother was ruined, and without an instant’s hesitation she took upon herself the charge of his family. It meant the addition to her household of four people.

No doubt, friends remonstrated with her for undertaking this enormous additional responsibility. Mr John Blackwood, at all events, indulged a few years afterwards in a kindly warning, which elicited from her the following candid statement of her position:—

“My money is almost always spent before I get it, or received only just in time for pressing necessities, so that the pleasant sensation of feeling even three months clear before me is one which very rarely occurs to me. I have four people, an entire family, three of them requiring education, absolutely on my hands to provide for. My only chance of ever escaping from this burden is to train and push on my nephew into a position in which he can take this weight upon himself. This process of course involves a great additional expense, and I cannot let my own boys suffer for what I am obliged to do for him. For the next three years, during which I shall have all three at work, I can look forward to nothing but a fight *à outrance* for money. . . . Now perhaps it would be wiser, with this tremendous struggle before me, to retire from my pretty house and pleasant surroundings and go to some cheap village where I could live at less expense. I hold myself ready to do this should the necessity absolutely arise; but you will easily understand that while still in the full tide of middle life I shrink from such a sacrifice, and would rather work to the utmost of my powers than withdraw from all that makes existence agreeable. . . . I never can save money, but if I can rear three men who may be good for something in the world, I shall not have lived for nothing.”

That this course involved the sacrifice of the ambition to do the very best work, Mrs Oliphant was well aware. At the time, she tells us, with extraordinary frankness, “it seemed rather a fine thing to make

that resolution; but now I think that if I had taken the other way, which seemed the less noble, it might have been better for all of us.” It was really easier to her, she says, “to keep on with a flowing sail [the inappropriate adjective is characteristic], to keep my household and a number of people comfortable, at the cost of incessant work, and an occasional great crisis of anxiety, than to live the self-restrained life which the greater artist imposes upon himself.” Time after time she repeats this view in the autobiography. The “easy swing of life” was what she loved. “I had enough to carry me on easily, almost luxuriously, but not enough to save.” A little extra expense could always be made up for by a little extra exertion.

What wonder that life for her was “always at hard, if not at high, pressure”? Well, indeed, might she liken herself to Prometheus, “the man chained to the rock, with the vultures swooping down upon him!” Think of it: always forestalling money earned, so that the price of a book was generally eaten up before it was printed; always owing somebody, “though never owing anybody to any unreasonable amount;” and with awful moments when some dreadful corner seemed impassable, which somehow was always rounded! Was it tempting Providence or trusting God? she herself asks. Who shall say? It is assuredly not for us to decide. We may note, at all events, that in one respect her calculations were justified; the

power of work lasted practically as long as life. Never was her skill more conspicuous than in the interval between Cecco's death and her own. Her sons, for whom she thus slaved, were taken from her. They no longer required a provision. If the line she followed was mistaken, surely she suffered a more than adequate penalty in the exquisitely bitter reflection that to some extent their failure to find a footing in life was due to her solicitude and indulgence.

There is, however, one consideration which rises irresistibly to the mind in reviewing the course which Mrs Oliphant mapped out for herself and consistently followed. If she was able to ride in first-class carriages, to stay at the best hotels, to educate her sons at Eton, to travel all over the Continent, to make a pilgrimage even to Jerusalem, whence came the money to meet the inevitable expense? The answer is very simple,—from her publishers. They acted as her bankers: they advanced money to her on the security of her health of body and vigour of mind. It may very well be that if Mrs Oliphant had been beforehand with the world, she might have commanded better prices. You cannot expect a capitalist to let you have the use of his capital for absolutely nothing. Dickens has explained this aspect of

a much-debated question with great force and clearness.¹ But it is certain that, as matters actually stood, Mrs Oliphant would have had to forgo most of the luxuries and comforts by which she set as much store as anybody else, had it not been for the ready aid of those who "financed" her. In what other calling would she have been so fortunate? Perhaps, if she had been a painter, a picture-dealer might have advanced her a few guineas. But we know of no "profession" other than letters in which remuneration can be anticipated to the same amount and on the same terms. Solicitors do not finance barristers to the tune of several thousands. A struggling surgeon will probably fail to raise a five-pound note on the strength of a promise to cut off the lender's leg if called upon to do so. When the countless iniquities of "the trade" are rehearsed by prosperous and well-fed authors, let not the recording angel fail to note that publishers have long done, and still continue to do, what is asked and expected of no man in any other kind of business.

From the point of view of literature, it would be affectation to pretend not to regret that Mrs Oliphant drove herself so hard. She resented compliments to her industry; but she sometimes ran a serious risk

¹ "He was equally intolerant of every magnificent proposal that should render the literary man independent of the bookseller. . . . 'What does it come to?' he remarked. 'You and I know very well that in nine cases out of ten the author is at a disadvantage with the publisher, because the publisher has capital and the author has not. We know perfectly well that in nine cases out of ten money is advanced by the publisher before the book is producible—often long before.'"—Forster's *Life of Dickens*, iii. 451.

of leaving nothing but her industry for people to compliment her upon. How remarkable it was, the present volume, with its full and excellent bibliography, gives ample indication. She had always an article on hand for 'Maga' in the midst of her heaviest work. No other contributor, except Aytoun, approached her versatility and diligence, and the term of his connection with the Magazine was considerably shorter than hers. With the exception of purely political subjects, there was almost no topic on which she was not prepared to write. Old-fashioned in her ideas, she preferred the system of anonymous to that of signed articles; but she held out vigorously for her own views when they were not in harmony with the Editor's, as the correspondence sufficiently testifies. She was extremely plain-spoken in her comments on the Magazine upon occasion, and in writing to the Editor did not hesitate to stigmatise any article as "dreadful nonsense" if she thought it so. As a critic she was fair and open-minded: not averse from "a little slashing" when that operation seemed necessary, and well able to apply the rod to serious delinquents. Her opinions were strongly held, and sometimes, perhaps, prevented her from catching the true drift of ideas with which she was unfamiliar. Yet she had no "fads" or eccentricities, no logs to roll, no axes to grind; and in the great majority of cases her views were both sensible and sound. Long practice had endowed her with

a species of instinct for discovering the salient points of a book at a mere glance and on the first turning over of the leaves. The knack of what is called "journalism" she possessed in an unusual degree. Her "copy," particularly in the case of her more important articles, was often delayed till the last possible moment, but never longer. She was extraordinarily apt and ready at taking up a hint, and at working into her articles any new line of thought or argument suggested to her, provided always that it did not conflict with her own prejudices or convictions. In that case she was tenacious to the point of obstinacy; nor did she face the task of recasting a completed work with any more equanimity than her neighbours. Yet, when the first shock of annoyance was past, she was often wise enough to profit by distasteful advice; and 'The Beleaguered City' is a striking instance of judicious, though at the time, perhaps, reluctant, deference to the counsels of another. She wrote *currente calamo*. It was impossible to foretell what length her articles would "run to": she herself had probably little notion when she took up her pen. Hence a slight readjustment of balance or proportion might sometimes have effected a perceptible improvement. But these shortcomings were trivial indeed in comparison with her abounding merits. No periodical was ever better or more loyally served by a contributor: not the

'Quarterly' by Croker, not the 'Saturday Review' by Venables, scarce even 'Maga' herself by John Wilson or Professor Aytoun.

Mrs Oliphant's attitude to her "art" was eminently sane and healthy. "I have written because it gave me pleasure," she says, "because it came natural to me, because it was like talking or breathing, besides the big fact that it was necessary for me to work for my children." She never knew that freedom from human ties which she notes as one of the most singular traits in Laurence Oliphant and his wife. "I have always had to think of other people, and to plan everything—for my own pleasure, it is true, very often, but always in subjection to the necessity which bound me to them." She had none of the airs and graces of those who take themselves seriously.

"You make me nervous," she writes to Mr John Blackwood about 'Miss Marjoribanks'—one of her very finest novels—"when you talk about the first rank of novelists, &c.: nobody in the world cares whether I am in the first or sixth. I mean I have no one left who cares, and the world can do absolutely nothing for me except giving me a little more money, which, Heaven knows, I spend easily enough as it is. But all the same, I will do my best, only please recognise the difference a little between a man who can take the good of his reputation, if he has any, and a poor soul who is concerned about nothing except the most domestic and limited concerns."

Yet it would probably have been rash to take her at her word; and a homologation, express or implied, of that view by another would in all likeli-

hood, as she herself owns, have discovered the artist's pride in the work of her hands. Unfavourable criticism she could endure, without in the least professing to be unscathed by its arrows. "What is the reputation of a circulating library to me?" she asks. Eulogy did not turn her head, a fact which she attributed to her "strong Scotch sense of the absurdity of a chorus of praise." If such a sense were truly Scottish once, it has now, we fear, become expatriated. *Laudari a laudatis* gave her unalloyed pleasure. The applause of men like Mr Hutton or Mr Kinglake—men whom she respected and whose work she admired—was indeed worth earning. What she could not tolerate was the "patronising approbation" so often bestowed upon her by the press, and sometimes by thoughtless persons in private life—the "contemptuous compliments," as she describes them, which it was customary to pay to her "indefatigable industry," and the like. One may sympathise thoroughly with this feeling, while refusing to acknowledge that such a strain of praise was either unnatural or necessarily ill-natured.

In glancing at Mrs Oliphant's career, we have confined our attention, as far as possible, to those aspects of it which are more directly of public interest, or which are closely associated with this Magazine and those responsible for its conduct. Upon its more private side, as disclosed in the pages before us, we confess that we have not the heart to enter, though in a sense it

forms the distinctive feature of the book. The story is inexpressibly melancholy. As we read, we seem to hear the despairing cry of the Psalmist: "Will the Lord cast off for ever? Will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" Yet, bereft of husband and children, in the very midst of her awful desolation, Mrs Oliphant, we are satisfied, would have echoed the inspired words in which the sacred writer answers his own agonising doubts: "And I said, This is my infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the most High." Her heart's desire was granted. Not long did she survive her younger son. Death came on the 25th of June 1897—almost at the very period at which she had prayed for its arrival. *Felix opportunitate mortis*, we may well call her.

"When I die" (such is her prediction), "I know what people will say of me: they will give me credit for courage (which I almost think is not courage but insensibility), and for honesty and honour-

able dealing; they will say I did my duty with a kind of steadiness, not knowing how I have rebelled and groaned under the rod. Scarcely anybody who cares to speculate further will know what to say of my working power and my own conception of it; for, except one or two, even my friends will scarcely believe how little possessed I am with any thought of it all—how little credit I feel due to me, how accidental most things have been, and how entirely a matter of daily labour, congenial work, sometimes now and then the expression of my own heart, almost always the work most pleasant to me, this has been."

We believe that the judgment of the public upon Mrs Oliphant's life and character will be conceived in terms infinitely more favourable than she thus anticipated. But what, after all, does the verdict of her contemporaries or of posterity matter? She has passed to the bar of a Tribunal whose Justice and whose Mercy are infinite; and, in so far as it is permissible to mortals to attempt to penetrate within the veil, we may rest assured that she is reaping the reward allotted, by the express promise of the Almighty, to all those who in their day and generation have been good and faithful servants.

THE LOOKER-ON.

SAMOA—CHINA—BUDGET CRITICISM—THE WEST INDIES FOR THE UNITED STATES—MR WINTERLEY IN THE STUDIO AND AT THE PLAY.

APRIL, month of tears, came in with a promise of political tranquillity. To May, the merry month, was bequeathed a budget of new disturbances, fretting though not alarming. The Samoan trouble is hardly fretting indeed. The interests of our southern colonies in the future of the Pacific—an interest the reality and gravity of which we do not think enough about in England as yet—gives importance to the Samoan dispute, and should on no account be neglected. To all intents and purposes the federation of the Australian colonies has more to do with the dawning history of the Pacific than with anywhere else. If Samoa is little to us, it is much to them, and will soon be more; wherefore it takes a place in imperial politics that might otherwise be denied to it. However, we need not disturb ourselves about Samoa. The quarrel there is one that may be settled without the roaring of lions and the screaming of eagles, even though her Majesty's Ministers remember in arranging terms that there is no secure lease of friendship, whether German, American, or other.

The Chinese demonstrations at Kau-lung are more troublesome, from the difficulty of ascertaining what they signify. The most natural interpreta-

tion is that in China Europeans are detested, and their territorial encroachments resented by people and Government alike. What effect they are able to give to these unamiable feelings is another matter. The resistance of the Filipinos is not a case in point, though the Chinese empress may think otherwise; yet I confess that when I hear of China "going to pieces" as if it were a fairy-story cake impatient to be divided and devoured, I doubt the tale. Sometimes the story runs less fancifully; and then it is said, not that China is going to pieces, but that the time has come for a friendly European arrangement to break the country up. I suppose that, with an effort, that could be done, though there is little likelihood of the attempt. But when such heady talk is heard, and when there is no knowing what provocation popular hatred may provide, it may not be too soon to say this: that no more monstrous blunder could be committed, nor one more certainly followed by punishment to match, than sudden disruption of the Chinese empire. The man who pierced a sea-dyke to irrigate his fields would do a thing less mad. Wisdom would study to delay the breaking up of China, not to hasten it; and no country in the world should be so

anxious as our own to put off the day when all bonds shall be loosed in that swarming nation of adventurers. This is not said, however, in any belief that that day is near, or because British statesmanship is under pressing temptations to hurry it on. Every sufficient purpose, commercial or political, can be achieved with the least risk of that; avoidance of which, indeed, should be held in view as a distinct and necessary aim.

* * *

If the provisions of the Budget show that the Government draws little hope from the Peace Conference, their reception by the Opposition in the House of Commons indicates a similar state of feeling. No objection was made to further expenditure on the navy, but a more ferocious attack than was made upon Sir Michael's scheme of Supply cannot be remembered. If the Radical party is to be reorganised and reanimated, it is necessary, no doubt, that its leaders should show themselves vigorous and bold. But they should look to it that their vigour is not misspent, and that their boldness is not without education. If, of course, they conscientiously believe that the reduction of the Sinking Fund this year is all that they say it is, they had no choice but to speak out as they did: otherwise they would have made themselves accomplices in what to their minds is a deed of moral cowardice and financial villainy — no less. But supposing this their position,

they were exceedingly unfortunate; for they were forced to enter on a violent course of denunciation which half their followers in the country could not see the sense of. Possibly that may have been their fault; and it is very likely indeed that most partisan Radicals agree with their leaders in this — that they would have been better pleased had the Government left the Sinking Fund untouched, and put a three-million tax upon commodities of general consumption. That would have been something to raise a cry upon, and presumably a help in rallying the Radical party.

As it was, however, the Government chose to refrain from additional imposts of general application, and to take two millions from the Sinking Fund for what are practically war charges. That done, the Radical rank and file learn from their leaders that not to tax the nation for these charges is cowardice; and that, by law and gospel both, the people ought rather to suffer new burdens gladly than see the Sinking Fund reduced till actual war breaks out. If so, then here is matter for remembrance when the Budget of 1900-1901 has to be made up. The Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to think that next year, as this year, the revenue may not suffice to cover the necessary charge for defence and send eight millions for the reduction of debt. Should this anticipation prove correct, the Government may defray the whole of the defence charge from taxes with the full approval of the Opposi-

tion leaders; and not only so, but in adding to the common burden of taxation for that purpose they will obliterate the stigma of cowardice which now rests upon them.

Should the Government take the course commended to them, or at any rate do so in great part, we who speak in these pages shall not regret it. But what the Radical taxpayer may think of his leaders' counsel is quite another thing. Writing immediately after the debate of April 20, of course I do not know how he may read Sir William Harcourt's speech on the one side, the Chancellor's on the other. But sure I am that if he understands both—and they are very plain—he will approve of Sir Michael, and marvel at Sir William. As a father of a family, the Radical taxpayer will see no objection to the cowardice that spares his purse. As a reasonable man, he will reject the argument that to reduce your rate of paying debt, while still spending a large portion of your income on bringing it down, "amounts to this: that you do not mean to pay debt at all." As a moral man, he will see no such infamy as Sir William Harcourt sees in refusing to spend more and more upon the reduction of debt, while more and more imperative becomes the obligation of war-expenditure. When Sir William Harcourt rests from his invective, the Radical ratepayer returns to these facts: that occasional reductions of the Sinking Fund are considered lawful; that Sir William has availed himself of

the liberty three times; that whereas it was originally provided that 5 millions should be raised annually for the payment of debt, 6 millions will be applied this year for the purpose, notwithstanding Sir Michael's appropriation from the Sinking Fund; and that the debt has already fallen from about 769 millions to about 628 millions. Other facts and figures, all telling in the same direction, will have their effect on the Radical ratepayer's intelligence; and as he follows them in the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he will wonder what his leaders could have meant by thundering against such sweet reasonableness.

Of course the Opposition newspapers will do their best to conceal it, but this will certainly be the outcome of the Budget debate—if not universally, very largely. In more ways than one the speeches of the Radical leaders have been of great advantage to the Government—an advantage which would have been better deserved if they had not made that grave mistake, the tax on colonial wine.

* * *

What was it that 'Maga' had to say about the oldest of our colonies when America, abandoning her old policy of self-content for the grandeurs of conquest, became a proprietor of West India islands? The question may be answered *pro bono publico*, because every visible probability is the more probable for having been calculated when it was yet out

of sight. This, then, was said : that from the day when the United States Government resolved to take possession of Cuba and Porto Rico, it was never too soon to recast the horoscope of our own West India colonies. "Look where Cuba and Porto Rico lie, and doubt not that the American acquisitions make a signal difference to our holdings in the Caribbean Sea. No visible difference yet, to be sure ; but existent and in action even now." The whole future of these islands is in danger of sharp deflection for two powerful reasons. "As to the first and more immediately operative reason, we know this : that increasing poverty, due to a bounty system which destroys competition and makes a farce of free trade, has long since turned the eyes of the colonists to the United States. For some time past most of the West India islands have been sadly ruminating upon hopes of better days from incorporation with the American republic."

"Fill the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico with the capital and enterprise which are soon to pour from America into their broad and rich fields, and what is the likelihood that the British West Indies will then be more contented ? Will they be better off when those two most productive islands are cultivated by Americans for their own markets, with the advantage of duty-free admission thereto ? Impoverished and handicapped as they are, our planters and merchants must suffer from such competition where they now have a sale at some price for their goods ; and therefore, unless they find a means of relief, will they not look more wistfully still to commercial union with America ?" That is one reason. "The other starts

from military considerations and ends with them. Let us look forward a few years—we need not go beyond four or five—and behold the United States in the rank of great naval and military Powers, and of course with the usual preoccupations and jealousies of such. That time having come, how long will the British West Indies remain an uncoveted possession ? How long will it be before British ownership of islands already described as 'geographically American' will hurt the pride of the States militant, or before Jamaica in particular will be regarded as an unendurable menace at the threshold of the Republic ? No longer than the first serious quarrel between the two countries. The future of the West Indies cannot be what their past has been or what their present state is."

That is to say, there must either be a change of condition or a change of Government, and that before many years pass.

Six months pass, and there is some stir in the matter. Without any previous warning or preparation, the readers of the 'Times' learn from the New York correspondent of that journal that "the wish of a portion of the people of Jamaica and other West India islands to renounce their allegiance to the British Crown and form a connection with the United States has made no serious impression on American opinion." Yet one or two influential newspapers press the idea of exchanging the Philippines for the West Indies, "but only on condition that England should be willing." The 'New York Herald,' it seems, "has started or revived this notion in a rather sensational way." The 'New York Times' (which is described as "the organ of sober public opinion") claims to be the original author of the

plan, "but bases its suggestion on economic, not on political grounds." When examined, these grounds turn out to be just what were anticipated. What British sugar-growers see is (says the American journal) that, "if we put on a differential duty in favour of Porto Rican sugar against foreign, Porto Rico will thrive, and the Cubans will clamour for annexation in order to get the benefit of the duty. If they get it, Cuba and Porto Rico will both flourish, while Barbadoes, Jamaica, St Kitts, and Nevis will starve. In that case would be presented the spectacle of British islands in distress because they are British, and American islands flourishing because they are American." And also in that case the Queen's Government would have to face the demand of the British West Indies to be annexed to the United States, "and this without reference to compensation in the Philippines or elsewhere."

The newspaper correspondent who informed us of all this is a shrewd old politician who knows his own country and ours well; and his interesting remark upon it was that though the 'New York Times' in no way represents the American Government, yet "if such discussion became general it might offer welcome relief to the President, or at least a diversion from the immediate perplexities of the Philippine situation." Discussion of course there was; but neither so general nor so serious as to be of service to Mr M'Kinley. Most of Artemus Ward's fellow-

countrymen saw the fun of offering fever, dysentery, Aguinado, and a guerilla war, in exchange for the British West Indies, and they chuckled accordingly. We may laugh too, and yet give a moment's thought to the argument of the New York editors; which is, that if we do not choose to take the Philippines, with all risks and costs, in exchange for our West India islands, we shall find in due course that we have neither the one group nor the other. If the United States Government must acquire both, it must, and there's an end on't. As matters stand, however, it would be convenient for that Government to give up the more valuable distant group on two conditions: riddance of the cost and trouble of restoring order there, and immediate and peaceful possession of islands which are geographically American already. If England sees no advantage in that arrangement, well and good. In that case the United States will proceed with the annexation of the Philippines, and await the sure devolution of the British West Indies.

That seems to be the argument of the New York editors, and they may say, if they please, that, so stated, it is nothing to laugh at though it may not be acceptable. I even think that we may agree with them. In itself the exchange they propose is ridiculous: it is absurdly ill-timed, as their laughing readers see. But there is much in the spirit of it, in the grounds of it and its

indications, which should stand in every forecast of our future relations with the United States. The Canadian Government Trade Commissioner declares (it will be remembered that transfer of the West Indies to the Canadian Government has been suggested) that the feeling in Jamaica in favour of annexation to the United States has been exaggerated, and no doubt he is right. It was exaggerated by the 'New York Herald' when that journal announced that for two days recently Jamaica was on the point of open rebellion. In one familiar sense, there is no feeling in the West Indies in favour of annexation to the United States, unless it can be said that men who are forced by hardship to leave their native land have a feeling for exile. That, however, the Canadian Commissioner perceives. "Reciprocity in trade with the United States" (relief from bounties on the one hand or from tariffs on the other)—that, says he, "must be obtained if prosperity is to come to Jamaica; but while the people want close trade relations with the Republic, little real annexation feeling exists." Of course not. But men and colonies must live, and, to repeat the question, "Don't we know that in this case political and commercial union must go together?"

Be it remembered also that whatever the drag to union with the great Republic may be, it existed long before the United States became an annexationist proprietor of West India Islands. That is to say,

the impulse existed when as yet there was no thought of a rivalry in Cuba and Porto Rico which would speedily complete the ruin of Barbadoes, Jamaica, and other of the British West Indies: just as the American newspapers are now calculating. How much stronger, then, must be the feeling of compulsion, of outlawry almost, in those grossly neglected islands! And what is the substantial difference between the Canadian Commissioner's account of their prospects and that of the 'New York Times'? That journal says that if Cuba and Porto Rico get the advantage of pouring their products into the United States under a preferential duty our islands will starve. Starve is not an official word for the event; but the Canadian Commissioner means the same thing when he says that without trade reciprocity with the United States (handicapped as they now are), Jamaica cannot prosper; and he would admit that what is true of that island is equally true of others.

It is clear, therefore, that the fortunes of these islands should no longer be allowed to drift; clear that otherwise we may bid good-bye to England's most ancient colonies. How to deal with them is no doubt a great difficulty. It is hard upon the Government, but what they have to decide is really this: whether they mean to keep the West Indies or to let them go. To many that will seem an extravagant statement of the case: I haven't a doubt of its literal exactitude. The calculations of the American

newspaper are correct, and they are working out to their natural conclusion at this moment. If, therefore, the Imperial Government take no measures of prevention soon, the assumption must be that the difficulty is too much for them: they propose to let the British West Indies sink if they kindly will, or else drift away under the American flag as a means of continuing in existence. What measures of prevention are available I do not undertake to say. At present only one has been heard of; but that one is thought by the West Indians themselves to be sufficient. It is to set up on their behalf a scheme of defence and counteraction against the Continental system of bounties. Personally, I think much more than that will be needed in the long-run, and am convinced that most American Imperialists are of the same opinion. That, however, is a branch of the question (for it has two distinct branches, the American acquisitional and the West India filial) that must be left to the future—meanwhile being provided for as well as may be by the general insurance which a mighty fleet affords. But the other will not, cannot endure delay. Those old colonies out there are already starving under various impositions and disabilities, while the competition of duty-free goods from the American West Indies has yet to begin. Therefore, “what the British Government has to meet is the necessity of choosing between countervailing the European export bounties and facing the

demand of the British West Indies to be annexed to the United States.” So the case is put on the other side of the Atlantic; but there is, perhaps, another alternative. While speculating in African trade from Treasury funds, and spending large sums annually in the pacification of Greek cut-throats, the Imperial Government may determine, on Cobdenic principles, to leave the West Indies as it found them. Instead of clamouring for annexation to the United States, or not clamouring enough, those dispirited colonies may thereupon drop into apathy, sink by swift degrees to the negro level, become valueless, troublesome, and a good riddance when some future United States Government sweeps them in. All depends upon what is done now or what left undone.

* * *

“Sugar, Mr Speaker! I say, sugar!” It is as stirring a word to-day as it was in the mouth of Mr Pitt. But if I repeat it, ’tis only to seize on your attention, because what I would really say must be said in a sighing voice. For it is Painters, Mr Looker-on! Painters!

“Now this should be a happy time for painters, who more than others are a cheerful race. The dark days are over when no man of them can work. Spring is here, and manifest. It is the time of daffodils, of budding woods, of new-sprung meadows, of laughing streams, of tender lights under Constable

skies. Even for you and me this is no vain delight ; but for these the favourite children of Nature, to whom are given such seeing eyes and such interpreting hands, how much more profitable ! And if you touch upon the pocket, between which and the soul there are so many delicate relations, tell me what man lives on more innocent emoluments than the painter. You may name the physician, the writer who speeds moral truths from the printing-press, and perhaps you are right. But were it not for wounding the susceptibilities of persons to whom we are so deeply obliged, considerations might be advanced for bringing the painter to a very near equality with these good men. But whatever the moral superiority of the painter's pursuits, it is his for enjoyment all the year through ; whereas my humble meaning was to recall the circumstance that Spring, which renews the round of Nature's sittings to him from her sweet youth onward, is also the season for touching the rhino and taking new commissions. Now begin the picture exhibitions of the year, the talk of them at dinner-tables, the crowding of citizens to view them and perchance to buy—all so good for business when you are really an artist and are known to know how to paint. Little good to others, it is true. The sad endeavour of them that do not know or are not known to know, the hope that is sickness and the disappointment that trenches like a spade through the roots of life—much of that there is

every year, of course. . . . And, Mr Looker-on (for this is what I have been coming to), much there is of it now for painters of high degree, and such as never dreamed of descending on such days.

“Possibly many exaggerate their ruin. I once knew a ‘man of family’ who loved to display a Waterbury watch—an early specimen in pewter—as a badge of the impecuniosity of younger sons ; and yet his death last month, had it happened then, would have been no inconsiderable satisfaction to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Matching this gentleman, there are peers so poor that they must needs shut up two great houses out of five ; and this may be the sort of poverty of which some painters, born into a lordly generation, do now complain. Yet there is truth in these tears—truth and a bitter surprise for many a good man in velvet. Believe what you hear, and this which should be a particularly happy time for painters is nothing of the kind. The garland that April brings for them again this year is Sorrow's crown of sorrow ; and, by little or by much, all of us know what that is. With no rhino to touch, or none worth speaking of, these poor painters sit before uncommissioned canvasses remembering happier times. Was Show Sunday what it used to be ? It seems not : since Show Sunday was first heard of, there has never been so little talk of it in the newspapers. Is the Academy exhibition to be a good one ? No ; but likely to be a show of the general disheartenment. So again they say ; to

be contradicted, let us hope, by fewer absences than gossip speaks of.

"This year's shop-experience ought to be useful to a gallant breed of men, who, loving all things beautiful, naturally wish to have many of such things about them and nought that is different. Prosilily listening where they speak, I come to this conclusion: that by the sales of the year 1899-1900 they may fairly determine whether the full work and the princely prices of a short while since were or were not an unreturning 'boom.' Forty years they wandered in a rose-garden of prosperity; some (these, perhaps, forgetful of their Omar and his Rubaiyat) — some taking leases in the same and building stately pleasure-domes. When that great day came to an end, the explanation of the bleak morrow was 'commercial decline.' The sun above the rose-garden was Commerce at its highest and most effulgent. What its life-bestowing beams did first was to multiply exceedingly the number of rich merchants walking on the earth; and these taking to pictures as an outward sign of prosperity, as Mr Pepys took plate, the fine time for painters began. For how did the new-made merchant-prince line his walls? Had he Mr Pepys's guiding knowledge as purchaser? Very seldom. Had he time to pick and choose? No, no. A day in the counting-house was more than 20 per cent saved in the tents of the dealer; and were there not highest brands, known names? An hour with a foot-rule, half-an-hour with Mr

Agnew, an exchange of lists, the writing of a few cheques, and the thing was done; and done (this was the charm of it) on the noble understanding that the bigger the cheque the better the picture, and the more glorious its ownership. Ai! Ai! Such were the days that are no more.

"And commercial depression ended them? That is the question. For years the answer seemed not doubtful at all, but it is becoming doubtful now. Could Sir Michael's Budget be what it was last year, could it be this year what it is, in a time of commercial depression? There may be great trade and little profit — that we know; fortunes may not be made so often or so quickly nowadays. But the Treasury builds on profits, its greedy officials predict a still increasing income, and, as if to corroborate the forecast, the captains of one or two great industries announce that they have work enough in hand for months and years to come and can take no more. Therefore I say to my friends of the brush, Look to your sales for 1899; and if they fail you again, think no more of bad trade as explaining your lower prices and your idler days, and consider closely what other causes of disappointment there may be. Remember that 1898, a better year for trade than 1897 (all this learning I get from my newspaper scrap-book), was a worse year for its artists; although 1897 had been unkind to them too. But while in that inclement year the sale of pictures from the

Royal Academy Exhibition—excluding commissions and private sales, of course—brought about £16,500, in '98 the harvest threshed out to less than £14,000. And read this from last year's reckoning: 'How much the Academy sales have declined during the last decade may be judged by comparing the figures of 1888 with those of 1898. This year 195 pictures and pieces of sculpture have been sold for £13,730, 18s.; while ten years ago as many as 284 works yielded the sum-total of £21,599.'

"Just as there are hundreds of persons nowadays who can write minor poetry every day from ten to four, so do they multiply who paint very pretty pictures without a touch of genius or distinction. The minor poets—do you not feel it in your own breast, and lower?—are surfeiting. If the same thing may be said of painting, the decline of that trade is partly accounted for; but I do not know that it can be said. Possibly, the grateful practice of bringing together Millais collections, Turner collections, Rembrandt collections, and collections of various masters, may have something to do with it: the natural effect of such exhibitions must be to discontent many a new-rich proprietor with his own little gallery. But—is it safe to say what I think has *most* to do with it? Well, then: prices, and the mystery of them.

"Now the price of a picture is exactly what can be got for it. Its worth? Who can say what its worth is when it overpasses a certain point of excel-

lence? When Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild died, and his fastidious and accurate taste was celebrated, this was said of him. There was one picture that he coveted more than any other in the world: one picture which, according to his own declaration, he would literally have given *any* money to possess. In a very appreciable way he did possess it; for it is in the National Gallery, and may be seen for sixpence or for nothing every day in the week. Moreover, it is pictorially—I do not say artistically, in the deep technical sense which is beyond me—one of the least interesting glories of that splendid collection; so that a visitor to the Gallery may count upon having the picture all to himself, except on bank holidays, when its singularities often attract the notice of a rudely humorous mob. The gravity of the gentleman in the fur hat, and something about the lady whose hand he holds, surprises and upsets them. Of oddity it has much, of beauty in the common sense nothing at all; yet this is the little Dutch picture of which Baron Ferdinand said that there was no price that he would not pay for it.

"Nor was this a freakish appraisement; for, whether he knew it or not, his desire rested on a cash foundation. 'Any price' means, of course, a price which to ordinary mortals would seem wildly extravagant; and it happens that for this same picture, bought to the distress of some of the trustees for less than five hundred pounds, an offer came from Berlin that puts the enormous price of the

Blenheim Raphael quite into the shade by comparison. This surprising offer was refused; and not, as might be supposed, because it would be undignified or improper to sell the nation's pictures for money, for there was an alternative offer of other paintings to the value of the sum named. No. The proposal was rejected for the reason that suggested it. This picture is the finest that Van Eyck ever painted. It has more of his own mastery in it than any other. It has the value of the unique; the worth that arises from the consideration that in forming a national collection, the aim should be to get the best of every school and every true master. One work of the first-rate should be preferred to five (or as many as you please) of the second-rate.

"You will say that this illustration was hardly necessary to show how difficult it is to fix the cash value of a work of art, and I agree; confessing that I only wished to make a gingerly approach to the opinion that the fallen prices which painters lament were in general much too high. They could and can afford a better pennyworth; and it would be well for themselves, I think, could some dignified means be found of making known that their expectations are not what they are often supposed to be. Already smaller canvasses are chosen by some discreet practitioners; my hopeful anticipation is, indeed (for that Art shall flourish and shall sell is my desire), that the Academy Exhibition of this year will reveal as much of ser-

entine wisdom as goes to that. Smaller canvasses, and yet large enough for the rooms that well-to-do people live in, have a wider scope of attraction, which is one thing; and they would help poor wounded vanity in dropping prices, which is another. The greater trouble is there; for the world at large is awed by report of the mighty sums that must be paid to reputable painters, and reputable painters mislike not that their wage shall seem mysteriously large.

"What to do to put things on a simpler and more sensible footing? It is impossible that exhibitors at the Royal Academy should ticket their pictures—that would be a too outrageous departure from the dignity of Art. Were that expedient adopted, it is horrible to think of the unseemly remarks which Mr Anstey would have to chronicle in his '*Voces Populi*.' And yet it is doubtful whether the price-books laid out in the vestibule of Burlington House serve their purpose well enough. Shyness of consulting them is common to all but the habituated, and they are never at hand to be looked into when the wish to buy is fresh and warm. Struck to the heart with desire is the sufficiently moneyed visitor; but to get at the price-book he must course through three or four rooms, maybe, and to do that when he is with a friend seems ostentatious. Or he sets forth and is detained on the way by the sight of other pictures; or he is arrested by acquaintances; or he tells himself that he will look

at the book as he passes out. Meanwhile absence from the alluring object cools desire; he reflects on the unlikelihood of the price being what he can afford; and so he never learns that he might have had his picture upon terms to jump at.

"Now what a pity is this! A wrong is done to both producer and consumer—immorality upon immorality. A refining influence is withheld from one home at the cost of disappointment and mortification in another. Here, Art is discouraged and the artist soured; there, the expansion of mind is checked and ascending spirit brought to earth again. Shall a point of etiquette, the punctilio of seemliness, stand in the way of amending such consequences as these? I put them high because I wish to ask if it would be too much to place in each room the price-book appropriate to it. Would that really be too tradesmanlike? Could a little table with a book on it in a corner of each room be very obstructive or otherwise offend? Then place it in the middle of the room, and be sure of resort to it five times a-day for once to the books in the vestibule.

"'Twas the voice of a Spanish ambassador: and in the pleasant interval between the cheese and the coffee I heard him complain; and his complaint was of the continuous if slow decline of the arts and crafts in his native land. Little endeavour anywhere and no spontaneous fecundity, with one remarkable exception. The country of Lope de Vega was still prolific of good

dramatists. Every considerable town had its playwright. Dozens of plays were written and printed every year, and better ones than the theatre-managers in some other countries seemed to be aware of.

"The Spaniard was partial, perhaps, and I would rather have him so. But partial cannot be the word if Spain in its decay do not retain far more of a splendid gift than England in full vitality. According to my reckoning, the revival of play-going began about forty years ago; and from that time to this managers have never ceased to lament the difficulty of getting good English plays. By no means has the supply answered to the demand. The taste for the theatre has almost become a rage again. Survey the British Isles throughout, and there must be a thousand play-goers to-day where in 1860 there were not twice ten. Count the number of theatres open then and now, forget not to compare their capacity, and say whether that appears a much exaggerated guess. To any one who foresaw so eager a revival, and was at the same time prescient of the great revenues a taking piece would bring, the rise of a strong array of play-writers would have seemed a certain thing. In truth, and after many years, it is a consequence yet to come. Two or three dramatists there are who from time to time write good and very successful plays. But two or three are few at this hour of the day, and as yet not one of them is able to go to work with confidence against failure. Absolute confidence, of course,

I do not mean, but only as much as the greater novelists of the century soon acquired and could rest upon ever after. No doubt the dramatist's art is more difficult than the novel-writer's, or so we find it in the England of these generations. But there is such a thing as dramatic mastery, and it is evidently unattained by an age whose playwrights, working though they do amidst every known incitement to dramatic genius, consciously and always make uncertain shots at success. One or two of them succeed more often than the rest, and do write delightful plays if quite without pretension to greatness; but that does not alter the case, though there is promise in it of better things in time to come.

"If a Frenchman was asked to give the Lyceum Theatre a new play, and fit Sir Henry Irving with a new part, this reason for the choice must content us: something in the greater style was wanted, and M. Sardou was less likely than any Englishman to fail in the attempt. With me it is but the resurgence of an old regret that anything in the grand style was wanted by or for Sir Henry Irving; but he seems never quite content with anything else, and as there is a great admiring public for him in such parts, he may indulge the preference *sans peur et sans reproche*. But should he or any other English actor wish for a new part in that style, he must either recur to our old dramatists or make himself as safe as may be by seeking abroad for his commodity.

"It is a little comfort, perhaps, that even there he is not very safe. M. Sardou's 'Robespierre' is so far from being a great play, that it is not even a good one in any high sense. Moreover, it is in treatment and character just what a hard-working, stage-knowing, clever British copyist and adaptor would have made of the subject. M. Sardou is the superior workman of the two, but the work is of the same play-building kind. There is but one illustration of character in the piece, by which I mean only one intentional and studied illustration of character. Looking from Robespierre to the personages surrounding him, we see that all of them, male and female, are of conventional types, or, at best, roughly yet lightly stamped with the common impression drawn from history-books. Even the part that Miss Terry has to play (and this was in M. Sardou's hands to shape as he would, being his own invention) is void of individuality; though no doubt so clever an actress will contrive to put into it something of the sort as the play runs on. The one seriously attempted piece of portraiture is Robespierre himself; and for many people the interest of the play, as a literary and dramatic effort, sprang from the question, What will Sardou make of it? For he is known to be a careful and competent inquirer along the lines of his craft; and it happens that opinion as to the real Robespierre has become more unsettled and curious of late. M. Sardou's presentation

of him is small help. That there is nothing new in it is of course no reproach; but its lack of force, of precision, of particularity, is disappointing. The Robespierre of the play is well clothed in the known characteristics of his original, but the inventive touch that might have enforced or illumined them is almost entirely withheld.

"In the carefully written first scene, Robespierre describes himself by word and deed, but mostly by oral explanation, very thoroughly. It is evident that M. Sardou spent great pains upon these passages, and very skilful they are; but having got through with them he seems careless of heightening—almost, I might say, of sustaining—what no doubt is a most difficult piece of characterisation. And as with the author, so with the actor. Carefully as the one writes, as carefully the other plays. All through this scene he is Robespierre as closely as he can put on so evasive a character; but less Robespierre, and more Sir Henry Irving, thenceforward to the end of the play. Spectacle takes up the story. Scene and episode from that tremendous drama, the French Revolution, are brought in to fill the stage and tell a tale to which Robespierre is appertinent but which is not his history. These scenes are the making of the play,—these scenes contributed by record, and one fine dramatic passage which becomes what it is through Irving's genius. I need not tell you what I think of the prison scene, the ghost scene, the scene in the Convention. It is what

everybody who has viewed them thinks, or rather that half of the multitude which pays homage to the truth and power of the prison-scene in excess of pain. Impossible to wish it less effective, and yet it is wellnigh unendurable. Nicolai's hallucination, as described by himself, is reproduced to the utmost nicety in the ghost tableau, wherein M. Sardou and the Lyceum stage-masters are justified against the critics. And the ghosts seemed to me very good ghosts; but Sir Henry Irving's fright at them—no. Unless moderated since the first night's performance, it is not good. It is disagreeable. By its excess of hysteria—for which Robespierre's 'peculiar nervous temperament' makes no imperative demand—it imparts a certain feeling of humiliation to those who witness it. I make bold to say that if after the apparition of the fourth or fifth ghost the actor uttered not another sound, but looked, and puzzled, and trembled, and as the spectral company converged upon him fainted, he would be more like Robespierre and ensure a finer effect. Another advantage it would have, but it is one that cannot be mentioned kindly.

"All this, however, is but preliminary to what I am dying to say, which now you shall hear.

"Set in the roar and tumult that follows after the first scene of 'Robespierre' is a truly beautiful piece of acting. It occurs where the Incorruptible, being then at home in Duplay's house, where he is 'the peace-loving, unostentatious citizen, fond of music and the quiet

recreations of the domestic hearth,' sends for the young man who has publicly denounced him that day before the altar of the Supreme Being. He will himself examine this young man, whom he does not know to be his son. The boy (too mulishly represented by Mr Bellew in this scene) will answer no questions. But Robespierre soon finds his way to the truth, and to the further discovery that Olivier's mother is herself in danger of condemnation under a name unknown to him. Robespierre cannot acknowledge these discoveries, but, deeply moved, he does all that anxiety can do to win the young man's confidence, as a means of saving both mother and son from death. I describe the situation baldly, but it is known by this time to thousands of play-goers and tens of thousands of newspaper readers.

"Well, of this quiet but deeply emotional scene it is to be said that ten minutes of it is worth hours and nights of Henry Irving in magnificent drama. But even so is another quiet passage with the least in it of the emotional: that where Robespierre, tranquilly seated in the Duplay domestic circle, listens so complacently, 'joins in' with such reverent and sweet respect, while his own little madrigal of Ophelia is sung at the spinet. Mounted as it is, there is a deal of delight in the play, and a deal of the pain that pleases us when it is neither too poignant nor too rude. But the only genuine bits of acting are these. All the rest is mere conventional histrionics, more

or less glorified; while as to these two passages, they are as nearly perfect as they can be. There we see what Irving can do when to himself he does justice. And there, again, we see how much the stage has lost by a most natural but too constant preference for great Shakespearian parts and the like of them for toploftiness. That Irving plays most of them in a striking way, that in some he is admirable, that in none can curiosity be withdrawn from him even when admiration will not stir—so much is unquestionable. But the greatness he achieves in this way falls far short of what he could have attained to in what by wretched error is considered a lower line of business. Garrick was more judicious, seeking and finding greatness in comedy as well as in tragic-grandeur parts; and it may be supposed without offence that Garrick had a stronger call to the heights of his profession than Irving. 'Garrick between Comedy and Tragedy' is a picture we are all familiar with on canvas or in print. Had Irving allowed us a similar spectacle on the stage, keeping it up to this day, how much richer we should be! I wonder whether he would have cared to win the praise of Charles Lamb! Sure am I, the while I wonder, that he could if he would have earned such praise had Lamb been still on earth to bestow it. And yet he might have risen to Macbeth, and Becket, and the rest, all the same, though not all the time.

"And now the question which I most humbly put is this:

What can be done now? Taking a great liberty, perhaps, I shall answer by expressing a deeply-felt opinion that the stage cannot afford the strain which such plays as 'Robespierre' put upon the chief actor in that splendid melodrama. It cannot be afforded night after night, season after season. It is an immense strain, and the frequent use of it nowadays should be considered profligate expenditure. Why not, then, have recourse to lighter labours, in which the true genius of the actor would shine forth as it never yet has shone to the full?

"Had I Mr Pinero's gifts, I should take that consideration to heart, hie me where it is possible to breathe a better than the bedroom air in which his Duchesses of Strood and his gay Lord Quexes live, and bend all my mind to the writing of a play that should be for Sir Henry Irving what 'Rip Van Winkle' was for Mr Jefferson. This the erring father of Mrs Tanqueray could do if he gave his mind to it, so clever is he, so perceptive, so painstaking, so much of the true dramatist. And would he do so, how much better it would be for all concerned—for the public good, for the theatre as an institution, for 'the profession' it employs, and for himself in everything and all ways. It is a poor mean world, this of the Tanquerays and Quexes, for a man of Mr Pinero's mark to waste

his gifts upon; and we thought he had given it up when, to our discomfiture (is it wrong to wish that it might be a little to his own?), he runs back to it and does his worst in it.

"That such plays were ever in vogue is no credit to the declining years of the nineteenth century; but that they are in vogue is possibly some excuse (though I do not think it is) when a dramatist like Mr Pinero steps up to show that he is good in that *genre* as in others. But the vogue passes; the taste for them is satiated; in comes Mr Barrie with his innocent, delightful, and (mark you!) most successful 'Little Minister,' and we gratefully say, 'That clears the air altogether.' But no. Mr Pinero, grown some years older meanwhile, brings back the distemper with his 'Gay Lord Quex.' It is ill done of him. In his later mood he is for ever reflecting upon the sad and sober change that befalls a man when he is well past forty year. He should further those reflections, and consider that a certain sobriety in certain ways is becoming at that time of life and after; that insobriety is unbecoming; and that the production of dramatic works like 'The Gay Lord Quex' is better left to young bloods who may be supposed capable of being ashamed of them when they, too, come to forty year.

"In saying which I feel that I am his as well as yours faithfully,

"CHAS. WINTERLEY."

GERMANY'S INFLUENCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

AT present there are two Powers which possess a preponderant influence at Constantinople—Germany and Russia. The former the Sultan regards as his most reliable friend amongst the Great Powers of Europe, the only one which has no interest in appropriating any part of his dominions. The recent visit of the Emperor William II. to Sultan Abdul - Hamid emphatically strengthened the bonds of friendship between the two sovereigns. It is a personal sympathy on the part of the Sultan which does not extend to the German nation; and what his Majesty does for the interests of the latter is done solely to please the German Emperor and to secure his political support.

Very different is the nature of the influence of Russia at Constantinople. It is based upon fear, not love. It is the consciousness that she possesses the means, when she wills it, to hit hard—nay, even to destroy utterly—which is the secret of Russian influence at Yildis. In this respect, it may at any time prove itself to be the most potent, but at present, when the policy of Russia is not aggressive towards Turkey, it is not so. The Far East, with its political complications and its financial requirements, is a sufficient preoccupation for the Government of the Tzar, and it is likely to remain so for some years.

There was a time when Turkey could and did look to England and France to ward off

the blows of Russia, but she can do so no longer. She has had warnings in many ways and on frequent occasions that England cannot be relied upon to take her part against Russia—in fact, that the British Lion would be a passive spectator in her future conflicts with the Russian Bear. From France, now the enthusiastic ally of Russia, Turkey can expect nothing. Austria is appreciated as a well-disposed Power—inclined to be friendly in its policy, but unable to back up that policy by force. Nor can she be looked upon as a disinterested friend. She already occupies the two former Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and her longing eyes are known to be turned towards Salonica, resolved that should that important seaport ever change masters, it shall become hers.

Such being the situation, we cannot but admire the wisdom of Abdul-Hamid in bidding for, and his ability in securing, the firm friendship of the German Emperor. He is quite astute enough to realise that Germany would not save him from Russia if he were engaged in a life-or-death struggle with that Power; but, for the moment, and as long as the contest is only diplomatic, Germany is all he needs. In the German Emperor the Sultan (who is really his own Minister of Foreign Affairs) has an enlightened and well-informed counsellor and an effective advocate to plead his cause. German officers discipline the

Ottoman army, and it will be admitted have done so with considerable success. What of European varnish is visible in Turkish Government offices is of German make. It is neither bright nor effective, but it passes muster to proclaim a progressive tendency.

When Prince Bismarck first received with favour the friendly overtures made to him through Count Hatzfeldt, he only thought of the increased political influence his Government would acquire in the Councils of Europe, and the positions, military and civilian, which he could secure for his countrymen. He did not foresee the large part which Germany was to be called upon to play in the development of Turkey. A friendship which began by being Platonic has ceased to be so. German financiers have been smart enough to see that the intimate relations existing between their Emperor and Sultan Abdul-Hamid might be turned to profitable account, and they have availed themselves of their opportunities to secure all manner of concessions, and to enlarge their commercial relations with Turkey. Gratifying these natural desires, the Sultan has induced German capital to embark in extensive railway enterprises in Asia Minor, and he would fain see these enterprises carried farther. He is continually urging them to complete their railway to Bagdad, and he gives them to understand that to attain this object he will accept any conditions. In this he shows his wisdom. The more German capital is engaged in Asia

Minor the more Germany becomes interested in the preservation of the Ottoman Empire, and the greater will be her incentive to keep off Russia.

Unfortunately the absorption of capital for industrial enterprises at home is so large that the pecuniary resources available in Germany for investment in foreign countries are limited, and in consequence full advantage cannot be taken of the benevolent dispositions of the Sultan. Railways in Asia Minor, traversing a country sparsely populated and poorly cultivated, cannot for long years to come be expected to prove self-supporting; and, so far, investors in them have to rely upon the subventions of the Turkish Government to obtain a modest return of 5 per cent interest upon their outlay. These subventions have hitherto been freely and generously promised and paid. But the practical German man of business realises that, in the state of the Turkish Treasury, these subventions may be felt to be too onerous, and, in any case, cannot much exceed their present proportions. In the railways from Haidar Pasha to Angora and Eski-Chehir to Koniah, rather more than 600 miles, the Germans have invested about nine millions sterling, and of the 5 per cent paid upon this capital, 2 per cent is derived from the Turkish Government subvention. To carry forward the railway to Bagdad will necessitate a further outlay of at least fifteen millions sterling, and a subvention nearly twice as great as the amount which is at present paid with difficulty.

The financial resources of Berlin cannot face this increased outlay, and the extension of the line, so much desired at Yildis, must be deferred for the present. Meantime the Germans have very wisely secured the concession to Bagdad, thus preventing its passing into other hands.

There are some in England who regret the abandonment of what was once the traditional policy of Great Britain—namely, the support of Turkey to prevent Russia becoming a Mediterranean Power. This object is still certainly as desirable as it ever was. But a little reflection will convince impartial minds that such a policy is no longer practicable. The alliance between France and Russia has modified essentially the situation. As long as the neutrality, if not the co-operation, of France could be counted upon, the task of supporting Turkey against Russia was comparatively easy; but with France espousing the cause of Russia, England would have two enemies to face—France in the Mediterranean and Russia in the Bosphorus. Even in these circumstances the naval power of England might triumph, and would do so ultimately; for as Lord Beaconsfield truly said, England is the only Power which financially could maintain two or three campaigns. The struggle would, however, be long, arduous, and costly, and, in view of the rickety nature of the structure to be upheld, the verdict of most minds will be that “*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.”

At present British influence at Constantinople is nil; and

this from no fault of our ambassadors. Very naturally the just indignation excited in England by the Armenian massacres alienated from her the sympathies of the Sultan; and more recent events have increased the estrangement. The part played by the energetic British admiral in Crete, which led to the withdrawal of the Turkish garrisons, and our espousal of the cause of Prince George, added fuel to the fire. But these are now all by-gones, and there seems no probability of a recurrence of similar causes of friction between English diplomacy and Ottoman sensibility. Time will gradually efface the irritation in the past, and a truthful diplomacy, friendly without being obsequious, will assist the process.

The moment is, however, opportune for us to recognise the consequences of the Russo-French alliance, and to adapt our policy, in regard to Turkey, to the new circumstances of the situation. Let us frankly set aside all jealousy of the German influence at Constantinople. That influence is developing, by the construction of railways, the material prosperity of Turkey, and opening it up to civilisation. In this lies the true remedy for the deplorable events of recent years, and for the misrule and poverty of the Ottoman Empire. It is a highly humanitarian object, and, as such, so much deserves the sympathy of all, that it matters little by whose influence and by what means it is attained. Further, let us realise that the investment of German capital in

Asia Minor is an important factor in the preservation of the Turkish empire—both as an obstacle to Russia and as giving some hope for the amelioration of the economic condition of the country itself. Germany thus becomes a sentinel, watchful against attack from without and an organiser of internal improvements. The task already upon the shoulders of England for the spread of civilisation is sufficiently great in other parts of the world, that she may well content herself with the humbler rôle of sympathetic co-operator in the work of Germany in Turkey. Chance circumstances have given Germany an exceptional influence with the Sultan, and it is undoubtedly advantageous for us that she should use that influence to the full.

Politically, the situation of Turkey is reassuring. The pacific dispositions of the Tzar are apparent in his attitude towards the Sultan. Thanks to the readiness which the Russian Government has shown to facilitate the Turkish Treasury, a settlement has been come to of the pressing and long-pending claims which Russia had in connection with the war indemnity; and this fact, as well as the cordial relations existing between the two Powers, tend to the belief that in the near future no serious complications are likely to arise between Russia and Turkey. The present political calm is favourable to economic development, and this desirable result is certainly

most likely to be brought about under German inspiration. By all means let it have full and free scope. On political and humanitarian considerations, it deserves the cordial and unselfish support of England.

We may resume, in a few lines, the grouping of the six great Powers in regard to Turkey which can be already foreseen. On the one hand, Russia, never losing sight of, although temporarily suspending, her traditional policy of gravitating towards Constantinople; and France, in gratitude to the Power which rescued her from a depressing isolation, supporting Russia with a half-hearted enthusiasm. On the other hand, Germany espousing the cause of Turkey, partly from the personal sympathy of its Emperor for the Sultan, but mainly in virtue of its large stake in the preservation of the Ottoman Empire; and England, Austria, and Italy co-operating with Germany, because their interests are equally concerned in that preservation. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the consequences of such a grouping. The moral weight of the second group is irresistible; and although it may not *now* represent a material force resolved to defend the object it has in view, it is impossible to deny that circumstances may favour the development of such a force in the future. As far at least as England is concerned, there can be no doubt that her true place is that we assign to her in the second group.

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A PRISONER UNDER NAPOLEON.

THE following narrative was written in the year 1822 by a lieutenant in the Royal Navy. In the manuscript copy it is preceded by a dedication to Vice-Admiral Sir George Cockburn, G.C.B. "Compiled in truth," says the dedication, "my story is plain and unvarnished; no literary embellishments show it off." It is here somewhat abbreviated, and such necessary corrections of sentence and phrase have been made as fit it for publication. Moralising reflections and outcries against the iniquity of Napoleon have been omitted; but no incident of any real importance is lost, and no detail has been added. If errors as to proper names, dates, &c., occur, the writer, whose name—attached to the dedication—was never known to literature, is responsible for them. Had the manuscript containing the present narrative fallen into the hands of R. L. Stevenson, it might have provided him with material for a brilliant tale. Its ill fortune has placed it in the possession of an editor who has no gift of invention.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

ON BOARD THE RAMBLER.

I shall commence this narrative at the time when I was a midshipman on board H.M. sloop Rambler, Thomas Innes, Esq., commander, and was just turned fifteen years of age. Although so young, I was thought competent for any

point of duty which my profession might require, having served more than four years in one of the smartest frigates in his Majesty's navy.

The treaty of Amiens had scarcely been signed when hostilities broke out with redoubled vigour. Already the British fleet was called to active service; the light vessels filled the ports with prizes, and our sailors were enjoying the spoils of the enemy. The coast of France, from one extremity to

the other, was under the most rigid blockade; the secret service was conducted on a scale and system that gave us correct information of every movement of the French. In former wars the naval service used to follow the military system of retiring into winter quarters; but the skill of our modern commanders-in-chief showed that during the winter season and the most dreadful weather a blockade could be strictly maintained.

CAPTURE OF FRENCH PRIZE.

In August 1804 the *Rambler* was on her return from the blockading squadron off Rochefort to the fleet off Brest. Being close in with the land, we perceived a convoy of small vessels going along shore from the Ile d'Yeu to the main; they were about twenty in number, chiefly sloops and luggers, of little value; but the idea of a dash to cut them out was too delightful to be withstood. Two boats were despatched in chase of these vessels, which were pushing, with all the sail they could spread, for the port of St Gilles. I was with Lieutenant Walter Forman in a small cutter or jolly-boat. We followed the fugitives into the harbour, and succeeded in boarding a sloop of 70 tons laden with wine, while we saw our second boat board another. Although exposed to the fire of heavy batteries, we ran them out to sea without having a single man wounded. However contemptible the prize may be,

the moment she appears alongside the captor is one of happiness in an adventure achieved—an adventure to be recited with all details in the hours of the midnight watch. When these two miserable crafts came near the *Rambler*, every one was upon deck, calculating the prize-money, which seemed to promise about ninepence farthing a man. If they had been burnt, as was proposed, I should have escaped a ten years' captivity and the trouble of writing this insignificant narrative.

Fate, however, would have it that I should proceed as prizemaster in one of them to Plymouth, and act as commodore over the other, which was conducted by a quartermaster. During the afternoon I was busied in preparing for my voyage. Three weeks' provisions and six men were allotted to each vessel. The *Rambler* was to windward, and Captain Innes bore up to ask me how I

got on. We were lying to; wishing to show good pilotage in giving me a close shave, he passed under our stern, and, in doing so, his main rigging caught the end of our main boom and carried it away in the crutch. This was a serious accident to a cutter with no carpenter on board, and a dark night and bad weather coming on. We fished the boom with a couple of handspikes, and managed to get on with two reefs in the mainsail. When sending our provisions on board I had made request for a log-line and glass; but the squalls came on so thick that we lost

sight both of the Rambler and our companion prize, and never after saw either.

Here was I adrift in the Bay of Biscay, without the necessary implements of navigation; a gale of wind right in our teeth; the sloop herself a bad sailer, and furnished with rotten sails. After hard trials in endeavouring to get from the land during five days, we found ourselves no farther than Belle Ile, off which place we expected every hour to fall in with our companions; but when day dawned nothing appeared save a sky that threatened little short of a hurricane.

PRIZE WRECKED ON A SHOAL.

The incidents of that morning are too deeply engraven in my memory ever to be effaced. We had a calm during the latter part of the morning watch, with a heavy swell from the W. N. W. About eight o'clock the sea emitted a rank smell; the atmosphere seemed on fire; thunder rolled in long peals; gannet and sea-gulls flew screaming shorewards from the approaching storm; the petrels—Mother Carey's chickens—alone kept us company or followed in the vessel's wake. About ten o'clock the gale broke on us in all its fury; the seas rose to an unusual height; but we were perfectly prepared: everything was secured above and below, and we showed a balanced reefed mainsail, and nothing more, to the gale. We knew that we were not far from the French coast,

and that we were driving bodily on a dangerous shoal which lies off the entrance of the river Loire. Owing to the smallness of the craft and the continual jerking motion, every man was sea-sick.

About one o'clock a heavy sea broke over us and put out all our fires; we tried every means—even friction—to procure another, but to no purpose. The gale rather increased than diminished. The waves washed our deck with tremendous force. About five o'clock I found that we had no more than twelve miles' drift to the shoal, while, to add to our misfortune, our jib and foresail had been split as we were endeavouring to put some headsail on the vessel. I had with me five men and a boy. While I was on deck for a quarter of an hour, the boy hurried up to

tell that they had broken open the liquor-case, and that each man had drunk nearly the full contents of a quart-bottle, saying it was better to die drunk than be drowned cold. I went below and found them to all appearance suffocated: I untied the neck-cloths of the wretches, and left them lying on each other like pigs. And here were we, two boys, in a dangerous strait, with the prospect of a direful shipwreck momentarily drawing near.

The night had fallen, yet now to leeward we caught sight of the dreadful breakers. I endeavoured to awake the drunken scoundrels, but they were immovable. In one short half-hour our accounts for this life would be brought to a close. The night was dismal; but the breakers, striking against the edge of the shoal and rising to an incredible height, shone like silver. If we drove direct on the shoal, the first sea would take our vessel on the broadside, and roll her over like a jolly-boat. I, therefore, resolved to run for that part which showed the least surf. Having closed every opening of the deck that would admit water, I lashed the boy to the taffrail, and myself to the helm. Noth-

ing can describe my terror at the moment of approaching the surf; over the stern came a huge rolling sea, which presently sent us flying aloft. From that moment I do not remember anything until I found myself on deck, my arm still fastened to the tiller, my stomach full of salt water, and a dreadful contusion on my head; but we were in smooth water. The poor boy was in as bad a condition as myself, and between us we had not strength sufficient to get the anchor over the side, or even to haul up a range of the cable. We soon drifted into the centre of the shoal, and struck on a cluster of rocks, where we lay beating until morning.

The land lay about two miles to leeward of us. We hoisted French colours, and in about an hour two boats came off and took us on shore. Before we left the sloop our drunkards were come to their senses; but their insolence to me was beyond bearing. They exulted in the prospect of being made prisoners, and snapped their fingers at me, saying that ashore Jack is as good as his master. Such was the recompense I received for saving their lives.

TAKEN PRISONER.

The moment our boat touched shore all was confusion; everything, except what was on our backs, was plundered by the soldiers; my five years' gathering was divided in a few minutes among the ragged repub-

licans; their treatment of us, their language to us, were what we might have expected from a tribe of barbarous Moors; the hatred they bore to the English was not disguised in word or deed; we

were led in triumph through a small fishing-village called Poulguen to the prison—a narrow hole that swarmed with vermin.

After the fatigue I had undergone I was soon fast asleep. A blow on the face, delivered by one of my drunken brutes, awoke me: he was happy, he declared, to have broken an ugly article of war, without the danger of a court-martial. One of the crew—luckily the smartest and ablest of the party—was determined to stand by me, and immediately knocked the fellow down; a general battle ensued, and, after a struggle, we succeeded in giving the others a thrash-

ing, which ever after kept them quiet.

Next day we were marched to a small fortified town—Guerrande—where some French officers took me out of prison to dine with them. It was a relief for the moment, but politics, served up with the dinner, made me very uncomfortable, and I was happy to quit their society for my prison and black bread. My watch, which remained with me, I sold for ten crowns—one-sixth of its value—and purchased four of my own shirts and a pair of trousers from a soldier: the rest of the money I made spin out, as best it could, in procuring provisions for us all.

PRISONERS OVERPOWER THE GUARD.

Just as we were expecting to leave the prison, we were informed that another vessel had been wrecked not far from the scene of our disaster. It was our second prize, the crew of which, fortunately saved like ourselves, joined us in the afternoon. Next morning a large *chasse-marée* was prepared for our conveyance to Nantes; twelve garrison soldiers—old fogies—escorted us, and we were put down in the hold. It was about twelve o'clock; wind and tide were in our favour. The soldiers had descended to the hold to dine on black bread, garlic, and sour wine. While they were thus engaged, we concerted a rising against them, in the hope of getting once more to sea. Their muskets, loaded with ball, were close to us, and

such a temptation was irresistible. I set the example—seizing the sentinel and throwing him with ease, for he was an old man, on his beam-ends. In less than a minute we each had a musket cocked, and upon our demand for their sabres, the guard offered no resistance. Our victory, however, was all but wrested from us by the three seamen on deck, who had nearly succeeded in securing the hatches over us, when a musket pointed at the fellow who was about it made him think of his own safety. Thus, without any bloodshed, we had a prize; we battened them down, and were in a fair way of being soon out of the river; the ebb-tide and wind abeam rattled us along; in two hours we were near the place we had

first started from as prisoners. Here we perceived a boat putting out from shore and making for a privateer brig, which we had

passed within a pistol-shot. Ten minutes more and the brig had slipped her cable and was making all sail in pursuit of us.

RECAPTURE.

To escape from this devil of a craft was impossible; she was shortly alongside, peppering us with musketry. We forced the soldiers to come on deck and stand fire together with ourselves. Yet to what purpose? We were obliged to bring to; a rope was thrown on board, and presently we were in the hold of the brig and strongly ironed.

We remained on board the privateer until about noon of the next day, when we arrived at Nantes. The news of our taking the *chasse-marée* had preceded us, and, like most stories, had gained each time it was told. It was reported that we had murdered all the crew; but when we all went ashore together, the inhabitants changed their hatred of us into contempt for the soldiers, who, like ourselves, were marched in handcuffs to the military prison.

On reaching the prison we were ushered into a spacious courtyard, where a ragged, motley crew of conscripts, thieves, and deserters were amusing themselves in singing the *Carmagnole* and killing vermin. They greeted us as companions, and our "footing" was demanded by the seeming captain of the gang, who politely told us that we must give ten sous each "pour boire à notre

santé." If we had no money, a shirt or two, it was suggested, would fetch the amount. Seeing that we were not to be persuaded, and that a storm of British fisticuffs was gathering, the gentry informed us that they would leave it to our generosity at another time.

Next morning we received a visit from the Commandant of the town, who spoke English remarkably well. After some conversation as to our affair on board the *chasse-marée*, he proposed to me to enter the French service; within three months I should be *lieutenant de vaisseau*, and my men should be master-gunners. I rejected his proposal as an Englishman ought, and we retired to our cells. The following night passed with much discomfort, caused by foul air and filth. When the bell struck eight we were admitted to the courtyard; I sought the refreshment of the pump; my men disappeared into the jailer's house, to procure, as I imagined, a morning dram. On finding, however, that they did not return, I inquired for them, and learnt that they had been led to the general's house. Suspecting his design, I did not scruple to practise a *ruse de guerre*. I told the jailer that I was surprised I had not been sent for, as I also was a volunteer, begging him at the same

time to conduct me forthwith to the general. He did so, and I found General Dumuy in the act of persuading them to enter the service. When the jailer informed him that I too had chosen to volunteer, he rose to congratulate me, but he was quickly convinced of his error. "General Dumuy," I said, "I am sorry to find the French navy so hard pressed for men that you should solicit the services of your enemies: these men, who are not worth the trouble I take on their behalf, will one day betray you, as they

now wish to do by their own country. It is unworthy of you to hold out prospects to them in a way which in the end can only cover them with shame. And as for you, traitors," I went on, "can you hesitate between honour and infamy? Return back with me to your prison, and show yourselves worthy of such a country as England"—with more to the same purpose. Rude as it was, my appeal had its due effect. The general, in a rage, bade us prepare for a rigorous march of five hundred miles.

MARCH IN IRONS TO VERDUN.

At eight next morning—August 21, 1804—we set out from Nantes, handcuffed two and two, with a strong chain between us. We passed through the market-place, but no notice whatever was taken of us. The weather was oppressively hot, and, not being accustomed to walk, we were incapable of advancing more than half-way to the town where it was intended that we should rest for the night. The miserable remains of our money were squandered by the men on brandy: four of them were so drunk that the soldiers were obliged to procure a cart to take them on. It was nearly eight o'clock before we entered our prison. One pound of black bread was the only allowance during twenty-four hours for prisoners marching six leagues in the dog-days. We were put into the condemned cells, reserved for criminals and galley-slaves, which stood at the back of the military bakehouse, then

in full glow; bread was being made for 4000 troops on their way to the camp at Boulogne. Here it was that I began to know real suffering; the heat of the day must have been above 85°; that which struck through the walls from the ovens was beyond endurance. We hallooed for the jailer, but not a soul came near us. We took it in turns, three at a time, to breathe through the grated aperture in the door; those of us who drew back, worn down with fatigue, kept bathing their heads in water. The little inclination we had for sleep was banished by the intolerable heat, and the swarm of insects which made the straw little better than a living and moving mass.

About seven o'clock we saw the gendarmes approach; we had long been wishing for them: handcuffed two and two, we were so weak that we had to be lifted into carts.

To detail our sufferings would be to repeat the same story from day to day. As we advanced our route lay along the banks of the Loire, the beauty of which we viewed with hearts wellnigh broken by misery and disease. It was on a Sunday morning that we arrived, with feet cut though caked with mud, at Tours. We were informed that we should remain here for five days. To our comfort the prison was spacious, the rooms good, the straw clean, and the jailer appeared to be kind, and spoke a little English. He gave us some onions with our bread, and three bottles of small wine to be divided between us. There was an English gentleman, very rich, he told me, residing in Tours, and he would with pleasure take any message to him. I immediately despatched a note, and presently Mr Cane arrived, and all was bustle to relieve our wants. Mr Cane had resided some twenty-five years in France, but he had not forgotten his native country. He shed tears at sight of our miserable condition, and hastened to make us forget our sufferings. My coat, waistcoat, pantaloons, and cocked hat were new when I came ashore, and only wanted a brushing to make them look decent; boots, shoes, and shirts were sent for, and next morning I went into town with my benefactor, and was introduced to his family and his friends. We sat down to an excellent dinner, but my stomach had been so long accustomed to bread and water that I could

take nothing more than a plate of soup, with a little toast and wine. Truly grateful I felt for the kindness of each and all, especially of one lovely little French girl of my own age, who wept when Mr Cane related the hardships I had undergone. I did not then understand a word of French, and my host would not tell me what she had said.

On returning to the prison I found a good bed ready for me; but I was ill at ease in its luxury: I rose, wrapt myself in a blanket, and, stretched on the floor, slept soundly. We remained at Tours for ten days, and, through Mr Cane's kind offices, our marching-money was paid—about eight crowns apiece. Before we set out Mr Cane gave me, on my bill, £20 more, so that suddenly I became *milord anglais*, who with gold could open prison doors, and enjoy everything except liberty. My men, as usual, stopped at every *cabaret* on the road, and were generally drunk when they entered the prison; but sailors march better drunk than sober, if to stagger and roll along, singing and quarrelling, is better than to be driven forward as sulky as mules.

The guards were good enough to allow us to march out of Tours unironed; but the men, drinking freely, became so unruly that it ended with the irons being put on as before. At Orleans our prison was intolerably foul; some fifty wretches, half-naked, lay tossed about a large room, the air of which was stagnant and mal-

odorous. I begged the jailer to give us better quarters and a good supper. The sight of a piece of gold was more persuasive than any words: he led us to a comfortable apartment, and allowed me to walk in the garden, which was large and beautiful. In the morning I was surprised by the visit of a Dr Hewitson of the navy, who took me, under his responsibility, into town, and treated me to his family dinner. Three days later we reached Melun, and, as usual, were introduced to the prison courtyard, which was full of rogues and conscripts. Two ragged rascals came forward, and in the name of the rest demanded a franc from each of us—the “footing”—to which, as honourable prisoners of war, we never would submit. Our adversaries numbered twenty-two; we, including myself and two young boys, were twelve. We intrenched ourselves in a corner, expecting the issue. In his right hand each Frenchman held a wooden shoe—no trivial missile; during the preliminary parley our boys had loaded some new stockings, bought at Orleans, with a sufficient supply of pebbles. The attack was made with a volley of shoes, the assailants expecting us to stoop and take them up, at which moment they would run in and board us; at last it came to close quarters, and both fists and stockings did notable work that day. Weary as we were, after a long day's march, and facing twice our number, we thought to sue for peace, when the door opened

and in came nine more Englishmen, prisoners like ourselves, who, seeing their countrymen in distress, came forward boldly, and in two minutes the victory was ours. They were the crew of a merchant vessel captured in the Channel, and were, like ourselves, on their way to Verdun. Mutual congratulations followed, and a good dinner, with plenty of wine, made us forget the battle of wooden shoes and worsted stockings.

We all set out together next day, ironed as usual; indeed, we looked for the “darbies” as regularly as for our black bread. We traversed a wide and level tract of country, thinly cultivated except near the villages, in which we saw only old men, women, and many young children; the youths of the Empire were gone as soldiers to the wars. When, two days later, we entered the prison at Chalons-sur-Marne, the weather being intensely hot, and the roads, along which we had marched, thick with dust, we all ran to the pump, and drank eagerly the cold spring water. I soon felt the evil consequences of this, for that same evening I was seized with ague and fever. The guards still insisted on taking me on to Verdun. I was laid on straw in an open cart, was exposed during the day to a burning sun, and placed for the night in a dismal hole. My fever increased, and I became delirious. When I recovered my reason, I found myself in a comfortable lodging at Verdun, with many of my fellow-countrymen around me.

LIFE AT VERDUN.

My vigorous constitution had pulled me through; within a month, although still weak, I was in good health. As soon as I could move, I was ordered to the citadel to sign my parole. They asked me questions many and ridiculous: What was my mother's maiden name? What was my father's state and calling? I told them that he was a marine cheesemonger; and "*marchand de fromage pour la marine royale*" would have been duly inscribed but that my irreverent joke was discovered. On returning to my lodgings, I considered in what manner I should spend my time. Buonaparte had declared that there should be no exchange of prisoners; with the prospect of a long exile, I resolved to make the best use of my opportunities, and learn whatever might be of advantage to myself and my profession.

Verdun is a fortified town in the province of Lorraine: it contains about 11,000 inhabitants, who in consequence of their republican principles were favoured by Buonaparte; as a depot for English gentlemen, Verdun, he knew, would be enriched. The governor-general—Wirion—was one of the greatest scoundrels that ever held the rod of power; a man of high abilities and refined education, yet a tyrant, cruel and avaricious. To extort money from the prisoners was with him a fine art in which he had grown accomplished; the old or nervous he

threatened with the fort of Bitche, or solitary confinement in the tower of Angoulême: on one occasion he imprisoned all the midshipmen and masters of merchantmen in the citadel, and kept us there during seven months, stopping from our poor allowance 5s. a-month, which, reckoning 300 prisoners, brought him upwards of £70. At length one morning came an order that we should all be at liberty to reside in the town and in comfortable lodgings on the condition that we paid the sum of 30s. each: we readily agreed to the demand; each prisoner, as he handed over the money, went out, and General Wirion profited to the extent of nearly £500. If any prisoner missed his muster—and the roll-call was twice a-day—he had the choice of a 5s. fine or prison for a month. Every week some new exaction was invented, and the general's understrappers followed his example, on a smaller scale, yet with hardly less annoyance to the victims.

At this period the English hostages, detained in the country when the war broke out, were numerous, and many of them possessed large fortunes. Verdun resembled a small fashionable town in England. Lodgings were good and not extravagantly dear. The Government had the complaisance to honour Verdun with the presence of a company of Palais Royal black-legs, and to establish a gaming-table—the ruin

of many a bright career. A fine racecourse gave further opportunities to the recklessness of folly; the meadow, used for two months, was rented for twelve; the general's permission was obtained at the cost of £20; the compulsory hire of fifteen gendarmes and spies in attendance came to £10 more. Horses were brought at vast expense through Germany from England, and the course in due time was as fashionable and as full of roguery as Newmarket.

Drinking and smoking clubs, set up in various parts of the town, were favourite resorts of the midshipmen, who, young and friendless, were often exposed to the temptation of penury rather than of wealth, yet they always managed to keep up appearances and to look like gentlemen. These were about 120 in number, the finest young fellows that could be seen, true "cutting-out" midshipmen, fit to undertake any enterprise however dangerous. During four years many of them had no more than the French allowance, 24s. a-month, to provide lodgings and everything else. The common sailor fared better, being in a manner fed and clothed, with 1½d. a-day for tobacco.

The midshipmen were frequently in confinement, either through a caprice of the commandant, or because some of them from time to time had ventured to escape. Out of my ten years of life as a prisoner of war, I can say that I passed seven in close confinement.

A committee had been formed

in Verdun for the management of moneys, subscribed throughout the United Kingdom, for the relief of prisoners. Instead of being vested in the hands of senior officers, naval and military, the subscription was intrusted to the hostages, and was distributed among rascals who never dared show their faces in their native land again for fear of the gallows. One fellow, in receipt of two guineas a-month, had been a noted highwayman, who escaped the new drop by flight to the Continent; being skilled in horses, he was appointed clerk of the racecourse. A tailor, a barber, a shoemaker, a mutton-pie maker—part of Despard's gang—received their several allowances. One Rainsford, a would-be gentleman, who pocketed £3 a-month, felt deeply hurt that his name should appear in the charity-book. Not a midshipman obtained one penny from the fund.

I had been in Verdun nearly a year and a half when Buona-parto passed through, on his way from the camp at Boulogne against Austria, at the head of 100,000 troops. Within a short time we heard of his entry into the city of Ulm, on the day (October 21, 1805) of the memorable battle of Trafalgar. It was nearly two months before news reached us of Nelson's glorious victory; about seventy mids. were confined in the citadel; a subscription for supper and wine was immediately set on foot: although borne down with sorrow and oppression, we participated in the joy of victory and shed a

tributary tear for the fate of Nelson. The French newspapers had claimed the triumph in that battle, and in many parts of France public rejoicings had been held!

Three years had been passed by me as a prisoner in this depot—two of these years in close confinement, owing to desertions that had taken place

among the midshipmen. It is true that we signed a parole; but a parole ceases to be of force with men obliged to muster twice a-day, and it was only the midshipmen and masters of merchantmen who were subjected to this rule. In the fear of being sent to that dreadful place, Bitche, we had not a moment of peace.

ESCAPE.

I came at last to a resolution to try my fortune, venture a long march, and regain, if possible, my native land. In seeking a companion the utmost caution was necessary, for we were surrounded with spies. After a time I came to an understanding with a Dr Porteous of the navy: we were both eager for the enterprise, and set about procuring £40 in gold, good maps of the departments we intended to pass through, two oilskin bags for our provisions, and a rope. All was accomplished in the course of a day; and about eight o'clock on the evening of October 8, 1807, we succeeded in getting over the citadel ramparts. We had passed several sentinels; sometimes we crawled on hands and knees, for discovery would have been our death-warrant. At the point of descent, the height was about 60 feet; our rope was made fast to a spike-nail thrust into a chink of masonry. The doctor went down first; he shook the rope as a signal, and I followed. As I descended the nail gave way, and I fell some 20 feet on stones,

spraining an ankle. The noise of my fall alarmed one of the sentinels, who satisfied himself with the cry "*Qui vive?*" I rose and limped along; at the dawn of day we were near St Mihiel, seven leagues from Verdun.

Finding that the opposite side of the river afforded the shelter of a wood, we put our clothes upon our heads, and crossed, sometimes wading and sometimes swimming. The water was bitterly cold, and it had begun to rain. My ankle was much swollen and very painful; when we bivouacked in the wood, I was apprehensive as to my being able for some days to go any farther. The rain fell in torrents; we shivered under the dripping autumnal leaves. By this time, we were assured, our escape must be known at Verdun; gendarmes and peasantry must be on the alert; we thought it prudent to lurk in shelter during the day. In the evening we left our retreat, and, to avoid pursuit, we marched across country. About nine o'clock we passed through Commercy, and still it rained

hard. Before we entered the town we had overheard some workmen close behind us in conversation; they spoke of the two fugitives from Verdun, and we learnt that a brigade of soldiers in Commercy were on the look-out for us. We hastened forward, walked into a mill-stream, and hid ourselves, up to the middle in water, between

the wheel and the wall. As soon as the talkers had gone by, we consulted as to the propriety of venturing near the town: to avoid it we must again have crossed the Meuse; the stormy night was favourable to our attempt; we plucked up courage, and passed through Commercy without meeting a soul.

ADVENTURES.

On gaining the highroad we pushed on rapidly, encouraged every hour by a mouthful of brandy. Having passed, about eleven o'clock, a small house, we walked on some two miles, only to discover by the turn of the river that we were out of the right track. We retraced our steps, knocked at the door of the house, and in a short time were let in by a sturdy old man. The lamp was still burning; he trimmed it, and examined us by its light. "I guess who you are," he said, "but you are safe." We professed not to understand his meaning, and declared that we were merchants from Dunkirk. "No," he replied, "you are Englishmen from Verdun; you escaped yesterday; the gendarmes have been here, and have left orders that if any suspicious-looking persons should arrive, I should give them notice." We thought of retreat, but were soon convinced that the old man had no hostile designs. His good wife got up, kindled a fire to dry our clothes, and procured all that was needed to refresh us. The man opened

the door and went out; even still I suspected that he might have gone for the gendarmes: I followed, and found him plugging with clay certain chinks in the door and windows, that the light might not show through. Such precaution on his part gave us a feeling of complete security. He told us that as long as he had life he would protect an Englishman in distress; he had cause, he said, to be grateful to our nation: of his five sons four had fallen in Buonaparte's campaigns; the survivor had been saved from the cruelty of the Russians under Suwarrow by a countryman of ours.

After an excellent supper of ham and eggs, we went to bed and rested for two hours. On rising we found that our clothes had been dried: our host gave us to understand that, if we would be entirely guided by him, he would conduct us past Vaucoleur; we assented, and promised to recompense him for his trouble. At about a quarter past two, armed each with a stout cudgel, we started; the way was enlivened by the

old man's anecdotes, and daylight appeared sooner than we had expected it. He pointed to a village at about two miles' distance, and advised us to remain there for the day; we rewarded him with a couple of crowns, and parted from him. We proceeded to the village, found an inn, breakfasted, and retired to bed, directing that we should be called for dinner at four in the afternoon. We rose refreshed; my ankle seemed in better condition than could have been expected after so great exertions: we were now about forty miles from Verdun; our dinner was clean and comfortable. It was Sunday, and therefore an inquisitive day; peasants, indulging in their bottles of twopenny wine, were free to enter every room. We passed for students returning to their homes at Colmar. Dances around the tree of Liberty were started; the day was fine; and had it not been for my sprained foot, I should gladly have joined the merry-makers. We passed a most agreeable evening, and at eight o'clock we bade those hospitable villagers good-night. The moon was near the full, and shone with brilliance. Some of the peasants accompanied us on the way, and directed our notice to the house of Jeanne d'Arc, a miserable hovel, kept in repair by an order of the commune.

The roads, as we proceeded, lay chiefly through extensive forests. There is an awful charm in gloomy tracts overhung with trees, with moonlight shining at intervals through the avenues. It was

here that we first heard the dreadful howling of the wolf, answered by more distant howlings; at times he was close to us and rustled through the brushwood. The screech-owl would join the chorus; then for a few minutes all would be silent. The doctor and I trudged on, now and again whistling some old capstan song. By two in the morning we reached Vezelise, a dismal and dirty town, some nineteen miles from the village whence we had started. During nearly an hour we sought and failed to find an egress; we seemed to be entangled in a labyrinth; we made three rounds, and each time found ourselves in the end at the market-place. Could it be that we were bewitched? The moon had gone down, and the atmosphere was now dense with fog. At length striking down a narrow lane, we emerged upon a road beyond the town. We could not hope to reach Charmes before daylight, but in the expectation of finding some village inn we pressed forward.

The fog grew yet heavier, and settled down on us like rain; our feet were much swollen; a weight hung upon our eyelids, and it was with difficulty we kept them open. Such gaiety as we had possessed now wholly forsook us; we walked silently, almost in a stupor. I may say with truth that I dreamed as I moved along.

We seated ourselves at the foot of a great tree, and in a minute were fast asleep. The doctor was the first to wake;

he roused me, and represented to me the danger of sleeping in so wetting a fog. We made several efforts to rise, but our limbs refused their service; we rubbed them with brandy, and once more got under weigh, proceeding very slowly, each supporting the other. Day was at its dawn; a cock crowed; and presently we entered a village, found an *auberge*, enjoyed the comfort of warm wine and toast, and leaving orders that we should be called at four in the afternoon, retired to bed. We had marched in all some thirty miles.

We woke refreshed, and found our clothes dry, with the fragrance of a turf-fire. A dinner of capon, a brace of partridges, ham, and excellent wine prepared us to set forth at seven o'clock with renewed vigour. Two hours later we passed through the town of Charmes, crossed the bridge over the Mozelle, and pursued our route towards Rembervillier. The night was beautiful with moonlight, even amid the forest through which ran the road. Before entering the town at dawn we hired for a few *sous* a peasant who conducted us to a small inn beyond its environs. Here everything was changed as if by magic; houses, inhabitants, manner of living, language were other than what they had been on the previous day. The women wore black petticoats and red stockings; the speech was German, with a twang in it like that of a Cornish miner; potatoes, washed down with sour milk, formed the common breakfast

of workmen and servants. We were accommodated with coffee and a cold fowl; but you might eat your meal or let it alone; there was an end to all attention and politeness.

Having paid a reasonable bill, we began our march in the daytime—a venturesome attempt; but we encountered few people on the road. The country, like the people, was wholly changed. The forests were no longer of oak and beech, but of fir; hills rose to mountains; and navigable rivers were transformed into swift streams and waterfalls. We rested at a village, and steeped our swollen feet in salt-and-water. At seven we started for St Diey in a small covered cart hired for 5 francs. The weather was fine, and again the moon shone clear. Having passed the town, we began our march in high spirits, and at midnight were at the celebrated mountain of the Vosges chain—Bonhomme. Below the climbing road lay a valley, with scattered cottages built in the Swiss style, and a stream descending in successive leaps over huge rocks. We sat and viewed the moonlit scene, musing on the lot of the inhabitants, which would have been so wholly peaceful but for the unbounded ambition of a tyrant.

It was nearly daylight when we reached the summit after a five hours' ascent. On the side which now came into view we saw the village of Bonhomme; and there we rested until three in the afternoon. Our host called our attention to a curi-

ous Roman tower at the back of his house—octagon in shape, about forty paces in diameter, and in good preservation. Thither we had our dinner carried, and kept the landlord in our company that he might tattle only to ourselves. From the summit of the tower we saw the Rhine—a magnificent prospect—with many scattered towns and villages. About thirty miles separated us from the river, which it was our hope to cross next morning. At seven we set forth, and four hours later found ourselves among the outworks of a fortified town, which we were too prudent to enter. To avoid it we crossed, with clothes on our heads, a river, small but deep, rapid, and numbing cold. It was mortifying to come, within half an hour, upon another town, which lay directly in our way. The gate was open, and we could see the gate on the farther side also open; we advanced cautiously, perceived in the watch-box a man sound asleep, and passed through without difficulty. A third town about five miles onward was passed with no less success, and now there lay before us as far as the Rhine a level open road, towards which we advanced in high spirits: it seemed to us that already we were out of the reach of our pursuers.

We halted at a small cottage on the banks of the Rhine, the home of a fisherman. The wife, who spoke French, informed us that the passage-house was two miles farther down the river, where were stationed custom-

house officers and a brigade of soldiers to examine strangers and passports. Her husband, she said, had just gone to Markolsheim to sell his fish. We begged her to give us what she could for breakfast; rye-bread, milk, fresh eggs were placed before us. During the repast we inquired at what time her husband would return, and whether, to save us the trouble of a walk to the passage-house, he would put us across the river. She answered that her husband would run the risk of imprisonment if it were known that he conveyed strangers into Germany.

In a few minutes a fine-looking lad of about fourteen years of age, with a paddle in his hand, entered. He had just returned in his canoe from the other side. He showed his mother a silver watch which he had purchased from a friend for 15s.—five paid down, the rest to remain due for six months. I asked him whether he would ferry us over, and have two crowns to pay for his watch, with two more to be divided between his mother and himself. The bargain was soon made; he went to see that the coast was clear, quickly returned, and conducted us, at a run, about a quarter of a mile to his boat. It was a canoe formed of three planks: he made us lie down, as well to keep the boat steady as to avoid observation. Using his paddle with great dexterity, he soon had us among islands which concealed us from the French side of the river; but so rapid was the stream that we were nearly an

hour in crossing. We landed at a small village called Sasbach, and paid the little fellow ; he led us to an inn, but would not enter with us. We were extremely tired, having walked all night and part of the morning, and were now glad to go to bed.

In the evening of the following day we reached Freiburg ; police-officers and soldiers stood at the gates, but we carried no bundles of a size to excite suspicion, and passed into the town unquestioned. We were seated at supper in the Golden Lion, an excellent inn, when a little inquisitive fellow entered the room, and, speaking in French, proceeded to assail every person at the table with his impertinent inquiries. The tormentor, who had fastened upon the doctor and myself with special zest, left us for a few minutes and returned with a newspaper in his hand ; he begged us to peruse a short paragraph, and to our alarm we saw our own

names, with an account of our evasion from Verdun. We affected to take no notice of what concerned us so much, and begged to know to which paragraph he had referred ; he pointed it out a second time. "What !" said I, "is that all ? I had hoped for news of our army in Prussia. Keep your nonsense to yourself, and be off !" He stared at us and withdrew. Since quitting Verdun we had not felt so much uneasiness. That night we were in a hired post-chaise on our way to Neustadt. As we entered the town we were stopped by the guard, who required to know our names, our occupation, whence we came, whither we purposed to go. We answered promptly : we were merchants from Paris, going to Munich, on affairs of commerce. The "Pass on" was never more welcome, and in a few minutes we were taking our ease at our inn.

AGAIN CAPTURED.

From Neustadt to Donaueschingen, and thence onwards to Ulm, we hastened by post-chaise. During the day that preceded our arrival at Ulm it seemed as if something of evil omen threatened us. We entered the town on foot, and to the usual questions at the gates returned the usual answers. While we were breakfasting at the inn there entered a man, who proved to be skipper of the Vienna packet. He asked if we were going with him, for in two hours he must start. This fell

in perfectly with our plans ; we rejoiced to start so soon, and the price, 36 florins, not including food, was arranged. A gentleman, very courteous in manner, was seated at the breakfast-table. Seeing our preparations for departure, he inquired whether we had been to the police-office, for otherwise it was not permitted us to embark. We answered that we had not yet gone through the required forms. "I have the honour," he said, "to be the chief of police, and I can save

you the trouble of going ; allow me to *viser* your passports now." His words fell like a thunderbolt, at the moment when we were exulting in our escape. Seeing us hesitate, he went on : "I perceive, gentlemen, that you are embarrassed by my offer, and that your appearance shows you to be strangers who would travel incognito; I venture to guess that you are unprovided with passports. It is unfortunately my duty to place you under arrest till you show who and what you are." We told him we came last from Strasburg, that we had left our homes on an excursion to see Vienna, and that we had been assured that passports were not required from Frenchmen out of France, especially when travelling through those provinces of Germany which were her allies. "I am truly sorry to say," he replied, "that I must do my duty by immediately placing you under arrest."

He rang the bell, and two police-officers in attendance entered: they escorted us into another apartment, and seized our papers before we had an opportunity to destroy them. For about an hour we remained under guard. At length the commissary appeared. "Gentlemen," said he, "by your charts

of the departments and your papers I find you are Englishmen who have deserted from some depot in France; by the route you have traced with pencil lines it appears that you are from Verdun. Here you must remain until I receive orders from my Government as to how you are to be disposed of. Two guards will wait in your apartment; nothing for your comfort shall be spared; the inn will supply you with everything you need; but if I find you tampering with the guards or servants, your treatment will be the most rigorous you have yet experienced."

We could only submit to our fate. The prospect of confinement in that hell upon earth, the *souterrains* of Bitche, handcuffs, chains, black bread, penury, and vermin were present to our excited imagination. Meanwhile we were authorised to call for whatever we pleased, and the Bavarian Government should pay the score. We feasted like nabobs; the most costly dishes, the choicest wines were ordered; champagne, hock, and liqueurs were offered to any one who visited us. We remained here ten days; then came the order to send us to Strasburg, and there hand us over to the French authorities.

SENT TO STRASBURG.

The morning of our departure from Ulm arrived. The commissary expressed his deep regret for having to perform so painful, yet so imperious, a

duty, and assured us that our expenses as far as Strasburg would be defrayed by the guards. We expected to march the whole way on foot, and were

astonished to find a barouche and four horses in waiting, with a pair of postilions. The guards, armed with rifles, sat in front, and during the entire journey were civil, yet vigilant, in their duty. The month of November had set in with severity; the roads were covered with snow; yet we proceeded rapidly, and, for a time, almost by the way that we had come. Escape was not to be thought of; even at night a police-officer was constantly in our bedroom.

At Offenbourg, some fifteen miles from Strasburg, we stopped to breakfast. The vouchers for our expenses, 3000 florins, having been reckoned by one of the guard, we laughed at the notion that such a sum would be refunded by the French. "If I believed you are right," said he, "I would take you back to Ulm." I pleaded that he should first visit Strasburg, taking with him his accounts, and make trial of their liberality, offering him £10 if he would do so. The matter was debated, and was decided against us. We again ascended the carriage, and

entered Strasburg by the bridge of boats over the Rhine. The governor, as we had anticipated, had nothing but abuse for the Bavarians and their foolish kindness to such rascals as Englishmen; he would pay them 15d. a-day for the soldiers on their return to Ulm, and nothing more. They told him that should other fugitives arrive in Bavaria they would not trouble themselves with an arrest, and, the quarrel running high, they were abruptly dismissed.

The general, having sent for gendarmes, turned to us. "How have you dared," he asked, "to attempt an escape? How have you dared to run up such bills as these at Ulm? Here, guards, search them; then off with them to prison, and await my orders." £25 in gold, the doctor's gold watch, and two clasp-knives, found on our persons, were handed to the general, and we entered prison without a farthing in our pockets. Only to the jailer's kindness did we owe a room separate from that of the common prisoners, and a bed to lie on.

RETURN MARCH TO VERDUN.

Next morning the gendarmes appeared; a bag, containing the irons, was thrown on the table: the poor doctor quivered at the sound; as for me, I saluted the handcuffs as old, though almost forgotten, acquaintances. At every turn of the screws the gendarmes cursed us for damned English, nor was I so patient as

to remain silent—they were rascals, I declared, and their governor was a common thief. The screws were twisted until our hands became blue-black; a chain, passed around our waists, was brought over our shoulders and securely padlocked; we received our allowance of ammunition—bread, as

it is termed, and set forth on our road to Verdun.

There had been a thaw; it now blew hard and rained; the roads were deep with mud. When we halted to change guards, the chain was taken off, and we were allowed to walk with only the handcuffs. In the afternoon we arrived, with shoes torn to pieces, at a small fortified town called Blamont. The prison was a kind of barn; but the straw looked clean, and for our cheer bread and water were supplied. We rose, after a night in wet clothes, stiff with cold. My throat was sore; the doctor was also ill; our hats, which had been used as night-caps, were of every shape; handcuffed as before, heavily ironed and heavy-hearted, we reached Phalsburg completely bare of foot. We sold two new linen shirts, and with the money so obtained purchased two pairs of strong, well-nailed, clod-hopping shoes, which, although previously in use, lasted us all the way to Verdun.

The jailer's wife at Phalsburg provided us with soup, beef, and vegetables, and we dined well; what remained of our money procured us a bed. On finding that we were English, the jailer seemed to ponder something mysterious, and there was much whispering between him and his wife. When this was ended, he told us to follow him, but first required our word of honour that, until our arrival at Verdun, we would mention nothing of what we were about to see. He took up a bunch of keys, and descended some steps into a courtyard, which we

crossed. We followed, entered a decent apartment, and were told to wait, while he went forward by himself to another which communicated with our halting-place.

There is a custom in France that if any one at the theatre turns his back upon the scene he is held guilty of a serious rudeness, and may be expelled from the building. During my residence at Verdun, Mr Simpson, a Scotsman, surgeon of H.M. sloop *Ranger*, and now a prisoner of war, recently arrived at the depot, and, therefore, unacquainted with its rules of good manners, had dined one evening with friends who made up a party for the play. Being exhilarated by champagne, and unacquainted with the language, he attended little to the performance, and finally turned round to catch sight of a young lady who had attracted his notice. After some noise and confusion, his fault was condoned. But when the Emperor's bust was presented, Mr Simpson, by vigorous hisses and groans, again drew the eyes of the spectators upon him. The gendarmes at once took him in charge, and dragged him before General Wirion. He was placed in secret confinement, and not a soul was allowed to go near him. Orders from Paris arrived; he was secretly removed, and since a twelvemonth, had been given up as lost.

The jailer returned, and bade us go into the farther room. There stood a gaunt red-haired man, the shadow of our former acquaintance, Dr Simpson. On

beholding once more two of his countrymen, he shed tears of joy. He told us that he had been hurried from Verdun by night in a close carriage, believing that his punishment would be death. In solitary confinement here he received no food but bread and water; to aggravate his sufferings, his rest at night, during the first six months, was of set purpose disturbed; the jailer was threatened with dismissal if he relaxed the rules imposed upon him. Simpson spoke now a broken mixture of French and German, uttered with a broad Scots accent; he had half forgotten, he declared, his native English. Luckily he had some money, of which he bestowed four crowns on us, no slight assistance towards our journey. Next morning we shook hands with him again, received some letters which he had written since our previous visit, bade him farewell, and attended the gendarmes who were waiting to put on our ruffles.

At Luneville—two days later—we were searched; but neither the money stowed away in our shoes, nor poor Simpson's letters, hidden in the lining of my hat, fell into our inquisitors' hands. We set out for Nancy not only handcuffed but chained, and had the honour to lead the van of twenty-four galley-slaves, in their proper dresses—most of them young conscripts who had deserted—on their way to some seaport. This was the only occasion on which I felt my pride really humbled: in the streets of every town, and from door to door, these fellows solici-

ted alms—alms often offered to ourselves, and always refused in favour of our companions in irons. It was a joy to us to escape the streets of Nancy and enter our prison.

We parted from these gentry next morning. In the prison of St Mihiel was a girl of eighteen, beautiful as an angel and as innocent, who had been condemned to suffer on the guillotine the day after our arrival. Her uncle, in revenge for her resistance to his attempts against her honour, had charged her with plotting and all but procuring his death by poison. At a later date I learnt that his own confession revealed his guilt and vindicated her memory. On the morning of her execution I saw her seated on her straw mattress, awaiting the gendarmes, and seemingly quite unconcerned by her fate; before she left the prison the sergeant cut off her long, fair hair. Never shall I forget the farewell to her fellow-prisoners; all who were present shed tears; and at that moment I could gladly have given an arm to save her life.

We were now within seven leagues of Verdun. The sleet drove in our faces as we marched on that last day; our hands, chained together, were black with the cold. On entering the town we were spared the mortification of going through the streets in the view of our countrymen; we were conducted by the ramparts to the citadel, and were lodged in the round tower. Here, seeing no one but the jailer and the gendarmes, we spent a month each in a

separate chamber; food was supplied at treble its honest price; fires there were none; we slept each on a straw mattress, with a single blanket for covering; sleet and snow beat in upon us through the grated window; I have often

parted from my blanket to stuff it between the bars, and so allay the intensity of the cold. Of various punishments which I have endured, this lifeless exposure to an icy temperature was one of the least endurable.

REMOVED TO THE DUNGEONS OF BITCHE.

The order at last arrived for our removal to the dungeons of Bitche. The roads were deep with snow; a cruel frost made everything rigid; an open cart, in which no straw had been provided, was used for our conveyance. Before we set out a friend was permitted to visit us, and settle the jailer's bill. This good chance procured us a supply of money in gold, which we stowed away in stockings prepared for such an occasion: they were of coarse worsted, with strong tape, as broad as a 20-franc piece, sewed along the seam — by which contrivance our gold escaped the rapacity of the general, who had ordered us to be stripped to the shirt. The soles of our shoes, the covered buttons of our clothes, were examined. This over, we were handcuffed, chained to the cart, and escorted out of town by five gendarmes.

Such a formidable mounted guard over two prisoners of war chained in a cart made it seem as though we were desperate characters. Our convoy advanced at a walking pace; our feet, through want of exercise, became so cold that we feared they would be frost-bitten; our teeth chattered all

the way to Marslatours, twenty-one miles from Verdun. The cart stopped near the church. We got out, but could not stand. The irons were taken off, and what with rubbing our legs and beating our hands, we found the use of our limbs, and could follow the jailer to our prison for the night. Conceive our astonishment when we were led to a vault under the parish church. In a short time the jailer brought us food and drink, a lamp, and clean straw, which, before leaving us, he flung in a corner near the door. After our repast, we thought to shift our resting-place away from the cold of the entrance; but behold! the more sheltered nook had already its occupants in heaped-up human skulls and bones. In general a sailor is the most superstitious of mankind. It was lucky that I had the doctor by my side, who sought to banish my fears by his cheerfulness, and even to improve the occasion by an anatomical lecture.

The morning was fine and frosty. We were permitted to walk, and without our handcuffs. The two gendarmes who now conducted us were well-disposed, and one of them, a

good-natured fellow, entertained his prisoners with anecdotes of Boney, one of which may bear to be recorded. The Emperor with his staff was passing through Marlatours, which is a small village, to join his army on the other side of the Rhine. He halted unexpectedly to breakfast at what, though a miserable hovel, was the best inn of the place. In every village a mayor and his deputy perform like functions—and with as much ceremony and consequence—with those of the chief citizens of the largest cities. On the Emperor's arrival, Mr Mayor was sought to compliment his sovereign in a speech worthy of Marlatours. He was discovered, like Cincinnatus, at the plough-tail. He ran home to put on his best coat with the sash—badge of his dignity—and arrived in the presence just in time to anticipate the Emperor's departure. In vain he tried to utter a word, and again in vain; bowing and scraping he stood fascinated by Buonaparte's scrutinising black eyes—an unhappy squirrel in the gaze of the rattlesnake. Close behind the trembling mayor stood an old shoemaker, in figure a true Don Quixote, clad in his working dress. "Why don't you speak, you fool?" he muttered from time to time to his leader.

At last his patience gave way; he pushed the mayor aside, advanced, with his left hand removed his greasy cotton night-cap, with his right lifted the horn spectacles from his nose, made his bow, and delivered the oration: "Emperor, you are on your way to thrash the Prussian rogues once more. I hope soon to see you return crowned with glory; and I have nothing more to say, but that Cæsar and Alexander were Jeans-f——s in comparison with you." The Emperor laughed, and inquired of the old man whether he had any sons. "Yes; four were in the army—two of these in the Guards." Their names were taken down, and the honest shoemaker soon saw them raised to the rank of officers, and found himself provided with a comfortable pension.

We reached Metz about three o'clock, and were given a room to ourselves, and a good bed in the military prison. Four days later we beheld for the first time the black fortress of Bitche, our future residence. It was nearly dark before we entered the town, and quite so by the time we got up the zigzags to the fort. We passed several drawbridges; at the guard-house our irons were taken off, and thereupon we were escorted to the cavern.

THE SOUTERRAINS OF BITCHE.

A confused noise from underground was audible as we approached. When the door was opened, a universal shout of

"Door-o! door-o!" greeted us. We descended fifty steps, and found ourselves in—the infernal regions. Lights burned in

various quarters; old friends came forward to welcome our arrival and propose a punch-party. Four large fires were blazing; about seventy persons, officers and masters of merchant-ships, occupied the vault—some gambling, some singing, others crying “A ring! a ring!” in anticipation of a boxing-match. Never in my life had I seen such a spectacle of careless misery.

The number of prisoners at Bitche, occupying two separate *souterrains*, was about 400. The larger *souterrain* was inhabited by common sailors and soldiers; the smaller by officers and gentlemen. The fort, which was regarded as impregnable, is planted upon a height overlooking the surrounding country; a rocky foundation, with an excellent spring of water, had given favourable opportunity to the genius of Vauban. The *souterrains*, some 40 feet below the surface, were large—150 feet by 50—and were hewed out of the solid rock. Designed originally for troops and cattle during a siege, they were of course bomb-proof. Long guard-beds were fitted up with oak planks; a straw mattress and a blanket were shared between two persons. These caverns were kept as clean as the situation would admit, but were infested by rats, that came in droves, and would destroy all provisions and clothing within their reach. The little light that entered through windows was never sufficient to read by; candles therefore burned all day long. Two hours in the forenoon, two in the afternoon, were

allowed for air and exercise “on deck,” during which time the servants were employed in cleaning the *souterrains* and in fetching water and provisions. The place was so humid that our blankets looked as if a heavy dew had fallen on them. Smoking, gambling, boxing, and the consumption of raw spirits beguiled the hours. Let Frenchmen say what they please against the prison-ships of England—the worst of them was a palace compared with the fort of Bitche.

The prisoners were divided into messes, classed according to their rank, situation, and temper: those who were studious avoided the noisy clubs. Brandy and a spirit called *sneak* were so cheap that one could get drunk for 3d. Rheumatism crippled many prisoners, yet deaths were less frequent here than at some other depots.

The governor—General Maisonnette—was the most illiterate animal that ever wore a uniform; he bore the spite of a devil towards the English, and was ready to show it in any way he could. At the outbreak of the Revolution he had been one of the male nurses in the hospital at Metz; he had headed a mob of wretches like himself to whom bloodshed was a glory; his idea of military tactics was derived from service as a drummer; at Pondicherry he had lost an arm; but neither his talents nor his courage qualified him to figure in the field, and Buonaparte, who knew his instruments well, had placed the old sinner far from the smell of gunpowder (save

on saluting days), at Bitche, where he might flourish his heroic sword over a few prisoners of war. Desertions were more frequent from this depot than from any other, and, thanks to the proximity of the Rhine, were attended with more success. On the other hand, the ramparts were high; there were occasional deaths, and many a broken limb.

The prisoners had ascertained that the *souterrains* communicated with several sally-ports. Two clever fellows, Cox and Marshall, formerly belonging to the Minerve, Captain Brenton, the one a carpenter, the other a blacksmith, undertook to open the strong doors and liberate their fellow-prisoners. They so far succeeded that the doors were actually unfastened; parties were made up, some had money, others had provisions to bear them on their long and desperate march, the plan being to separate immediately, and proceed to Holland by the Rhine. At nine o'clock lights were put out, silence was strictly observed, and Cox and Marshall led the way. When they had advanced half-way down the narrow passage, a sudden noise was heard by those behind, and Cox dropt dead—a sword through his heart—at his companion's feet. In a moment lights were shown by a party of soldiers, who lay in wait in the passage. Armed

with a stout stick, Marshall desperately fought his way, but fell dead at the sally-port. The other prisoners had hurried back to the *souterrain*; guards were placed over them; in the morning the bodies of Cox and Marshall, naked and mutilated, were exposed in the courtyard as examples to the rest, who, with the exception of certain spies, previously suspected and now proved to be such, were escorted to the state-prison.

At the base of the mountain-height lay the small town of Bitche, which consisted of one long street, and contained about 3000 inhabitants. Provisions were cheap and good; three times a-week the prisoners, in batches of thirty, were allowed to visit the town and make their purchases from butcher, baker, and grocer. Here nearly two years of my life passed away. Then came orders from the Minister of War that the officers at Bitche should be removed to Sarrelouis. We went off in divisions, in the first of which I was included. At two miles from Bitche, on a rising ground, we halted and gave our late abode three hearty groans. We passed a miserable night amid the stench, filth, and insect life of the prison at Sarreguemines, and late next evening, having marched through Saarbruck, arrived at the barracks, fitted for a prison, of Sarrelouis.

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

The town is small, containing 6000 inhabitants, but strongly fortified. A pleasant tree-

shadowed walk encircles it. The language spoken is German. This depot was for 1500

prisoners, for the most part seamen. Le Sage, the commandant, had one superiority to old Maisonneuve—that of being a far more accomplished rogue. When he first took command of the depot, all the clothes on his back would not have made a sizable mop for a jolly-boat. In the course of five years he managed to keep a carriage, and to place large sums of money in the funds. Instead of supplying the prison with good meat as ordered by Government, he, with the aid of a Jew butcher, served up whatever offal could be procured in the town; clothing was withheld, so that some poor fellows stalked about in their blankets. Sarrelouis was, in truth, the worst depot in all France.

The room in which we were confined was about 20 feet square; seven beds were allotted to fourteen occupants; a large oak table and two long seats stood in the centre of the room. I now regretted Bitche. There was a certain comfort in being locked up with seventy companions of one's own rank and breeding; here I and another midshipman had to consort with a set of coal-heavers, mates of colliers, to whom the King's service seemed despicable, whose talk was of coal, canny lads, and brigs with pink sterns. Their manners were as admirable as their conversation: when I caught one fellow using my tooth-brush, I broke it and flung it away; I was "varra fulish," he observed, as he intended to return it to my drawer duly rinsed; it would

still serve, however, so he would preserve it for use on Sundays.

The abuses of the depot became so notorious that the Minister of War could not disregard the matter. Three commissioners were sent from Paris to inspect Sarrelouis, and listen to all complaints. They arrived without warning and incognito, but were known to Le Sage's numerous spies. Le Sage assembled his coal-heavers, and procured a document from them which stated that the prisoners were of the worst class, unruly savages, who sold their clothing and provisions for brandy, and that the commandant, one of the best men in the world, was only too indulgent to these ungrateful villains. The declaration was signed by twelve of the prisoners, who styled themselves officers. The commissioners perused the document, made no further inquiry, and immediately returned to Paris. Thus 1500 of their fellow-countrymen were sold by a dozen scoundrels, whose reward was permission to reside in the town, with celebrity among the prisoners as the "twelve apostles" of Sarrelouis.

Among the prisoners was a fine young fellow, a Welshman, named Morgan. He was reading in his room when the drum sounded for a muster; a *gendarme* drove the prisoners forward with the flat of his sword; on coming to Morgan, he gave him a heavy blow on the back: Morgan turned upon him, wrenched the sword from his hand, threw it out of the window, and thrashed the man down the stairs. The guard

arrived and rescued the *gendarme* from Morgan's fury; they forced their victim, after beating him shockingly, to the *cachot* or dark hole. Within a few days Morgan was tried by court-martial and condemned to be shot; next morning at four o'clock the sentence was executed in the prisoners' burying-ground. Such was French justice under *Le Sage*.

Opposite the room in which I was confined was a door leading to a sally-port near the river. I contrived to open the lock-bolt which secured this door, and in company with a

brother mid.—George Sydney Smith—explored the passage, which ran for 150 feet under the ramparts. Sometimes we were up to our waists in water. We succeeded in loosening the sally-port door, and returned to prepare for our departure. While we were changing our clothes, the drum beat to arms, soldiers hurried from their quarters, the Commandant stood at the door through which we had just passed and gave orders that a party should enter. So ended our hopes of escape, and fortunate we were not to have been discovered.

BACK IN VERDUN.

I remained for twelve months in this execrable place, and was then ordered back to Verdun. Many changes had occurred since my departure; many new faces appeared among the prisoners; every week arrived soldiers and officers, several of them—and among these Lord Blayney—from Spain or Portugal. The gambling-house had been suppressed, but the clubs still existed; quarrels were frequent, and duels, with serious and sometimes fatal results, took place. Colonel Courcelles had succeeded General Wirion as Commandant. The end of

Wirion by his own pistol-shot was meanly tragic. By threats held out to gentlemen of large means, he had appropriated money to the tune of £20,000. Mr Garland alone had paid some £15,000: the gold was borrowed in a genteel manner, but in case of refusal the hostage's future residence would have been a cell in the fort of Bitché. Wirion's conduct had been represented as it was in fact to his master, Buonaparte, by a distinguished captain of the Royal Navy, and death seemed less intolerable to the unhappy wretch than degradation and ruin.

THE EMPEROR'S VISITS: HIS CHURLISH BEHAVIOUR.

I had been in Verdun about five months when Buonaparte returned from his Prussian expedition. Triumphant arches were erected in the streets; a

band of music was planted on the top of each; flowers were strewn along the route; twenty young ladies were chosen to greet the Emperor on his ar-

rival, and to offer him the sugar-plums—*dragées*—for which Verdun is famous. Luckily for us, old Courcelles was no longer Commandant. The Baron de Beauchêne, who now held that post, had endeared himself to the English by his unvarying courtesy and consideration. The mayor had requested him to confine the prisoners in the citadel during the Emperor's visit. "Please to be responsible for your *bourgeoisie*," replied the Commandant, "and I will answer for the English." A beautiful English blood-horse was lent to the baron for the Emperor's use. When about to mount, Buonaparte inquired of the Commandant whether the horse was his. "No," he answered, "it is the property of an English gentleman, and is lent to me for your Majesty's accommodation." The Emperor drew back his hand from the horse's neck, and re-entered his carriage. His Mameluke sat in front, his arms crossed, with a pistol in each hand. As the carriage crossed the bridge, the traces gave way: they were dexterously spliced by the captain of an English merchantman, who received from the great man no offer of reward. Many prisoners cried *Vive l'Empereur!* but no acknowledgment was made.

The treatment of the midshipmen was now much more favourable than it had been. Half their full pay was allowed to them, with reasonable advances on what was due in the past. The loss on exchange, however, was so great that we

received only 12s., or on fortunate occasions 15s., for £1. Since the return of the prisoners to England this loss on exchange has been made up to all commissioned officers, but not to midshipmen. Had the act of justice been extended to us, I should be richer to the amount of £60.

Finding that I had no prospect of reaching England for many years, I married a young lady whose father had been commissary for the department of the Meuse, but was no longer living. During six months the widow had watched over me like a mother, and she became such in fact by giving me her daughter. Happiness seemed to beam upon our union.

In 1812 Buonaparte again passed through Verdun, on his way now to the Russian campaign. His countenance seemed altered; a cloud of doubt hung upon his brow. The Empress Marie-Louise and the Duchesse de Montebello, a most lovely woman (widow of Marshal Lannes), were with him. He only stopped to change horses; would not condescend to reply to the Commandant; and when the mayor, with a well-studied speech, approached the carriage, he broke out with a voice of thunder: "*Foutez le camp!*" [Be off!] and let me alone." The unlucky mayor shrank away, shrugged his shoulders, and addressed his worthy fellows: "*Mon Dieu!* but the Emperor looks vexed: let us be off, and hope that we may please him better when he returns."

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

About 150,000 troops of all nations passed through Verdun. The Irish brigade, numbering 1500, was composed of the finest set of men in the whole army. While I stood by a coffee-house two men of this regiment, a soldier and a sergeant, came forward and asked me how I did. Altered as they were by moustachios and military dress, I did not at first recognise them, but I soon discovered in them two of my own men. I refused to enter the coffee-house and drink with them, and received in consequence a volley of abuse. Three midshipmen were also serving in the brigade, two of whom had enlisted at Givet, the other at Bitche. I have learnt

that one of these is now a lieutenant in our own naval service.

I had enjoyed about eighteen months' parole at Verdun, and had pursued my favourite study of mathematics together with constant practice in fencing. Several desertions from the depot had been successfully effected. One morning a woman, who worked at her needle in our house, arrived in great alarm, saying that Mr Devonshire, a midshipman, had deserted; that her husband had provided him with a false passport, and, without hitherto exciting suspicion, had on several occasions conducted prisoners across the frontier for trifling sums of money: she was full of fears respecting his fate.

AN IRISH SPY.

At this time there resided in Verdun a former colonel in the Irish brigade—the Hon. Henry Dillon. He was brother-in-law of Clarke, the French Minister of War, and his niece was the wife of General Bertrand. Dillon had lived during several years in Paris, but his conduct was such that he had been sent to Verdun as a prisoner of war. The praises he lavished on the French service made every Englishman despise him, and he was strongly suspected of playing the part of a spy on his countrymen. I thought that he was persecuted out of proportion to his ill deserts, and when we chanced to meet I did

not refuse him the tokens of common civility. One day as I amused myself with fishing, Colonel Dillon appeared, and seated himself near me on the river-bank. After some casual talk, he asked me whether I was not acquainted with the man who furnished deserters with false passports. "Come," said he, "I know you are in the secret. I wish particularly to learn his whereabouts, as a friend of mine desires to be off as soon as possible." I begged to be told the name of his friend. "That," he answered, "is a secret." "Then," said I, "I know nothing of the man you seek, and if I did, how can

you expect to gain my secret when you refuse to communicate your own?" At last he acknowledged that the passport was meant for his own use; that he was so embarrassed by debts, and his affairs in Ireland were so unsettled, by hook or by crook he must quit Verdun. On receiving this confidence I told him that I had never seen the manufacturer of passports, but that I could point out his place of abode, where he himself could make all arrangements. We met by appointment at nine o'clock in the evening; curiosity prompted me to enter the house with Dillon; and for a trifle of £3 the affair was settled. The intending fugitive received his passport, and under the name of Henri Delisle, a merchant, was to depart for Rotterdam.

Two days later, at seven in the morning, I was sent for by M. Lambry, Procureur Impérial. When I entered his study he said, "I am informed that you are acquainted with a Frenchman named Page, who supplies false passports to prisoners." I told him that I had no acquaintance of the kind, and that he must have been wrongly informed. "Very well, sir," he replied, "I shall presently convince you of the contrary. But, first, I desire to befriend you; all the more because you are married to the daughter of my old friend, whom I wish to spare all pain. If you do what I shall require of you, I have no hesitation in saying that you may choose the parole of any town you like—exclusive of Paris and sea-coast towns. We have been long

looking for this man Page. I will spare you the discomfort of uttering an evasion by at once saying that on Tuesday evening at nine o'clock you visited Page with Colonel Dillon; that on your introduction the colonel procured a passport for the sum of 3 louis, and here," said he, taking the passport from his desk, "is the precious document. Colonel Dillon brought it to me yesterday, and we require both him and you as witnesses against this fellow, who will be tried at St Mihiel by the criminal court. You may prepare yourself to be ready by next week."

"M. Lambry," I replied, since you are so fully acquainted with the facts, I shall speak to you, not as on my defence before a magistrate conducting a criminal investigation, but as I should speak to a man of honour. Colonel Dillon has proved himself to be one of the greatest villains on the face of the earth, and, as his countrymen believed, a spy: the scoundrel may go by himself as a witness; he shall never have me to second him."

"Then," said the Procureur, "you know what follows: you shall return to Bitche, there to remain, a prisoner in the *souterrain*, during the remainder of the war; your wife cannot be granted the privilege of seeing you; such is the sentence. On the other hand, you know what I have promised; go into the next room, reflect, and bring me your answer." I assured him that my mind was fully made up, and I bade him good-day.

At nine o'clock I attended

the muster. Two gendarmes took charge of me and escorted me to prison. One more effort was made to shake my resolution, but it was unalterable. Next morning my old friends, the darbies, were on my wrists, and under the cheerless sky of a cold autumnal day I was on my road to Bitche. I was less uneasy about my wife than they had thought to make me, for I knew she would be well cared for by her mother. So much for the honour of the

very Honourable Colonel Henry Dillon!

On my arrival at Bitche I found the depot much improved. The villain Maisonneuve had no longer control of the prisoners; he was merely Commandant de la Place. A captain of the gendarmerie, a severe man but just, was now in authority. Many prisoners who behaved well were permitted to lodge in the upper barracks, and to visit the town under the escort of a gendarme.

THE ALLIES ADVANCE.

The new year—1813—arrived; dreadful accounts reached us from the French army in Russia, and each day the hopes of the prisoners rose higher. Months passed; but at length came orders to remove the prisoners to Sedan and put the fort of Bitche in a state of siege. The battle of Leipsig (October 1813) had taken place; and the Allies were preparing to cross the Rhine in four divisions. We were hurried to Sedan, where all was in confusion. There I was joined by my wife, and two good rooms were placed by the commandant, M. de Wasronville, at our disposal. We slept in the very chamber in which the great Turenne was born. The months again went by, while I endured a light confinement. The Allied troops had crossed the Rhine, and were pressing onward to Paris. All communications were stopped, and the prisoners were deprived of their pay. My wife expected the birth of a child; my

mother-in-law had died of grief at the loss of five sons in the late campaigns—one of these a colonel of cuirassiers. Amid such anxieties and calamities, orders arrived that the prisoners should be removed to Amiens. I visited the commandant, who very considerably allowed me to remain in town that my wife might not be left uncared for and alone. On the day on which the prisoners left Sedan she was safely delivered of a daughter.

The Cossacks were abroad in every direction: at Carignan, a small town three leagues from Sedan, they had captured 300 Polish lancers. The inhabitants were burying all their valuables; waggons, twenty at a time, arrived full of sick or dying soldiers; the hospitals were crowded to excess; typhus fever, brought by the retreating soldiers, was communicated to the inhabitants. On every side the misery was extreme. I had sold my watch, with our plate

and linen, to procure food and lodging. One morning the commandant called on me with a request that I should prepare to leave Sedan for Amiens with as little delay as possible: the authorities of the town had accused him of favouring an enemy. My wife was not yet able to walk abroad; the child was just three weeks old; it was February 1814, and the winter had been one of unusual severity. I explained to the commandant how I was situated, without a friend to whom I could apply for assistance; could I leave behind a wife without provision and a newborn infant? He walked silently to and fro, and then spoke: "I feel for your situation, and would gladly serve you if I could; if I allow you to remain my reputation is at stake; one thing I can do—I can afford you 100 francs from my own

purse. It is a trifling sum, but with economy you can make it spin to your journey's end; you will return it to me if you hear of me in the future or if we meet again." He left me before I had the power to return thanks.

Next day I procured for 9 francs a small covered cart to take us to Rocroy. Four gendarmes, sent by the commandant of the town—an old brute—were my guard. I put into the cart a feather-bed, a pillow, and two blankets, well warmed at the fire, and I placed hot bricks around the bed. My wife and the three-weeks' babe were carefully wrapped up, and I was about to step into the cart. The gendarmes corrected my error; my old marching-orders were given once more; the darbies were put on; I was secured by a chain to a ring in the guard's saddle, and we were off.

RELEASED BY COSSACKS.

The weather was severely cold. Evening fell, but the moon shone clear. We halted at a village, and I desired the carter to hasten forward to the next village, that my wife might there rest herself by a fire and refresh the babe. They were gone about half an hour, while we followed at a slower pace. Suddenly, at a turn of the road, we perceived, about forty paces from us, a group of four horsemen. Each party stood still for a moment. The gendarmes cried, "Qui vive?" the others answered with a "Hourrah!" and advanced at a charge;

instantly my valiant gendarmes wheeled about and galloped for bare life. The fellow who towed me along by the chain fell astern. I ran to his horse's side, seized at the same moment his cloak and the reins, suddenly checked the horse, and pitched him to the ground. He rose, and was in the act of drawing his sword when one of the strange horsemen came up. He was a beautiful ugly Cossack, who understood the word *Inglander*, and quickly made the fellow unlock my chain. I handcuffed my gendarme, obliged myself with a loan of

his cloak, his sabre, and his horse, and proceeded to the village, where I found my wife in the midst of a strange company.

Here was a sudden turn of affairs, and all in five minutes. An officer escorted me to the commander of the detachment, who spoke tolerable German. I informed him who I was, and

explained the situation; he told me I was at liberty, and promised me a letter to his chief at Mons—Prince Platoff. Within half an hour the three fugitive gendarmes were brought in under the guard of Cossacks. I applauded their bravery, which mockery they bore well, declaring that such was the fortune of war.

MEETS PRINCE PLATOFF AND BULOW.

The Cossacks had found in the village a nice cabriolet for the accommodation of my wife and infant. In this, accompanied by our new friends on horseback, we set out next morning, and arrived towards night at Mons. I was presented by the officer to Prince Platoff, and to General Bulow, commanding the Prussian division. I supped with them, and gave them such information as I could respecting the places known to me. In the morning I waited on them again, and procured a passport as far as Helvoetsluys. As they were making out the passport, Prince Platoff asked, "What is your rank in the English navy?" I explained as well as I could that it corresponded to that of a sous-lieutenant in the army. "Suppose," says General Bulow, "we say on your passport that you are an English colonel; be assured you will fare the better." I thanked him, and said he might make me what he pleased,—an admiral, for example, or an envoy extraordinary. "Well," said he, "we'll make you a major carry-

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ing despatches from us to England." I expressed my obligation, made my bow, and retired. The passport, I found, desired the mayor of each town to supply me with board and lodging, together with a carriage and two horses from place to place as far as Helvoetsluys.

I remained eight days at Brussels to give my wife the rest she greatly needed. Six days more brought us to Flushing. The packet was at Helvoetsluys, where we embarked, and, after a short run of sixteen hours, I landed at Harwich, thus returning to my native land after ten years' absence, during which period I had suffered many hardships and had been the inmate of twenty-one different prisons.

On reaching London I went at once to the Admiralty, reported my return, and begged for such leisure time as might be necessary to prepare for my examination as a candidate lieutenant. I had the honour to relate my tale to Mr Croker, who advised me to pass my examination as soon as possible. I proceeded to Plymouth to my

relations, who soon made my past troubles appear like a dream. During a month I was at sea in H.M.S. Clarence, and found that everything needed to take charge of a watch came back to my memory. I returned to port in the Royal Oak, and passed my examination, receiving a handsome compliment for my knowledge of navigation. I then went as master's mate on board the Sparrow—Captain F. E. Loch—which formed one of the squadron appointed to bring to England the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and their numerous suite.

We arrived in the Downs on May 28, 1814, and on the 29th we got under weigh, steering for Boulogne. At that port I went on shore with the captain, and saw the venerable Blucher walking on the Parade, dressed in a coarse grey jacket and trousers, and smoking a huge pipe. Prince Platoff's aide-de-camp took me to his chief, who knew me at once, came forward, and kissed me on the forehead. We found that the Prince and Barclay de Tolly were to embark in the Sparrow. The Prince appeared uncommonly fond of Captain Loch, and before we landed had seriously offered him his daughter in marriage. The many bumper-toasts given after dinner by the Prince and his suite would have

capsized some of us under the table had we not practised stratagems. In the evening the Prince joined the dancers. He visited the midshipmen's quarters, and drank their health in a glass of rum. The gunner, a rough Cornishman, begged me to invite "the King of the gooze-hawks [Cossacks]" to take a glass in his cabin also, which he did with the utmost goodwill. We arrived off Dover about five in the morning, fired a salute of seventeen guns, and another as the distinguished company landed. Men and women, just awakened and half-dressed, came hurrying and crowding to enjoy the spectacle.

Prince Platoff did me the honour to lead me by the arm as far as the Ship Inn; Count Barclay de Tolly in like manner honoured Captain Loch. The captain and I, having each received the salute of a kiss upon the forehead, said farewell, and returned to join the squadron, which we met in mid-Channel. The great folks landed in the afternoon, upon which we sailed for Portsmouth to take part in the review, which was splendid beyond conception.

Thus I have brought to a close this narrative, written partly from notes, partly from memory. It is a simple but a true tale, and if it has given satisfaction, I feel amply repaid for writing so long a yarn.

ON TRIAL.¹

BY ZACK.

CHAPTER I.—DAN PIGOTT BUYS HIS DISCHARGE.

IT was after the battalion had received orders to keep itself in readiness for service in India that Dan Pigott, who had no love for soldiering, bought his discharge. He left the Aldershot barracks, and catching a train running south, arrived that afternoon at a small country railway-station in Devonshire. His home, some fifteen miles distant, lay on the border of Exmoor. Directing that his trunk should be brought on by the carrier, he struck into one of the deep-throated lanes. It was June. High up over his head beech and holly intertwined branches, the sunlight shining through the leaves like the sun through the heart of a blue-green wave. A shower had fallen early in the afternoon; up through the heavy grass rose the smell of the moist warm earth.

Dan bared his head and drew in a deep breath. "Ay, but the country smells good," he exclaimed aloud. Then he stooped and turned up the bottoms of his trousers; for he was a careful young fellow, and a bit of a dandy. "I always hated soldiering," he continued, after a moment; "I should have been forced to have gone on with it, though, but for Phœbe. I wonder where she rose they fifteen pounds: I was most

ashamed to take the money from her, and I shan't never have the face to tell the folk at home; but there, we're sweet-hearts, and I reckon that the thought o' India fell nigh as hard on her as on me." He was silent a moment, and taking out a pocket-comb, ran it carefully through his soft, fair moustache. "After all," he concluded, "I'm none so bad-looking, and there's more than one girl who would have been proud to have done the like: only maybe they wouldn't keep as quiet about it as Phœbe; her always knows what be due to a man's feelings."

The road began gradually to ascend, the moor unrolled itself with a great backward sweep, and far off sounded the tramp of the incoming tide. Dan's handsome, boyish face lightened up as his eyes fell upon the familiar scene: he quickened his pace; the trees grew sparser, then ceased; the road grassed over, widened, and split suddenly into a number of tracks leading across the moors. Turning to the left, and following the course of a stream, Dan saw in front of him a short thickset man carrying a pack upon his shoulders. "Why, Ben, be that you?" he cried—the soft colloquial note broaden-

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ing his accent, as if the moor had already reclaimed and fashioned it.

The man addressed turned round, and showed a lean, rugged face, the eyes and mouth having a certain beauty of expression. He was middle-aged, and in the bearing of his head and shoulders there was unconscious dignity.

"Home from soldiering?" he asked, with the slow smile of a peasant.

"Yes; and fair glad o' it."

"Reckoned you had another dree years to serve."

"Bought meself out."

"Well, dang me then, if there ain't more money in soldiering than I reckoned on; or happen you ain't so flink with the silver as in the old days."

Dan coloured and made no answer.

"Ay, fifteen pounds be sooner spent than saved," said the pedlar. "Be you going back to work on the farm?"

"Yes; uncle said he wanted an extra hand."

The two men walked on awhile in silence, and then the pedlar remarked half to himself: "They say as how Phoebe Hazeldene up the farm has got into trouble; took some money that wasn't rightful hers."

Dan's face grew grey under his sunburnt skin. "It bain't truth you're telling me!" he exclaimed.

"Ay, 'tis true enough," the pedlar answered, glancing back, as the sound of approaching wheels smote on his ear. "Look'ee, there be the man from the Lion sent to fetch her. Folks say Tan Hazeldene won't

have his daughter back home, and her's to live along o' her uncle—he that sailed the Saucy Kate these twenty years; but he's gived up the sea, and built hisself a bit o' a cottage t'other side o' the moor."

A man in a high dog-cart drove past them.

"Be 'ee on your way to fetch Phoebe Hazeldene?" the pedlar asked.

"Ess," the man answered, sullenly, "'tis a paid job; her iddn't no ways related to me." He disliked the errand, fearing that it might in some subtle way cast a slur upon him.

"Her comes of respectable folk enough," said the pedlar.

"And they may well need be," the man replied. "But there—her father is most of my opinion, I reckon: he says her shall never cross his doors again. Ay, her's a born thief: stealing without temptation. Wull, wull, as I said afore, her iddn't no relation of mine;" and whipping up his horse, he drove on.

For a brief moment Dan stood, white-faced and rigid, staring in the direction of the carriage; then, with a half-articulate curse, he ran after it. "Stop!" he cried; "I'm going your way,—I'm going to the farm. Give me a lift."

The man pulled up. "You be nevvy to old Mr Pigott at the farm, ain't 'ee?" he said.

"Ess."

"I thought tworn't the fust time I'd zeed your face. May-be you knows the maid?"

"Ess."

"Her must be a bad lot, stealing wi'out temptation; but there, that's a woman all over:

they would a deal sooner steal wi'out temptation than with ut, 'tis my opinion."

Dan made no answer: it had been for his sake that Phœbe had stolen the money; the thought drummed through his brain and heart. He remembered the letter he had written to Phœbe when first the regiment had been ordered abroad—a letter dilating on the unhealthiness of the station, full of fears for his own safety, a cowardly letter; and deep down in his heart he knew he was a coward, and the knowledge was hateful to him. Lashing himself into a fury of repentance, he determined to go boldly forward and take his

stand by Phœbe's side. "It be true," he would say, "that her stole the money, but 'twor for me her did it—if blame you must, blame me." Afterwards Phœbe and he would marry, and live things down. The phrase "live things down" pleased him; there was something fine about the sound of it; he had a keen sense for the histrionic in a situation. Then the cart slowly turned the corner into his uncle's yard; he saw two of the farm hands look across at it with a slow grin. The suspicion that he was the cause of their merriment thrust itself upon him: he jumped from the cart and strode away across the moor.

CHAPTER II.—THE HANDS OF A THIEF.

The three men glanced after him.

"Dang me," exclaimed Abel Finch, the cow-hind, "if that bain't young Dan. Well, soldiering has taught 'un the use o' his heels, if it hasn't much else."

"There wor always more nature than sense about him," remarked the other labourer, slowly. "I s'pose you be come after Phœbe Hazeldene," he added, turning to the driver.

"Yes, the old Cap'en paid me for the job."

"And a poor job 'tis; I can't fathom it nohow: a quiet, straight-tongued lass——"

"Her made straight for the money anyway," said the driver, breaking into a jagged laugh at his own wit. "But there; if a woman does follow a

straight line, 'tis when it would best become her to hold back. I s'pose her has a deal to say for herself?"

"Na'r a word," exclaimed Abel Finch.

"Ay, her's a deep 'un, no doubt."

"I ain't never heard tell that her wor held for deep," Abel answered.

"Ah, that speaks for itself," exclaimed the driver, triumphantly. "You may be bound that her's deeper than most."

At this moment the house-door was opened from the inside—the men swung round, expectant, the driver's face fell.

"'Tiddn't nought but her box," he said, as a stout, red-faced woman approached, dragging in her wake a tin box.

The driver took possession of

it, and the men looked the box slowly all over.

"Ah," exclaimed the driver in a didactic tone, "the box o' a thief; wull, in my opinion, a thief shouldn't have no box. You can tell your misses that," he added, turning to the maid.

"I ain't heard as how the misses axed for your advice one way or t'other," she replied; and going back into the house, slammed the door.

The driver lifted the box into the cart. "I never had much opinion of women—speech or act," he said.

"I only knowed wan to judging point," returned Abel, "and her was saveful of everything except o' salt. There iddn't no doubt," he continued, reflectively, "that a woman's faults lie hard on a man's comfort."

"Ay," remarked the other labourer, spitting on the ground and then rubbing the spot clean with his boot, "the Almighty had man under the rib in more senses than one when he made woman. Happen, though, 'twor done unconscious."

"I agree with 'ee there," exclaimed Abel. "And many's the time I've told my wife the same. 'Susan,' I've said, 'depend upon it, if there had been marriage and giving in marriage in Heaven first along, 'tis little enough we would have been lawed to 'ave it here arterwards. Tiddn't no manner of use making laws up there for us down here.' But, bless 'ee, complaining won't work no difference—the Almighty's been at the trade too many years to alter now."

As Abel finished speaking, the house-door opened a second time, and Phoebe Hazeldene came slowly down the steps towards them.

A man leading a team of horses entered the yard at the same moment; he stood still, staring at her; a boy, who had been cutting wood, dropped his axe, and leaned forward to obtain a better view. The girl on whom all eyes were bent was small and slight, and as she stood flushing beneath their hostile gaze, she appeared in her defencelessness almost a child. She climbed into the cart: no one spoke, and she sat twisting her fingers; they were well-shaped and uncoarsened by work. The action caught the driver's attention; he glanced first at her and then round at the assembled men. His glance seemed to say, "A thief's hands; come and look at a thief's hands."

The others drew nearer and studied the hands, the boy craning up his neck eagerly.

"Crikes!" he exclaimed; "they looks like stealing." Suddenly on the back of one of the hands a big tear splashed, and the men drew back, disconcerted. Unobserved, from a corner of the yard the pedlar had watched the scene. He came forward, and, leaning on the cart, glanced up into the girl's face.

"Things 'ull mend themselves," he said gently. For a moment her tear-dimmed eyes rested on his face: then the driver mounted the box and drove out of the yard.

CHAPTER III.—HOW PHŒBE EVIDENTLY LOOKED AT THE MATTER.

It seemed to Dan, as he sped out across the moor, that he heard the sound of derisive laughter echoing after him. He hurried blindly on, his mind struggling with a confused mass of thought. At last he flung himself down. Below him lay the farm, with its heavy thatched roof and red brick outbuildings. The light from the setting sun fell on the stacks of corn; the rooks flew from the elm-trees out across the freshly ploughed fields, where a lilac haze lay on the maroon-coloured soil.

"What call had her to steal? What call had her to bring shame on me and her?" he exclaimed with a rough sob. "Folks 'ull never forget it, and her has made me a fool before 'em all."

He looked across the undulating moor at the little farm below: his uncle had no children, and the farm would, in due course, descend to him. Dan had been secretly proud of his position as his uncle's heir; now it seemed that he could never rejoice in himself and his lot again: this was hard, because Dan had capacity for self-appreciation. There was a subtle irony in the fact that Phœbe, to whom he had always behaved with quixotic consideration, should have shattered his happiness.

Phœbe was the daughter of the village carpenter, and from a worldly point of view had everything to gain by a marriage with Dan; and though he had re-

frained from pressing the fact upon her notice, he could not but be aware there was something generous on his part in thus abstaining. There were moments when he wondered if Phœbe quite saw the matter in the same light as he did; in some things she had proved herself strangely obtuse. His uncle had opposed the engagement, and now, lying on the moor, Dan recalled the afternoon when he had first broken the knowledge of this to Phœbe: he remembered the generous warmth with which he had exclaimed: "Come what will, sweetheart, I'll stick by you!" and the flatness with which her reply had fallen on him: "Ay, Dan, and I'll do the same by 'ee."

It had come home to him with a keen pang that there was something lacking in Phœbe,—an inability to see things as others saw them. For a few days his manner to her had been colder: as usual she had misunderstood the reason of the change, and instead of enlarging her view of him, she wept many bitter tears, totally failing to see anything but his displeasure; so that at last, from mere weariness, he had been compelled to take her back again into favour. Then, with the provoking illogicalness of her sex, she forgot, in the joy of being pardoned, that she had originally given cause for offence; and he would have endeavoured there and then to clarify her

vision of things, if he had not found an unexpected difficulty in defining her misdemeanour in words.

It had been after one of these dissensions that he had determined upon enlisting: he felt that absence from home would enable Phœbe to weigh his value in a juster balance, and at the same time afford him an excellent opportunity of seeing something of the world. He had, however, soon wearied of barrack life; a touch of fever cured his desire for roving, and when later he learned that the regiment had been ordered to hold itself in readiness for service in India, he had been possessed with a sudden overwhelming terror of what might be in store for him in that land, where men died weird deaths at short shrift. Under the influence of this feeling he had written the letter to Phœbe, the result of which he had come to regret so bitterly.

"'Tis just like a maid to reckon that there iddn't anything shameful in stealing," he burst out. "Happen her thought that if I came back home, nothing else mattered."

His face softened: "Her's more child than woman," he added. Rising impulsively, he ran to a spot where, screened from observation by the tall bracken, he obtained a view of what passed on the road. Before him the hill broke away precipitately, and as he flung himself down in the fern, he heard the distant crunch of wheels. His heart quickened a beat; in spite of his anger, the thought of Phœbe's near approach sent

a curious thrill of pleasure through him. The cart came slowly into view: her head was turned in his direction; his heart thrilled again at the sight of her small, oval, tear-stained face; the childish, curving mouth a little open, and the eyes a lapis-lazuli blue that stared sadly out from beneath the dark brows at a dreary world. The driver had withdrawn as far as possible from her, and Phœbe, realising his distaste, had crushed herself back into the corner of the cart. Above and around her the moor swept out its lonely length, the little figure seeming to accent the general loneliness. A wave of compassionate love rushed through Dan: spinging to his feet, he went to meet her.

"Phœbe!" he cried; "I've come back; you ain't alone!" A great joy remodelled her face; instant, absolute, the metamorphosis was but one of those changes in her that Dan knew so well and found so illogical. It was as if she had entered into a new heaven and a new earth; as if, at sound of trump, a dead joy had sprung into life eternal.

"Dan!" she said; "Dan!"

He smiled in spite of himself; but his voice had a vexed sound as he answered — "Things iddn't mended right off like that."

Admonition was thrown away upon Phœbe; for her the sun shone full or not at all. Realising this anew, a feeling of helplessness fell upon Dan: he looked away from her across the moor. "Ay," he

repeated to himself, "things iddn't mended right off the same as that."

The driver glanced curiously at them both. "Dang me!" he exclaimed, "but this is a queer start. I reckon old Farmer Pigott will have a spoke to put in the wheel."

Dan flushed; for the moment he had forgotten everything but Phoebe's interests: the driver's remark recalled him to his own; and it occurred to him that he had acted with considerable lack of foresight.

"I will be down to see your uncle soon," he exclaimed; and with a brief nod to the driver, he moved away in the direction of the farm.

Night had almost fallen; a

grey mist rolled up across the moor, and the wind rising, blew through a group of pollard thorn with a thin, spun-out wail. Dan halted and glanced back—the cart was no longer in sight.

"Her's so dependsome on me," he said; "and I have a sort o' feeling as if I should fail her."

The moon trod slowly out from behind the clouds: lifting his eyes, Dan sent winging through the great grey space a prayer to God.

"O God Almighty!" he exclaimed, "that I mayn't act cowardful this once."

It was the first prayer he had uttered since childhood: it comforted him.

CHAPTER IV.—DAN PIGOTT ASKS HIMSELF A QUESTION.

A light streamed across the farmyard as Dan entered, and glancing towards the house he saw the tall spare figure of Farmer Pigott standing on the steps. A sudden fear chilled Dan; he had always been afraid of his uncle, and knew in his heart that in return he had been despised. Instinctively he slackened pace, drawing back into the shadow of the wall.

"Be that my nevv'y?" cried the old man.

The thin rasping voice jarred further on Dan's courage, and it was with an effort that he replied in the affirmative.

"Then come straight along in here," and Dan followed into the front kitchen, with its low-pitched, smoke-blackened ceiling.

The table was laid for supper, but the room was empty. Farmer Pigott locked the door. The action recalled unpleasant memories to his nephew's mind; instinctively his glance strayed to a heavy riding-whip that hung above the mantelpiece.

The farmer's keen eyes caught the direction of the glance.

"Maybe you knows your deserts?" he said, grimly.

Dan tried to pull himself together; there was no reason, he told himself, why he should be afraid, and yet he felt much as some whipped cur at the crack of the lash.

Old Samuel Piggot scanned him standing there, and an expression of contempt came into his lean, harsh face.

"I could swear you be at the

bottom of this here business!" he exclaimed.

Dan winced. "I don't know what you mean," he answered.

"Mean!" repeated the old man. "Where did you get the money to buy your discharge?—that be what I mean."

There was a long pause, during which Dan sought vainly to put the truth into words: it seemed to him that never had he striven harder to state the facts and nothing but the facts; and then, suddenly, as if in a dream he heard himself say, "I won the money on a horse."

He rubbed his sleeve across his forehead, a dazed wonderment taking possession of him. He had so desired to speak the truth, surely he could not be held responsible for a lie he had never meant to utter? There was time still to rectify the mistake: in a moment, he told himself, he would rectify it; but the minutes crept on and he did not speak, the words would not come.

"By the Lord!" the old farmer burst out at last, "if I don't believe you whinnied that poor little maid into stealing it for 'ee. I turned her out; and if I find you've lied, dang me if I won't neck and crop you after her!"

Dan made no reply. At the mention of Phoebe's name a vision of her rose before him; he was lying again among the bracken, and the hired cart, bearing the lonely little figure, was creaking its slow way across the moor: he watched the swift blossoming of happiness on the pale flower face,

and in watching, his heart was wrung afresh. For a brief moment manliness returned to him; devoid of fear, he saw into the future.

"There be something else I must tell you," he said. Raising his eyes, he met those of Samuel Pigott fixed upon him; they seemed to probe deep down into his nature and draw all that was despicable in it to the surface. The words that he had meant to utter forsook his lips.

"I'm sorry I came back along home," he exclaimed, huskily.

Farmer Pigott burst into a rough laugh. "You would always have been afraid o' sommat, Dan, wherever you might be," he answered. "If 'tiddn't the fever, 'tis what's as bad."

There sprang up in Dan's heart a sudden hatred of this man, who seemed in some subtle fashion to force him to play a coward's part. Glancing hurriedly back on the long page of his boyhood, he saw the same rôle assigned to both, and a quick anger flamed up within him.

"I could curse you for making me the cur that I be," he exclaimed. For a brief moment his eyes met his uncle's on equal terms; then his anger died down, and he turned away with what sounded much like a rough sob.

There was little conversation at supper that evening. From time to time Mrs Pigott heaped some special dainty on to Dan's plate; but he seemed to have little appetite. Old Abel Finch, who was allowed to dine at the

same table, cast an envious glance at the untasted food.

"Zims as how soldiering daintifies a man!" he exclaimed at last. "Things must have changed a deal from what they wor in my father's time—they fed 'em on soup or some such in they days—many's the time I've heard him tell how 'twor bones for one and water for t'other; but the broth it bided long o' the cook. Eh!" he added, pushing his chair slowly back, and turning to Dan: "I'll be bound you've seen a deal; a man larns quick in furren parts—'tis smart begun and smart done over there, I reckon."

"They have their good points same as here," Dan answered, a little wearily.

"I ain't for denying thic," replied the cow-hind, scratching his head. "A place takes knowing the same as a man, and the worst o' 'em ha' their good moments. Nater is a queer thing: the biggest liar than ever I layed eyes on got himself jailed to save his friend; folks said that 'twor a poor trick that his 'ventiveness played him, to run dry jest when he needed the tap most—but law, a liar's fancy is but human after all is said and done."

A grim smile flickered for a moment across Farmer Pigott's face. Rising, he drew his chair up in front of the fire. "It takes a deal o' practice to make a decent liar," he remarked, as he filled his pipe and lit it with a hot coal from the hearth—"tho' they don't spare themselves, eh Dan?" he added,

turning towards where his nephew had been seated; but Dan had slipped away unperceived.

That night, when the others had retired to rest, Mrs Pigott knocked at her nephew's door. The moonlight shone full into the room as she entered, on her kindly face and plump person.

"I've brought 'ee a drop o' gruel, lad," she said. "I thought may be you would lie cold the first night."

She sat down on the edge of the bed while he drank the gruel, her glance straying round the room. The sight of his fishing-rod on the wall, and the case of birds' eggs on the table, called up in her memory a vivid picture of him as a boy; then her eyes fell on him lying carelessly propped against the pillow, and she noticed with a pang that the look of boyishness had gone from his face.

"I kept your things fine and dusted," she continued in a matter-of-fact tone, "though I was forced to throw away that stuffed otter you thought such a deal of; he did smell that powerful strong."

Dan put the cup down on the chair and looked up into his aunt's comfortable red face.

"You minded on me, then?" he asked.

"Ay, I minded on 'ee," she answered.

They were both silent for a while; in the room nothing stirred but the shadow of a creeper that the moonlight flung across the floor.

"This be but a poor home-coming for 'ee, lad," the old woman exclaimed at last.

A sob rose in Dan's throat and choked his utterance.

"Your uncle be kind o' heart for all he be harsh o' tongue," she continued, taking one of the young fellow's hands in hers. "I ain't lived wi' him thirty years wi'out being able to testify to that. Ay, he's an upright man; never owed a penny in his life and never will. He understands hisself, and acts according: the Lord constructed him simple and he acts simple,"—she was silent for a moment, sunk in thought—"but sometimes it comes over me," she continued meditatively, "that other folk be a closed book to him. Well, well, how I do run on to be sure, and you that tired you can scarce keep from falling asleep."

Dan put his arms round her and dropped his head down on the plump motherly bosom.

"Bide a bit; us ain't seen each other this long while," he said. She ran her fingers gently through his hair, while the shadow of the creeper swayed to and fro on the moon-swept floor. Dan pressed his face closer against her.

"I've acted black again," he said, hoarsely, "and I would have given a deal to have played fair."

She did not question him: she was used to Dan's confessions—his lapses from virtue—his crude fits of repentance. Her heart ached, but cherished no higher ideal for him. Suddenly, subtly, the knowledge of this came home to Dan.

"Aunt," he exclaimed, and she noticed the note of fear in his voice, "you don't really

reckon that I'll ever change—do you?"

The question troubled her: Mrs Pigott was a woman not given to analysing her feelings; but it required little to bring home the truth of what he said. Her natural kindness and veracity struggled the one against the other, the battle resulting in a draw.

"You be only three-and-twenty, and youth's learning-time," she answered evasively, turning away.

Dan stared through the open window out across the fields, and the soft measured sound of cows cropping penetrated the quiet room. He had been so certain of his aunt's affection that it had never occurred to him before to call her faith in question. There seemed something unique as well as cruel that she, whom he had always looked upon as his best friend, should fail him just when he needed her most. For a moment he rebelled bitterly, then his mind, which unwatched by him had been gathering material for a startling question, propounded it.

"What," it asked, "had he done that he should be trusted? Why should any one believe in him?"

Deserted by man and by himself—face to face with the bitter need of an unearned character for rectitude—the utilitarian side of virtue was brought grimly home to Dan.

"I want to reckon things out," he said; "I want to bide quiet and think."

And his aunt rose and left him.

CHAPTER V.—THE LETTER.

The echo of Mrs Pigott's footsteps died away, and with it Dan's desire for self-contemplation. A fear of the vision his mind might call up fell upon him: with the shaping of the fear there was shaped also the vision of that which he dreaded: fellowship — strange, terrifying — was forced upon him, and through the long grey hours of night he was compelled to keep tryst with himself — himself not as he wished to be, but as in truth he was.

When the first streak of dawn appeared in the east, Dan rose and looked tremblingly out across the fields: a dread had arisen within him lest the face of familiar things should look familiar no longer; lest the grass should have lost its greenness, the scent of dew be gone from the warm earth. Nothing was changed, and it seemed to him that he could never gaze his fill upon the homely scene. The sun had risen high in the heavens, and the house re-echoed to the sound of movement when at last he turned, flung himself upon his bed, and slept.

Many hours later he awoke and found his aunt standing beside his bed, a troubled expression upon her kindly face.

"Why, Dan, lad," she exclaimed, "it's gone ten. You ain't noways feeling ill? Are you?"

He stared at her with dazed eyes. "I reckon," he said, "I've been dreaming most unusual strong."

"Well, get up smart, that's a good lad," she answered, looking relieved, "and let me get the breakfast things out o' sight before your uncle comes back; he iddn't no friend to late rising."

The noonday meal over, Dan slipped away to the moor. He directed his steps towards Porlock. He had had no intention, when he parted from Phoebe the previous evening, of seeking her out again so soon, but to-day he had a personal need of her; he wanted to be rehabilitated in his own estimation, to be aroused from this disquieting dream into which he had fallen, and find himself once more the old Dan with whom he had lived on good terms and been so well content.

The fresh breeze blew in his face, and the scent of the heather rose soft as the cloud shadows that chased each other across the moor. Dan's eyes brightened, a sense of physical wellbeing exhilarated him. A drove of ponies scampered past, their long tails swept out spear-shaped in the wind. Dan had a natural tenderness for animals, and they reciprocated his affection. The remembrance of this filled him with sudden satisfaction.

"They trust me," he exclaimed, "and they knows. Why, there was a dog up to the barracks that fair worshipped the ground I trod on. I reckon the poor little tart misses me."

His self-satisfaction began to

glow softly at the thought of the dog's devotion.

"Animals sees into a man's heart instinctive," he said. Halting a moment, he gazed back upon the farm: the corn stood high in the fields, the colour seeming to sway from blue to green as the wind raised and bowed the tall stalks. Near by was a wide sweep of fallow-land. It had been a dry spring, the fields where the hay crop had been taken off had run to a soft puce brown, the cattle had strayed to the lower meadows, standing knee-deep in the pond to rootle among the reeds. It was a scene such as Dan loved, and he dwelt on it with contented eyes. Little by little his repose of mind returned, and his pressing need of Phœbe left him. He fell into a reverie; his thoughts leapt forward to the day when he, owner of the farm, would figure as a man of some importance, respected alike by his fellows and himself. The mental vision pleased him even more than the fair landscape spread out at his feet. Suddenly his thoughts recurred to Phœbe: with an abrupt start he awoke from his dream,—there was no room for her in the vision.

"Her's spoilt it all wi' her stealing," he burst out angrily. "I be a fool to think o' marrying such a maid."

At this moment the cry of a sheep in distress attracted his attention. Glancing round, he saw at some little distance a lamb that had cast itself. On closer examination he found

that one of the animal's fore-legs had been injured, and that it could not stand. Raising it in his arms, he began to retrace his steps towards the farm. As he neared home he met his uncle, riding a black Galloway mare. He looked at Dan with a kinder expression than usual—he regretted, too, having spoken so sharply the previous evening.

"There now," he exclaimed, "I had meant to tell 'ee to give an eye round the moor for the sheep, and dang me if you ain't been and done it of your own gumption. 'Tiddn't like 'ee that, eh, Dan? But there—may be you reckon some day to stand in my shoes and be a farmer yourself."

Dan glanced up, his face glowing. "You set me the work and I'll do it," he answered, with boyish eagerness.

Farmer Pigott turned his keen eyes full on his nephew: for a brief moment the natures of the two men were in accord; for once Dan did not shrink from, but met the gaze directed on him, squarely.

"Us be uncle and nevvv," the old man exclaimed, at length. "You act fair by me, and I'll act fair by you. There's my hand on it."

Dan grasped the outstretched hand in his own; the feeling of resentment which had taken so strong a hold of him the previous night vanished as he did so.

"I'll make a fresh start," he said, the well-worn formula rising instinctively to his lips.

Farmer Pigott smiled. "Ay," he answered, "and let it have a bit more bottom than most of

they fresh starts o' yourn." Stooping, he took the lamb from his nephew, and placing it in front of his saddle, rode on.

Dan watched him, the look of pleasure dying out of his face. "I can't make no fresh start," he burst out bitterly. "I'm tied neck and heels: 'twas low down o' Phoebe never to give no hint that the money was stole, there would ha' been no call for lying then; but her never said nought; never a word—I have the letter in my pocket now."

He began searching for it, first carelessly, and then with quick gathering alarm: the letter had disappeared.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "I've lost it."

His mind, tense with alarm, vibrated to the twang of thought, quivering with quick visions of the future.

"Uncle will find that letter; he'll turn me out: the farm 'ull never be mine."

Then he cursed Phoebe for the thief that she was.

CHAPTER VI.—CAPTAIN BRATTLE.

When Phoebe's uncle, Captain Brattle, was compelled, owing to a sudden stroke of paralysis, to sell his sloop, the Saucy Kate, he built himself a cottage on the cliffs. In shape it somewhat resembled the boat in which he had sailed for so many years; and indeed, to the casual observer, the little cottage seemed ever on the point of launching itself forward into the sea that lay leisurely in wait below. A terrace led from the front of the house to the flag-staff, and Captain Brattle, who was what the villagers called "a notional man," had invented a chair which, working on a system of pulleys, shot in and out of the rooms, down the terrace, and against the callers in a fashion that every one except the inventor found alarming. There were a good many visitors to the cottage, though the spot where it stood was lonely enough, people dropping in from time to time, either for a

gossip or to consult the Captain on some knotty question.

"Folks can stand by the advice o' 'e," they would exclaim: "and what's more, his cider is the best on the country's side."

In the eyes of Hannah, the Captain's servant, who was as sharp of tongue as of visage, these visitors were apt to cut a sorry figure.

"They comes for the advice, but they stays for the cider," she grumbled. "But, bless 'ee, they takes to the last a deal the fonder o' the two; but there ——" she would add, "that's the men all over, and marriage wi' such is but turning on an extra tap in your back yard."

It must be admitted that the place held by men in Hannah's estimation was a low one: she looked upon them as creatures of small intelligence, to be humoured one moment, scolded the next, and governed always. The exception to this rule she

found in her master, and she bestowed on him an esteem which, though it did not extend to his opinions as opinions, enabled her to respect them as idiosyncrasies of a person that she loved.

It had been on Sunday that the news of Phœbe's theft had first reached the cottage. Mrs Hazeldene had arrived in a hired cart during Hannah's absence at church. Hannah's affection for the Captain did not extend to the other members of his family, and for Mrs Hazeldene she had an unqualified contempt—"A fluent-teared child-bearing woman," she called her; and when later she learned the origin of the visit, her feelings towards the intruder were by no means mitigated. She felt that there was an attendant disgrace in being a relative of Phœbe's which the Captain could not wholly escape; she would have had him sever all connection with the family; and that he should choose such a moment to accent his relationship by taking the thief into his own home, gave Hannah food for much bitter thought.

"'Tis just like him," she exclaimed, as, with unwilling hands, she prepared the bedroom for Phœbe's reception. "'Tis just like him to be acting the relation when most folk would have been laying cold to kinship."

She glanced round: the room with its soft flowered muslin curtains impressed her as far too dainty for the person who was about to occupy it. All day the housewifely instinct

at the bottom of Hannah's heart had been waging war with her conviction that the lines of a thief should not be cast in too pleasant places. The Captain had picked some flowers for the dressing-table, and she arranged them grudgingly. She could hear him wheeling his chair up and down the terrace as she did so.

"He's been teetotuming in and out of the house the live-long day," she exclaimed aloud. "My head fair whirls at the sound o' the wheels. It seems flying in the face o' Providence for a man whose legs are paralysed to be pranking round the same as he do. When the Almighty dries up a man's muscles I reckon He means that man to bide quiet—but, law bless 'ee, the Cap'en seems to take his affliction as a sort o' challenge. 'Tis to be hoped that when his hour comes death will work a big change in him, for certain sure he'll turn heaven upside down if it don't."

She was silent a moment, shortening the stem of a rose. "Flowers! flowers!" she repeated bitterly; "there ain't no person outside o' the master who'd pick his best flowers for a thief—even if her was his niece, shame on the relationship. He's been after me all day to make scones; but there, that is just what I shan't do. 'Tis bad enough to be spoiling o' honest folk, but when it comes to tempting the stomach o' stealachious persons, why then I reckon 'tis about time to stay your hand. He ain't got no true sense o' things, the master ain't; 'tis always the way wi'

your notional men: they can see through to-morrow fast enough, but a window is a brick wall to 'em. Law, if he had his way the wicked would live on the fat o' the land, and the righteous would lose their sense o' difference."

There was a sound of wheels as she spoke, and, looking out, she perceived that Phœbe had already arrived. She cast a quick scrutinising look down; the girl raising her head at the same moment, their eyes met in a long glance. The small face, on which the slight elusive bloom of childhood still lingered, disarmed Hannah by its air of extreme youth, and deep down in the woman's heart the desiccated germ of pity stirred into faint new life.

"Maybe her would have acted different if her had been brought up different," she exclaimed.

On the terrace below the Captain was awaiting his niece. Phœbe had always been a favourite with him: he had loved her since the time when, as a small red-faced baby, she would sit, his finger gripped tight in her fat puckered fist, gazing at him with deep inquiring eyes.

Now, as he listened for the

sound of her footsteps on the gravel walk, his heart ached. She approached slowly, hesitatingly, and stood before him with bent head.

"Phœbe," he said; "little maid," and putting out his hands, drew her towards him.

She sank down at his feet and hid her face against his knee.

"Why didn't 'ee ask your poor old uncle for the money?" he exclaimed, smiling sadly. "I shouldn't ha' grudged it to my little maid."

A shiver passed through her, but she answered nothing.

"Poor child! you must ha' wanted it terrible strong," he said musingly. "What made 'ee do it, Phœbe? What drove 'ee to it, little maid?"

Again a shiver passed through her. The question had been put many times during the past few days, but to all alike she had returned no answer, —alienating by her obstinate silence those few who at first had been inclined to pity her. She loved her uncle: her heart was sore with wounding.

Raising her tear-stained face to his—"I've brought disgrace upon 'ee all," she exclaimed, brokenly. "Nothing can put things right,—nought, never."

(To be continued.)

RUSTICUS IN URBE.

DEAR 'MAGA,'—

To "rub off the rust" by means of a trip to "town" is an ambition to the full as innocent and natural to-day as it was in Mrs Hardcastle's generation. That good lady's neighbours, it will be remembered,—the two Miss Hoggs, to wit, and Mrs Grigsby,—were accustomed to go to London for "a month's polishing" every winter; and most of those who are lucky enough to live in the country are not indisposed to copy their praiseworthy habit. Some, indeed, may be apt to share Mr Hardcastle's apprehension that vanity and affectation may be brought back from the metropolis. But these qualities flourish tolerably well everywhere; and not even the most bigoted enemy of the capital can nowadays accuse your "man about town" of being "woundily like a Frenchman." On the contrary, it is the lively Gaul who, if he aspires to be up-to-date, *très-smart, teuf-teuf, dernier bateau*—call it what you please—models himself in dress, bearing, and general appearance upon the inhabitant of Albion. A good excuse for a visit to town need never be wanting. The silk hat which, since it left London in your hat-box, has been present upon forty-eight occasions, or thereabouts, at church, to say nothing of a few weddings and funerals, must instantly be replaced by a new one. You must really get some more clothes. A man who boasts a figure which

"comes out where it ought to go in, and goes in where it ought to come out," cannot retain his self-respect and at the same time trust himself to the mercies of the provincial tailor. You must see your stockbroker, consult him about the boom in copper, and find out what is going to happen in Kaffirs and Rhodesians. Besides, you may as well take the advice of a specialist about your growing tendency to *embon-point*. If these arguments fail to carry conviction to your conscience, there is one which will never play you false. Fire the spirit of "the predominant partner" with hopes of unlimited shopping and a large supply of new frocks or gowns (who shall say which word is technically the correct one?), and the business is as good as done. You will find your portmanteau packed, and yourself at the railway station, before you are many days older.

The two Miss Hoggs took their month's polishing in the winter. The prudent country cousin of the present age takes his in spring, or early summer. By so doing he scores heavily. It is, indeed, impossible to exaggerate the delights and the beauty of spring-time in an English rural neighbourhood. Listen to the prose-poet:—"There is a vernal freshness in the air, redolent of happiness and coming warmth; the long-expected flowers peep out" ("peep" is at once so original and so true!), "and all is sunshine and like a long-delayed promise at last ful-

filled." Conspicuously inaccurate, every word of it, of course, so far as the wretched season of this year is concerned; but, no doubt, a certain licence must be allowed to our great writers. "Turn we, then," proceeds our author, "to thoughts of"—hullo! what's this?—"thoughts of spring attire, to charming colours and to deft designs, and Messrs Tête and Rybbon think it not *malapropos* to present a complete and useful forecast of the fashions for spring or summer 1899, the outcome of several weeks' thoughtful endeavour in London, aided by the earliest and most direct information from Paris." What a downfall is here! To imagine that one was mouthing the latest tit-bit of a Dr Parker (with the swearing eliminated) or a Miss Corelli, or a Canon Scott Holland, and to find that the choice morsel was but a haberdasher's circular after all! Truly, it is a wondrous art, this of writing advertisements: a branch of literary composition which the Society of Authors should in nowise neglect. It embraces many styles, all vicious, nauseating, and depraved; all calculated to appeal to the ignorance and imbecility of the public. Yet, style for style, the flamboyant manner of the draper is perhaps preferable to the affectation of reasoning and logic—with its "of course's," its "to be sure's," its "for the matter of that's"—whereby great newspapers stoop to puff the second-hand wares they have taken to selling.

But beautiful and delightful as spring is in the country, it is no less beautiful and delightful in London. In the early days

of summer London is seen at her very best. She has the air of life, youth, and vigour. She is not yet jaded or *passée*. Piccadilly and the Park are a joy to the eye of the beholder. The trees are in full foliage, but not parched or dusty. The grass is the quintessence of greenness. The flower-boxes in the windows are a blaze of gorgeous colour. The rigour of the east wind is tempered by a genial sun, but the air is not yet like the blast from a furnace. Upon such prospective pleasures the traveller may muse and ponder as he manfully tries to kill time in a close and sun-baked railway carriage, where the blinds may possibly keep out glare, but certainly concentrate heat. The daily papers once exhausted, what is he to fall back upon? He has carefully provided himself with a few of the "books of the day." He tries Mr Conan Doyle's 'Duet.' Heavens! What blatant, howling, stupefying vulgarity! Would that one were a wicked reviewer, to denounce the stuff in seven newspapers at once! He tries 'The Double Thread' with some misgiving, and after a fair trial sorrowfully puts it down. For he is fresh from 'The Fowler,' which he galloped through in a couple of sittings in an easy-chair, finding in it a striking and fresh delineation of the new woman—giving that battered phrase a natural and sensible meaning. Miss Harraden's characters are vivid, consistent, and human—not mere vehicles for the publication of epigrams. And what "epigrams" are they in

'The Double Thread'! Damp fireworks are positively nothing to them. The dissenting idea of *le highlif* may be interesting for a little while as a sidelight on dissent—as interesting, say, as Mrs Todger's idea of a wooden leg—but not for long, O! not for long. He dips into something more promising. Here is the celebrated Mr Dooley—Mr Dooley the boomed, the belauded. After five minutes' gallant struggle our traveller succumbs. His jaw drops, the volume falls from his nerveless hands, and outraged nature revenges herself by a restless and unrefreshing nap. For if ever a work professing to be humorous, *sensu Americano*, was duller or couched in a more abhorrent dialect, it has not yet come within our traveller's ken. No; books are "horff" in the meantime. He must content himself with the society of "Miss Milligan," who is perhaps as agreeable a travelling companion as a man could desire. She is a young and fashionable member of the good old Patience family; she is quite in the "smart push" (the social antipodes of the "swell mob"), and she can keep you entertained without an effort until the train arrives at the London terminus.

One of the most striking changes in London during the last twenty years is the enormous increase in the number of enormous hotels. The building of such abodes has no end. At the present moment a gigantic "hostelry" (as the reporters dearly love to call it) is approaching completion in Rus-

sell Square, another in Pall Mall East, and a third at the station of the Great Central Railway Company. These hotels apparently have created their own custom, and they never outrun the demand for accommodation. It was a sagacious aphorism of the late Dr Boyd's that he was a wise man, though he might not be a good one, who posted his own letters. The same may be said of the man who writes to engage rooms at a London hotel after the cowslips have come into bloom. To drive about from one hotel to another in quest of a humble apartment *au cinquième* is not amusing, and is a trifle costly. At such anxious moments visions of a bench in St James's Park, a sack in a twopenny doss-house, or a two-pair back in Bloomsbury, are apt to flit across the mind. Even if the worst is avoided, how on earth are you to be in time to dress, dine out, and do a music-hall? It is now a quarter-past seven precisely, and your host's hour is a quarter to eight sharp. All such carking cares and gnawing anxieties may be avoided by the exercise of a little forethought, and at the expenditure of a penny upon a postage-stamp. If you are as regular in your visits to London as the two Miss Hoggs and Mrs Grigsby, you have probably some "howff" in a street off Piccadilly or Eaton Square, where your wants (like those of Charles Honeyman and F. B.) will be ministered to by an ex-butler of my Lord Todmorden. But those wants will be few and simple. A good breakfast and a decent bed will satisfy

them. You will lunch at Prince's, dine at the Cecil, and sup at the Savoy, principally for the sake of seeing the other people who are taking their meals there. The leisure moments of the day may be filled in at your club, and if you have friends you will occasionally partake of their hospitality. Failing an established position in the lodgings of Mr Samuel Ridley or Mrs Brixham, some huge "caravanseraï" (another pet word of the pressman) will swallow up the stranger. Nor is his lot altogether miserable. In such establishments he may find excellent quarters, good cooking, and reasonable charges. There are many worse places in the world to stay at than a monster hotel, properly organised. But let the innocent from the country beware. At certain houses of the sort in fashionable or quasi-fashionable neighbourhoods he will have to pay through the nose for his entertainment. It is not only that he will have to "ground-bait" the place heavily, if he wishes decent attendance. If the Lord Chief-Justice of England would abolish tips as he proposes to abolish other "secret commissions," he would earn the gratitude of at least half a nation. But besides an inordinate outlay upon porters, waiters, and chambermaids, the traveller will find that the syndicate in whose premises he has taken up his temporary abode can pile up bills to some purpose for one person. Not many weeks ago a dinner, consisting of fried fish, mutton cutlets, and a quail, was entered in the reckoning at the modest sum of *one guinea*,

no wine being included in that amount. Even Fenton's, which, in the brave days of old, was supposed to represent the acme of luxury and extravagance, could hardly have beaten that.

There is one duty which must be faced without flinching in London, and that is a visit to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It will not do to put it off. One may see the Australians play cricket, or Sloan ride a winner, later on. To go to Lord's or the Oval, to Epsom or to Kempton Park, is no effort. But, in the case of the Academy, to procrastinate is to be lost, and he who willfully passes the gates of Burlington House may never summon up courage to cross its threshold afterwards. Therefore, the moment the morning papers have been read, the moment the hatter and the tailor have been visited, let us hasten to the pictures. It is always insufferably hot there, but the crowd is smaller before than it is after luncheon. No one has a good word to say for this year's show, and no wonder. Such a quantity of vapid rubbish has rarely been collected. It is not surprising that the sales get smaller year by year. Rather is it marvellous that good-natured millionaires should continue to encourage art (as they suppose) by purchasing so many square yards of painted canvas as they do. Apart from the number of Episcopal portraits on the walls, the Academy of 1899 presents two outstanding features. One of these is the large amount of illustrated journalism in oils. To this category, of course,

belong the pictures of the Jubilee service at St Paul's, which are legitimate enough in their way. To this category also belong the numerous pictures of which "Naval Manœuvres" (No. 101) and "A Real Good Story" (No. 630) are typical. "Naval Manœuvres" (you take the delicate play of words in the title?) represents a young officer in the navy flirting with a girl. "A Real [not Really, please observe] Good Story" represents a group of foxhunters in pink and on horseback, roaring with laughter. No sporting-printseller's shop will be complete for years to come without a reproduction of this gem. It seems to have walked straight out of the Christmas number of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News." The other obvious characteristic of the display is the impression it conveys that nine-tenths of the artists who are not mere journalists have taken great pains to see their subjects through somebody else's eyes. There is no striving after originality. The compliment of flattery is obsequiously paid to any one who has made "an 'it," like Mrs Oliphant's young man from 'Omerton. The sea is depicted as of a truly piercing blue, or the grass draped in an excruciating shade of green, because Palette, R.A., employs similar hues. Many painters of rustic landscape devote their energies to seeing a bold peasantry, their country's pride, through spectacles of French manufacture. Another class of artists, like Mr Byam Shaw, reproduce with extraordinary

and scrupulous fidelity the poor drawing and crude colouring of some medieval nincompoop, who, after all, knew no better. Mr Shaw's "Love, the Conqueror" (No. 906), is in truth a monument of futility. It must cost a great deal of trouble to paint so ill. In an exhibition where all is so bad, it seems invidious to single out any work for praise. Yet one must note Mr Ford's noble bust of the Queen (No. 2053), full of dignity and pathos, and one or two capital portraits by Mr J. H. Lorimer. Above all, it is impossible to pass over in silence the contributions of Mr Sargent. Here, indeed, is one who has eyes to see, and a hand to use the brush. Here are pictures of which posterity will have news to tell. "Mrs Charles Hunter" (No. 18), "Miss Jane Evans" (No. 237), and "Lady Faudel - Phillips" (No. 444), are masterpieces. Only, if one chanced by ill-luck to be as plain as one is beautiful, one would be apt to think twice before giving Mr Sargent a commission to take one's likeness. Old Noll himself would have trembled at his unmerciful frankness. The most malicious achievements of "Ape" and "Spy" are complimentary compared with some of Mr Sargent's work. And then, it is so easy *not* to sit for your portrait, and *not* to draw a cheque of four figures.

The fresh air of Piccadilly is peculiarly grateful after the hothouse atmosphere of the Academy, and there is just time before luncheon for a stroll in the direction of Westminster by way of the Green

Park. That brilliant light of the Parliamentary bar, Buster Bluffe, Q.C., had rooms on your staircase at Trinity, and perhaps you may catch a glimpse of him plying his extremely lucrative and beneficent trade. Moreover, the proceedings before a Parliamentary committee on a private bill are a perfect lesson in manners and deportment. None of the brutality of the bludgeon here; only the polish of the rapier. The stately courtesy, the elaborate politeness, the fine manner characteristic of a less busy age, which have all but disappeared in other quarters, still find at Westminster a congenial home. You have only to hear Bluffe cross-examining a hostile witness, or exchanging repartee with the opposing counsel, Wragge, to be quite sure of that. The lobbies and committee-rooms seem very "thrang," as they say in Scotland, when you arrive; and the adjective is the more appropriate that a good deal of the bustle is caused by more or less fiery Caledonians. A scheme is on foot to appropriate half a dozen watersheds in the Highlands, and to devote their streams to industrial uses. The proprietors not unnaturally object, and have come south to say so. Then, the provost, magistrates, and town-clerk of Dreepdailly have promoted a great measure for absorbing all the agricultural land within a radius of four miles or so in their filthy and ill-kept municipality. They will presently return home with their tails between their legs—sadder, and, it is to be

hoped, less ambitious men. Here, too, are many members of another corporation in quest of powers to acquire a site for a town-hall which will be perfectly useless. They feel a glow of pride at the thought of saddling their constituents with a considerable addition to the rates. If you have ever visited their city, you will be unable to resist the thought that a little more attention paid to paving and a little less to Parliamentary committees would prove highly beneficial to the community over which they preside. Bluffe is in all these bills, besides twenty others. To judge by what he tells you in a hurried conversation, there is not a municipal dignitary beyond the Tweed who is not just now in London. To be *vacuis ædilis Ulubris*, even, means the certainty of a jaunt to town—plenty of high living and a good deal of plain thinking (the plain speaking will come some day)—at the expense of the ratepayers for at least a fortnight every year. Cruel Lord Balfour! 'Tis a churl's task to dock a deserving class of its harmless pleasures by a Private Bill Legislation (Scotland) Bill!

One revolution there has been in the social life of London during the last couple of years, which hits the country cousin in a weak spot. He cannot get a rubber of whist at his club or anywhere else. "Bridge, bridge, bridge," is all the cry, and whist is almost totally forgotten. The causes of this change of dynasty are obscure. It is curious that a game which

had braved all opposition for generations should have yielded to the first attack of an upstart cousin, which has been aptly described as no better than dummy with frills. Perhaps bridge affords a little more scope for gambling than its venerable relative, and that is of some moment in an age when many women as well as most men try their luck on the Stock Exchange, or on the turf, or at the card-table. No doubt the world will grow weary of bridge, and there will come a glorious restoration. Meanwhile consternation prevails in the camp of the remnant of loyal whist-players. There is said to be serious talk of revising the rules, which were last fixed in 1864 or thereabouts. There is a precedent for alteration in the case of the rules of golf, which have been tinkered more than once without substantial benefit or injury to the game. May the recension of the whist code prove equally innocuous, and may the draftsmanship of the reformers prove superior to that of the St Andrews' committee! One surmises that among the innovations will be found a reduction of at least fifty per cent in the value of honours, and nobody but a born and inveterate gambler will grumble at such a proposal. The present preponderance of honours is a legacy from long whist which there is little reason, from any point of view, to be proud of.

It being, then, practically impossible to get a rubber, the Rustic will probably wend his way to the Park in order to

gaze upon his fellow-creatures. It is a brave spectacle, this well-dressed mob, and there is something highly exhilarating in the sight of it. Lord Salisbury, the other day, took occasion to denounce the ordinary garb of the modern male. The painter or the sculptor may very likely not find his account in it, but the eye soon acquiesces in a predominant fashion, and finds it very good. The particular shape of each season's tall hat, for example, is always the best—not, it may be, the best in the abstract, but the best relatively, here and now. So is it also with ties and waistcoats, which are worn (particularly the latter) of blue and buff, and all manner of conspicuous and singular tints. As for the other sex, their attire becomes steadily more gaudy from year to year. The bright colours are cheerful, and the wonderfully trimmed hats lend gaiety to the scene. The faces beneath them are not seldom pretty, and as fresh as paint, which is very natural (or very artificial, if you will have it so), for, alas! it is that very commodity, and none other, which, upon a closer scrutiny, turns out to be responsible for the majority of the complexions. Everybody in the Park, of course, is not well-dressed and pretty. There is a contingent of frumps and dowds, and the cut of skirt in vogue, however well it may be adapted to an absolutely perfect figure, is rather trying to the abnormally stout or the abnormally lean. I know that in to-morrow's 'Daily Peepshow' I shall read how the Hon. Mrs Jim So-

and-so was to be seen yesterday near Stanhope Gate smartly gowned in a grey foulard, and how Lady Seraphina Slyboots, in a feather boa, was talking to the Marquis of Carabas, with many other entrancing items of a like nature. But I also know that at "Church-Parade," so-called, the company *may* have consisted principally of Countesses from Clapham, Baronesses from Brixton, and Duchesses from Denmark Hill, but assuredly included no real, "*pukka*," peeresses. I know, too, that if an anti-Semite had been given a free hand and been let loose among the crowd, its numbers would have suffered a quite appreciable diminution.

Nothing could be more unfashionable than to be a "Sabbatarian," not even to be a "Protestant." Yet at the risk of incurring this fatal reproach, it is impossible to help regretting that so much Sunday work should apparently be indispensable in London. The good old theory of "not giving the servants too much to do" on the first day of the week is dying out. Club servants, at all events, are not embraced within its scope; and waiters, who, after all, are human beings, are considered to deserve no consideration. The worst point about the secularisation (if one may make bold to employ so antiquated a phrase) of Sunday is that it adds to the labours of that very class of the community which is least able to protect itself—the class which earns its livelihood by ministering to the luxuries of the rich. Here the "liberal-minded" man will doubtless step in and pro-

test. "What?" he will exclaim with admirably assumed indignation, "Is the busy professional man or the city clerk to be deprived of much-needed exercise and recreation on the one day of the week on which he is able to indulge in them?" By no means; let the hard-worked man of business please himself in the spending of his one free day. But let it be plainly understood that a large majority of those who play billiards, or cards, or golf, on Sunday, can get quite as much of those amusements as is good for them on the other days of the week. Why any sane human being should want to read a daily paper, or listen to a band, on Sunday, it is difficult to conjecture. Even if six daily papers in the week had not been enough, there were already plenty of Sunday sheets to gratify the most voracious appetite without the officious intervention of two magnates of the week-day press. No doubt a great deal of cant has been talked upon this question, but the cant has not, by any means, been confined to one side, and surely that is a sound instinct which prompts the opposition to seven-day newspapers. It is all very well for their proprietors to explain with great elaboration that the production of the Sunday edition involves next to no labour, and in fact is rather a pleasure than a toil—a sort of little holiday for all concerned. The sound common-sense of the English people will not swallow such sophistries. It realises that much more is at stake than the interests of a handful of

journalists and newspaper composers. It foresees that the mischief will spread far beyond Fleet Street and Whitefriars. Legislation, indeed, can do nothing to remedy the evil. The steady pressure of public opinion can alone be effectual, and already it has achieved a signal victory. It will be a bad day for the working classes, for all who have to make a living by their own exertions, for the country at large, when the principle of a seven-days' working-week becomes so familiar as to be accepted without protest.

If, oddly enough, you happen to prefer going to church to reading the stale scandal and tittle-tattle of the past week in an up-to-date journal of mammoth proportions, there are preachers of all sorts and sizes, services of all manners and degrees, to tempt you. Should you be lucky enough to find Canon Gore in the pulpit of the Abbey, you will unquestionably hear something to your advantage, and carry home a good deal to think about. If the Bishop of Stepney is your man, you will get manly, straightforward, plain-sailing oratory; and if you are for a little sensational tub-thumping, why, there are a dozen dissenting chapels ready to supply you, and to throw in a strong infusion of politics as well. But the wise man, who hates the "falsehood of extremes," who detests all aping of Rome on the one hand and all thumping of the drum schismatic on the other, will not trouble to go farther afield than the Temple Church. There he is sure of an admirable discourse

from a divine of ripe learning, refined taste, and true piety. The music is beyond criticism; the order of the book of Common Prayer is duly observed; and there are no freaks, antics, or eccentricities. A visit farther east to St Paul's is not to be recommended in the meantime, for the echoes of a highly animated controversy seem to ring round the dome. Besides, though the worshipper has disciplined his mind into a frame of devotion, he cannot well help seeing the stencilling and the lettering; and the sight is not conducive to calmness and composure of spirit. One may not be prepared to join in the strong language with which the Dean and Chapter have been assailed for their scheme of decoration. But a certain three-column letter in the 'Times' makes one gravely question whether the choice of the responsible body has fallen upon the right decorator. There is an undercurrent of depreciation of Sir Christopher in that portentous epistle which makes one suspicious—a suggestion of lofty and supercilious patronage, as who should say that this same Wren, poor fellow, did his best, one must allow, but what *can* you expect from an Englishman who had the bad taste to flourish after the Reformation? Now it is a fact that of all the architects of whom in modern times this country has had reason to boast, Wren is incomparably the greatest. His London churches, so many of which have been ruthlessly pulled down, ought to be the pride of every true Londoner,

and St Paul's is the finest of them all. Nobody who holds these simple propositions to be true can think with equanimity of Wren's *chef-d'œuvre* being delivered over to an artist who, be his skill and taste in other matters beyond reproach, would obviously prefer St Paul's to be an Egyptian temple or a Gothic fane—something, in short, quite different from what it is. It is some consolation to reflect that no Dean and Chapter will ever venture to cut and carve upon the outside of the splendid pile. For many generations to come, let us hope, cockney and countryman alike will be able to gaze from the end of Fleet Street up Ludgate Hill, and note how

“the high majesty of Paul's
Uplifts a voice of living light and
calls—
Calls to his millions to behold and see
How goodly this his London Town can
be !”

Not the least interesting feature in Sir William Richmond's letter was his frank enunciation of a theory of criticism which, though probably latent in the minds of many artists, authors, and actors, rarely meets with perfectly candid expression. The theory is, indeed, less simple than Dean Gregory's, which measured a man's right to criticise the decoration of St Paul's by the amount of money he had subscribed towards that object, but it may, nevertheless, be very shortly stated. The critics of a work of art, so it runs, are necessarily either (1) amateurs, *i.e.*, persons who do not habitually practise that particular

kind of art, or (2) experts, *i.e.*, persons who do. If they are amateurs, the publication of their unfavourable opinion is a piece of unwarrantable impertinence, for, *ex hypothesi*, they know nothing about the matter. If, on the other hand, they are experts, the publication of their unfavourable opinion is a gross breach of “professional etiquette.” The great beauty of this theory lies in its universal applicability. Nothing lies outside its scope—not even chairs and tables. Either you are a carpenter or you are not a carpenter. If you are not, you can know nothing whatever of the construction of chairs and tables. If you are, you are bound by the inexorable laws of professional etiquette to hold your tongue. It clearly follows that no one dare pronounce a chair or table to be badly made. Sir William is a welcome addition to the supporters of the most vicious and most tenaciously cherished of trade-union principles: the right of every Englishman to do bad work and insist upon getting good pay for it. When the Academicians go on strike (though a lock-out by their employers seems a likelier contingency) we hope to hear Sir William haranguing a velvet-coated gathering in Trafalgar Square, and to see him busy picketing Sir Edward Poynter's studio.

It is with great diffidence that, being only a humble playgoer and not a playwright, one ventures to breathe a word about the drama. The staples of the stage in London at the present time may, roughly speaking, be said to be ro-

mantic or historical drama, extravagant farce (English, which means diluted French, or American, which means adapted German), and "musical comedy" (again English or American). Ten minutes of Yvette Guilbert in a song of Aristide Bruant's, or even in "A leetle beet of str-r-r-ing," is worth a week of Musketeers, Belles of New York, and What Happened to Smith's. But the one play in everybody's mouth is "The Gay Lord Quex." The house is crammed every night, and you are lucky if you can get a seat within the next month. It is plain that "Lord Quex" is an immense success. But the success has been won to a great extent upon false pretences. So much is plain from the demeanour of the audience. Recruited chiefly from the suburbs (the mainstay of theatrical enterprise in London), they care nothing for the drama *quâ* drama. They have come to see a play reputed to be "improper," and they are resolved upon having their money's worth. This applies to the stalls as much as to the pit, to the dress-circle as much as to the gallery. People who have paid half-a-guinea or seven-and-sixpence are determined that no phrase or incident susceptible of a foul meaning shall escape the emphasis of their inane laughter. And here is the pity of it—Mr Pinero has deliberately played down to this class of person. He has interjected some "business" and a few speeches which are utterly irrelevant, which afford no assistance whatever to the development of plot or

character, and of which only a schoolboy of sixteen could deem the significance momentous. By so doing he has deliberately invited his audience not to take the play seriously; he has run the risk of pitching his work in a totally wrong key. Mr Pinero is supposed to pride himself, like one of his predecessors in the English drama, on having never blotted a line. Our answer is, Would he had blotted a thousand! Expunge the words and incidents we have alluded to, and "The Gay Lord Quex" would remain an infinitely more satisfactory and artistic work. As it is, the third act is intensely interesting and dramatic, albeit the fourth is indescribably lame and unconvincing. Superbly acted throughout by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who here scales heights to which she never before aspired, the part of Sophy Fullgarney is one of the most original and one of the most powerful in latter-day drama. That, perhaps, is not very high praise, but at least it is not intended for disparagement. Mr Pinero is by so much the ablest, as he is the most ambitious, of contemporary British playwrights, that one is jealous of his reputation. "The Princess and the Butterfly" was a vast advance on that very much overrated play, "The Second Mrs Tanqueray." "The Gay Lord Quex," with all its weaknesses, is no less marked an advance on "The Princess and the Butterfly." But if Mr Pinero will only be true to his best instincts, and eschew the wretched trifles which put the public on a wrong and rather nasty scent,

though they help to fill the coffers of the management, he may be destined some day to write a play which will rank as a classic. In the meanwhile, one can but say that, if you wish to remove any disagreeable taste that "The Gay Lord Quex" may have left behind, you cannot do better than try "The Tyranny of Tears," a bright, clever, and withal thoroughly sound little piece, played with consummate skill by a company which includes Miss Mary Moore, Miss Maude Millett, and last, though not least, Mr Charles Wyndham—whom if, in the phrase of "Pendennis," we denominate "that old favourite of the British public," it is in all good faith and sincerity, by way of well-earned compliment, and not in raillery.

Thus—what with dinners and even dances, what with the park and the play, what with the club and the restaurant, what with seeing old friends and making new ones—the allotted time slips insensibly away. The evil moment of departure is projected as far as possible into the dim and distant future. One is loth to leave all this bustle and pageant, all this gaiety and life. Edinburgh, they say, has incomparable beauties, and Prague, with her unique Hradschin, may challenge comparison with Edinburgh. But London in early summer is more wonderful than both. There is no street like Piccadilly; and only in London can you see the Life Guards coming down St James's Street, their cuirasses

glittering in the bright sunshine! But needs must where a certain person drives. With the best will in the world, you cannot stay for the Derby, much less for Ascot. Sloan must pile up his total of winning mounts without your countenance and encouragement. For twelve months you must forego the exciting possibility of being "held up" by "the boys," and of writing to the press about "Roughs on the race-course." With a rueful visage and an indefinable feeling of regret one resumes one's tweed suit, packs one's portmanteau, pays one's bill, and bids the porter call a hansom. . . . Some day, when one's train puffs out of Paddington, or Waterloo, or Euston, one will have taken one's last trip to town, one will have put on the final layer of polish, one will have had one's last look at London. But, with good luck, one will not know that at the time, which makes all the difference.

Above every melancholy sensation rises, strangely enough, the feeling of gratitude that one's home is not in the greatest of all cities. The bird of passage extracts more poignant emotions from the panorama which the capital presents than does the regular inhabitant. To be a feeble unit in that congested mass of four million creatures—the thought is appalling. And your present contributor, dear 'Maga,' is not ambitious of ever having it in his power to subscribe himself in any capacity save that of

A COUNTRY COUSIN.

PIONEERING IN KLONDIKE.

BY ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

A BROAD river flowing peacefully past, whose ample bosom bore great pieces of ice detached from the lake above, met our view next morning, and I remembered the warning, "Beware of floating ice," which the sergeant at Bennett had given me.

"Hurry up with the break-fast," I said, "and we'll try and reach Lake Labarge to-day."

"What about 'White Horse'?" asked Mac, dubiously. "Oh, we'll shoot the rapids, if the ice gives us a chance," I replied; but at the same time I had grave doubts as to whether this would be possible. Lake Labarge was about fifty miles farther on, and White Horse Rapids came about half-way between us and it. Several lesser rapids would also be encountered on this stretch, but they were all dwarfed into insignificance by the "White Horse." We started on our journey about nine o'clock in the morning, and, with the assistance of the strong current, we made very good headway for over half an hour; then the river narrowed considerably, and we went rushing through Miles Cañon at an alarming speed. This did not last above a quarter of an hour, however, and our boat was again moving over peaceful waters.

Mac and Stewart continued

to exert themselves, and the rocky banks on each side went past us with great rapidity. I had no time to look around—my broad-bladed steering-paddle had to be used constantly, either to steer us clear of rocks or to give the floating ice a wide berth. When we had travelled for two hours I calculated we must be near the rapids, but there were as yet no indications of their proximity; so I kept our craft in the middle of the current, and let her go as fast as she would. I noticed that we seemed to be gradually increasing our speed. "We'll be near them noo," said Mac, anxiously. "Yes, yes; get a way on her, boys!" I yelled, as I saw, round the bluff ahead, the foaming surf of the famous White Horse Rapids. The subsequent incidents happened much more quickly than I can describe them. I saw that the river narrowed to a quarter of its breadth, and rushed with terrific fury round a sharp rocky bluff. It was not this that frightened me, however, but the ice-floes, that had before been spread over the broad river, and now gathered so closely that they seemed almost to jam the entrance to the rapids.

"Now we're in for a smash," I said to myself; but I worked my paddle energetically, and

did my utmost to avert such a calamity. "Put your muscle into it, bend to it!" I roared, and the oars dipped the water like the paddle-floats of a twenty-knot river boat. On we rushed, seemingly straight against the enormous rock that diverted the stream. "Keep her going!" I yelled, as with lightning speed we swept on, apparently to destruction. The spray dashed right over us; I leaned well over the stern of the boat, and, with a mighty stroke of the huge paddle, spun her head round. If she had been a second later in answering that stroke, we should have been dashed to pieces on the rocky headland.

Another moment and we were sailing in expansive water, past all danger. We had been severely scraped by the ice, but that was all; in fact, it was almost miraculous that we managed to escape without being greatly damaged, as I had no time to observe the ice while approaching the critical point—my attention having been fully occupied in keeping clear of the rock against which the water dashed, sending up great geysers of foam.

"Is it a' ower?" came from Mac, who was still working like a steam-engine. "Yes, you can ease off now," I replied; and, with expressions of great thankfulness, my companions rested their oars and let the boat drift gently with the stream. As we moved smoothly down I heard a voice hail from the bank: "Hillo, thar, boys! how in tarnation did you get through?" "Sailed

through," I answered laconically, looking round. I saw a group of men beside a camp. Near by lay a smashed boat, and, strewed along the shore, were several sacks of provisions. I steered for the shore. "What's the trouble with you, boys?" I asked, as I came near them. "Trouble!" echoed the first speaker: "why, we went under—boat, provisions, men—everything; and one of our party has not got out yet—he's drowned, deader'n a door nail!" "Hard lines," I remarked sympathetically; "how did it happen?" "Same as it allus happens; we smashed, broadside, on the rock. I dunno how you managed; there's been half-a-dozen funerals here since our own, and that's only a fortnight ago." "We came through it for all we were worth," I said; "we got as much way on as we possibly could, and steered right through: you will notice that the engines haven't got over it yet;" and I motioned towards my crew, who were still blowing like porpoises after their awful exertions.

"Can we be of any assistance to you?" I asked, feeling that I would like to help them, if possible. "No, sir; thank you all the same: we are waiting till the river freezes, and then we'll clear out—no more Klondike for us, you bet, there's too many hard facts in this 'ere country." "Well, well, boys, we all meet with misfortunes, and there's no use kicking when they do come along," I sagely said, although I do not think I could have accepted my own doctrine, had I been in their position.

Before leaving I asked when Major Walsh had passed. "He is only three days ahead," was the reply; "he lost two boats and one man here, and all kinds of Government stuff have been washed ashore since he left." "What!" I shouted, "do you mean to say the Major has had an accident?" "Waal, you kin see for yourself; that's some of his stuff thar,"—pointing to the sodden sacks on shore; "you can make out the Government stamp on them, if you care to look." But I did not care to look, and now motioned to Mac and Stewart to pull out. "Good-bye, boys; better luck next time!" I cried to the dismal little crowd on shore, as we shot into the current; but they made no response, and only gazed sorrowfully after us as we disappeared.

Three days more brought us to the entrance of Lake Labarge, and, as I had expected, it was frozen solid. "No chance of breaking a channel here, Mac," I said, as I examined the

edge from our boat and found it to be several feet in thickness. "Oh, we can take the sleighs now," remarked Stewart; but Mac evidently thought as I did, that sleighing would be much harder work than rowing. However, we could not complain; we had got through the most dangerous part of the route without any serious misfortune, and we would force our way forward on ice since the water was denied us. We had done fifty miles that day, and had been only six hours on the way; but the days were rapidly shortening, and even now, at three o'clock, a heavy gloom was beginning to fall over the country. We pitched our tent and got everything comfortably arranged for the night; then we proceeded to unload the boat and pack the provisions on our sleighs. This being done, we passed the evening as happily as we could under the circumstances.

SCANT SNOWFALL IN THE INTERIOR.

It will be remembered by many that, in the winter of which I write, several attempts were made to relieve the starvation known to exist in Dawson City. Horses and bullocks in abundance were sent over the Skagway Trail, goats were also requisitioned for the purpose of pulling sleighs over the ice-bound rivers, and thousands of dogs made the attempt to reach the Frozen Eldorado. Not one of these expeditions was success-

ful in penetrating even to Lake Tagish. Horses were useless, as they could not pull as much as they themselves would eat in a few days. The goats proved themselves well adapted for mountain work, yet they were absolutely worthless immediately Linderman or Bennett was reached—the deep snow proving an impassable obstacle to their progress.

Dogs are the only real means of transport in such a country, yet even they failed to pene-

trate the frozen interior, as they could not pull more than their own weight on the soft yielding snow. At that time no reliable information was available regarding the nature of the winter trail to Klondike, nor has there been any obtained since. Had the expeditions sent out last year been able to penetrate as far as Marsh Lake, the much greater distance beyond could have been accomplished with barely an effort.

From Marsh Lake southward the moist breezes of the coast make their influence distinctly felt, and snow falls almost continuously between the months of October and February, accumulating to vast depths all along this part of the route. It is one thing to

pull a heavily-laden sleigh over glassy ice, but it is a totally different matter to pull even half the same weight over the same trail when covered with several feet of snow. How strange it is that beyond Marsh Lake there is absolutely no snowfall during the winter season; the air is hard and dry, never containing sufficient moisture to allow of such an occurrence as a snowstorm.

I have gathered much knowledge of the country by hard experience, and yet I say that had we been compelled to take to our sleighs, on Tagish Lake for instance, we should never have been able to reach Lake Labarge, not to mention the many hundreds of miles beyond.

THE SILVER GREYS.

Lake Labarge had evidently been frozen for some time before our arrival, as the ice on its surface was several feet deep. Very little snow lay on the surrounding country: instead, a thin white film of frost barely concealed the rocky ground underneath, and in the shade of gigantic forests of pine-trees, the natural mossy ground peculiar to that country appeared in all its sombre beauty. We commenced our long sleigh journey in the morning; the heavy sleigh glided along with great smoothness, and Mac and Stewart pulled their loads with evident ease. Dave was harnessed to the third sleigh, and pulled 250 lb. without a

growl. We made fully twenty-four miles on the first day, and as we erected our tent that evening we calculated on arriving at Dawson within a fortnight. The scenery here was similar to what we had passed, but the trees were larger and denser, and the birches became more evident among their hardier neighbours. Animal life was also more abundant in this district, and various tracks covered the frosty surface of the lake. It was at this camp that I succeeded in shooting two very fine silver-grey foxes.

Our camp was pitched well among the trees, and about fifty yards from the margin of the lake,—we always liked

to get under the shelter of timber. Stewart as usual had cut a deep hole in the ice, so as to get water for cooking purposes, and was now busily engaged in his culinary operations. Dave lay curled up beside the stove, and Mac was reclining on the pile of blankets, smoking the pipe of peace. I took my rifle and went outside to have a look round for a few minutes before supper. My attention was at once arrested by the appearance of several forms against the white surface of the lake, beside our water-hole. "Coyotes again," I said with annoyance, preparing to scatter them. I expected there would be a dozen or more lurking around. I pulled the trigger, the sharp report of

the rifle rang out. Again I fired, again, and again. In all I fired six shots, and then I walked leisurely down towards the water-hole to estimate the damage. I was greatly surprised and delighted to find that, instead of coyotes, I had killed two magnificent specimens of the silver-grey fox. If I had been careful I might have got more, but I had fired almost at random, never thinking they were other than Alaskan wolves. They had evidently scented the water from afar and come to drink, for one of them lay with his head well into the hole. Stewart skinned them that night, and their beautiful furs went to swell our growing hoard of curiosities.

ARRIVAL AT BIG SALMON RIVER.

The next day brought us to the end of the lake, and then our progress became more difficult: the river was completely frozen over, but in some places, particularly in the curves of the stream, the ice was piled in pyramids to the height of several feet, and at such places we experienced the greatest trouble, and were much delayed.

We continued to make fair progress, however, and in another day reached the point at which the lordly Hootalinqua joins the main waters. At this junction the shelving ice reached an extraordinary height, and for fully half a mile we had to clamber over miniature mountains of it.

The trail now became gradually better, yet it took us two days of very hard work to reach Big Salmon river. As we neared this tributary of the Yukon we commenced to notice fresh moccasin tracks on the hoary surface of the ice; and, looking closer, we could distinguish the almost obliterated trail of sleigh runners where they had at times cut deeply into the trail. "We're coming near some one now," I remarked, as we steadily "forged" ahead, never stopping or once looking back. Neither Mac nor Stewart made any reply: they closely followed and covered the tracks made by myself and the dog, as we led the van with our lighter

sleigh, at a pace exceeding five miles an hour.

While yet a long way off the Salmon river junction I could trace the smoke of stoves and camp-fires rising lazily into the clear air; and, as we drew nearer, several tents came into view. They were half hidden among the timber, and had we not observed the smoke of their fires, we should probably never have noticed them. We pulled ahead until we were exactly opposite the encampment, and then halted.

"Does not seem to be any one about," I said. "Mebbe it is an Indian camp," guessed Stewart. "Nae fear," replied Mac; "whaur wid they get tents like that?" and Mac's reasoning was correct, for the tents appeared to be exceptionally fine and of the most modern manufacture.

"I'll go over and investigate," said I, after waiting a few moments; and over I went. There were four camps in all, one of them much larger than the others. I went to it first. "Holloa within," I shouted, as I came close. "Come in, don't knock," replied a deep bass voice from the interior, and, obeying the invitation, I entered. A powerfully built man of middle height and military appearance sat beside a section of a huge tree fixed in the centre of the tent—the sawn surface evidently doing duty as a table, for it was littered over with maps and charts. "Well, my boy, where have you come from?" asked the occupant, rising, and, by force of habit, motioning me

to sit down—which I did on the ground, as there was no other seat. "I've come from Tagish," I said, "and have been trying to catch up with Major Walsh for several days. Can you tell me when he passed this camp?" "He has not yet passed," was the gruff answer: "I'm Major Walsh; what news from Tagish?" "I have a letter for you from Captain Strickland," I said, fishing it out from my pocket and handing it to him.

"From Captain Strickland! Get your mates inside immediately. My men went off hunting this morning, but I expect them back every moment. I cannot allow you to leave without having dinner. How did you leave the captain? Then I gave him Captain Strickland's verbal message, which seemed to amuse him greatly, for he laughed heartily. I left him occupied in reading the letter, and turned to go to fetch my companions, but that was unnecessary, as these two worthies had come over to investigate matters for themselves, and now walked in unceremoniously, with Dave at their heels, and comfortably arranged themselves before the stove, without a word.

"That's right, my boys, make yourselves at home," said the kindly Major, looking up from the despatches, and smiling broadly at the frosty appearance of my two aides-de-camp.

"The Major asks us to remain and have dinner," I intimated aside; "do you care to stay?" "Care to stay! What a question!" and Mac and Stewart looked reproach-

fully at me. The idea of their refusing dinner. Not likely!

We did stay, and for the third time were hospitably entertained by the Canadian Police. The Major was an excellent host, and regaled us with many delightful stories of his experiences among the Indians.

The loss of two boat-loads of provisions had seriously crippled his resources, and, instead of continuing his march to Dawson at this time, the Major had decided to remain at Big Salmon till spring and then proceed, when fresh supplies and new boats had been sent him from Bennett.

We left Major Walsh late in the afternoon and continued our long trail northwards. The surface improved as we proceeded, and we got over the frozen river in record time. Nothing could be heard but the hiss of the sleigh runners as they slipped over the ice, leaving barely a trail behind. Soon the stars came out, and still we kept on: I had no difficulty in following the river, even in the darkness. The wooded banks on each side were reflected on

the glittering face of the ice by the pale light from the stars, and the shadows from each side, reaching almost to the middle of the river, left between a trail of comparative clearness which could easily be followed. It was late in the evening when we pitched our camp, and, as we lay down in our blankets that night, we had the satisfaction of knowing that we were fifteen miles north of Big Salmon.

The next day we passed the Daly river, a fairly large tributary which rises at the foot of the southern slope of the Kelly mountains, and joins the Yukon about twenty miles from the Salmon river. The trail winds greatly from this point, and we could seldom see a stretch of even half a mile ahead. We moved onward from early morn till night was far advanced. The country here was very densely timbered, and the huge mountains still formed the background. In the daytime their sharp outlines, clearly defined against the sky, gave an appearance of grandeur to the scenery such as cannot be surpassed in any country in the world.

FIGHTING THE ELEMENTS.

I need not continue to detail our every day's journeying. The ice-bound river led us on through unvarying scenery for many days, relieved now and then by the beautiful valleys of the tributaries that joined the Yukon at different parts of the route. Three days after leaving the Daly we passed the conflu-

ence of the Pelly. At this point the overland trail, *via* the Chilcoot mountains, joins the Yukon, after traversing 300 miles of generally undulating country. The blown ice was in some places about 20 feet high, but we crashed over it resolutely, although the sharp ice cut through our hide moc-

casins, causing us the greatest pain. I knew that we had to keep going at our very best speed if we hoped to reach Dawson at all. The cold became more intense every day, and when nearing Sixty-Mile river we experienced 40° below zero for a short time. Our tent in the evening looked like an ice-cave,—the frost, penetrating the canvas, covered the inside walls with a white coating over half an inch thick. The ice on the river was about 10 feet in depth, and it would have taken an hour's digging to reach the water, so we contented ourselves with using the ice itself for cooking purposes: our difficulty was to get it melted, as unless the stove was at a white heat it took several hours to get into liquid form. We travelled at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, sometimes more, but seldom less. Ten days after leaving Major Walsh's encampment, the frozen waters of the broad Stewart river opened out before us. The mountains were not nearly so high as those we had passed, and the country generally had a flatter aspect; the huge ranges had disappeared, and in their place smaller mountains, forming many watersheds, bounded our view.

The last hundred miles was the worst of all; the trail at the best was rough and jagged, and coated with a white frost that stuck to the iron runners like glue. Almost every other mile barriers of blown ice stretched across our path; gradually these obstacles became more and more frequent, until at length we were plunging through deep layers of

thin shelving ice at every step. At one point, where a small unnamed river enters the Yukon about seventy miles from Dawson, the piled ice reached a height of over 50 feet. We struggled on. Slower and slower became our progress as we neared the El Dorado of the North, and if our destination had been much more distant, I am afraid we would have given out altogether. Mac's fingers were severely frozen, and Stewart's nose had a marble-like appearance that did not at all please him. We wrapped some of our furs round Dave, and he thanked us in a practical manner by pulling at his sleigh with fresh zeal. Dave evidently suffered least of us all, and positively seemed to enjoy the severity of the weather. When we had journeyed for half an hour after striking tent in the morning, not a part of our faces could be seen; our breath froze as it issued from our lips, and dropped in long icicles from our chins; our cheeks were covered and our eyelashes fringed with the powdery frost that filled the atmosphere. It was extremely painful to open our mouths, as the effort cracked the icy film on our cheeks, causing a sharp stinging sensation. We moved persistently forward in grim silence. From morn till night I led my little cavalcade over that terrible icy trail without a word being spoken. Not until we had kindled our evening fire and thawed our frozen features did any of us dare to talk, and then Mac and Stewart cursed the country in unison

for several minutes without a break.

"There's no use kicking," I said one night, after my companions had tired themselves out in eulogising the country in their own forcible manner. "We're fighting the elements, and if we do suffer a bit, we've got to take it as a matter of course." "A hae travelled in mony countries, but this is the maist God-forsaken o' them a'," began Mac. "Sooth America

wis bad enough, but naething compared wi' this. Look at my hauns," he continued ferociously; "they're twice as big as they shud be." "Bit hoo wad ye like to hae ma adornment?" howled Stewart, pathetically clutching his frozen proboscis, and looking very sad indeed. "These are only little worries common to the country," I interposed, "and you'll get used to them in time," but they would not be comforted.

THE CAPITAL OF THE NORTH.

We had now begun the last twenty miles of the dreary trail, and I was anxious to reach Dawson before nightfall. "Do your best, boys," I said, as we started, — "we're close on the promised land, now;" and they did their work nobly. Both of them, using all their vast strength, strained and tugged at the sleigh ropes and drew their heavy loads over the rough ice in a way that I have never seen equalled. Dave seemed to know that something special was required of him that day, and pulled like a horse. We were making very good progress, and if it were kept up we would reach our destination that night. At twelve o'clock we had done twelve miles, but the trail was becoming worse and worse. "Only another eight miles!" I cried, as we clambered over an unusually high mountain of ice. Mac groaned dismally, but exerted himself manfully; and by the deep laboured breathing of Stewart behind,

I knew that he was doing his utmost. By two o'clock I could see the smoke of the encampment on Klondike river; another half hour and I could distinguish several log-houses in the distance. Now we were within a mile, now half a mile — less and less the distance grew, as we struggled on in Indian file over the now continuous fields of blown ice. I now saw crowds of men gathering outside the nearest log-houses and gazing in our direction. "Keep it up, boys; we're just there," I shouted, and my companions looked up to see before them the straggling array of houses and camps that, beside the Yukon and stretching up by the banks of the Klondike river, constituted Dawson City. A few minutes more and we drew up amid an excited and curious assembly of miners, who hailed us with loud cheers. We must have presented a strange spectacle with our clothing, torn and cut by the blown ice, hanging

in rags, our moccasins bound in tatters to our feet, and our white visages framed in icicles.

We were immediately surrounded by a crowd of men, who took our sleighs in tow, escorted us to a good camping-

ground, then helped us to erect our tent; and, while Mac and Stewart attended to the cooking of our evening meal, I went outside and detailed to an appreciative audience of miners the latest news from civilisation.

THE FROZEN ELDORADO.

Klondike goldfields, properly speaking, are limited to the basin of the Klondike river, which is a hundred miles long. The mines are chiefly on the tributaries, and not, as is generally supposed, on the main stream,—the Bonanza and its feeders, especially the Eldorado, being the richest creeks in the district. I have read prospectuses of companies formed to work various claims in the Klondike district that I know from experience will never yield an ounce of gold; indeed, beyond a few miles radius from Dawson City there is very little gold to be found in the valley.

Bonanza Creek empties into the Klondike about one and a half miles from the mouth: it is twenty-five miles in length, and has its source at the foot of a large mountain called the "Dome." Eldorado, its tributary, is seven miles long, its confluence with the Bonanza occurring twelve miles from the mouth of the latter. The Klondike itself, in the summer season, is a broad and rapid river, much too deep and rapid to find favour with alluvial miners. In the winter it is frozen into a solid mass, and some miners then work underneath its icy body, although

the gold obtained rarely pays the labour. Nothing is generally known, even in Dawson, of the source of the Klondike, and previous to our arrival no one had explored beyond thirty-five miles from its mouth, and that point is at the foot of some unknown spurs of the Rocky Mountains.

The claims are pegged out by the sides of the mountain creeks, the most important of which are the Bonanza and Eldorado before mentioned, then Gold Bottom, Too-much-Gold, and Quartz creeks; but I prospected another small frozen stream some distance from the rest, and found it to be very rich indeed. It was soon christened Skookum Gulch, and now contains some of the richest workings in the country. Quartz Creek was so named from the fact of some gold-bearing quartz being found in its neighbourhood, and for some time this little stream was much exploited; but the results were very disappointing, although payable gold was certainly found in several claims.

Too-much-Gold Creek was known only to the Indians, but shortly after our arrival a party of us sought them out in their mountain home and bartered

with them for their knowledge. They insisted that it contained "too much gold for white man," but we assured them that its quantity would not trouble us in the least, and after much argument they gave the desired information. It is nearly thirty-five miles from Dawson City, and contains a fair amount of the precious metal, although it cannot be compared with Eldorado or Bonanza.

Placer or alluvial gold is nearly always pure, but in this country it contains traces of iron, lead, and silver: these base metals, of course, decrease its worth, and as a result Klondike gold is nearly a sovereign less in value per ounce than the gold of Western Australia. The country rock is a slate and mica-schist formation, but iron-stone is also abundant, and owing to its influence the gold is distinguished by a fine rich colour.

Klondike gold is also the coarsest in the world, and there is not much danger of losing it by careless handling if once the pay-dirt is obtained. Unlike that of other countries, the gutter above bed-rock here can be recklessly washed in a gold-pan or rushed through a primitive sluice-box without fear of losing even a trace of gold. Here there is no "dust" in the correct sense of the word, as that is generally composed of fair-sized specks that in many other countries would be classified as small nuggets.

We were not long in Dawson territory before we had prospected and secured a valuable claim on one of the principal

creeks. We lost no time in building a log-house near at hand, and then our attention was given entirely to digging the gold from the frozen ground. I should not say "digging," for there is really no digging done, the hard ground being broken up in a much more novel manner. No pick or spade can penetrate the frozen crust of the earth, which is of a flinty nature to a depth far exceeding "bed-rock."

A huge fire is made over the place where the prospector intends to sink his shaft, and after burning for an hour or more, it is cleared away, and the ground underneath, which has been thawed, perhaps, to a depth of several inches, is hastily scooped out. The firing process is repeated again and again until bed-rock is finally reached; but this end is not usually attained within several days at least. The shaft, when sunk, as may be imagined is very irregular, being neither square nor round, and is very unlike the deep oblong hole that is sunk with mathematical precision in Western Australia and elsewhere.

"Bed-rock" is the term given to the original bed of the stream, and just above this level lie the gold-bearing sands. Sometimes bed-rock is 10 feet deep, sometimes 15, but 12 feet is a good average depth at which to find it, although in exceptional cases 20-foot shafts have to be sunk. An inexperienced miner will sometimes in ignorance penetrate this bottom, if it happens to be of a soft formation, and I have known

this done on many occasions. However, by giving careful attention to the many strata encountered, and noting the difference between the usually clayey formation on top, the sandy soil above bed-rock, and the hard metalliferous "country" composing true bottom, the amateur will quickly learn to distinguish the position of the pay-gravel at a glance.

In a week's time we had reached bed-rock in our claim, and then busily engaged ourselves in driving underneath the channel of the stream. Dawson had between 2000 and 3000 inhabitants, but, judging from appearance, there seemed to be a population of only a few hundreds. As the weeks passed the cold became more and more severe, and 50° below zero was quite a common temperature. In this weather all but the younger miners stayed indoors, and as a result very little work was done. Winter

is really the only possible season in which to excavate the ground, for in summer the too plentiful supply of water proves even a more formidable enemy than the frost. The melting ice and snow from the hillsides almost flood the valleys, and no sooner has a hole been sunk a few feet than it is quickly filled with water, and no amount of pumping will keep it dry. The only feasible method of mining, therefore, is by burning out the soil in the winter and accumulating the dump or "pay-dirt" on the surface until the claim is completely worked out; then in the summer season the time can be occupied in washing it through sluice-boxes, which can then be done without difficulty.

When we had got our claim into good working order I left my companions in charge, and harnessing Dave to a sleigh, took long prospecting tours around the country.

PECULIARITIES AND PROSPECTS.

Many an experienced miner has found to his cost that this country differs from all others in its method of gold distribution. The goldfields have not been formed, as is generally supposed, by the mountain streams carrying down for ages the precious metal from quartz ledges near their sources. If such had been the case the richer gold would be found near the origin of the creeks, whereas the very opposite is what occurs, and science proves that it would not be so if the streams

were the only agency in its distribution. The rich deposits in this district have been made rather by the glacier slides of former ages, and unmistakable evidence of this would appear to the eye of the geologist. It is a very peculiar fact that no quartz reef of any size has been located in the neighbourhood, and the question naturally arises, "Where did the gold now found in the sands of the streams originally come from?" The original beds of the creeks were undoubtedly the channels by

which the large masses of ice descended to the comparatively flat region below; but as the surrounding country has evidently undergone vast changes owing to severe volcanic eruptions from time to time, it is quite possible, and very probable, that the mother-lode may be buried far into the interior of the mountains. It is also a curious fact that the gold belt which follows the Yukon river for so many hundred miles has shed such extraordinary riches within so small an area. On Stewart river to the south, and Forty-Mile river to the north, the gold appears to be more uniformly divided, and in no place concentrated in small patches to the exclusion of the rest of the river valley.

Certainly the Klondike gold-fields are quite unique in this respect, hence the fabulous finds made in the vicinity. The wealth of Klondike has been very much exaggerated; still the district is well entitled to rank, next to Western Australia, as the richest alluvial goldfield in the world. However much Americans may choose to boom that district lying to the north-west of Dawson and over the boundary between British and American territories, I must emphasise the fact that the richer country lies rather to the south, and extends from Stewart river territory well down into the Cassiar fields of British Columbia. Stewart river itself deserves prominent mention. It is interesting to note that it was the first tributary of the Yukon to attract attention. The work done was practically

confined to the bars formed near the mouth by the spring freshets; but these yielded thousands of pounds before the discoveries on the Klondike drew the miners from this region. The bars on the main river, which near its confluence with the Yukon is almost a mile wide, give no real idea of the value of the district, as at the best only the finest gold could be obtained, and the rich country watered by the various tributaries has never been prospected, or the Klondike river would probably not stand alone in popularity.

The Stewart river has many small offshoots, which should soon come under public notice; of these I think Henderson Creek is specially worthy of mention. It is a small stream that joins the Yukon a few miles from the mouth, and the results I obtained from carefully prospecting it warrant great expectations of its future. Several other small streams deserve attention, and although I have not boomed them, I doubt not that they would prove more genuinely reliable than many of the well-advertised branches of the Klondike. One small creek, joining the Stewart about twelve miles from its confluence with the Yukon, gave some extraordinary prospects; and quite near I discovered a small local quartz lode, samples of which assayed at a very high figure, but the ore formation was very refractory. This small stream I dubbed Ophir Gully, and by that name it is known throughout the country. I proved the

placer-ground to be very rich indeed. Bed-rock was never more than 10 feet deep, and the gravel above that level averaged roughly 15 cents to a pan. This figure will appear small to those who have read reports stating that 50 to 100 dollars per pan was not uncommon on some Bonanza claims; but I say that it is an excellent average, and compares favourably with the best real results ever obtained from any claim in the country. Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks are the two notable supports of the Klondike district, and they without doubt are exceptionally rich, although there are many blanks; but some of the extraordinary results were obtained by the claim-owners "salting" their pans with sometimes all the gold in their possession. They depended entirely on the inrush of "tenderfeet" during the following summer, for they knew that these inexperienced fortune-hunters would readily purchase their almost worthless claims on the strength of the artificial reports circulated concerning them.

The Pelly river also flows through a fine mineral country, but the best of its creeks are well up-stream, and it is a difficult matter in summer, when the river is open, to make much headway against its rapid current; but in the winter, when travelling by sleighs is comparatively easy, the tributaries of this large river may be prospected with little trouble. It has its origin in Dease Lake, which is situated somewhere near the head-

waters of the Stikeen river, and in the very heart of rich gold-bearing country. It flows through 500 miles of mountainous country before joining the main waters of the Yukon, and near its mouth are many bars, like those on the Stewart river, which are very productive of fine gold, and in the winter season can be easily worked. The regions surrounding all the tributaries of the Yukon flowing from the east—from the Hootalinqua northwards—should receive careful attention, as undoubtedly they will in the near future yield an enormous gold harvest. Although Klondike has earned the reputation of being one of the premier goldfields in the world, yet, notwithstanding this title, it should be borne in mind that it is essentially a placer country, and its end can be calculated as at no great distance. There is no backbone in the shape of large quartz reefs, and if there were, it would be an extremely costly undertaking to import machinery—not to mention the exorbitant price of labour. I have assayed samples from the richest claims of Bonanza and Hunker Creeks, and have computed the quantity of pay-dirt in the various gold-bearing streams, and know for a certainty that the alluvial deposits could be all worked out in one season, if the owners so desired, but that is not their plan. As is usual in all new gold-mining camps, the store and saloon proprietors quickly become interested in all the best claims, and in Dawson they had it all

their own way. I have known a claim worth several thousand pounds bartered for a 50-lb. sack of flour. Such sales were not uncommon, and in the winter of 1897-98 the storekeepers in this way acquired the predominant interests in the richest claims. These claims could all have been worked out within a few

months, but the owners understood that if this were done the name of Klondike would quickly fall into oblivion, and as they owned among them nearly all the district, and meant to reap a richer harvest from land sales than from mining, they took good care to prevent this from being done.

THE EXODUS.

The winter wore on, and still none of the promised expeditions had reached Dawson. The crowds of men of all classes who had flocked into the country during the summer season had not brought with them more than six months' provisions, as it was reported in the various American newspapers that Dawson had ample stores to last throughout the year, and that many trading expeditions would be sent into the country during the winter. Of course, none of the expeditions had penetrated past the coast barrier; but the inhabitants of Dawson, who had all reached the country during the open season, did not understand the many dangers and difficulties that beset the long trail of snow and ice between them and the coast, and they daily expected the expeditions that never came.

Strangely enough, no one seemed to realise the desperate situation, even although they saw their little stock of grub daily growing less. The miners frequented the saloons and gambling-houses, and did little

or no work; and the more wealthy among them purchased their meals at the restaurants at the rate of 3 dollars each rather than use their own supplies. "What do I care?" shouted a half-drunken six-footer, holding aloft his sack of gold; "I've got the gold and I won't starve:" and the majority of the miners reasoned in the same way.

Soon, however, one of the restaurants closed its doors. "No supplies," read the notice posted on the outside: it was but the beginning of the end. Before another week had passed only two stores in Dawson remained open, and their prices were blazoned in large letters: "Meals, 4 dollars."

Now the half-dazed miners began to understand the serious nature of their position. They had trusted wholly to the stores to provide the necessary supplies through the winter, but they now saw that not even their sacks of gold could purchase food where none existed. A panic seized them: the majority reduced their fares to half rations, drew their belts

tighter when the keen air, whetting their appetites, made them experience the gnawing pangs of hunger, and grimly joked at their very doubtful future prospects.

The last store in Dawson closed its doors about a week before Christmas: its notice, hung out during the last day, read, "Meals, 5 dollars." There was a rush on the establishment even at that price, and the same evening the last hope of Dawson ceased to do business.

A roll-up of the miners was held immediately. It was a strange and a pitiful spectacle. Old men who should not have left the comforts of their homes stood shivering in their robes of fur: some of them had their noses badly frozen, others lacked the ears, and very few of them had the use of their fingers.

Tall gaunt men in the hardness of youth mingled with delicate specimens of manhood who could have wielded the pen with greater effect than the pick, and whose presence was entirely out of place in such a country. Joaquin Müller, the poet, was there; his feet were frozen badly, yet he insisted on being present; his tall form was bent with age, and his long white hair straggled over his shoulders, giving him a strangely picturesque appearance. He looked at the sea of faces around him with sympathetic interest. "My friends," he said, "we must not give way to despair; in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, we may receive help from the outside, and if not

we must resign ourselves to fate." "He means weel, boys, but it won't do," frankly spoke a tall bearded miner. "We've waited long enough unless we want to starve like rats in a hole, and I for one am to chance the long trail to Dyea." "My friends," Müller spoke again, "you do not understand what you would attempt; the snow will lie deep on the trail above, and you will certainly die of cold and starvation long before nearing the pass." At this point I thought I might be able to give some information, so I stepped forward. "Boys," I said, "as you know, we came over the ice almost immediately after it had formed, and it was no picnic. The trail is bound to be much worse now, and the snowfall near the passes will be very deep; but all the same, if you take your snow-shoes I think you'll get through all right." "That's the talk we want," yelled the crowd, and they began to discuss the proposition with great enthusiasm. In the end it was decided to leave the older men in charge of the various claims with all the provisions that could be spared; and when all matters had been arranged it was found that each man, by taking with him a month's outfit only, could leave his mate with about sufficient to last until spring.

We ourselves had barely two months' provisions left, and after talking the matter over with my companions, I decided to leave a month's supplies with two old men on an adjoining claim and get them to look

after our interests while we returned to civilisation for more stores.

The old prospectors were very thankful for the offer, and admitted that without it they would have had to live on short rations for most of the time,—a fact that I was well aware of. We had almost worked out our claims, and could not have done much more until the summer thaws had set in. I was therefore fairly well pleased at what we had accomplished, although I was disappointed in not finding what I chiefly sought for—the mother-lode.

The dull grey morning light was beginning to appear when we drew out from Skookum Gulch, and commenced the 700 miles overland trail. The thermometer registered 65° below zero, the lowest we had experienced since our arrival in the country. Our load was very light this time; Dave's sleigh carried only the blankets, and the skins which I prized so much, while the rest of our requirements were drawn without difficulty by Mac and Stewart on different sleighs. Like the chief Roderick Dhu, I "strode before," armed as usual with my long rifle and a heavy Colt revolver.

I feared that we might have trouble with more than the elements before reaching civilisation, and I meant to be prepared. At the mouth of the Klondike about two hundred men had assembled, ready to

start on their long journey; some had sleighs, but the majority carried all their stores on their back. A few dog-sleighs were in evidence, and they were just being loaded up when we arrived. "Well, boys," I cried, as we drew up alongside, "are you all ready?" "All ready, Mac," was the reply. "We've been waiting for you to take the lead, as you know the trail best;" but I had no intention of doing anything of the sort, at least at that time, so I intimated to the owner of the largest dog-sleigh that, as he could make the best time, he had better strike the trail first. "Right you are," came the ready response, the long whips cracked over the heads of a string of dogs, and with a sharp hissing sound the first sleigh drew out of Dawson. "Get a move on, boys," I said, as it disappeared amidst clouds of powdery frost and broken ice. "Keep all together, and don't lose sight of the leader; we will take the rear for the first day." With a cheer they started. I stood and watched them as they gradually dropped into Indian file and moved steadily ahead. My eyes followed them until they disappeared as a long writhing snake in the distance.

"We'll never get out if we keep behind that crood," said Stewart, as he gazed after them. Mac looked very much displeased, but said nothing. "It's only for one day," I explained; "I want to see that none of them drop out."

(To be continued.)

LUMSDEN OF THE GUIDES.

“‘THE lad hath quicksilver in his veins, that is certain,’ said Blount, looking at Markham.

“‘He hath that both in brain and blood,’ said Markham, ‘which may either make or mar him.’”

The quotation is, of course, from the scene in ‘Kenilworth,’ when young Raleigh had hazarded his newly won Court favour by “a daring and loving piece of service.” Blount tells him regretfully that now he must be content to go back to the old Devon hall to play the humble part of the younger brother.

“Not so,” said the young man, colouring, “not while Ireland and the Netherlands have wars, and not while the sea hath pathless waves. The rich West hath lands undreamed of, and Britain contains bold hearts to venture on the quest.”

That is the undying spirit which has made the empire. The Raleighs and the Drakes, through all generations and in every clime, on land or sea, in war or peace, have always found worthy successors. These are the men who have given Britain a colonial empire more than ninety times the area of the old country, and as for our Indian soldiers, they have made their Empress-Queen the greatest of Mohammedan potentates. Pluck and primogeniture account for much; but there is a restless energy, a devouring ambition, blended with the

eminently practical vein in the British temperament, in which, as may be said without suspicion of boasting, we compare advantageously with our neighbours. Addicted to field-sports, and delighting in the open air, the average Briton is not content to settle down in the cities for a dull life on a small civil appointment. Happily all the national conditions were in favour of imperial expansion. England is not a country where a poor gentleman can be contented. As the old hive became overcrowded and threw off healthy young swarms, there was never any lack of guides and leaders. The younger sons of the nobles and the squires, the clergy and the professional classes, were all willing and eager to seek their fortunes wherever there was fair prospect of wealth or honour. So we came to conquer and colonise with a trained genius for organisation and assimilation which has never been rivalled since the Raj of Imperial Rome was synonymous with the civilised world, when no proscrip could find a refuge beyond reach of the Cæsars.

Nations, like individuals, are inclined to moods of despondency. When timid and temporising Cabinets have had their term of power; when the overgrown armies of the Continent were putting out their strength in titanic struggles;

A Sketch of the Life of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Harry Burnett Lumsden, K.C.S.I., C.B., with Selections from his Correspondence and Occasional Papers. By General Sir Peter S. Lumsden, G.C.B., C.S.I., and George R. Elmslie, C.S.I. John Murray.

when our land forces and our navy have been alike neglected, —we have listened to lamentable jeremiads at home, and been imitated by the interested assumptions of foreign publicists that mercantile England was becoming a negligible quantity. When friends or enemies have prognosticated the decay of the race, our answer has always been, "Look at the English in India and remember the Mutiny." Never perhaps in the history of mankind has there been a more resolute or valiant stand against apparently overwhelming odds and a combination of adverse circumstances. The most sanguine might have despaired, the most stout-hearted might have quailed, yet there was seldom even a civilian who flinched in the hour of peril. What is more striking, and even more encouraging, is that it was subalterns who came to the front, when for once they had a rare and most unlooked-for chance. Lumsden of the Guides had the exceptional ill-luck of being out of that memorable struggle. That was his misfortune and a mere incident. But about that time, or somewhat before it, Henry Lawrence, a simple captain of artillery, had superseded the old lion Ranjit Sing, as virtual Regent of the troubled Punjab: Lieutenant Edwardes had marched his levies of fierce tribesmen to lay siege to Mooltan, and he held his own till succour reached him, between the fighting garrison and his faithless allies: and Lumsden, another lieutenant of but a few years' standing, was leading an army

of Sikhs into the Highlands of Hazara, and figuring, as he wrote to his father, as a major-general. In fact, that north-western frontier has been the British Algeria, and we may fairly say that it has been more prolific of brilliant soldiers and administrators than the French training-field. In former days there had been fighting enough elsewhere, when the warlike Mahrattas and Rohillas and the robber Pindarees had been put down by the strong hand. The names of Clive and Coote, of Lord Lake of Liswari and Colonel Wellesley, will always be associated with the grand achievements, when the Mogul Emperors became the pensioners of a trading company, when the French were expelled, and the Deccan was subjugated. But these days of stirring action had been succeeded by times of peace. In dull cantonments all over the three presidencies, regiments had stagnated in idleness under the dreary system of promotion by seniority. There were grizzled lieutenants and grey-headed captains, sickened of the service through no fault of their own. The placid old colonels believed fondly in the sepoys whom they had treated like over-indulged children, but who had never followed them in war. The Mutiny came to clear the air like a thunder-clap, and India might have been lost before reinforcements could be hurried up, had it not been for the breath of vigour from the north-west, when the Warders of the wild marches came down to the rescue with the men who had been fighting them gallantly the day before.

We know no better description of the school in which they had served, of the ground on which Lumsden did such distinguished service, than is to be found in a spirited article on his *Guides*, contributed to 'Maga' in May 1897. The writer was an Indian soldier who knew well what he was writing about. Speaking of the state of the Punjab fifty years ago, he says:—

"Scattered through all the villages were the remnants of the armies of the Khalsa, which had measured their strength with ours so valiantly at Firozshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon. And more difficult perhaps to deal with were the tribes of the wild hill country north of the Indus, who acknowledged allegiance neither to the rulers of Kabul nor to those of Lahore, and whose only fixed purpose was to plunder and ravage the fertile country in their vicinity whenever opportunity offered. Beyond them again were the mountains of Afghanistan, whose ruler, the redoubtable Dost Muhammad, did not fail to remember the fateful struggle of but seven years before. . . . Thus it was that no mandate from Kabul could be looked for, even supposing it would have availed, to hinder the Pathans of the border from periodical depredations into the plains."

And though it may be anticipating, we may add his comment on Lumsden's death, "For years his name was a household word on the Peshawar border, and his death brought grief to many a gallant old Pathan soldier."

Yes; those are the men who have given us India and held it. The literature of the Life is becoming a craze, and with a self-respecting man of any notoriety the autobiography offers the only assurance of safety. But in the multiplica-

tion of books of the kind, there is a class which commands an immediate success, and deserves to survive as contributing to history. Conspicuous among these works of romantic interest and lasting value are the memoirs of the fighting and organising Anglo-Indians. We have had lately the lives of the Lawrences, of Sir Bartle Frere, of Edwardes, of Nicholson, Hodson, and many others. Necessarily, they are chiefly based on the letters and diaries of their distinguished subjects. Necessarily, also, they constantly interlace, so as to give opportunities for testing facts by comparison. What strikes us first is their entire credibility. If they tend to misunderstanding in any respect, it is in the writer's depreciation of his own merits and services. The dashing soldiers, greedy of glory, seem never to have grudged the honours of a comrade. In striking contrast to the conduct of the French marshals in the Peninsula, the first idea of each responsible man was to do his utmost for the common cause and lend help to a menaced friend. Between treacherous Pathan and turbulent Sikh, we should never have held our own through the dark days of the Mutiny had it not been for that strong bond of brotherhood, and the common loyalty which was never misplaced or betrayed. It was the grief of Lumsden's life that he did not command his *Guides* before Delhi. But no one appreciated with more cordial sympathy the gallant leading of Daly, who replaced him and won the laurels that

might have been his own. Holding the honourable command of the Hyderabad Contingent, he still looks longingly to the coveted post on the Punjab frontier which is filled by Neville Chamberlain. Nothing can be more cordially genial than the affected grumble at Chamberlain's iron health. These men serve their time and come home, and, paradoxical as it may appear, we think it eminently gratifying, from the public point of view, that they are received among us with ingratitude or indifference. One or two of the most fortunate find places on the Indian Council. The majority are mixed up with the undistinguished mob of judges and generals, bishops, admirals, and ex-cabinet ministers who frequent the confronting clubs looking out on the Duke of York's Column. The satraps of provinces, the men who have merited the Victoria Cross again and again, by heroic deeds which would have lived in old ballad and legend, sit down to their modest luncheons unregarded, or settle like Lumsden in their ancestral homes to shoot their coverts and be outvoted in Parish Councils. For the empire with the world is ever on the move, and new men are never found wanting.

The Lumsdens, like the Lawrences, the Pollocks, and the Battyases, are of the fighting families, inseparably associated with the North-Western wars. The chief charm of this biography is in the frank letters to the old father, who, having led a similarly adventurous life in the same stirring and picturesque scenes, could under-

stand and sympathise with his chivalrous son. There is a striking portrait of Sir Harry in his latter years, with the broad muscular chest and massive limbs that must have sorely taxed the wiry little Pathan horses, with the genial but determined face, stamped with the sign-mark of the born leader. The figure and the face alike strongly remind us of his father. Colonel Lumsden of the Bengal Artillery showed he was no common man by crossing Asia homewards by what was literally the Overland Route, which had seldom been traversed except by professional travellers. Of course his boys were bred to the Indian service. Harry, the eldest, was born at sea, and in a storm, in 1821. It was in 1838 the youth got his commission and had the good fortune to be gazetted to the 59th Bengal Native Infantry. The regiment was then commanded by Colonel G. A. Moore, who prided himself with reason on the number of distinguished officers the regiment had given to the service; and the adjutant was Lieutenant Blackwood—the "Major" of so many of Mrs Oliphant's kindly reminiscences. Colonel Moore, though a strict disciplinarian, was amazingly popular. And no wonder, for it was his honourable boast, when all Anglo-Indians were hospitable, almost beyond their means, that he kept the best table and the best cook in India. In Harry Lumsden's time a man in health had to serve ten years before being entitled to furlough. Moore was perhaps an exceptional type of the staunch

old military school. He served for over fifty years without coming home at all. Lumsden passed four years with the 59th, so he had opportunity to profit by his colonel's and adjutant's teaching. But his father, who knew his passion for field-sports, had pressed on him the importance of studying languages. His self-restraint and perseverance remind us of the griffin Richard Burton in identical circumstances, and he seems to have had a somewhat similar gift of tongues. He studied and he shot, and was known in the regiment by the *sobriquet* of "Joe," which says all that need be said in his favour.

His assiduity brought speedy and unexpected reward, when he was appointed interpreter to the 33rd Native Infantry, then under orders for Peshawar to join Pollock on his march into Afghanistan. Doubtless interest may have given him that gratifying start, for his father was an old friend of Henry Lawrence, who always afterwards kept an eye on the promising young officer. But from the first he attracted the attention of his chiefs. He was under fire on the advance with Pollock, but his first report of fighting comes from the camp at Gandamak, whither the army had returned from Cabul. It is written in high spirits, and is very characteristic: "We gave the Affghans a great mauling, not giving them time to carry off their dead and wounded." Young Lumsden had taken the lead and the direction in storming some sangurs, and had been highly commended on the field by his colonel. "Was not that

something to make your first-born hold up his head?" Soon afterwards there was an incident which shows at once the unsettled state of the frontier districts and the magical influence exercised on Orientals in their most excited moods by the men they have learned to fear and respect. Lumsden with a comrade had gone on a shooting expedition. They were mobbed, and would have been murdered by a crowd of villagers had it not been for the presence of mind of a faithful groom. When the rioters heard that he had ridden off to Ferozepore to fetch Lawrence, not only was the tumult calmed at once, but they were lavish of apologies and presents. The name of the great Marchman had acted like a spell, and soon afterwards he appeared himself at the head of a handful of his troopers, to parade the tribesmen, who were all servility, and single out subjects for punishment.

Next we see the lieutenant figuring "in the political line" at Lahore. He had been summoned to exchange the camp for the Court, and to meet the Chief Commissioner, Sir John Lawrence. Attending the *Durbars*, he shows a clever knack of portrait-painting in sketching Lal Sing, prime minister and paramour of the Maharani, who, in fact, had been playing for years at Lahore the part of Godoy, Prince of the Peace in the Peninsula. "I have seldom seen a better-looking man. He is, I should say, about thirty years of age, strongly built, tall, and very soldier-like, though as cunning as a fox; talks in a bland, kind tone which would

lead any one who did not know him to suppose that he could not hurt a fly, though he would as soon slit a man's windpipe as look at him." Like Godoy, Lal Sing went in terror of his life, and only felt himself safe under protection of the foreign bayonets. Two years later, Lumsden again presented himself to the Maharani, under circumstances at least as perilous as any leading a forlorn-hope. He and his subaltern Hodson were charged with the duty of securing that lady by courtesy or force, and carrying her off from a hot-bed of intrigue and a host of armed followers. They were only backed by a few of the Guides and the prestige of the conquering British power. As in so many similar cases, the result was a toss-up: as it chanced, the Maharani consented to go quietly.

That, however, is again anticipating; and the two intervening years, as was invariably the case in those parts at that time, had been replete with action. In the first place, Lumsden had accompanied the force which gave Gulab Singh his new kingdom of Cashmere. Then, as Henry Lawrence said, half-a-dozen foreign soldiers led a lately subdued, mutinous army through as difficult a country as there is in the world to put the chief they regarded as a rebel in possession of their fairest province. Secondly, Lumsden himself had marched into the Hazara country with his 3000 Sikhs in that campaign to which we have alluded. How well he justified the confidence of his superiors, two incidents may suffice to

show. On one occasion he passed his men across a river, in face of a formidable force of the enemy, with but a single boat at his disposal. The circumstances were almost identical with those in which Wellington surprised Soult at Oporto; and in the same way Lumsden made a *tête de pont*—though bridge there was none—of a caravanseraï, which gave cover to each boatful of men as they landed. On the other occasion he drove the tribesmen from an almost impregnable position by an ingenious device, which sounds like a schoolboy's prank, but which was eminently successful. He sent out a solitary bugler to crown the heights behind, and bribed three shepherds to accompany him, carrying powder-pots and fuses. The bugle sounded, the powder exploded, and the hillmen, believing in demons, bolted to a man. "We in camp were too much convulsed with merriment to attempt to follow."

Thirdly, in the same letter which dismisses cursorily the operations in an anxious campaign in which the forces and the casualties were far greater than in many of those little wars which have engrossed national attention, there is the first mention of the famous corps with which his name was to be associated. Lawrence, as usual, had laid his hand on the right man, and Lumsden threw himself heart and soul into the business, with the high hopes and calm confidence which went far to justify themselves. "I have just been nominated to raise the corps of Guides. It

will be the finest appointment in the country, being the right hand of the army and the left of the political. I am to have the making of this new regiment all to myself. The arming and dressing is to be according to my own fancy. I consider it as good as a majority and C.B.-ship to any man in the first campaign he may get into." The Guides were to be not only the hand of the army, but its eyes. Guides they literally were — scouts, skirmishers, and intelligencers. They were thrown out as *enfants perdus*, in advance alike of irregular horse and undisciplined allies. When a column moved into the mountains, the Guides headed the advance; when it fell back after the conflagration had been got under, Lumsden and his men were always left behind to look after the smouldering embers. The system of recruiting reminds us of the familiar proverb of setting a thief to catch a thief. The original members of the corps were some horse and foot, "chiefly down-country men and Pathans," whom Lumsden had picked up in the bazaars at Peshawar. With these he was doing rough revenue collection work among recalcitrant Afridis when it struck him that those troublesome villagers might be turned into capital troopers. Recruits were readily found among the sons and relatives of the headmen. The service seems immediately to have become so popular, that the difficulty was to pick and choose. Elsewhere it might have been a serious objection that the soldiers of a border

force sent out on punitive expeditions might have to burn and raid their native villages. But family ties sit lightly on the Afridis and their kinsfolk, with whom parricide and fratricide are tribal institutions. It can have been no light task the getting well in hand a mixed gang of unreclaimed ruffians, as bloodthirsty and treacherous as they were undeniably brave. Reprimand might have been resented with a stab, or a day in the cells with a pistol-shot. Their very virtues were akin to vices, and their devotion was apt to be misdirected. Lumsden could tell a good story of a favourite Afridi orderly. Sir John Lawrence had come on a tour of inspection, and as he made a point of looking minutely into everything, had engaged Lumsden for some days over papers. Not unnaturally, Lumsden seemed anxious and abstracted, and his troopers had taken it into their heads that he was being called over the coals. So the orderly, after some expressions of soldierly sympathy, hinted that his chief had only to make a sign, and the Commissioner should never go back to Lahore. It was but a chance that the Afridi did not act without seeking an explanation.

But the methods of our frontier officers in dealing with such men remind us of Rarey with the vicious Cruiser. Pluck, patience, and coolness were indispensable. Courage they must have in a leader; but what they prize even more is the prompt decision, the cool determination in moments of emergency, which commands, or at least deserves,

success. The Guides were not only strangely soon amenable to discipline, but deeply imbued with *esprit de corps*. They had soon learned to stand by each other through thick and thin, and their leader could absolutely rely on their staunchness. In the first year of their enlistment they showed it on a night-march into the hills, when Lumsden ventured to "bluff it" with them. Approaching a village full of fighting men in the dark, he discovered that his Sikh horse had fallen behind, and he had only twenty-five sowars of the Guides. "Fortunately the villagers could not see the strength of our party, and we put them in a horrid fright by keeping our horses clattering round the place and calling on the men to come out and give up their arms." The men did come out, one by one, and as they came they were tied up. "Swagger did the trick," said Lumsden, writing to his father.

A more notable feat of arms was performed before Mooltan in sight of three armies, when the veteran corps had been one year under the colours. Lumsden—it was again his ill-luck not to be there—describes it in his offhand style: "Only think, when I was on duty elsewhere, sixty-six of my men rode slap through and through ten times their number, in the hope of recovering some camels. They did not get the camels, but covered themselves with glory in the presence of the whole army." So brilliant was the exploit that we cannot refrain from quoting the picturesque account by a disinterested

writer in that article in 'Maga' to which we already referred:—

"One instance must suffice of the fearlessness and dash which thus early made the Guides remarkable, and for which they have ever been famous. One August day news was brought hurriedly to the British camp that a party of Mulraj's cavalry had driven off a herd of Government camels which were grazing in the open country some miles away. Lieutenant Lumsden was absent at the moment, but those of the Guides who were in camp (less than seventy horsemen in all) turned out under a gallant chief, Fateh Khan by name, and within a few minutes of the first alarm they were racing across country in the direction taken by the marauders. A gallop of three miles brought the troop suddenly within sight of the enemy, when, instead of a small party as they had expected, they found themselves confronted by the whole of Mulraj's cavalry. . . . No odds were so great as to appal the Guides. Without check or hesitation the gallant little band charged straight at the opposing mass of horsemen, and before the latter had time to face them, they had cut their way right through the midst. Rapidly rallying and wheeling about, they charged back as they had come, through the ranks of the confused and astonished enemy, dealing destruction as they passed. Stupefied by the impetuosity of the attack, the Sikhs still stood irresolute, when . . . once again their dauntless foes bore down upon them. This settled the issue of the combat. . . . The enemy broke and fled, . . . nor did either side draw rein till the walls of Multan gave shelter to the vanquished and checked the career of the pursuers."

As the Guides were for the most part on outpost duty, and their commandant was his own reporter, they sometimes, as he complains, got scant credit for their services. They did a dashing piece of work before the battle of Goojerat, much resembling the affair at Multan

but more important in the consequences. They seized a ford over the Chenab, charging a strong detachment of Sikh horse, when both parties were taken equally by surprise. "Without hesitation we went straight at them and drove the lot helter-skelter through a deep ford." The Guides remained to mount guard over the ford, in face of shifting bodies of the enemy, till ordered up to take their part at Goojerat. Goojerat was an artillery action, and Lumsden's account of it to the old artilleryman at Belhelvie is sharp and telling as rapid gun-fire:—

"A more beautiful sight could not have been on earth than the steady advance of upwards of 100 guns—horse-artillery going to the front at a gallop, and then 'Left about!' 'Action front!' supported by our cavalry: the heavy guns all the time smashing away at the Sikh artillery, and breaking up their masses of infantry and cavalry. Three times did the Sikh infantry form line to advance and charge at our horse-artillery, who coolly watched for them till they came within the range of grape, and gave them a shower of such rain as had never come within the range of their conception. Their lines at first halted, shook backwards and forwards like a field of wheat in a heavy wind, and at last broke and bolted like a flock of wild sheep, the horse-artillery following at a gallop, and keeping up a murderous fire on them for miles. Our cavalry took up the pursuit when the horse-artillery left off, and finished as pretty a day's work as our army in India ever got through."

That is as pretty a piece of brisk military description as we have ever read: there is the terseness and fire of Napier, without the enforced gravity of the historian. But Lumsden was an enthusiast

and born soldier, and if he did not get all the advancement and recognition he deserved, it must be said that it was partly his own choice. He was repeatedly offered political appointments which must have led to honourable and lucrative things. His superiors appreciated him as an administrator and diplomatist as much as a soldier: it was shown, to his lasting regret, when he was most untimeously exiled to Candahar. But he always preferred the saddle to the kutcherry, and we believe he would have sooner been in command of his Guides than Governor-General of India. When the fighting in the Punjab was over, he was discharging the multifarious duties of deputy quartermaster-general, political agent, and captain of the Guides. "You must admit," he writes, "that they are enough for any man's power." He won't serve under the raw civilians who are to be introduced into the new Lahore Government. If he must make election between politics and soldiering, there can be no doubt as to the choice. But his idea is, after having done good work, to retire in time on his well-earned laurels. His heart is always in Aberdeenshire, his thoughts turn to Deeside and the salmon: he owns to feeling home-sick and longing for his furlough: "My only desire now is to be quiet for two years, save enough to take me home and allow me to see all my friends once more: I shall try to pick up a good sort of young wife who

will look after the cash while I make it, and enable me to cut John Company by the time I am entitled to a pension. I would not give a rap to go home after all my old friends have gone the way of all flesh, and find myself a stranger in my own country." He writes in another letter to his mother that he does not care to pit himself against the young civilians who have had regular training. If even Edwardes trips now and again—and he is one of the cleverest men in India with the pen—what chance could he have? "On the other hand," as he says with justifiable pride, "at the head of the Guides, I have three fine young officers under me, with 300 sabres and 600 rifles. I rather flatter myself there are not many men in the army who can cut me out, and I have work to do which must sooner or later lead to distinction."

The next few years may be lightly passed over, though full of events which would have been noteworthy in a less adventurous life. He combined military and political duties at Peshawar, whence his Guides patrolled the neighbouring hills, bringing marauding Afridis to justice. He served and fought under Sir Colin Campbell, having many intimate conversations with the gallant veteran, whom he heartily admired. He met Lord Dalhousie, and was consulted as to the defences of the frontier and the policy to be pursued with the crafty Amir of Afghanistan. If he cared for praise, he had more than enough of it, and from the

highest quarters. This passage occurs in an official despatch: "No task could be more agreeable to the Governor-General than to record his very cordial concurrence in the approbation which his Excellency and Sir Colin Campbell have so warmly bestowed on Lieutenant Lumsden. A braver or a better soldier never drew a sword. The Governor-General places unbounded confidence in him." For, thanks to routine, when at last he took his furlough and came home to rest his aching eyes on the green links and grey sands of Belhelvie, Lumsden was still officially a lieutenant. It was a wrench to take leave of his Guides, for taking furlough involved resignation; but before his return Lord Dalhousie had written, with warm expressions of satisfaction, to intimate that he would be reinstated.

The high regard in which he was held for daring sagacity and general adaptability turned against him at a turning-point of his career. Nothing could seem more flattering than the appointment to the Candahar mission, in anxious times and most difficult circumstances. There might be trouble brooding beyond the Khyber, but in India all seemed abnormally tranquil. In no quarter was there any foreboding of the storm which should have brought Lumsden fresh fame, or given him, like some of his near kinsmen, a glorious death. Meantime the diplomatic duties with which he was charged were likely to try his temper and sterling qualities to the utmost. Cabul and Candahar,

although at peace for the moment, were paved with explosives. Dost Mahomed, who had put down rebellion with the strong hand, and recently conquered Candahar, although the ally and pensioner of England, was no friend at heart to the infidels. He held Cabul firmly with his troops and tribesmen, as his strong garrison in Candahar was commanded by the heir-apparent. But everywhere was sullen discontent: among his most dangerous foes were the men of his own family; the Persians were besieging Herat, and there was fighting in Balkh beyond the northern ranges. Everywhere on the march from the Indus to Candahar, the mission was met with tumultuous demonstrations of hostility. When it entered the city, with but a few of the faithful Guides, and escorted by doubtful Afghans, it might well have anticipated the fate of Cavagnari. The dull months dragged painfully on in an atmosphere of unfriendly suspicion. The heir-apparent was civil but mistrustful; the Englishmen could never ride beyond the walls without armed attendants, who were really on guard. Surrounded by spies, they were prisoners at large. But it was when news of the Mutiny reached Cabul that their troubles began. Everywhere they saw sour looks and savage faces. The citizens, already reduced by famine and pestilence to the extremity of misery, were fired by fanatical preachers. The heir was still tolerably friendly; but only one of his Afghan regiments could be depended on. Even the Amir

vacillated from time to time; under pressure of the mullahs, proposals were mooted in his privy council of proclaiming a religious war and sweeping down through the passes on the Punjab. There were but two considerations which, as Lumsden felt, held him to his alliance with us—the regular payment of his pension, and his belief in the English power. His faith in both was sorely shaken, when the back-flow of the first English successes was brought to a check, and the defence of Delhi was prolonged. Edwardes corresponded regularly with Lumsden, though occasionally the letters were delayed through anxious days and weeks. It is a strong thing to say, but perhaps no men hung more anxiously on the slow course of operations than our envoys isolated in Candahar. The fate of the mission and the attitude of the Afghan Amir depended upon that hazardous assault which was urged on the hesitating Commander-in-Chief by the soldiers who had come to his help from the Punjab. The Lumsdens may have thought lightly of their own lives, but they cared much for the success of their mission. With the fall of Delhi the tension relaxed.

And there is another side to these pregnant letters from Edwardes, and it is strangely pathetic from the personal point of view. Edwardes was in the thick of the danger and excitement; he could afford to write humorously of the most serious incidents, though his tone is sad enough when he has to record the fall of their friends.

Lumsden read the letters with his hands crossed, condemned to an inaction which was gnawing at his heart. We can conceive the feelings with which he heard of the feats of the Guides, of the noble deaths of his old comrades, and all the time he was tantalised by idle hopes of the arrival of letters of recall. Reinforcements poured in; the mutineers were routed everywhere, and the lingering hope that he might be in time for the crisis of the struggle had at last to be resigned. Still he was living the life of monotonous dullness, tempered by constant anxieties and incessant alarms. In the fury of baulked fanaticism, it might be his ignominious end to be butchered by a mob of Afghan rioters. The great struggle had been decided at last, when he received a friendly and stinging letter from Edwardes. It is dated from Peshawar, the 23rd January: "The Guides are coming in here in a few days, and I have a dinner-party of forty-eight in honour of the officers! No slight undertaking at the close of an exhausting crisis. . . . The tales are endless. It is like the return of the Crusaders." Probably Lumsden was as free from envy as any man, but again, we say, fancy his feelings!

At length the long-expected order for withdrawal came. The Candahar mission had done excellent work: Lumsden's personal influence with the Amir and his profound knowledge of native character had been invaluable. But such service was not of a sort to excite enthu-

siasm in the din of a deadly life-battle and the blare of triumphant jubilation. It was recognised, but not recompensed; and when promotions and decorations were being deservedly scattered broadcast, he received no mark of military honour. He went back to his Guides, and there was a warm welcome and an affecting meeting, for he missed many a well-known figure from the ranks. The opportunity for high distinction had gone by, but the border warfare went forward as before. In the Waziri expedition of 1860 there was a thrilling episode, when swarms of the Waziris surprised the pickets and rushed the camp:—

"You may fancy how sudden the attack was when I mention that I was sleeping with all my clothes on, and before I could put on my sword, the Waziris were in camp. Out of a picket of a Havildar, a Naick, and eight Sepoys of my corps, both the non-commissioned officers and six men were killed, and the other two left for dead at their post. We killed the chief of the men and most of his bravest men who followed him into camp, and have, I think, taught these gentlemen a lesson they will understand, and that is, that even in the best of circumstances, they have not a chance against disciplined troops."

That closes Lumsden's connection with the North-Western marches, and afterwards anything in this military romance or romantic memoir is something like bathos. In 1862 he was transferred to the command of the Hyderabad Contingent. Announcing it to his father, he says, in a passage already referred to: "I can only hold the appointment for five years; but as that glorious fellow Neville Chamberlain is as hard as nails,

and may possibly be still at the head of the Punjab Frontier Force when I am dead and gone, it is no use, however much I may regret leaving this frontier, where I have spent the best part of my life, to wait for his shoes." His sojourn in the Deccan was quiet by comparison. He found congenial friends in Sir George Yule, the Resident, and in the great Minister, Sir Salar Jung, who was full of anecdote of the old lawless days when the land was ravaged by Rohilla and Pindari. He could indulge his predilections for sport, and was sorely mauled by a leopard. He found the Contingent in a satisfactory state: the men were well mounted, recruited from warlike races, and in many of the troopers he might recognise Pathan acquaintances. The one flaw was that the native officers were over head and ears in debt to the usurers. He gave another proof of his administrative gifts and force of character when in resigning he could curtly record: "Found the Contingent in debt and left it clear."

He came home in 1869, after assisting, by special invitation from Lord Mayo, at that grand Umballa Durbar for which Lord Roberts made the elaborate arrangements, as we learn from his 'Recollections.' Lumsden came home "on leave" because he had no prospect of immediate employment, but he fully intended and hoped to go back. He was never given the opportunity. He had come home while still in the full vigour of his powers of mind and body; martial ambition was not dead but only sleeping, and it is impossible to

read without indignant sympathy a touching paragraph in his brother's narrative:—

"Time was now passing by, and hope deferred of seeing further employment in the East had its result on Sir Harry, who used to say in the humblest manner, 'I cannot complain, for I have had my share of luck, but kings apparently have arisen in the East who know not Joseph.'"

Sir Peter adds:—

"Thus the soldier, to whose bearing on many critical emergencies the highest testimony had been borne, and of whom a Governor-General of India had recorded, 'A better or braver soldier never drew the sword,' retired, having received no mark of military honour beyond the medals on his breast. His decorations were granted for political services in employment he never sought for, and which his duty to the State alone induced him to accept."

Some would have called him a disappointed man, yet it may be doubted whether his end was not as enviable as his career had been distinguished. He had the inestimable blessing of a contented spirit. He had won honour enough, as he knew, to satisfy the most insatiate; and he died, as he had wished to die, in the old familiar scenes, beloved by his neighbours and adored by his dependents. We cannot end our notice of the Life without a word of complaint against the authors. Sir Peter Lumsden says little or nothing of himself, though we find "The Lumsdens" constantly coupled in the despatches, diaries, and letters, in which Mr Elmslie also is frequently mentioned, and always in honourable terms. Self-suppression may be carried to excess.

THE CASE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

ONCE more the unexpected has happened, and the Americans have found that their "plundering raid," as the Germans, virtuous for others if not over-scrupulous for themselves, have described the late war of liberation, has brought them serious trouble, just where none might have been considered as antecedently probable. They have vanquished Spain easily. Porto Rico has welcomed them. Cuba promises to settle down quietly as their obedient pupil, which is perhaps a proof that its previous unrest was at least partly their work. But in the remote Philippines they have a war on hand, and it is one which they will hardly end either quickly or without serious sacrifices. Moreover, it has brought them into relations with other Powers such as no American would have thought desirable—or if he did he would have shrunk from stating his opinion—five years ago. It is a very strange war, carried on in a little known country, in conditions which are obscure, and for an end which it is very difficult to foresee. As usually happens in this writing age so soon as anything is stirring, books begin to accumulate, be the scene of the events ever so remote. There has always been an intelligent witness everywhere, and he speaks when he thinks the world will listen. We may mention four, three English and one Spanish, and from them it is possible to form, if not

an estimate of what will happen, at least some idea as to what has taken place and why. They are of different degrees of value. Major Younghusband's, 'The Philippines and Round About,' is, to be exact, the swift work of a globe-trotter, an open-eyed and alert globe-trotter, but yet of one who, by the nature of things, pays a passing visit, looks at the outside, and goes away. Mr Forman's 'Philippine Islands' was already a "standard authority"; but his second edition has been enriched by details of the Tagalo Rebellion, which is the real cause of the loss of the islands by Spain. Mr Worcester's very readable volume is a record of the prolonged journeys of a naturalist, who has an eye for men as well as beasts, who knows the languages, and has that interest in, and understanding of, political matters which is rarely quite wanting in any American. Yet for the immediate purpose the most interesting of the four is the account of 'The Campaign in the Philippines in 1897,' by the Spanish Colonel Don Federico de Monteverde, who served through it on the staff of General Lachambre, second in command to General Polavieja, and leader of the division on which the bulk of the work fell.

The style of Don F. Monteverde is not ours. He is sadly addicted to what he calls brief reflections, which are in fact

examples of the Castilian vice of twaddle. He rises to lyric heights of praise when speaking of his commander-in-chief General Polavieja, and his immediate superior General Lachambre. Perhaps these passages do something to explain the publication of this large, well-printed, and copiously illustrated volume. Polavieja is now a conspicuous political leader in Spain, and Lachambre is his supporter. The Marquesa de Polavieja is understood to be wealthy, and has therefore the means of letting the world know how brilliantly her husband vindicated Spanish authority in 1897. The deduction which the reader is at liberty to draw is too obvious to need naming. Again, Colonel Monteverde writes of his enemy, the Filipino rebels, with a fury of hate which overflows in abusive epithets. It rejoices him to tell how the keen bayonet of the Spanish soldiers smote down the "vile faces," *alevosas caras*, and the worthless bodies, *ruines cuerpos*, of the rebels. In common justice, we must remember that the Filipinos were guilty of excesses towards Spanish women, and children, and priests, very similar to those which threw our countrymen in India into paroxysms of rage in 1857. Mr Forman, who is not the enemy of the natives, tells one abominable story of outrage which goes far to explain the savage anger of the Spaniards. Still, allowance must be made for the Colonel's partisanship and partialities. When, however, it is made, much remains. Colonel Monteverde is plainly a

soldier who has studied his profession, who knows Moltke and Frederick, can quote the maxims of great captains, and look critically into "the causes of success and defeat." Apart from this scientific soldiering, he gives a view of the Spanish side of the struggle during one period, a careful account of the Filipino organisation and method of fighting, and of the country. From that, and in the absence of good reports from Manila, we can form a picture of what kind of war it is the Americans have on hand. Mr Forman and Mr Worcester help to supply the background, or general conditions. Of these Colonel Monteverde says just enough to show that he would be an untrustworthy witness.

No words need be wasted in proving that the corrupt administration of Spanish officials had much to do with the rebellion. The administration of Spain is corrupt everywhere, at home and abroad. Mr Forman tells how one governor, who has since gained a reputation for cruelty in another colony (he might as well have named General Weyler at once), pilfered so largely that he at last found it hard to transmit his money home in secret. So he sent an officer to Hong Kong with 35,000 dollars of his booty, to buy a draft on Europe. The agent disappeared with the money. If the accidents of life bring the two men together, the meeting might be curious. This may, or may not, be exactly true, but it is probable, and it gives the whole farce-tragedy of

Spain's colonial failure in a nutshell. But their collapse in the Philippines is not only shameful to the civil and military officers of Spain. It is unspeakably discreditable to their clergy, and through them to the Church of Rome. One fact dominates the whole history of the Spaniards in the Philippines. It is that they made good their footing by the help of the preaching friars, and have held it by their exertions. The early Spanish conquerors, Legazpi and others, were men of the stamp of the Pizarros and Almagro, daring adventurers in search of a quick fortune to be gained by the sword. To find an Inca, and to plunder him, was their ideal. They were hardly landed in the Philippines before one of them was petitioning for the king's leave to set out for the conquest of China, which he would, no doubt, have been prepared to attempt with 150 men and 20 harquebusses. There never was any real settlement, and if Spanish rule was accepted, the friars are chiefly entitled to the credit. We must not exaggerate the extent of their dominion, nor the ease with which it has been held. Much even of the great northern island of Luzon, on which Manila stands, has never been properly brought under control. The lesser islands to the south have been touched later, even less effectually and sometimes not at all. Rebellions have been common, and occasionally successful in securing local independence. Some of the very mixed races of the archipelago

are free savages now as they were in the sixteenth century—the Negritos, who are a remnant of the aborigines, a small negroid and withering race, incapable of civilisation. The Igarrotes and other tribes, even in Luzon, are practically free in the mountain and bush. In the most southerly islands, the mixed Malay race, called by the Spaniards Moors, who are corrupt Mohammedans, have never been tamed. The real possessions of the ruling Power have always been in the island of Luzon in the tobacco-growing valleys of the country to the north of Manila, and the rich land of the provinces of Cavite, Laguna, and Bulacan to the south. Malay piracy was rampant among all the islands till it was stopped, less by the exertions of the Spaniards than by the invention of steam. "James Watt killed piracy." But such as the Spanish dominion has been it has been the work of the friar rather than of the soldier. When in the early seventeenth century the Council of Castile would have resigned the islands to the Dutch, it was the Jesuits who caused the idea to be given up, and it was they who provided for the defence of Manila. Again, when we took the town at the end of the Seven Years' War, the friars supported one Simon Anda, a Spaniard, who with a native following played against us the game which Aguinaldo is now carrying on against the Americans.

As the friars had to win in the first place by persuasion, their victory may be allowed

to be to their honour. Of the early missionaries, many were no doubt among the martyrs whose blood is the seed of the Church. But the time of enthusiasm passed away, leaving behind it a number of Orders which have come to regard the Philippines as their property. They have secured the right to hold all the parish priestships, and their effectual power became so great that no Spanish Governor could afford to defy them. A single fact will suffice to judge the use the Orders have made of their power. When the first sign of trouble among the Tagalo population in 1872 came, it took the form of a conspiracy, not against the Spanish Government, nor even against the Church, but against the friars. The Tagalos are the bulk of the settled inhabitants of Luzon, and are much mixed with the Chinese. The agitators who laid the so-called conspiracy of Cavite in that year meant to ask that the parish cures should be held by secular priests, whether native or Spanish, but not by the regulars. There are native friars, but they are wholly subject to the European friars, who employ them solely as curates, and have no scruple, if Mr Forman is correctly informed, in visiting them with corporal punishment. Now, these friars have had the whole education of the people and the formation of its character in their hands for centuries, and the end is that they have got themselves hated with an extreme hatred. In itself that

is a confession of failure. It is no palliation to insist, as our Spanish authority, Colonel Monteverde, does, on the brutal character of the Tagalos. If they deserve his censure, they are at any rate a standing proof of the incapacity of their teachers. When we ask why the friars, Dominican, Augustinian, and Recollects, have become objects of hatred, the answer given by English and American witnesses is, firstly, because the individuals are immoral; and, secondly, because the Order is greedy. Mr Worcester quotes an example of a Spanish soldier who became a friar simply because he wished to lead an idle sensual life in a climate which suited him. Mr Forman speaks of many uncleanly lives among the regulars to his knowledge. But this laxity of life, even if we believe that the friars used their power to indulge their passions, might not have aroused hatred in a people whose own habits are sufficiently lax. It is rather the restless greed of the Order, which had its headquarters in Spain, which has no conscience, which looks upon the steady pursuit of its corporate profit as a virtue, which never forgets, or forgives, or rests till it has secured its purpose by force or by intrigue, which has ended by becoming intolerable. Mr Forman tells us that when the Spanish Government proposed a few years ago to introduce its own excellent system of land registration into the Philippines, the friars offered an obstinate and successful

resistance, not because they feared to lose what they held, but because they thought that a settlement of titles would put a stop to their power of expansion at the expense of lay owners. As it was, no man who opposed them could be sure that he would not be robbed by the chicanery of the judges, who were bribed or overawed by the friars. In short, the Orders were hated in the Philippines for much those reasons which brought about the revolt of Protestant Europe in the sixteenth century—or for that matter, the violent attack made upon them in Catholic Spain itself little more than half a century ago. Where it has the power, the Church of Rome never fails to show that it has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing.

If such power as this was to last, it ought to have been carefully excluded from all outside influence. This was impossible, partly because of the action of the Spanish Government itself. Revolutions at home had some effect even on this remote colony. The power of the religious Orders had been limited in theory. If it was little reduced in practice, the reason is to be found in the constant intrigues of the chiefs of the Orders at Madrid. Yet it was being steadily undermined. Bad as the administration was, it did not prevent native Filipinos from acquiring wealth by trade. They sought to secure education for their sons, and found it in the Jesuit school at Manila. The Society has never recovered the vast estates it held before it was suppressed

in the last century, but since its reconstruction it has been allowed to reopen its schools. Mr Worcester speaks of the Jesuits as the most educated men he met in the Philippines. Perhaps because they do not own land they have escaped sharing the unpopularity of other Orders. The Spanish Government has encouraged, or even compelled, its colonists to send their sons to the university at Madrid, in the hope that they would be trained into sound sentiments. As a matter of fact, the result was to bring them into contact with modern "Liberalism." The young Filipinos who came to Madrid in search of a diploma as doctor or lawyer not infrequently wandered on to Paris and Brussels. Colonel Monteverde says, and no doubt with truth, that they took their models everywhere from the men who "were discontented with the government under which they lived." We can believe him, for we know the educated baboo. Of course these civilised Filipinos came back with their heads full of Liberalism, and of vague aspirations after "rights" which were perfectly incompatible with "the government under which they lived." An example of this class was the José Rizal, a pupil of the Jesuits, an M.D. of Madrid, a student at Paris and Brussels, and also an oculist of some reputation, who was finally shot by the Spaniards. Just when the ground had been well prepared in this fashion, came the Spanish revolution of 1868. The amazingly feather-headed persons whom it brought to the

helm at Madrid thought fit to permit the meeting of a "reforming assembly" at Manila. Of course this body had nothing more pressing to do than to set about reforming the Spanish administration out of existence. A trifling knowledge of the histories of revolutions will enable any reader to tell the rest of the story for himself. The friars were angered, and Government frightened at the fire it had raised in the heather. There was reaction, suppression, and coercion—and there was also hidden discontent and secret agitation. It would seem, however, that the Filipinos were not as yet resolute or prepared. The futile conspiracy of 1872 was easily stopped, and rather more than twenty years passed before anything dangerous happened. During that last interval of peaceful corruption Spanish governors robbed and their subordinates pilfered as before; a swarm of legal officials hampered all industry, to the injury of their own countrymen engaged in trade, as well as the natives. The religious Orders were restless, possessed with a fear of "Fracmasones," Freemasons, and therefore ever more severe in exercising their authority. The Spanish Government, with all the foresight it displayed in Cuba, allowed its garrison to sink to fifteen hundred men. This handful of white troops, and a few thousand native soldiers, formed all the force it had to control seven or eight millions of discontented subjects ripening for rebellion.

The friars were so far right that there was a secret society,

the Katipunan, or League. This organisation was probably imitated less from the Freemasons, Carbonari, or any other European body known to the educated Filipinos, than from the familiar Chinese model. In the matter of secret societies the Chinamen who swarm at Manila have nothing to learn from anybody. The Katipunan included all ranks—and not a few of the native troops. Its members made an incision on the leg, and signed with their blood. The scar was the mark of the brotherhood. During the years preceding the outbreak of the rebellion in 1896 the Katipunan had practically organised an unseen army. It was divided into districts and sub-districts, each with its own chief. There was a regular hierarchy of leaders, and a head centre. Nothing was wanting but an opportunity, and that was supplied when the vices of Spanish administration allowed the rebellion in Cuba to become formidable. Then the Filipinos saw their opportunity. Mr Forman says that they sent a numerously signed petition to the Mikado, and that the Japanese Government communicated it, names and all, to the Spaniards. One may entertain some doubt how far this story is well founded, and yet it is perfectly consistent with Spanish methods that the doomed Government at Madrid should have had the warning, and still should have taken no effectual measures to meet the danger. Certain it is that when the revolt broke out it found Don Ramon Blanco,

the Captain-General, with 1500 Spanish soldiers and some 6000 native troops, of whom numbers belonged to the Katipunan—and this was all there was to meet a whole population in arms.

With all their weaknesses and vices there is still a foundation of manhood in the Spaniards. Therefore, though taken at a terrible disadvantage, by their own fault, they yet stood and fought. It was little they could do except keep their hold on Manila till help came. For once the old saying, *Socorro de España ó tarde llega, ó nunca*, Help from Spain comes late, or never, was falsified. Though terribly hampered by the demands of Cuba, the Spanish Government poured out troops to the number of 26,000 or 27,000. It also sent out a new General—the Don Camilo de Polavieja, who has been already introduced to the readers of 'Maga.' Don Camilo is the very model of that *hombre de pan y palo*, the man with bread and a rod—or in other words, rewards for his friends, and blows for his enemies—who continues to be the Spaniard's true ideal of a governing person. He is a High Churchman, and therefore sure of the support of the friars. Under the direction of Polavieja the neighbourhood of Manila was swept of the rebels by the end of 1896. Then in the dry months, which begin in January and last until June, the new Captain-General carried out the campaign described in the too eloquent but instructive pages of Colonel Monteverde.

The rebels had concentrated in the province of Cavite, on the south side of the bay of Manila. The island of Luzon runs north and south, with a projecting peninsula, or rather bunch of peninsulas, at the south-eastern corner. Manila lies on the western side, near the southern end. Here the land is narrowed by the great sweep of the bay. In the centre of this narrow part, and south-west of the capital, is the large Laguna de Bay, or Lake Bay. The space between the lake and the western sea is the province of Cavite. The border on the south is a range of hills running east and west, which separate Cavite from the province of Batangas. From these hills the land slopes gradually down to the north till it sinks into the bay of Manila. This cockpit, of some forty kilometres from north to south, and forty-four from east to west, was the scene of the campaign of 1897 and of much of the late fighting imposed on the Americans. It seems a small space for an irregular force which has to face disciplined troops; but the difficulty of a country is not in proportion to its size. Cavite is harder to overrun than hundreds of miles of open desert. The rainy season—from June till near the end of the year—turns the soil into a full sponge. Innumerable streams rise in the southern hills of Tagaytay and run to the bay of Manila. In the rains they cut deep courses, which in the dry season become what the Spaniards call *barrancas*—sandy river-beds

with steep banks. Though the religious Orders have some of their best estates in Cavite, the province is yet full of wood, bush, and patches of reed. These *montes, cogonales*, and *cañiverales* supply ample cover to the Tagalos, and afford the material for stockades. Wet as the province is in the rainy season, there is often a difficulty in finding water—particularly for large bodies of men—in the dry months.

A country of this character presents obvious advantages to the side which is fighting to resist invasion, even when it is well supplied with roads and bridges. But from the very nature of Spanish administration there were few of the first and still fewer of the second. The Filipinos, too, were far from being ill supplied with arms. Colonel Monteverde calculates that they possessed some 15,000 good rifles, Remingtons, Springfield, or Berdans. They clearly never wanted for cartridges. Some of these weapons were seized in the stations of the Civil Guard overpowered by the rebels in the early days of the rising; others were brought in by deserters from the native troops. Not a few must have been obtained by smuggling. The Filipinos had no modern ordnance, but endeavoured to supply the want by guns of their own invention called *lantacas*. From Colonel Monteverde's description it would seem that the *lantaca* bears a close resemblance to the once famous Swedish guns of the army of Gustavus Adolphus, which were made of copper and

leather. The inner tube is a piece of iron water-pipe. Bars of metal are laid along it and well fastened on, served, as the sailors would say, with rope, and the whole covered with leather. The breech-piece was made of wood. Rude as these guns are, they can still do damage. Colonel Monteverde describes how one of his comrades, Major Vidal, was blown to pieces by one of them while leading his men to the storm of a stockade. One can believe that, when well charged with slugs and nails, and fired at short range into a storming party, they are capable of scattering a good few wounds.

Necessity has plainly proved herself once more to be the mother of invention, even among the Filipinos. But, indeed, Colonel Monteverde's narrative leaves the impression that these barbarians are by no means so feebly barbarous in their tactics as we might believe them to be when we only knew that they had finally prevailed over the Spaniards. Thanks, no doubt, to the preliminary efforts of the Katipunan, they possessed a regular military organisation. At the head was Emilio Aguinaldo as Generalissimo, with his staff of lieutenants-general, majors-general (in Spanish, *Mariscales de Campo*), brigadiers, and so on. All these officers had their due insignia. In the matter of uniform the Filipinos were indifferent, but their marks of rank were simple and not without decorative merit. On the whole the Filipino measures of defence were not contemptible. Their

villages, usually built by the side of a stream, in one, two, or three long streets joined by lines, were fortified. Lunettes covered the ends, stockades arranged in quincunx were erected to close all openings, and the solid stone churches built by the friars were barricaded and loopholed. In many cases these works were constructed by Filipinos who had been educated as civil engineers. The sections and profiles given by Colonel Monteverde do not look contemptible. Nor was it only round the villages that these works were to be found. Many were erected, and strengthened by abutting rifle-pits and trenches, to stop the roads through the forests. Finally, there was one resource to which the Tagalos might be driven. In order to keep water for irrigation in the dry months, many *presas* or weirs have been constructed on the upper reaches of the rivers in Cavite. It was seriously feared by the Spanish authorities that, if driven to desperation, their enemies would flood the country by opening the sluices.

Colonel Monteverde speaks with more rancour than generosity of the fighting quality of his foes. Their rebellion is to his mind explicable only by a double dose of original sin. Their courage is to his mind founded only on folly, ignorance, superstitions, and an unpardonable hatred of the Spaniard. As for the superstitions of the Tagalos, and all other Filipinos, there can be no question. Colonel Monteverde assures us that in several actions they

were led by a boy who wore wings, and who in their belief bore a charmed life by virtue of an extremely powerful Anting-anting, and the protection of an archangel. Mr Worcester has much to say of the confidence the natives have in these charms, and how impossible it is to remove their belief. They will present you with one of them, and assert that it cannot be damaged by a bullet. When you destroy it with a well-directed shot, they only remark that your Anting-anting is stronger than theirs. Anything, apparently, will do, so long as it is credited with magic powers,—a book, a button, a medal, a fragment of metal, a piece of paper with a few words of gibberish written on it, may all be Anting-antings. Colonel Monteverde gives specimens of this last kind. They are covered with rude drawings of a symbolical religious character, and words of dog Latin. Colonel Monteverde's contempt for these amulets does not sit very gracefully on a Spaniard. The bull-fighters of his own country go into the ring protected by such things. Among the soldiers who served under Colonel Monteverde's orders there must have been many who carried round their necks little medals bearing the picture of the Virgin or some saint, blessed by the priest, and given to them by their mothers in the villages of Castile, of Aragon, and the hillsides of Navarre. And if these things are not Anting-antings, the reason is that this is not the name for them in Castilian.

We cannot follow the Spanish colonel in his minute account of the fighting in the early months of 1897. The general plan of the operations is sufficiently simple. Polavieja himself held the northern part of the province of Cavite, while his lieutenant—Lachambre—in command of the left division of the army, some 13,000 men with artillery, advanced in a succession of turning movements from the shores of the Laguna de Bay on the western side. The object was to drive the Filipinos from their fortified villages in the interior of Cavite and pin them up against the shores of the bay of Manila. It was carried out with a large measure of success. General Lachambre advanced southward from his headquarters at San Domingo with his three brigades, marching on parallel routes through a closely wooded country. They were often out of sight and hearing of one another. Communications had to be kept up by staff-officers, who rode across country by guesswork, or by the compass. An active enemy who could have attacked with reasonable hope of success might have punished the Spaniards severely for thus dividing their forces. But methods which would infallibly spell disaster if tried against a European enemy answer well when put in practice against Orientals. They did in this case. The Filipinos had no idea of what is meant by beating an enemy in detail, and little notion of aggressive movements of any kind. To judge by the telegrams which have come of late

from Manila, they are more bold against the Americans than Colonel Monteverde found them. The only forms of offensive movement they practised were occasional rushes at small outposts, and incessant "sniping" at the Spanish troops on the march and in bivouac. The colonel confesses that this form of worry proved at first a severe trial to the young soldiers who filled the ranks of Lachambre's division. But they soon grew hardened to it, on discovering how badly the Filipinos aimed. After making a large allowance for Colonel Monteverde's natural partiality for his countrymen, we come on the whole to the conclusion that the military quality of the troops engaged in this campaign was nowise inferior to that of the American soldiers who are now fighting in the same region. Indeed, the very good-natured account which Major Younghusband gives of the American soldiers he saw at Manila leaves no very exalted impression of their military qualities. On the whole, it seems at least as fortunate for them as for the Spaniards that the Filipinos, like most Orientals, have an excessive reliance on rifle-pits, trenches, stockades, and loop-holed walls, and that they seem incapable of learning the proper answer to a flank attack.

In this campaign of February and March 1897, the Filipinos certainly acted on a uniform plan. They held the stockades and abattis which they had made across the roads or round their villages till the Spaniards were able to turn their flanks,

and carry the positions by storm after preparing the way by artillery fire. Their local knowledge, and the thickly wooded nature of the country generally, enabled them to escape prolonged pursuit; but this kind of defensive policy can lead to only one result when the assailant is in sufficient numbers, and when his operations are conducted on a combined and intelligent plan. Little by little the Filipinos were driven into a corner. General Lachambre first forced his way south to the mountain of Mataas-na-lupa, and the town of Silang, which he stormed. Then he wheeled to the right, and, having got his enemy on the run, kept him on the run. Meanwhile General Polavieja took care that the Filipinos did not escape to the north—at least, not in an organised body. Many did, no doubt, slip away between the Spanish divisions; but as an army, in any serious sense of the word, the native force ceased to exist. As they were more and more driven to the wall, the resistance of the Filipinos grew fiercer, which is to their honour. At Salitran, one of the later actions of the campaign, where General Zabala was killed, the fighting was desperate. But the storm of Silang, which was one of the earlier actions, was typical of them all. This place is a large village, or small town, formed of three long streets with cross-lanes. It contains a strongly built stone church and convent. The ground about it is much broken, and covered with bush. When the Spaniards, after a number of minor actions on the

way, reached the place, it was full of rebels, who had collected there in great numbers, relying on the natural strength of the position, and the fortifications they had erected all about it. Yet it was stormed with the loss of some seventy or eighty in all to the Spaniards, and of several hundreds to the rebels. The assailants broke in at one end, and took the defenders in flank. Like most Orientals—or indeed like most men till they are taught what to do in such cases—the Filipinos cannot stand being attacked in that fashion, though they will stick stoutly to their barricades against an enemy who comes on in front. The difficulty of the Spaniards was not to beat the Filipinos, but to overcome the natural obstacles of a roadless country (for the want of roads they had of course to thank themselves), the want of water in the dry season, the heat, the bush, and their insufficient local knowledge. It never seems to have suggested itself to Colonel Monteverde that this last deficiency was discreditable to his countrymen. The new-comers from Spain could not be expected to know the paths through the bush and forest. But there was an almost total want of guides, whether Spanish residents or natives. Only one of these last volunteered to serve, and he made it a condition that he should be allowed to disguise himself in a false beard and moustache, and that his name should be concealed. If General Lachambre's division had not accidentally captured two *babae*s or native girls in a wood, they would have had

no local information whatever. As a rule, the inhabitants fled before the Spaniards. A Government must surely have been bad indeed when it has contrived to get itself hated to this extent.

Colonel Monteverde, in the course of his rather misnamed brief reflections, remarks that his countrymen have never failed at each successive stage of their history to display military capacity. A good deal might be said upon that point, but it may be allowed that the campaign of Cavite proves them still able to produce officers who can lead and men who can follow. The instructions of General Polavieja are thorough and workmanlike, including some very sensible remarks on the consequences of using a magazine rifle with indiscreet haste. General Lachambre carried out the orders of his commander-in-chief ably. But the end of this spasm of effectual activity was comically Spanish. General Polavieja was attacked by ophthalmia and compelled to resign, which, however, was an accident such as might have happened to anybody. But the conduct of General Lachambre was most truly Spanish. He came home to enjoy an ovation. As for the Government, it behaved like itself. It came to the conclusion that a few fine words and a little money would complete the pacification of the Philippines. General Primo de Rivera was sent out with orders to make an arrangement on the model of the convention of Zanjón, which wound up the ten years' war in Cuba in 1878—after a fashion. The rebel

leaders were discouraged by defeat, and not unwilling to be bought off. So the treaty of Biacnabató was made, Aguinaldo and some score and a half of others received a sum down, promises of more, and a safe-conduct to Hong-kong. Then the Spanish Government came to the premature conclusion that all was over. It withdrew 7000 of its men, and prepared to settle down once more on its pillow. But all was not over. On the contrary, many minor patriots who had not shared in the benefits of the treaty of Biacnabató took up arms, and began a *guerrillero* warfare. They were persuaded, not absurdly, that rebellion was a quick and not too dangerous method of making a fortune. The wet season soon carried off more men than had been recalled to Spain, and in 1898 the garrison was again overtaxed everywhere. Meanwhile the troubles of the Spaniards had been increased by an untimely exhibition of the most odious side of their character. A blatant ruffian of the name of Comenge, who took upon himself to play the patriot at Manila, went about preaching "energetic measures." In plain words, this meant massacre, and under the stimulus of this ruffian's speeches a mob of volunteers attacked and murdered some Visaya sailors. The Visayas are inhabitants of the islands south of Luzon, which had hitherto remained quiet. It may be that they would have revolted sooner or later in any case; but it is very probable that the report of this massacre hastened the rising.

In any case it occurred, and was accompanied by atrocities of a shocking kind. As the native troops now began to go over to the rebels bodily, and usually after murdering their Spanish officers, the result was that the Spanish rule was soon in utter ruin. The fragments of these ruins were brought to the ground by Admiral Dewey's cannon.

The last struggles of Spain in the Philippines may possess only a historic interest. Yet they do serve to explain the problem which the Americans have undertaken to solve. A good deal of obscurity rests on the transactions which took place between Admiral Dewey and Aguinaldo at Hong-kong. The Filipino case is that the Americans promised them help to secure their independence. The American case is that the Filipinos asked for their protection. It is possible that they did ; but, then, what did Aguinaldo understand by "protection," and did Admiral Dewey exactly define the sense in which he used the term ? There is a good deal of difference between the protection which England gave Spain during the Peninsular War and that which she affords the Nizam of Hyderabad, which again is different from that she gives the Ameer of Afghanistan. The Filipinos would no doubt accept the first freely, and they would probably have no invincible objection to the third. They are fighting because they are threatened by the second. If there be such things as rights and wrongs in the relations of peoples, they have something to say for

themselves. It is true that they had substantially won their independence when America intervened. It is hard that they should be despoiled by their friend.

Right and wrong are out of place in this discussion — as completely as the honour of Lady Teazle in a certain famous conversation with Mr Joseph Surface. The question is whether the Filipinos can vindicate their independence. General Polavieja's campaign, and the operations of the Americans themselves round Manila, show that the work of breaking up and beating back a native army, though arduous from the nature of the country and the climate, is no impossible feat. But the success of the Spaniards in 1897 also shows that the mere breaking up of the native armies near Manila will not end the war. They had recourse to methods of bribery by which they secured a delusive show of peace, but they would not have secured even so much if they had not bought off Aguinaldo for a space. We cannot suppose that America will imitate the mere bribery of the convention of Biacnabató ; but if she does not, and will not resign her attempt to master the islands, then she has assuredly a long series of operations before her on the other side of the coming rainy season. As yet she has touched only a small part of the island of Luzon. The whole has to be mastered. In the other islands there is a marked disinclination to accept her rule. The inhabitants of Panay, for instance, resented

the landing of an American garrison at Iloilo, and that with effect. Therefore we cannot suppose that the resistance to the foreigner is confined to the Tagalo and half Tagalo population around Manila, with their educated leaders whose heads have been turned by European Liberalism. Colonel Monteverde, when giving his account of the native patriots and their principles, says that in addition to the semi-civilised Liberals, there are those who want to go back to their old tribal independence under their own chiefs. At the present moment they enjoy it in fact, and they will not be deprived of it by mere victories over Aguinaldo and other leaders in the neighbourhood of Manila.

The boasted enterprise of the American press does not seem to be equal to sending an intelligent correspondent to Manila. At the same time the Government of the Republic has developed a marked taste for a censorship. Between the want of independent witnesses and official reticence the world is not much better informed than it was in the days of Spanish rule. We hear constant reports of victories, from which hasty commentators draw the premature conclusion that the Filipinos are destroyed. Yet they go on fighting. Their "capital" has been taken till the report of that achievement is becoming a joke in the States. Aguinaldo has undergone eclipse; but his absence, to whatever cause it may be due, appears to make no difference. His successor is prepared to treat, but not yet to surrender.

Meanwhile the American troops suffer severely from heat, and when reduced by this strain will have to face the relaxing influence of the wet season. Perhaps we ought not to attach much importance to stories of grumbling, and of half-mutinous complaints of overwork, such as are said to have been made by the men of the Nebraska regiment. Yet the American volunteers who went out gaily on what they supposed would be an expedition of fun and glory, may well be depressed by a reality so different from their hopes. Neither does it appear that the American people is prepared to send out the 100,000 men which their general is understood to have declared will be necessary for the complete occupation of the Philippines. The omens do not point to a speedy conclusion of the war. We may guess that they do point to some arrangement more or less like the Spanish convention of Biacnabató, which will promise a large measure of self-government to the Filipinos under American supervision. But as our experience will show the Americans if they will consult it, that is a way of saying peace where there is no peace. Civilised supervision is incompatible with more than a very modest measure of self-government by the educated native baboo, or the uneducated native barbarian. Thorough conquest must be the preliminary to any useful concession the Americans can make—and when it is made it will require the protection of a powerful military force for years to come.

THE KENTUCKY GIRL.

THE modest corps was honoured in a roaring parting toast,
The city blazed with bunting, and cheered its fighting host,
But a girl in Old Kentucky was as pallid as a ghost,
For, Choate Ulysses Choodle was the Colonel.

When the special correspondents vowed she needn't harbour
fears,
She smiled so very sweetly, but she smiled through falling tears ;
She leaned upon the neck and breathed her love into the ears
Of Choate Ulysses Choodle, who was Colonel.

The corps sailed southern waters, till they reached Manila Bay ;
They carried guns and suasion in the dashing Yankee way ;
They argued with the brown man, but he always said them
"nay,"
Though able lawyer Choodle was the Colonel.

The brown man kicked at suasion, chipped away to gulch and
cave,
He showed his wild-cat daring by the way he slashed and drave ;
They called him half a heathen, but they held the rogue was
brave,
And so vowed Choate Ulysses, U.S. Colonel.

They judged the job was toughish, and the fever fired their
blood ;
The ague followed after, and they found it far from good ;
And many a grave curved greenly where a soldier once had
stood
By Choate Ulysses Choodle, who was Colonel.

The morning mists were choking, and the foemen bold and deep ;
They leaped to charge like lions, or they fell away like sheep
To where an ambuscade was fixed by sinuous paths and steep,
For all the white invaders with their Colonel.

The brown men dodged and twisted, charged and ran, and came
again ;
The bullets pinged and whistled like a rushing orient rain,
And one of them plugged hotly in the centre of the brain
Of Choate Ulysses Choodle, gallant Colonel.

The fair Kentucky damsel was of wondrous pluck and grit,—
She made no public wailings, though her heart was sorely hit ;
She tumbled dead at typing, for her soul was winged to flit
And join her Choate Ulysses who was Colonel.

W. H. H.

POLO AND POLITICS.

IN the history of polo it would be difficult to find a more picturesque presentment of the game, even in its Eastern home, than during the polo-week at Gilgit. There the wild frontier tribes are represented, and, with the barbaric pomp and pageantry dear to the heart of the untutored son of the East, men whose feuds have been the cause of some of our worst frontier troubles meet in friendly rivalry. Last year it was the teams representing Hunza and Nagar, names of sinister import to those who are responsible for the government of our Indian frontier, which met in the finals of the Gilgit tournament.

Those who have seen twelve of these teams ride on to the ground at the beginning of the Gilgit week are never likely to forget it. Each team of twelve horsemen, in the brilliant dress of their tribe, headed by their raja and their band, advance with the majesty they consider due to their own dignity on any public or semi-official occasion. Their musicians on weird instruments herald their approaching triumph, for all have the most implicit faith in themselves and their fellow-tribesmen, and never believe in the possibility of defeat before it actually comes. With the fortunes of the game the music is triumphant or sad, according as the tribesmen press victoriously on their adversaries or are pressed by them.

The game, indeed, is very

different to the play shown by the Royal Horse Guards or the Inniskillings on the velvet lawns of Hurlingham or Ranelagh; but it is hearty and skilful nevertheless, and is marked by some surprising feats of horsemanship. The hill-ponies are handy, and are managed with consummate skill; and though, under their unwieldy saddles and strange trappings, they seem all too small for their high-turbaned riders, they prove themselves fully equal to their part in the game. The raja of the side which has the right to begin grasps the stick and ball in his right hand, and, followed by the other players, gallops at full stretch to the centre of the ground, throws the ball up, and hits it while in the air. This starts the game, and wild shouts and clashing of sticks, and the thud of the galloping hoofs, mingle with strange music, and stir the pulses even of the self-possessed European onlooker, while they rouse the impulsive Easterns to a perfect frenzy. Backwards and forwards dash the players, heedless of any blow that does not disable them, and taking in good part whatever the fortune of the day may bring. No places are kept, with the exception of that of the goal-keepers, who remain to guard the posts, and do not go up into the game at all. The other twenty-two players dash hither and thither, apparently in the wildest confusion, but always in chase of the flying ball.

They have few rules but much enthusiasm, the best of good fellowship prevails, and the sight may well give food for serious reflection to our politicians, whose thoughts, it may be, seldom turn to sport. For here there is something more than a mere phase of sport. This eager play is the symbol of the influence that prevails to break down the barriers of race, and bind together in amity the fellow-subjects of the East and West.

Every thoughtful man who has spent any time in our Indian empire must have been struck with the yawning chasm that divides the Englishman and the native. The social standards of these classes are indeed widely different, and each regards the ways and customs of the other with the contempt born of utter lack of comprehension. Both the habits and social amusements of the Englishman are ridiculous to the native, whose names for our picnics and fancy dress balls, known to him as the fool's dinner (*pagal khana*) and the fool's dance (*pagali nautch*), are typical of his attitude of mind towards them; while few need to be reminded of the lordly scorn of our fellow-countrymen for the ways of those whose misfortune it is not only to be born of another nation, but that nation a dark-skinned one.

Yet daily and hourly in the official life of that vast country these two classes meet, and the whole machinery of Government depends on their amicable and loyal co-operation. Our statesmen, both at home and in India,

are alive to the necessity of bridging over, if possible, the dividing chasm, and many and various methods have been tried. These have been honestly carried out by those for whose benefit they were framed, but with what result? Native gentlemen, whose pride of race is as their very life-blood, and who are accustomed to the ready deference of their inferiors, have attended the At Homes of our governors, and stood in silent discomfort in scenes in which they felt they were out of place, and where their dignity was overshadowed by that of a higher power. Englishmen of position have gone to native entertainments, and have sat with wreaths of roses twined round their necks and wrists, trying to look neither bored nor foolish under the infliction, and succeeding but poorly in the attempt. Each class has endeavoured to be polite and to conceal his boredom at the incomprehensible foolishness of the other; and if the Asiatic has on the whole succeeded best, this is to be attributed to his superior power of adaptability.

Then it was thought that if the bond of union was not to be found in social intercourse, it might perchance be discovered on the common ground of literature. Universities must be provided; and when the native mind had absorbed Western culture, it would run in the same groove as that of the educated Englishman. But what has in effect been the result of the crowd of M.A.'s and B.A.'s turned out by the Universities of Calcutta, Bombay,

and Lahore? An acute Oxford tutor once replied to a question as to whether a certain man would or would not get "a first" by an emphatic "No; he looks on his work as 'lessons,' and will not get more than a second." Now this just touches the root of our failure to combine culture with education in our training of the youthful Asiatic. With him Shakespeare and Scott are "lessons," which he obediently crams, but which teach him little and affect him not at all. At the end of his university career the fine flavour of an Oxford culture is as much unknown to him as when he attended his first lecture; and our failure has taught us that, educate the Eastern as we may, it is not thus we shall teach him to look at things from our own social or literary standpoint.

But where the Lieutenant-Governor and the professor have failed, quite another person has had no small share of success. The subaltern, whose knowledge is too often chiefly cram, and whose highest ambition is to get into the service somehow, even if he should be the last to pass into or out of Sandhurst, has opened a way of union where the highest diplomatic and scholarly minds have failed. In the simple love of sport that distinguishes him, he has struck a vein in the native character which all his superiors have failed to reach. On the polo-field the native forgets to be stiff and the Englishman to be haughty, and under the influence of their common love for a manly exercise they each discover that

their adversary is a good fellow and generous opponent, and thus a sure foundation for future friendly intercourse is laid.

Not only do we see the wildest of the frontier men forgetting their tribal hatreds and jealousies in a tournament organised by the English Resident and his subordinates at Gilgit, but in our great military cantonments English and native teams meet, and find the strongest of social bonds in doing so. No better example of this can be found than during the Christmas week at Mian Mir, when our troops are in their winter quarters; and Lahore, only four miles distant, will turn out its large European and native population almost to a man to see a polo-match at the cantonments. On the ground you will see conveyances of all sorts and colours and dimensions, from the lordly barouche of the Lieutenant-Governor, with its scarlet-liveried servants and well-groomed horses, down to the tiny country *ekka*, the lightest and most ingenious of primitive structures, which will carry a surprising load of slim, lightly clad natives. There, too, will be the native prince, driving a four-in-hand with much showy plated harness, the effect of which to an English eye is almost sure to be marred by one or more breakages having been made good with odd fragments of string; and the fat *bunniah*, who looks on from the hired *gharry*, and who very likely has lent his Highness the Nawab the money wherewith to buy his resplendent team of

greys. Smart English officers, pale civilians, and Eurasians, who unite the blood of East and West, and have no part or lot with either, are all filled with the interest of the moment.

The final of the polo tournament is to be played between the junior officers of a well-known cavalry regiment and a Sikh team from Patiala. Both sides are well mounted, the natives using mostly Arabs, with here and there a waler, or a wiry, nervous-eyed country-bred. One and all of the ponies are trained to perfection, and they will gallop, stop, and turn with a grace and rapidity that will astonish those who do not know the time and money that have been lavished on them. The Englishmen's ponies are rather bigger and more powerful, for they have greater weights to carry, not a dragoon among the players getting up under 12 stone, while most are heavier. The four clean-looking subalterns are typical Englishmen, using the term to include the representatives of the Sister Isle. There is a son of the land, of the Church, of the factory, and of the army itself among them, and Galway, Ulster, Kent, and Sussex are the counties represented. The Sikhs are lithe, brown-skinned, and black-bearded, and their young chief appears in the neatest of English boots and breeches, though with the native turban on his head.

The pace of the game is tremendous, and it is soon seen that the lighter and more active Sikhs, with their better-trained animals, have the best

of it, and the goals mount up rapidly on their side. The element of danger is by no means wanting in a fast game on an Indian ground, for a fall on that hard sun-baked soil is almost certain death; but the players are soldiers, and they think of nothing but the chances of the game. Long before time is up the Sikhs have won; but the Englishmen play doggedly on, hitting as hard and galloping as fast to add one more goal to their score, as though that goal would mean victory. When the last bell rings, the two sides ride off together, laughing and talking as easily as though no difference of race and colour divided them.

Later in the year, when these young officers will be the guests of the Sikh prince at his palace, the good feeling engendered by their friendly rivalry on the polo-field make their relations cordial, and they will together play polo and billiards, and hunt the great grey boar, and talk of it all together afterwards in the truest spirit of comradeship. Do we not see here that the real solvent of race distinctions in India is to be found in sport, and that in giving our native fellow-subjects our love for our manly outdoor recreations, we insensibly draw closer to them and they to us?

The late Chester Macnaghten, who was the most successful of any in imparting Western culture and civilisation to the lads placed under his care, recognised the power of sport. The boys of the Rajkomar College were

encouraged to play cricket and tennis, and to join in coursing parties made up by the European residents at Rajkote, and none rode harder or threw themselves more heartily into the pursuit of the hour than did these young native noblemen. It was the Rajkomar College at Rajkote that gave us Ranjitsinhji, than whom there is no better example of the fusion of East and West in a single personality. And though Ranjitsinhji is in some ways an exceptional character, there are hundreds who have been brought into sympathy with us by their early associations with cricket or football, or one of the many of our favourite outdoor diversions.

Any and all athletic games and every kind of sport will prove a happy meeting-ground for us and the Asiatics, whose social ways we may never be able fully to understand; and it

is by these that important classes of the natives will be won over to respect and even to like us. But while all kinds of sport and physical exercise, in which there must be an element of danger that appeals to the innate love of glory of the better-class native, are useful as a means of union, polo in India will always be the sport *par excellence*. As in its origin it is Eastern, it is suited to the climate and the people, and will catch hold of the native mind as our national pastimes of football or cricket will never do. And as in this country in the hunting-field all men are equal, on the Indian polo-field race differences are forgotten, and the English aliens and country-born natives learn to recognise their opponents, not only as men, but as fellow-members of the great sport-loving community throughout the world.

T. F. DALE.

THE OULD LAD.

I MIND myself a wee boy wi' no plain talk,
 An' standin' not the height o' two peats;
 There was things meself consated 'or the time that I could walk,
 An' who's to tell when wit an' childer meets?
 'Twas the daisies down in the low grass,
 The stars high up in the skies,
 The first I knowed of a mother's face
 Wi' the kind love in her eyes,
 Och, och!
 The kind love in her eyes.

I went the way of other lads that's nayther good nor bad,
 An' still, d'ye see, a lad has far to go!
 But the things meself consated when I wasn't sick nor sad,
 They're aisy told an' little use to know.
 'Twas whiles a boat on the say beyont,
 An' whiles a girl on the shore,
 An' whiles a scrape o' the fiddle-strings,
 Or maybe an odd thing more,
 In troth!
 Maybe an odd thing more.

A man, they say, in spite of all is bettther for a wife:
 In-undher this ould roof I live me lone;
 I never seen the woman yet I wanted all me life,
 Nor I never made me pillow on a stone.
 "'Tis fancy buys the ribbon an' all,"
 An' fancy sticks to the young:
 But a man of his years can do wi' a pipe,
 Can smoke an' hould his tongue,
 D'ye mind,
 Smoke, an' hould his tongue.

Ye see me now an ould man, his work near done,
 Sure the hair upon me head's all white;
 But the things meself consated 'or the time that I could run,
 They're the nearest to me heart this night.
 Just the daisies down in the low grass,
 The stars high up in the skies,
 The first I knowed of a mother's face
 Wi' the kind love in her eyes,
 Och, och!
 The kind love in her eyes.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

A TYRANNY OF SENTIMENT.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

THAT we are islanders is much to our benefit as a nation in many ways, amongst which may be reckoned the greatest of all advantages—opportunity of growing up to be good. A complete appreciation of all we owe to the geographical situation of our mother country—politically, commercially, physically, morally—would fill a book; and, could an Englishman with Goethe's imaginative wisdom be found to write it, such a book as would tell more of Britain's past, present, and future than anything now treasured in the libraries. Here we gather up a great deal in the statement that being fortunate (as islanders) in a superior command of peace—an advantage which includes freedom from interference in struggling on toward social perfection—this is a people which ought to be farther advanced on the millennial way than most great fighting nations. That, however, is as much as to say, than most of the worthiest nations; for though we need not give in to the bardic worship of the sword, lately reintroduced as really evangelising, the plain truth is that no people ever was anything, ever came to anything, but as it was a fighting people. England certainly did not become great of character by use of the spindle and the schools alone; and it is very doubtful, not only that

the population would have maintained its ancient vigour down to these times, but doubtful whether the more tender social virtues would have prospered with us as they have, but for the unceasing heroic stimulus of our wars abroad while peace slumbers by every hearth at home.

It is a different thing with the Continental States, even the most settled. Men being what they are by nature and condition, war may be all that it is said to be by singers of the sword, and no doubt is when kept within their meaning. But what is there so good that cannot pass into excess and lose its worth? Peace itself may do so; and whatever the virtues of war in sustaining the manliness, the hardihood, the saving self-respect of a nation, its immediate and constant presence is too much of a good thing. It frets, it costs, it perpetuates in humane minds the ancient "law of the beasts," daunting the hope of a better dispensation and checking every advance to it. This is the experience of the Continental nations. Their frontiers ever narrowing, their enmities rarely ceasing, the memory of recent conflict forecasting future strife even at the best of times, they have war in sight or at heart decade after decade; one great consequence of which is that they have no such chance of growing the millennial spirit as we who sit

snug and safe within the four seas, listening to the story of our own wars as a tale of distant things.

Therefore the population of this Fortunate Isle should be advised not to overvalue itself ethically, if as a matter of fact it does advance farther than any other from the savagery in which all began. I say "if," but I mean that it is a matter of fact, very certain and very clear. Could this assertion be heard over all Europe, what scornful laughter would arise from every people in its confines! And the laughter would be quite natural, the scorn a present from ourselves; for, without being much aware of it, we give our neighbours plentiful reason for thinking us the most self-righteous and hypocritical nation under the sun. It is not their fault that this is a universal belief, though they are wrong when it pleases them to express it in exaggerated terms. Yet all the while it remains true that in England thought and feeling have made a more sensible advance, have passed farther through the change to be fulfilled when wars shall be no more, than in any other nation. I do not pretend that it is much of an advance—the day's march of a snail on a journey round the world, perhaps. Nor is there any surety that there will be no falling back: that depends upon the fortunes of the country in a future unknown but certainly not void of strife. All that can be said is, that within the last hundred years there has been at home here a new and remarkable growth of sen-

timent which may be called millennial, and that should be so called without derision.

Did it only appear in a greater number of individuals than heretofore little might be thought of it, but that is not the case; or rather there is the difference between the larger number of exceptional minds rising to loftier heights of spiritual growth, and the lift of a whole people, even by a little, in the same direction. And this is what has happened in our own country within the time of three generations. Whoso doubts it may find abundant evidence to convince him, if he do not insist that religious fervour is the only true sign of spiritual development. But that, of course, it is not, unless in the sense that

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small";

and there it is that the spiritual lift of the whole people of this island most plainly appears. Compare the cast of sentiment in every class a hundred years ago and now, and in every class will be seen much less of the robust self-dependence, selfishness, offishness of wild life, and a far deeper sense of the obligations of common kindness. "The human family," which was once a phrase of purely scientific meaning, almost admits its domestic signification in the England of to-day—so much wider is the embrace of kinship, so much more general the acknowledgment of mutual obligation and responsibility for each other's good. The relief of suffering in the next parish

was always understood as meritorious—its existence is now felt as a reproach; and the difference between the two states of mind marks the long distance of ascent from one moral plane to another. The same change of spirit is seen in the treatment of animals, where the lift is so great that man and his four-footed creatures stand in entirely new relations. Were it our present business to dwell upon the subject, pages might be spent upon the significance of this one benign advance alone. As it is, our purpose is served by bringing forward for recognition and acknowledgment a very remarkable modification of mind,—a change, an up-growth, comparable in many respects with the sudden development which at one time in Greece, at another in Italy, at another in England, advanced the intellectual progress of mankind in a night, as it were. And this time it is not an intellectual but a spiritual growth; which has only to go on unblighted and unchecked for two or three generations more—meanwhile spreading here and there in other lands—to substantiate the hopes of the religionists of humanity.

What first convinced us of this transforming change were its beneficences only, and from that day to this they have become more and more apparent. But as yet—to speak of twelve or fifteen years ago—the evidence was unconfirmed by a sort of testimony which could have been well spared, and is

now infinitely too abundant. When anything good or bad becomes “the mode” there is no doubting its existence; and assurance is even more offensively clear when the mode passes into excess, extravagance, caricature. And what is more obvious nowadays than that brotherliness, loving-kindness, righteous wrath, pain as wrong, pity as heal-all, sensibility as an adorning virtue, do become a fashion, do pass into a foolish, or hysterical, or pharisaical excess. And so the existence of the best of things is proved in the worst way—by their caricature and corruption.

Of course there is nothing new in that. It is all according to common experience; and what is generally to be feared is that the good thing, if it be a sentiment, will go out of favour with the affectations and hypocrisies that gather upon it and seem to be its own natural growth. Reaction is the name of this consequence, which in the present case would be most unfortunate; though it is hardly to be dreaded as destructive quite. The more humane cast of thought which distinguishes these later generations is certainly no mere fashion, but inbred from evolutionary forces in the favouring conditions wherein this little island stands; and that being its origin, it is likely to live on beneath the vicious extravagances of sentiment which are more often false and parasitical throughout than (what they are generally taken for) its own development in extremes. Yet,

being false, they discredit the true; being parasitical, they feed on it; and, with that advantage, they are as mischievous in some affairs—and these among the greatest—as the blight on the branch and the worm at the root. Therefore what is to be feared is not so much that the new growth of feeling which brings more of the divine into social relations will be overlaid and destroyed by the spurious sentiment of the time, but that the safeguards of society itself will be ruinously impaired thereby.

For there is scarcely anything in the machinery of government and the social order which is free from attack by the competitive sentimentalism of press and platform. This machinery and these regulations are not inventions, arbitrarily imposed upon the communities they govern, but growths as natural and predetermined as that of the oak from the acorn. There is witness to that in the fact that (I hope it is none the worse for being stated by myself) “all human society, wherever it has come together, in any land, at any time, and under any conditions, has taken the same growth. Needs, instincts, passions as common and as little variable as the shape of our hands, have cast every known association of human beings into the same form and marked out the same lines of development. Imperfect as it is, hateful as it may be for some of its attendant results, no other system is possible, nor will be till the needs, the instincts, the passions of which it is the outcome pass through some such change as the believer looks for after death. But that unalterable state of things leaves us neither hopeless nor quite without remedy. Societies are but units drawn together by the need of mutual help and forbearance. The stimulus originated in pure selfishness, but it has not stopped there. Mutual help and forbearance have gone some way beyond the selfishness that determined their adoption when savagery first began to take thought; and it would be hard to say what bounds might be set to their extension if the existence of every community, like the life of every man, were not too short for any near approach to perfection.”

When we look about us to-day we see that the worst and the best of this account seems more true than ever. Certainly it is so of the best, for we may say with greater confidence now than could be said ten years since that human kindness is growing still. But neither in that nor in anything else is there any warrant for assuming that the day has come for changing the basis of government, and putting the social order on a new and a heavenly foundation. It is quite true that the originals are nothing to be proud of as they stand, and as they have stood from the time when communal life was little higher for our fathers than now it is for prairie-dogs. Mistrust of human nature, suspicion of the natural man, the necessity of taking bonds for his good behaviour at every turn—these

and such-like determinants are no doubt at the root of all government. They were the beginning of laws, the origin of contract, the meaning of carrying arms; and the truth is that, disagreeable as they are, they are no more to be rejected now than they were at any time in the history of the world: for with all our various "advances" the brute in man survives.

Human nature being perfect, there would be no need of law, with its punishments, precautions, and restraints. Its *raison d'être* is the persistence of aboriginal instincts and passions—its main or almost its sole intention to keep these survivals within such bounds that they shall cease to be predatory and anarchical. Inasmuch as it succeeds in doing so, it is not by the suppression, the extinction of the sinister impulses which it is appointed to control. Possibly they may die out altogether in a larger number of minds as generation succeeds generation; but if so, and if their number could be ascertained, they would reckon by the dozen. In the rest of mankind these passions and instincts still exist—moderated or retired as to the main of us, but only returned to the egg when most retired: and here they lie, ready to break out from many a breast on provocation or allowance, as we know they do in enfeebled and corrupt civilisations. Now whether it be humiliating or not, pessimist or not, to accept these facts, facts they are, and facts of the kind that government must go by or perish.

It follows, therefore, that though the social order may be lightened here and there, its maintenance, with all its aforesaid punishments, precautions, and restraints, is as imperative as ever; and, for that matter, "the new growth of sentiment that may be called millennial" is nothing to the contrary. It would not be millennial were it nonsensical, and that it isn't that may be seen by the part it plays when compared with the rôle of the newer sentimentalism.

The part it plays, then, is like that of the modern race of physicians, who, with a keener knowledge of the disorders and distresses of humanity and a deeper feeling for them at heart, are more willing than the faculty of old to make sacrifices for their alleviation. Resolved to "go one better" in the spiritual line, the competitive sentimentalist soars to a kind of political faith-healing. The theory he would have us start from does not deny that the community is troubled with actual disorders and real dangers, or that they are the work of evil-doers within the State and rival nations without. But his doctrine is that the surest way of increasing these troubles and bringing on these dangers is to provide against them on the old system of distrust and precaution. We should reverse that system and rest on confidence and faith. Cast off suspicion; be confident; trust, and show that you do so by such signs as opening your frontiers to the enemy, giving arms to the disloyal, freedom to assassins, and a

kindly ear to that tender voice from the jail—

“Imprisonment alone is not

A thing of which we would complain :

Add ill-convenience to our lot,

But do not give the convict pain.”

Do these things and the like of them in all affairs; and if only you have perfect faith in receiving a proper response, fear not that you will ever be confounded. Above all, this is the short way to the abrogation of war and the institution of a United States of Europe and America.

The sentimentalism of which this is no caricature may be sincere, as the passion for Chippendale and blue-and-white china was; or it may be assumed, as the rage for Wagner music is by three-fifths of those who flock to it in their best gowns; or there may be nothing more in it than the pose of advanced sensibility and perception, such as, in literature, hails the moonrise of a Celtic revival after the darkness of a thousand years. But there is good in all these things—that is to say, in the Chippendale chairs, and the hawthorn ginger-jars, and in some parts (I really am not thinking of the curate's egg)—in many parts and much of Wagner's music, and certainly in the moonshine of the Celtic revival; while as to this other seizure, there is no good in it whatever, unless it be the good intention which is so often found in things most foolish and mischievous. And while it can work to no profitable end—no, not one—the harm it does takes

a dozen different shapes and is formidable in most of them. It debauches political imagination, leading it away from the most useful to the most useless exercises of fancy. It forsakes the school of experience—hard and sordid, no doubt, but the only resort for sound conclusions—preferring the drug-shop and celestial dreams. By its dreams it interprets facts,—the usual and the safer practice running to the contrary. It substitutes for the ideals of good statesmanship, which are all on the line of reasonable pursuit, ideals that are not only beyond endeavour but beyond hope. On the same plan, it breathes emotionalism into politics as their nobler and spiritual part, preaches the ascendancy of feeling over judgment, and bids a prudent people think it meritorious to throw away their heads in homage to their hearts. Foreign affairs being our heaviest and most doubtful care, it is devoted to the cultivation of spurious and impracticable notions of international relationship; and by all it thinks and says invites foreign diplomacy to practise on this country deceptions which credulity itself would reject, and audacities that would move a worm to resentment. Of that we have present proof enough and to spare. The ruse of the Peace Conference (no reflection on the good Czar intended) was prepared for one country alone; for in no other was it likely to succeed, and in no other had it an hour's success. That country, of course, was our own, where a glorious reception for

it was prepared long since by the phrase-enslaved, phrase-enslaving emotionalism which has no effective existence elsewhere. And ask this question, which recent incidents renew: What other great country in the world—France, Germany, Austria, the United States—has any experience of the tongue-in-cheek insolences with which Russian diplomacy amuses itself in China? There is no other. Upon no other would they be attempted; and should ever our millennial sentimentalists understand their own works and ways, they will learn how much their unearthly credulousness contributed to give their mother country this particular distinction.

In the foregoing paragraph we do but name a few of the injuries which good sense and good policy are made to suffer by England's worst enemy of all—this of her own household. Were we to trace out their natural working, and follow their natural consequence in all its branches, it would be such an indictment as no individual traitor to the public good has ever been confronted with. Traitor, however, is not the right word for use in speaking of this little world of treason, but dupe rather; with whatever qualifications may best describe humane fanaticism, the faith-healing superstition, the weakness for broad phylacteries, love of singularity, impatience with the limitations of wellbeing on this earth, and other idiosyncrasies that all come to the same thing at bottom: which same thing may be more than

pardonable or less than respectable, but which is not sanity in any case. But if we cannot enter into the detail of exposition and analysis, there is the comfort (such as it is) of knowing that there is little need of doing so.

There, indeed, we approach the most remarkable thing about the whole matter, and the most formidable. Though endured, this prodigious affliction is well understood. A not too sweeping assertion would be that it is even understood, in the worst of it, by those who practise its follies upon the body politic. They, too, are conscious that what they urge upon their fellow-countrymen as wise and righteous guidance in the conduct of public affairs can only be wise and righteous in a better world than this. Their error lies (wherever their millennial strivings are anything but a pose) in the desperate and desperately hopeless idea that this world may be turned into a better one by intense make-believe that it is so already: and this error they chance on the strength of the faith-healing principle and its miraculous virtues. But whatever their state of mind, there is no mistake among the rest of us as to the fatuity of assumption upon which they build; the destructive operation of their teaching on opinion ("boning" it might be called), wherever that teaching is admitted; its lamentable effect upon Governments at home, who love disembodied policies too well already, and would practise none but post-obit

diplomacy ; and the advantage it gives to Governments abroad, who make use of it and its professors for rescript purposes and the like. Of all this mischief and more the country at large is so well aware that further instruction is quite unnecessary ; and yet it endures all in the spirit of a dumb domestic creature.

Then why ? For the strange reason that a sentiment fruitless of everything but mischief and disappointment succeeds in imposing a tyrannical silence on the better sense of the country. The whole number of the will-o'-wisp New Lights is comparatively small ; easily divided up by the naked eye, large subtractions of the calculating from the sincere, the bemused from the convinced, the volunteers from pressed men, or such as are forced upon the roll at the point of the pen, reduce the effective strength of this small number very considerably ; and yet it makes afraid the majority which understands all this. As we have already said, it is equally well seen that the feet of these that are convinced stand not upon firm ground, but wade in very beautiful but unsustained and unsustaining moonshine ; yet they are not withstood. Since their first appearance in strength, the harm they are so manifestly capable of doing has been actually done on various occasions ; again and again their brilliant delusions, shot into the skies where they were to burn for ever as fixed stars, have come down immediately as charred sticks ; yet they are

not gainsaid. It is plain that there can be but one explanation of these unnatural manifestations of timidity — terrorism, and that of the most penetrating and victorious quality.

So to describe it is to name it. It is moral terrorism that performs these wonders, and it does so both in detail and in the gross. The most pardonable occasion was supplied by the butcherly suppression of the Armenian revolt. There were horrors enough in that to match a blind rage of pity with the blind fury of "the Turk" ; but a blind rage it truly was, with the distinction peculiar to millennial sentiment that it exulted in putting out its eyes. That was its grand merit. That was its glory. This was the sign that God had made its disciples not like these others, who detestably employed their ignoble vision in looking out the cost and consequences of a war of vengeance. After a few weeks of this high assertion, with corresponding outpourings of shame and scorn on base calculation and callousness of heart, the man who wished to be thought decent was dumb before the agitation and the agitators. True, a day came when most of these allowed Lord Rosebery to put back their eyes, and suffered themselves to see ; but meanwhile the wisdom of the country (which was also righteousness) was so terrorised that it hardly dared to open its mouth in public, or when it did so, was forced to protect its character for humanity by hypocritical deprecation and needless and unfelt apology.

Thus were freedom and morals promoted in the gross. The terrorism by detail, which first came into use at that time, I fancy, is yet more afflicting. By this process the refuge of silence is not allowed. Professional men, especially bishops, deans, doctors, and others such as dare not jeopardise their character for goodness and kindness, are singled out and so addressed that they have only this choice — either to declare themselves heart and soul with a fevered, hopeless, hazardous cause, or else run the risk of description as pronounced indifferents to everlasting hate and slaughter. Yet all the while their worst meaning may be no more un-Christian than Lord Rosebery's when he expounded the wickedness of setting the world on fire (including our own share of it and its population) to burn a Sultan and his myrmidons a little before their time.

We are not obliged to seek examples of this tyranny in such mind-stirring events as the Armenian massacres alone. Our quietest domestic affairs supply them also; and I will take my chance with the sentimental *Vehmgericht* by mentioning two of them. Just as we all hate war, so we all love education; and just as men who are wise as well as gentle know and are sure that war is the only physic for more intolerable ills, so other men of equal repute for benevolence and wisdom fear that popular education may be misdirected, forced, overdone, to the damage of the people themselves. I do not formulate their apprehen-

sions, nor repeat their arguments, nor say anything about them but this: that the man who urged them boldly on public attention would not be answered as an erring reasoner should be, but as reactionist, cynic, dark-minded bigot whose real meaning is that his profits, pleasures, dignities, are best maintained by perpetuating the degradation of the poor. He may say, if he pleases, that the sons of fortuneless obscure gentlemen are more often ruined than not by a university schooling; but to read that lesson into the case of workmen's sons and their education would be his own ruin if he spoke as a public man. He and ten thousand other men considerate of the public good may be right or wrong; but, whether or no, they are silenced, under penalties more telling than fine and imprisonment.

And so it is very much in the matter of old-age pensions, as conceived by Mr Booth and promised by Mr Chamberlain. Here the end in view is as flattering to desire as universal and unending peace. It is that every steady, honest, industrious man, but not every idler, drunkard, pilferer, parasite, shall be able to look without dread to the time when work cannot be had, nor bread be won. Since the idea of achieving this end by State provision was taken up, hundreds of the most capable minds in the country, equipped with all the knowledge at command, have been engaged in inventing a plan for the purpose. Years have been so

employed, though if success ever comes it will be at the inspiration of a moment. Scores of projects have been committed to paper and made known, besides those that were despairingly burnt unseen; and at the end of all this cudgelling of brains no scheme promising of less harm than good has come to light. And remember that this is a matter in which the words "harm" and "good" are *both* to be used in the superlative degree. The good proposed is immense. The harm that moves in the train of every remedy yet propounded is enormous; and though the worst of it is no doubt invisible to the sentiment which puts out its eyes and mounts the inner light of faith, enormous it remains. Yet even now no man of mark can speak of it outright, showing plainly what it is in all particulars, unless he is prepared for the denunciation that destroys usefulness and ends ambition. Silence is commanded by a sentimentalism which has no conception of its own malignancy, and because of its malignancy it is obeyed.

It may be found in the end that these mere domestic instances of the sentimental Terror are of graver import than when it is concerned with such grand affairs as universal peace-agreements, meetings at a round table for the reciprocal pulling out of teeth, or brotherly compacts with a kindred people to discipline excessive ambitions. There is more of reality, perhaps, in the first-named affairs than in

the rest; but they certainly make no such appeal to imagination, and seem far less important in themselves.

The appeal to imagination—that is the first mischief of the Czar's encyclical, and there the similar consequence of the American awakening; though it was not to work upon our feelings that the people of the United States marched out upon the path of conquest. And even as to the famous rescript, it is not so much the appeal that troubles me as the sort of imagination that responded to it. The responsive imagination in such a case was thought to be of one kind only—the one that was in use at all times and in all countries till the other day, and that still has no competitor in any other nation than our own. It is called political imagination, but it has its exact counterpart in business and in science. In the natural order of things, when a Czar's rescript appears the political imagination takes hold on it for inquiry, its method being to investigate from the ground upward. It starts from the assumption that, like everything else of the kind that has ever preceded it, the rescript is an earthly production. As such it may be good in the highest degree or bad in the lowest, or anything between those extremes. However that may prove, to make out its origin, its purpose, its designed or undesigned consequences, political imagination works from the ground, where its bases are things known and

motives hitherto found invariable.

In a case like this, it surveys the actual conditions in which the Russian Government stood when the rescript was issued. What the domestic outlook; what the financial situation relative to it, and to the demands of a prodigious expansion scheme; at what stage that scheme now stands; what the facts as to armaments—whether complete in Russia and whether as complete elsewhere; what the Russian need (or no-need) of rest, cash accommodation, and the confidence of other countries,—such foundation-facts as these being arrayed as fully and clearly as may be, the business of political imagination is to trace their natural effect upon the mind of any Government, and then of the Russian Government as known by experience. By that effect the meaning of the rescript is then judged; but not till imagination takes account of possible new influences, powerful enough (though not, perhaps, so readily estimated) to give the rescript an independent, a different, or a modified meaning. In most cases of a like character the possibility that new, strange, unseen influences may be at work is admitted, and search-lights are thrown out into the dark accordingly.

Here appearances are more simple and explicit. The incursion of a very remarkable influence is alleged, and it is said to give the rescript an origin and a meaning of its own, entirely independent of

the ordinary calculations of world-conquering Governments. What that influence is, or is supposed to be, need not be stated; enough to say that, investigating from the ground upward, the right imagination must look into that also. Why not? In cognate business affairs it would certainly be done, and science is believed to be right in taking nothing for granted. It happens, however, that the sacred question of the Czar's goodness of heart and sincerity of purpose need not be disturbed much. But it is impossible that a sane political imagination should not dwell upon the dubious autocracy of the Czar, the extent to which he is managed by Ministers even in this matter, his ultimate and perhaps but half-conscious control by the "machine," which in Russia is more powerful, more unvarying and mysterious, than anywhere else out of the Vatican. Even the fact that the Czar is mortal cannot be excluded when engagements are discussed which, if they do proceed from his sole initiative, may depend altogether on his existence for their validity where they are proposed.

Thus may the political imagination be described in its natural processes. It is not, of course, the only kind to which the Czar's rescript would appeal; but, wherever politics keep their sanity, it is thought to be the only one that is capable of dealing with such matters usefully and without danger. Our competitive sentimentalists are of a different opinion. There is another sort

of imagination—the literary; the poetic and romantic; not of the earth; all of the skies; glamorous and *not* enlightening; and this they enthusiastically choose for guidance in the business going on at The Hague. Now, in following out the old line of treatment—that is to say, while closely inquiring into what the peace proposals spring from, what is intended by them, what is likely to come of them with or without intention—it is good and pleasant to indulge the hope that all's right, and that the door is about to be opened to a better state of things. Carry the hope into expectation, and all you risk is disappointment as long as you withhold no test where there is every reason for wariness, no glory in self-deception, no advantage in being deceived.

But that is just where the Utopians rise in opposition, again finding moral grounds for disagreement and denunciation. I have just said that there is every reason for wariness. The word should have been, every warrant for suspicion; but the sentimental terror makes cowards of us all. There is every warrant for suspicion, and it is as much a right and a duty to act upon it as when a lawyer scrutinises a statement drawn up by the other side. Not to do so would be wrong, and ridiculously wrong. But competing with the millennium itself and anticipating it, our sentimentalists set up a new code of morals in these affairs, and damn us by it just as if we were not under the old dispensation. In-

nocent and indispensable as they are under this *régime*, the whole proceedings of the political imagination are condemned as offensive to fine feeling and obnoxious to human progress. It is base to raise any doubt about the gifts of the Greeks—base to investigate Russian peace-proposals from the ground upward. For even in diplomacy suspicion itself is here. It irritates; it annoys. If English, it damages the character of the nation that harbours it, and fixes upon that nation the guilt of postponing the reign of universal trust,—which will not begin unless some great country begins it. It is clear to the literary imagination that England is the country that should trust, and that Russia is the country to be trusted; clear also that what stands in the way of this being done is not what we suppose it to be. We fancy it the usual difficulty of trusting a rival who agrees that all's fair in love and war, and has ever acted on that sufficiently tenable view. But no. What we take for reasonable caution, practised everywhere and everywhere necessary, is in great part a peculiar British weakness for making a “bogey” of a particular nation abroad! For the rest, it is nothing else than *hate*. We hate Russia—we know we do; and our hate is the hate of a selfish and baseless fear.

All this is in some ways ridiculous and in every way wrong. There is nothing strange, or even unusual, in the relations of Russia and England, which repeat what

has been seen so many times on earth that it may almost be regarded as a continuous spectacle. It is the rivalry which, in one shape or another, goes on everywhere in the living world, and has correlatives even in the innocent "vegetable kingdom." There is no particular reason for complaint on the one side or the other when this rivalry is understood for what it is; the "baseless" fear, what there is of it, is that which always comes true at last—the fear of being beaten down in the fight; and the talk of "hate" to which we are subjected is the introduction of domestic moral principles into regions where they have never yet existed, and where they cannot be practised without an even ridiculous amount of risk—principles, too, which certainly should not be of partial and particular application.

All this is so plain that there ought to be no difficulty in making a stand upon it; and its assertion is so important that the stand ought to be made in a positive, outspoken, uncompromising way. But what happens? Common-sense does make some protest on its own behalf, and on behalf of immutable facts, unvarying experience, and the only expectations that can be deduced from them reasonably and safely. But so forbidding is the sentimental Terror that this is done in the feeblest, most timorous, and apologetic way. In depreciation of the Terror and its handling of our morals, we pretend half-beliefs where we know that credulity is dangerous, in

order to insinuate half a doubt. We admit that it is wrong to be suspicious where there is nothing more blameless as a matter of fact, and nothing more necessary according to our most anxious convictions. We hardly dare whisper the most probable motives in the mind of the Russian Government (the Government—not the Czar, of course), though one of them is cash accommodation from England, with leisure to spend at large on fortifications, military roads, military colonies, and other purposes not portentous of peace; or if of peace, the peace that is the dream of most conquering nations. But how is this timidity to be described? It is in part a very miserable kind of hypocrisy, and in all deplorable cowardice: which, in their general effect, and apart from this matter, are far from being wholesome occupants of the public mind.

As to that, however, the more immediate concern is that the tyranny of sentiment may assert itself over the mind of the Government as well as of the public. Were I asked to state in what way there is any likelihood of that, I doubt whether I should venture to reply; for the answer is, on the arbitration point. On some of the minor points good will be done, no doubt: the others, their impracticability or their danger coming out, may drop without irremediable disappointment; but not if arbitration is included amongst them. It seems to be determined both within and without the circle of competitive sentimentalism

that there must be some established formula for arriving at compulsory arbitration ; and the word has taken so much charm that it is doubtful whether the Government can afford to resist any scheme that comes under it. The truth meanwhile is that every conceivable cause of quarrel, of whatever magnitude, of whatever character, can be submitted to arbitration if the Governments concerned choose to resort to it ; that compulsion upon one or both would be intolerable, unless where claims for damages are advanced or in such other disputes as are commonly settled by private arbitration ; and that engagements approaching to obligation are not unlikely to have all the effect of a snare. Be it

also remembered that if they are likely to have that effect for one Government more than another, it is the one that makes no alliances and is least given to private understandings. Much I wish that our sentimentalists had fixed their hearts on some other point in the conference programme instead of on this ; for, seeming the most promising, it is likely to import as long a train of embarrassments as any. If only less pains were taken to bring the millennium to premature birth, if only the friends of progress could be more content with such sure means of advancement as are acknowledged at the beginning of this article, how much more hope there would be of "getting forrarder."

THE NEGATIVE RULER OF FRANCE.

FIVE years ago an obscure artillery captain, of whom — although he had a good professional record—no one outside a very limited circle had ever heard, was deported from France to the other side of the world and placed in circumstances of isolation so appalling in their suggestion of hopelessness cutting off from all that a man holds dear, that the words “living death” are weak to describe them. In going to his place of despair he had to carry with him the memory of a day of torture, not indeed physical, but more unbearable to one worthy to be called a man than the rack or the boot of Middle Age cruelty. For an officer who had served his country, and gained a good repute for zeal, ability, and diligence, to be made a spectacle of degradation to his army comrades,—his insignia of rank stripped from his clothing, his sword taken off him, broken, and thrown at his feet, and the name “traitor” loudly proclaimed over him,—must be an ordeal almost beyond the bounds of human endurance. It is to inflict upon him that which, whether he be guilty or not, must fill him with an anguish such as mere physical torture could never cause to wring the spirit of a man of courage. The more brave the man, the more terrible the horror of the trial, the more deep and lacerating the penetration of the iron into the soul. No one read the story of it without a shudder of

pain, no soldier who stood on duty when the dread sentence was executed can have been unmoved. That the unspeakably wretched performer of the title-rôle in the ghastly drama was a brave man none can doubt. For, guilty or innocent, he went through his part as only a man brave beyond most of his fellow-creatures could do. One of our own countrymen who was present has testified that in that scene on the Champ de Mars the degraded officer “was the single actor who behaved himself with dignity”—a dignity so marked that the spectator left the scene with a profound conviction in his heart, and full of foreboding. The memory of it all to the unfortunate sufferer must have been—must be now, and as long as what was done shall not have been officially undone—a memory without alleviation. No time could weaken, far less efface, the lines cut deep into the being who had endured that awful quarter of an hour, into which everything of shame that man can inflict upon his brother man had been unsparingly meted out to the helpless and hopeless prisoner.

Picture him, then, on his barren islet in a tropical sea, with no relief from the deadly monotony of his palisaded patch of ground, exposed to a deadly climate and a burning sun, watched by silent guards, learning nothing of the world’s doings, having no communi-

cation with those dear to him except under official censorship, dragging out the best years of his manhood in silent agony, haunted ever by the bitterness of that scene which stamped him as the basest of men. Five years gone, and it may be many years still to come. Could any hell that imagination can figure be worse? Could ingenuity the most refined invent—within the permitted limits of civilised punishment—a more awful doom, surely worse than death?

Doubtless those who contributed to bring about this consigning of a disgraced man to a living tomb, whether they were honest or dishonest in their motives and actions, thought that, when all was done, the man and all that concerned him would be forgotten,—that the waters of Lethe, the River of Oblivion, would close over him, and smother themselves out from all ruffling that told of agitation. All others had, after a horror mingled with a pity that none could refuse where the expiation of crime was so shocking to every human disposition, ceased to think of one to whom, presumably, justice had been meted out,—an awful justice, but scarce too awful for crime so base, made more base by the criminal being a soldier of the State. The wretch was as good as dead, save to those, his own loving ones, who had to bear their share of the shame of all the dreadful past.

Here, then, if ever there was a man who was blotted out of the world's book of life, was that man: all hope taken from him of being an influence in his day and generation, and

still worse, of ever enjoying the sweetness of domestic love and peace: no rôle left to him but the negative one of being a hateful example to warn others, as degraded before his race and helpless as the slave made drunk to be a spectacle of warning to the Athenian youth; loathed and incapable. Yet he has lived for these long five years, he has borne his awful punishment manfully: again the brave man among men, whether he be guilty or innocent.

But what is it that has come to pass in the country that condemned him, and in the army that degraded him? Is it oblivion? Is he in his own country as if he had never been? Outcast as he is, and transported across the seas, isolated from all social intercourse, is his country free of him? Does the State move on its even way as if he had never disturbed its peace? Is the condition of the army to which he belonged like that of one from whom a malignant growth has been excised, and to whom a healthy and strong condition has returned? Is he but a nauseous memory, which if not dead is dying, a recollection which, if it force itself into activity at all, leads to no thought that can disturb the present or cause misgivings as to the future? Has the world even outside France been able to forget all about the tragedy? Have the great affairs of State, which at intervals agitated the political waters during the last five years, washed out its traces on the sands of time?

The true answers to these questions present to mankind

a chronicle so amazing, so sad, so shameful, and in some of its aspects so grotesque, that if it were written down in the form of a romance, it would be pronounced impossible,—beyond the limit of all reasonable imagination, and an insult to the reader's sense of proportion. It is certainly the most concrete case of truth being stranger than fiction that this generation has seen. The body of the man is confined thousands of miles from France, the voice of the man is stifled under official censorship, the personality of the man is shut out from the national life. The spiritual imagery of the Psalmist, setting forth the hopelessness and helplessness of him who is "as a dead man out of mind" and "like a broken vessel," is in no way too strong in its symbolism to describe the position of the exile on the barren rock of the Ile du Diable. Yet this man has been to France for nearly two years, and is to France still, what the convulsing power of the internal fire of the earth is to the globe's surface, when it bursts forth in volcanic fury, breaking the works of nature and of man to pieces, and filling hearts with present fear and dire foreboding for the future.

The reader shall judge whether there is exaggeration in what has been said, and this without any fact which is really in dispute being relied on in argument. For although French journalism shows an absolute contempt for all reticence in regard to a matter that is under judicial consideration, and not only prejudges

the cause before the inquiry is made, but insults in the most abominable manner judges who have not given any decision on assumptions as to what their decision may be,—that is an example which it is to be hoped will not be followed elsewhere. Therefore in speaking of this *cause célèbre* now, a certain amount of restraint and reserve is imperative. In what is to be said, those matters and those only about which there is no longer any dubiety will be dealt with. These, as it happens, are ample enough. Indeed in the picture point follows point with such cinematograph-like rapidity and sharpness, that the looker-on may well be bewildered, and unable to follow clearly the moving scene, the mental eye being wearied by the succession of tableaux, and inclined to turn away fatigued, and so lose the sequence. To such lookers-on, who are many, as one notices by personal intercourse every day, a short epitome of the facts, so ascertained that they cannot be gainsaid, may revive an interest in a matter which has assumed proportions that make it of world-wide importance. For the story of what can happen and has happened in a civilised country so near our own, and in a time so close to the end of a century which has not been characteristic for human modesty, forms a psychological object-lesson of which all nations may well take very serious note. France expects next year to celebrate the incoming of a new century by an Exposition so vast that the world has never seen its like,

—the last for this century of those International Exhibitions which it was fondly supposed fifty years ago would contribute greatly to the peace of the world, smoothing the way towards millennial calm. This Dreyfus drama has come as a most ghastly forerunner to disclose what sort of a region the France is that expects to attract the world so gaily and with a light heart, in the year of our Lord 1900. There is much to be learned from this laying bare of the secrets of her prison-house, both by France and every other nation. It will not do to grow sick of this "interminable" Dreyfus drama, as one hears men say of it almost daily. They that would be wise before the event—and never was there a time when this was more necessary—will do well not to weary in endeavouring to assimilate its facts; for if ever the things of to-day prophesied of to-morrow, now is the time when in France they do so, even like the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. Only there is this difference—no prophet is needed to interpret. The writing is plain, to be read of all who are not wilfully blind.

The ink was scarce dry with which the above lines were written when a new and most startling development has made the whole world stare. The evidence of the secret inquiry which was conducted by the Criminal Chamber of the Court of Cassation has by some underhand means come into the possession of a Parisian journal, and has been published morning by morning. The disclosures

which are thus made of French methods in public departments, of French ideas of what is honourable and right, of French justice to a person accused, of French intrigue in its military bureaux, of French morality and sense of truth, not only justify but emphasise the words above used regarding the history, so far as known, before this new bombshell burst over the General Staff of France. "Shameful" and "grotesque" were the words. These are indeed mild terms to apply to an official cesspool such as is now having its contents turned out to stink in the nostrils of a disgusted world. Every suspicion which, by reading between the lines of what was known before, suggested itself to the investigator, is to-day confirmed in hideous blackness of fact. It is now made plain why all reopening of inquiry has been, and is being, resisted to the death by French officialism. It is because official persons realise that, be the result of the inquiry what it may to the poor individual now languishing in his stockade, the facts which will inevitably come into the open light of day, if inquiry is public, must shatter reputations of men in high places, expose methods of action by epauletted officers, with the connivance, if not under the orders, of their superiors, that are outside all the bounds of professional and personal honour, and call for surgical excision of men in high places from the body military, if the "*Vive l'Armée!*" of to-day is not to become the "*À bas!*" of to-morrow with the

fickle and easily swayed populace of Paris and of France. A crumbling edifice undermined by false ways must be shored up by any and every prop, sound or rotten, that can be found, lest, being seen to totter, the French mob—that mob which delights in a crash—should rush to *assister* (as the French say) at the catastrophe, and yell in fiendish delight over the dead and the *débris*. It is a life-and-death matter to the principal builders of the edifice of anti-revision, built up of chicanery, suppression of truth, open fraud, and perjury, that it should be held up from behind, for those who defend it must perish with it when it falls. The acquittal of Monsieur Gohier, on his trial under Government orders for his exposure of the rotten condition of things in the French army, must make the desperate defenders of the exclusion of light still more desperate. If this were not a French crisis, prediction would be easy. But in the case of a country where Thersites would be a probable Minister of State, and Titus Oates accepted as a martyr to patriotism, the difficulties of the prophet are not small.

These disclosures have added much to the sum of ascertained fact, and make it absolutely impossible, if there is any sense of justice still existing in France, that revision of the Dreyfus case shall not take place. Even if the court intrusted with the investigation were base enough to truckle to the General Staff, or weak enough to yield to the intimidation of vile threats of anonymous letter-writers and

unscrupulous newspaper bullies, and were, being so base or so cowardly, to violate their oath of office to do even-handed justice between the citizen and the State, it is quite impossible that there should be an end. The case is too flagrant, and is too clearly seen to be so by honest men, both in France and throughout the world. What was done in the past will not stand. A plainly revealed mass of

“fraud and impudence and lies”

cannot be suffered to pollute the world's atmosphere. It will certainly sooner or later be swept out, if not by the hand of justice, then surely by the besom of destruction. A nation can no more than an individual outrage moral sense without having sooner or later to repent or to harden in wickedness, on which Nemesis will advance with certain tread. Which shall it be in the case of France, and those who have sullied her good name? Will she bravely purge out the old leaven and become a new lump? Her neighbours will anxiously look out to see, clinging to hope that ere it is too late she will take courage and do the right.

The reader shall judge for himself whether these things which have been said are just. What is now to be stated may be taken as fact, no longer open to dispute, except in those instances where it is stated that any matter is alleged only on strong *prima facie* grounds, calling for inquiry.

In 1894, and for some time before that, there was reason to believe that information on con-

fidential military matters in France was being conveyed to foreign Powers. A French spy brought to the War Office fragments of a document containing a list—technically called a *bordereau*—of military papers, which the writer was supplying to the German military attaché. They were said to have been found in a waste-paper basket. As the paper referred to some technical artillery matters, it was supposed to have come from an artillery officer, and Alfred Dreyfus, who was in the War Office, was suspected. On being arrested, he was taken by the orders of General Mercier to a military prison, and detained there in solitary confinement for many days, and constantly examined by Colonel du Paty de Clam, and made to write in different positions—standing, sitting, lying down, with gloves and without gloves. It is noteworthy that, when brought to the prison, General Mercier gave orders that he was to be fed on the fare appointed for *condemned* prisoners, and that it was only on the prison governor pointing out that he would be responsible for the illegality of such an outrage upon justice that the order was not carried out. Some weeks before the trial General Mercier conveyed to a Paris newspaper, and that newspaper published, his assurance that the accused was undoubtedly guilty, thus publicly stamping him as a condemned man before his defence had been heard. The court-martial was conducted in secret, and the accused was convicted of being the writer of the *bordereau*, there being no evidence to support any other

charge made against his character. It is alleged, and not denied, that before the decision a document or documents were either read or shown to the court-martial, which the accused and his counsel were not permitted to see, and therefore could neither speak to nor lead evidence upon. As this is a very crucial point in the question of revision or no revision, it may be proper here to state that M. Dupuy, who was at the time Prime Minister, has sworn that he had heard of a secret document being used at the court-martial; and that M. Cavaignac, ex-Minister of War, said in evidence that he did not think it would be possible to affirm that the *bordereau* could have been the sole element of the first trial. The document secretly used was a letter passing between two persons not examined at the trial, and therefore could not, according to any possible rules of evidence in a civilised country, be an admissible document at all. It could prove nothing, any more than it would be proof against an accused person that somebody said something about the prisoner to some one else upon the street. This alone would vitiate any trial in a country where there is regard paid to justice and the citizen. Further, if the document could have been competent evidence it would have been worthless. It did not bear on the face of it to refer to Dreyfus, the only important words in it being, "*Ce canaille de D— devient trop exigeant.*" The grammar is bad, the meaning is obscure, and the person spoken of is not

identified. The context of the letter further shows that the D—— referred to could not be Dreyfus. Thus, if disclosed in full to the court-martial, it could not be of any weight against the accused: on the other hand, if only part of it was disclosed, those who used it to influence the court were doubly corrupt. The letter, therefore, was not evidence, and its contents, if admissible, did not constitute evidence; and if they were looked at as evidence in their entirety, were not in any sense effective evidence against the accused. To defend the secret use of it, whether wholly or partially disclosed, its acceptance as competent, its contents as having any bearing on the case, are things all equally impossible upon any principle of legal rule or ordinary justice. On the other hand, to defend its being used behind the back of the accused and his advisers requires an official effrontery that cannot be described otherwise than as brazen. If such use of any document was made, the members of the court-martial acted corruptly, and are liable to criminal punishment. If they were called on to commit this criminal act by their military superiors, that may be some palliation of their offence, but any superior who so acted is a still worse criminal. This alone offers to the War Office of France a strong incentive to strain every nerve to prevent public revision. But if the facts be as stated, revision can only be refused by corruption spreading into the Supreme Court of the land.

Degradation followed on the conviction, Dreyfus at the parade loudly maintaining his innocence, and carrying his head erect. On the same day he appealed in pathetic terms to his counsel and all dear to him to continue searching for the truth. Then, at the instance of the Government, the Legislature passed a law empowering the State to subject such prisoners to more terrible punishment than the existing law permitted, and by a clause making it retroactive included the unfortunate Dreyfus in its meshes. Thus laws were broken and laws were made with the one object of ensuring condemnation and aggravating its penalties.

The Dreyfus family emulated the courage of their relative, and resolutely set themselves to search matters to the bottom. Their efforts roused the wrath of the Roman Catholic and Anti-Republican journalists, and Anti-Republican society, both Royalist and Bonapartist, the army being mainly officered from these factions. Dreyfus was a Jew, and his defence was an attack upon the General Staff, therefore a virulent press, clerical and political, entered upon a course of wild vituperation, false accusation, and incentive to violence, of which the watchwords were "*À bas les Juifs!*" and "*Vive l'Armée!*" Any one who, however calmly, asked that light should be thrown on an episode of doubtful legality and justice, was held up to public obloquy as a traitor forming one of a "Syndicate of Treason" in the pay of the foreigner, whether

German or English, or bribed by Hebrew gold. A crusade was proclaimed against all Jews, and any one who suggested that an officer of the army other than Dreyfus required to have his conduct inquired into was at once stigmatised as disloyal to the army, and as undeserving of the rights of a citizen. The Rocheforts, the Drumonts, and the Judets conducted a campaign of literary scurrility and lying such as never before disgraced journalism, and it is painful to have to record that the reading public seemed to love to have it so, for these abominable productions circulated in their hundreds of thousands all over the land. In aristocratic *salons* the conversation was scarcely less violent and unreasoning than were the utterances of the press.

Matters were in this condition when, a little more than two years after Dreyfus's condemnation, a spy brought to the War Office the pieces of a *petit-bleu* resembling one of our own letter-cards, which on being put together disclosed a letter of a suspicious character, addressed to M. le Commandant Esterhazy, 27 Rue de la Bienfaisance, Paris. Colonel Picquart, who was then the head of the department, instituted inquiries as to Esterhazy, and obtained some of his handwriting. He became suspicious from an observed resemblance to the writing of the *bordereau*, and with great astuteness proceeded to have some of Esterhazy's writing photographed, names and other parts which might give a clue to the writer

being covered over. On showing the photographs to M. Bertillon, who had given evidence as an expert against Dreyfus at his trial, Bertillon at once said, "Why, it is the same writing as the *bordereau*," and added, "For a year past the Jews have been keeping some one hard at work to produce the writing of the *bordereau*, and they have perfectly succeeded." Thus letters undoubtedly of Esterhazy were pronounced by this expert to be a successful imitation of the writing of the *bordereau*. Colonel du Paty de Clam on being shown the photographs said they were in the writing of Matthieu Dreyfus, the brother of Alfred, he having a theory that Alfred in writing the *bordereau* had blended his brother's writing with his own to disguise it. Thus two of the strongest witnesses against Dreyfus unwittingly identified Esterhazy's writing as being that of the *bordereau*, and conclusively demonstrated that the true hand which wrote it was the hand of Esterhazy.

When it became known to Colonel du Paty de Clam that Picquart was on the track of Esterhazy, it appears to have occurred to some person or persons who were interested not to have the Dreyfus affair reopened, that as it seemed likely that the *bordereau* was about to fail as a piece of evidence, something must be done to give weight to the decision of the court-martial, so as to maintain the *chose jugée*. Accordingly some one—necessarily in the secrets of the War Office—communicated the fact to the 'Éclair' that

the document containing the words "Ce canaille de D——" had been laid before the court-martial. That this communication was made to the 'Éclair' corruptly, and against true justice, is proved by the fact that the name was given not D—— but "Dreyfus" in full. Who the person was is not known; but it is known that two men were deeply interested in preventing any reopening of the case, and were utterly unscrupulous in their modes—viz., Henry and Du Paty de Clam. That it should have been possible for men of any ordinary shrewdness to believe, that by cynically announcing that the court had been made to receive secret evidence outwith the knowledge of the defence they were strengthening the case of the opponents of inquiry, is a striking indication of their estimate of French notions of justice and fair-play. Such an announcement in a similar case in any other country would have caused the whole community and press to rise up in indignant protest, and to demand instant review of such a scandalous travesty of justice. Knowing as they must have done that Dreyfus's counsel would at once declare that no such document had been shown to him or his client, their conduct is inconceivable unless they believed that the great mass of their fellow-citizens were as corrupt-minded as themselves. But, characteristically enough, the only person not of those who were demanding inquiry for Dreyfus, who seems to have been put in fear

of revision by this disclosure in the 'Éclair,' was Esterhazy himself, for when an agent was sent to Esterhazy's rooms he found the place empty and a heap of burnt papers on the hearth, Esterhazy having carried off all his other belongings to Rouen.

The matter became serious. When Picquart had made his discovery, he had urged upon his chiefs that they were upon the eve of "a great scandal," and that the army authorities should take the initiative in clearing it up, adding, "If we lose too much time, the initiative will be taken from us, and that, apart from loftier considerations, will put us in an odious light"—"it will be a troublesome crisis, and one which we can avoid by doing justice in time." These views, so manly and wise, he reiterated in vain when the disclosure was made in the 'Éclair.' He received from his chief half-hearted replies, and he declares that at last he told his superior that he could not "carry this secret with him into his tomb." But he of course at the time bowed to the instructions of his chiefs.

Two months later the following audaciously false statement was made by General Billot, the Minister of War, in answer to an interpellation. It was an answer prepared in the office of the General Staff by those who knew the facts. Speaking of the court-martial, he said: "Justice was then done. The preliminary hearing, the arguments, the judgment, were all conducted conformably to the rules of military procedure."

Thus a wilful falsehood was put into the mouth of a Minister of State, a sentence which members of the General Staff and every member of the court-martial knew to be false. From that moment the die was irrevocably cast. For any opening up of an inquiry must, it was known, demonstrate the untruth of this official assertion in the Legislative Chamber. No one can wonder that every nerve is strained, and every subterfuge practised, to crush out further inquiry. For the result of it is certain, if a result according to the truth is not made impossible by official resistance or judicial corruption. It seems plain that the folly of the move made in publishing the secret document was recognised immediately after the blunder had been committed, and that it was seen to be necessary to revert to the *bordereau*, which was the only document legally before the court-martial. Therefore a few days before General Billot was put up to reassure the public mind by a false statement, a copy of the *bordereau* was handed to the 'Matin,' and published, along with a statement that to "any one who has been able to compare the admitted writing of Dreyfus" with the document, "it will be clear that it was his hand which traced these lines." Little did those who thus indicated that the *bordereau* was once more to be the *pièce de résistance* of the General Staff imagine that they were by this publication handing over to the enemy the most powerful weapon which he could wield. It has been seen how it was

demonstrated who was the true writer of the *bordereau* in April 1896; but in consequence of the restraint put upon Colonel Picquart, the matter remained quiet until the *bordereau* was published in the 'Matin,' strangely enough without any specimens of Dreyfus's handwriting with which to compare it. This latter omission is significant.

But now the time had arrived when, quite independently of Picquart, it was to be again conclusively proved that Esterhazy wrote the *bordereau*. Picquart had been silenced; but the fatuous move of putting the 'Matin' in a position to publish a facsimile of the *bordereau* bore very different fruit from what those who did it thought they were sowing the seed for. M. de Castro, a stockbroker in Paris, hearing the newsboys shouting the contents of the 'Matin' on the boulevard, bought a copy, and received a startling shock. He had done business for Esterhazy, and at the first glance recognised Esterhazy's writing. Much perturbed, he with his brother-in-law compared letters in their possession with the facsimile, and found them identical. Knowing that M. Scheurer-Kestner, the President of the Senate, had taken an interest in the matter, he went to him. On being shown the papers, M. Scheurer-Kestner retired and came back with some others, which De Castro at once identified as Esterhazy's. Thus the matter was brought to the notice of one of the most distinguished and honoured men in France, who had already

earnestly urged General Billot to examine into the matter, and who had agreed to give him fifteen days to do so, before doing anything himself, with the result that, to use his own words, during those fifteen days means were taken by which "the Ministerial journals dragged me in the mud, denounced me as a dishonest man and a miscreant, . . . and called me a German and a Prussian." Having thus in vain besought the military authorities to take the initiative, and seeing that there was a determination at the War Office to discredit him before the event, he arranged with M. Matthieu Dreyfus to publish a statement accusing Esterhazy of having written the bordereau. One would have supposed that this would have given pause to the General Staff in their career of justification of what had been done, and led them to inquire; and it is difficult to understand what motive they could have not to inquire, *unless they already knew the truth*. It was three days after this that General Billot stoutly announced to the Chamber that "it is a *chose jugée*, and it is not permitted to any one to go back upon the trial"!

Of course, as it was known in the War Office that Colonel Picquart had established who was the true writer of the bordereau, it was found convenient, in view of this confirmation of his discovery, which would necessarily lead him to again press the matter, to have him removed. Accordingly, steps were taken to deprive him of his position in the Intelligence Office at a moment's

notice, to send him here and there throughout France, and far from Paris, and ultimately to Tunis, and on to the Tripolitan frontier. General Gonse has avowed that he was sent away because he was "hypnotised with this Dreyfus-Esterhazy affair." No other reason can be suggested, and the "mission" on which he was sent was admittedly a myth, and so uncalled-for and dangerous to life that the commanding officer at Tunis refused, on his own responsibility, to send him forward to a dangerous position, where there was no real work for him to do.

Next came a communication from M. de Saint Morel, a subordinate of General Billot, to Rochefort, the editor of 'L'Intransigeant,' which led Rochefort boldly to avow that a secret document had been shown to the court-martial: "Why deny it, why not have said so, have cried it aloud on the house-tops? . . . Why not have gloried in it as an action to be proud of, instead of concealing it as a fault?" To this was added an assertion that Dreyfus had written personally to the Emperor of Germany offering his services, and that the Emperor sent him a message through the German Embassy accepting his offer on the footing that, in the event of war, "he should at once assume his proper rank in the German army." Let a pause be made here to ask,—what must be thought of the honesty of people who could publish such stuff as this as authentic news for the public? Or if their honesty be assumed, what

must be thought of their sanity? The Government could not face up to this move of the *État Major*. They repudiated it, as any Government with any self-respect must have done. Indeed they could not have maintained diplomatic relations with Germany had they not done so, as they had direct and positive assurances that there had been no relations whatever with Dreyfus.

A plot was then organised to destroy Picquart, in which it is now certain that Henry, Du Paty de Clam, and Esterhazy were all engaged. Bogus telegrams, signed Speranza and Blanche, were sent to him to Tunis, where also Esterhazy sent him a letter. The telegram signed Speranza and the letter both misspelled Picquart's name by leaving out the letter c, thus indicating that they came from the same source; and this is confirmed as being Esterhazy by the fact that, in a letter also signed "Speranza," the name Picquart is again spelled in the same way. This letter Esterhazy professed to have received. There is no doubt it was a fabrication of his own. The telegram signed Blanche stated that it was known that "the author of the *petit-bleu* is Georges"—that is, Picquart—and adds, "He must take precautions." Here is the first indication of an intention to counter Picquart by an accusation that he had forged the *petit-bleu*. Fortunately the knaves outwitted themselves, for the case of forgery was to be got up by scratching out the name on the back, and writing in Esterhazy's

name again, the intention being to show that Picquart had removed another name, and put in Esterhazy's. But the *petit-bleu* had been photographed in the original state, and therefore this erasure and substitution is a clumsy fraud. Besides, it still has the original address of Esterhazy's house, and it was complete with the name Esterhazy before Picquart ever saw it, as a subordinate fitted the pieces together, and so brought out the name on it and brought it to Picquart.

Picquart at once wrote to General Billot complaining of these communications, and saying that he was unable to understand them. But before his letter could reach Paris, and before, therefore, any one at the War Office could know anything regarding them, unless they were fabrications, an article about them, which is traceable to Esterhazy, and avowed by him to have been adjusted with Du Paty de Clam, appeared in the '*Libre Parole*,' signed "Dixi." Thus their authorship is proved. They were fabricated by a conspiracy of the basest kind.

It became absolutely necessary to get this Esterhazy difficulty out of the way, and accordingly it was arranged that his case should be examined into. The spirit in which this investigation was entered upon is indicated by the fact that a man formally accused of treason was not arrested, nor any search made of his house or repositories; and the spirit in which it was carried on is shown by the final *acte d'accusation*, or indictment, which is in France an

argumentative document, and which, in this case, is from beginning to end a pleading for the accused. Any person, without having legal training, can see this at once. It is a key to the whole conduct of the proceedings, and led up to Picquart's indignant ejaculation when before the Esterhazy court-martial, "It seems, then, that it is I who am on my trial!"

But the significance of the occurrences at this time does not centre on the investigation itself, but is to be found in the surrounding circumstances. It is now definitely ascertained, and indeed admitted by the actors in the farce, that while the inquiry was going on into the matter, two emissaries from the War Department were holding daily clandestine meetings in secretly arranged rendezvous with Esterhazy. Esterhazy states that a signal, by a wave of a handkerchief and a password, was prearranged. Thus he clandestinely met these officers of the French army, they being well muffled up, and disguised with blue spectacles and false beards. They concocted letters to General Billot, suggesting that Dreyfus had imitated Esterhazy's writing in the bordereau. Again, a letter was made up to be sent directly to General de Boisdeffre. And lastly, a violent letter was written to President Faure, in which Esterhazy states that if he is not supported he will appeal to his family chief, the Emperor, he being by birth an Austrian. That these letters were admitted to have been made up by Du Paty de Clam was sworn to in the Esterhazy Court of Inquiry, and Du Paty had

practically to admit that they were. Thus Du Paty de Clam and Henry, the subordinates of De Boisdeffre, were, with or without his connivance, it matters little which, clandestinely meeting with and prompting a person suspected of treachery how to bully the War Minister and the head of the State. Further, there was handed to Esterhazy a photographic copy of the "Ce canaille de D——" letter, it being arranged that it was to be represented that he received it from a veiled lady, who met him by appointment in a secret place behind the palisades of the Alexandre III. Bridge. The story was that this lady had been, as Esterhazy said at his trial, "animated by an imperious motive to defend an unfortunate man against false machinations." His cousin, Count Christian Esterhazy, a young man who was used as a go-between with Henry and Du Paty de Clam, now avows that Esterhazy got him to write the veiled-lady letters. He declares that he saw Du Paty de Clam hand the sealed packet to Esterhazy; and the farce was then gone through of Esterhazy handing in the document to the War Office, a formal receipt being given for it by General Billot. All this was intended to help Esterhazy and smite Picquart. For the purpose was to suggest that the veiled lady was a friend of Picquart's, and that she as a matter of conscience had got hold of this document when Picquart was asleep, and had delivered it to the falsely accused man Esterhazy—the suggestion being that Picquart, who was attacking Esterhazy's repu-

tation, knew that Dreyfus was guilty. But there was a further purpose, and that was to put Billot in Esterhazy's power by enabling Esterhazy to expose the use of the secret document.

The effect of Matthieu Dreyfus's accusation was that a different theory became necessary to account for what was manifest on the face of the bordereau. It was so certain that men who knew Esterhazy's writing—a class of witnesses much more valuable than experts—would declare the bordereau to be his, that it was imperative to adopt a new line—viz., that the writer of the bordereau had copied or even traced Esterhazy's writing. That this was arranged between him and his co-conspirators in the War Office is certain. It was a desperate change of front, considering that Dreyfus's conviction had proceeded on the allegation that it was in his own writing, and this had been proclaimed by the 'Matin' as "clear." Every day, as the preliminary inquiry proceeded, Esterhazy was kept informed as to all that was going on, and carefully instructed by his friends in the blue spectacles and false beards, either directly or through his cousin and his mistress by notes. Of course these notes were to be destroyed; but equally, of course, they were not, and lately some of them have been revealed. An analysis of one recently published in facsimile would be interesting, but this is not possible here. Suffice it to say that it is palpably the letter of a conspirator against truth and justice.

Esterhazy was brought to trial, and experts examined to

prove that the bordereau was not in his handwriting. Counter-evidence in abundance was produced. As already stated, the indictment was a pleading for the accused. If what is above written be correct, the result was a foregone conclusion. That it is correct is definitely substantiated under Du Paty's own hand in the letter above referred to. So compromising was this letter, that when Esterhazy's conduct was inquired into later by directions of M. Cavaignac, a letter was written by Colonel Kerdrain to say that unless this letter of Du Paty de Clam's was returned at once, Esterhazy's advocate Tézevas would not be allowed to appear.

Next came the Zola manifesto and the Zola trials, both full of interest, but which cannot be noticed here, except to say that they produced so much agitation that it was felt necessary to try the effect of another parliamentary announcement. M. Cavaignac, the new Minister of War, had attacked the previous Ministry for "weakness and hesitation." He was not weak, and he did not hesitate. He did not go back on the bordereau. He had new material. He quoted the "Canaille de D——" letter and another letter which also referred to D——, and then read a letter, which he said formed part of a complete correspondence, in which Dreyfus is mentioned by name, and spoken of as "ce juif." This announcement was received tumultuously by the Chamber. It was ordered to be posted in the 36,000 communes of France.

Thus once more it was supposed that an end had come. But Colonel Picquart promptly, in a letter to the Premier, declared that he could prove that the two letters with D—— could not apply to Dreyfus, and that the Dreyfus letter bore all the characteristics of a forgery.

Well, the two documents did not apply to Dreyfus, and the third was a forgery. Henry was compelled to admit that he forged it, and died the same night by his own hand, or by the hand of another.

On 13th July 1898 Colonel Picquart was arrested and put in prison, and he still remains an untried prisoner to this day, now on a charge of forgery of the *petit-bleu* which has been made against him. But he has the consolation that if there has been corruption in the General Staff he has probed it, and if there was misleading of the nation he has corrected it. He it is above all others that has made the refusal of consideration of the question of revision an impossibility. Not to pre-judge a case still under inquiry, no more will be said here on the charge against Picquart.

One word at present on the latest phases of the case. The Criminal Chamber of the Court of Cassation resolved to consider the question of revision. From that moment torrents of abuse were poured on them from the clerical, anti-Semitic, and anti-Republican press, and it is pathetic to read that the President declares that he selected a bachelor as reporter to the Court, as the threats to which the judges were daily

exposed made it desirable that the reporter should not be selected from those who had families. They have been grossly insulted by a President of another division, who cynically avows himself a partisan in the matter they are inquiring into, and then accuses them of partisanship, and without a word to them by way of inquiry, accepts all the miserable tattle of lobby attendants, and makes a weapon out of any trifle that can be twisted into an accusation. It is needless in this country to characterise such conduct. It was intended as a political move of a strong partisan to excite public opinion against the criminal judges, but it has fallen flat, and is utterly discredited. It was too absurd even in a country where absurdity seems to pass for logic and reason.

At the present moment extraordinary matter is coming to light in the publication of the evidence taken before the Criminal Chamber. This may not be commented on now, or until all is known.

The reader will now have some idea of what is the state of France. It is lamentable to see that there is scarcely a man of any standing who in connection with this affair is not under the stigma of imputed falsehood and dishonour, and those who can shake off the stigma can only do so by transferring it to the shoulders of their traducers. Society is at war. Judges accuse other judges. Magistrates impugn the good faith of other magistrates. Officers of rank and important public officials openly

charge each other with lying and fraud. No reputation is safe. A violent press denounces and threatens those who are independent enough to refuse to have opinions forced upon them, or to shape their course in duty in subservience to dictation. Men held in the highest respect are deprived of public offices because they ask for revision; others are expelled from the Order of the Legion of Honour for no other offence. Life is made almost unendurable to unoffending citizens for no other reason than that they are Jews, or if not Jews because they demand that a Jew shall have the same justice as a Christian or an infidel. The supreme judges of the land are held up to public execration, not for giving a judgment, but for inquiring into a matter brought before them as the law binds them to do. Jurors are threatened with ruin if they act otherwise than as the mob dictates at the request of those who call themselves the army. Religious rancour and infidel truculence join hand in hand against the liberty of the subject. The social fabric is shaken to its foundations. And the cause of all this is Dreyfus, the helpless prisoner on the other side of the world. He is indeed the negative ruler of France. France has a Government and it has officials, but their work is paralysed and their efficiency marred by him. Because of him men are breaking every moral law, and shattering all social peace. For him the Statute law of the land has been changed twice,—once to

aggravate his punishment, and once to take away his appeal from the Constitutional Tribunal which was investigating it. Since he was deported, France has had no tranquillity, Riotous murder, pillage, terrorism, duelling, suicides, public uproar, forgery, fraud, lying, slander, threatenings, vituperation, outrage on individual liberty, scandals in the administration of justice, and countless other evils, have made her a sorry spectacle to gods and men. And of all this Dreyfus is the negative cause. Helpless in his duration vile, he is the most potent factor in France's life to-day. He is indeed her ruler negatively. What is to be the end? Dreyfus has a place in history that few other Frenchmen of the last decade of this century will have. All who love the truth will earnestly hope that his last chapter in that history, whether it tells of due confirmation of his guilt or of a great wrong being righted, may speak of justice. If it does not, the chapters that follow may be terrible reading. For the demon of Revolution would seem to be in the air.

All the above was written before the revelation by the 'Figaro' of the evidence led before the Court of Cassation, except the paragraph which refers to it. The appearance of that evidence made it advisable to postpone publication until it was seen whether there was any call for modification of what had been put down. It is satisfactory to know that not a word requires to be cancelled or altered in consequence of

these disclosures. Rather, as the reader will have observed, have some points been emphasised in a very marked manner. It is not possible to notice all of these, but it is necessary to state that a new and very serious development has taken place which gives a more than ever painful aspect to the *Affaire*. The surviving officer who was put in charge of the accusation against Dreyfus and the exculpation of Esterhazy now accuses the generals over him of conduct dishonourable and in fraud of justice, declaring that all he did was done by order. But, worse still, two of the principal departments of State—the War Office and the Foreign Office—have exhibited themselves to their country and to the world as accusing one another of the grossest bad faith. The War Office accuses the Foreign Office of having altered the reading of a deciphered telegram, after having given a particular version of it to the War Department. The Foreign Office retorts that this is a calumnious accusation, as can be proved by obtaining the original telegram from the Ministers of Posts and Telegraphs. The War Office replies that, having applied to the Post Office Department, the telegram could not be obtained, such documents not being preserved beyond a certain time. To this the Foreign Office answers that no such reply could have been given, as all

official telegrams are preserved indefinitely, that on applying for a copy from the Postal Department it was at once supplied, and that it demonstrates the truth of the statements made by the Foreign Office. All this would be painful enough, but this dispute has brought another fact to light. The War Office had inserted in the secret *dossier*, as being a copy of the telegram, a paper which was not a copy at all, but a fictitious copy, made up after the original copy had been either lost or—as is more likely—destroyed, a considerable time before. This made-up copy is so completely unlike the original, and so directly contrary to its sense, which is altogether favourable to Dreyfus, that the Foreign Office authorised its representative to state to the Court of Cassation that not only was it erroneous to a discreditable extent, but that it must be a fabrication! M. Paléologue, of the Foreign Office, made this statement in evidence:—

“My conscience and my instructions compel me to go further, and to affirm that no error of memory could justify the divergence between the two texts [of the telegram]—that remade up by the Ministry of War and that preserved at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It is not only an error, it is a falsification.

“The document No. 44 is not only incorrect, it is false.”

Under this accusation the War Office remains silent. What next?

WEI-HAI-WEI.

ITS VALUE AS A NAVAL STATION.

ALL the world knows that about a year ago Great Britain became practically mistress of Wei-hai-wei. It was then in the possession of the Japanese, who had captured it from China, as the last act of the drama of the Chino-Japanese war, and it was held by them for more than two years, pending the payment of the war indemnity owed them by China. The financial arrangements having been settled, it was made over to Great Britain on lease for a term of years, or "for as long as Russia continues to hold Port Arthur"—a possession which she also holds on lease from an unwilling landlord. The terms of both these leases must be regarded as somewhat ponderous diplomatic jokes. As if there was the smallest probability of Russia ever leaving Port Arthur!—unless some one stronger than her should drive her out: and give her four or five years to consolidate her forces and secure her position, and it will then be a very large undertaking for any combination of Powers to drive her out. The British joke is the more humorous but the less dignified of the two. There seems to be something small and mean in a great nation seizing a slice of territory of a friendly Power, as a set-off against the seizure of another slice by a Power assumed to be unfriendly, and then saying to the world, "I shall hold this as

long as Russia holds that." The expression used to justify this action is our old friend "the balance of power." It is a useful diplomatic expression, and may cover much or little. In the present case it would appear to cover little, and to be of a doubtful and temporary nature.

No one who has watched carefully the march of events in the Far East can imagine for one moment that the possession of Wei-hai-wei by the British as a "secondary naval base" will keep Russia out of Peking, if she wants to go there. Russia can wait. That sums up the whole question. We may adjust the balance for the moment by seizing Wei-hai-wei, and by keeping a squadron of warships in the China seas slightly superior to that of Russia. But beyond this what have we to throw into our scale of the balance, while Russia is completing her railways and absorbing Manchuria? We are about to erect a few small batteries on the island at Wei-hai-wei: Russia had the guns, ammunition, and mountings for the fortification of Port Arthur shipped on board the steamers of her volunteer fleet, and some of them actually on the China station, *before* she seized Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan. She can wait when it suits her, and she can be prompt when it suits her. Four months after

she had seized Port Arthur she had made it practically impregnable to attacks from the sea, and by the month of December had 16,000 troops there, so that even a greatly superior army acting from the land side would have had a tough job to get the Russians out of it. Six months after Great Britain had taken possession of Wei-hai-wei, she sent 150 marines out there to guard the island and the mainland territory : and now, twelve months after the occupation, there is not a fort reconstructed nor a gun mounted ! This comparison of the action of the two Powers cannot possibly pass without comment from the other Great Powers (including Japan, which is certainly a Great Power in the Far East), and it is small wonder if we hear them expressing doubts as to whether Great Britain is in earnest, and intends to remain at Wei-hai-wei, even on the very peculiar terms upon which she has obtained her lease of it. So long as any shadow of a doubt remains on this subject, capital will not flow towards our new territory, and it will not be developed. People remember Port Hamilton.

The insertion in the lease of the clause, that we only intend to stay at Wei-hai-wei so long as Russia remains at Port Arthur, was undoubtedly a feeble act, unworthy of a strong Conservative Government, and thus unworthy of the country. Not that there is the smallest doubt about the permanence of Russia's occupation. That is not the point : the point is, that the insertion of such contingent terms

indicated a feebleness of purpose inconsistent with the fixed policy of a great Power which possesses vast interests in China—interests which surpass those of all other nations combined.

It was not to be supposed that Great Britain could for ever continue to hold the practical monopoly of the trade of the Far East which she has for many years enjoyed. No sensible men (with the exception of the British China merchants) could imagine that other nations would not sooner or later strive to get for themselves a fair share of such a lucrative business. It would have been too much to expect from poor weak human nature—even commercial human nature—to suppose that the British China merchants would acquiesce quietly in an invasion of their trade monopoly in their own special field of operations. They did not acquiesce quietly, but, on the contrary, filled the world with their outcry at the iniquity of foreigners in wishing to trade with China. Their ostensible grievance was based upon the well-known fact that all foreigners hedge in their spheres of influence with a *cheval-de-frise* of tariffs intended to exclude all competition with their own merchants, and especially to exclude Great Britain, with its hateful principles and practice of free trade ; but their real grievance was the prospect of *any* competition with their practical monopoly of the China trade. Their alarm was probably in great measure unfounded. Like many other good and modest men, they

underrated their own powers, and forgot, or failed to take note of, the fact that British merchants have proved themselves capable — when they wake up — of holding their own in trade, even against hostile tariffs.

Our able Minister at Peking had a most difficult game to play, for there can be very little doubt now that the absolute seizure of Port Arthur by the Russians was a surprise for the British Government. The Government probably thought in a vague sort of way that Russia would eventually get Port Arthur: but it was not prepared for the sudden grab; and, like an unexpected check at chess, it took them flat aback. They talked big about the "open door"; sent a powerful squadron to Chefoo (opposite to Port Arthur, and about seventy miles from it); and finally they pounced upon Wei-hai-wei, and took possession of it upon the terms above mentioned.

When the Russians' carefully laid schemes are ripe for execution, their strategic railways finished, Manchuria Russianised, Vladivostock and Port Arthur rendered absolutely impregnable from sea attack, and the Czar, irritated and disappointed at the general rejection of his disarmament proposal (we fully appreciate the rashness of prophecy), and urged onwards by the advice of ambitious Ministers and generals thirsting for glory, shall make up his mind to march his armies on Peking — how, we ask, will the mere occupation of Wei-hai-wei by

the British, the presence there of a few hundred white troops, a few thousand British-drilled yellow ones, and half-a-dozen first-class battleships riding in the roadstead or cruising in the Gulf of Pechili, hinder the Russians from marching on Peking, with a result which cannot for one moment be doubtful?

Whether this will take place in five, ten, or twenty years from the date of the seizure of Port Arthur we do not pretend to prophesy. There are physical and political difficulties to be overcome. That the engineers will overcome all the physical ones there cannot be a doubt. If they come to an utterly impracticable river which cannot be bridged, they will just burrow under it, like the Severn tunnel. Give them money enough and they always win against nature in the long-run. And as to the political difficulties, — the unswerving tenacity of purpose of successive generations of Russian statesmen, the apparently inexorable law of her expansion wherever she impinges on a softer or more loosely organised community, the ambition of her generals, and the undoubted richness of the prize to be played for, point to the probability of all political difficulties being overcome also.

Of one fact we may be perfectly certain, — Russia has not spent enormous sums of money on the construction of the trans-Siberian railway for the purpose of developing the resources of her barren possessions in north-eastern Asia!

A distinguished British naval

officer, who lately visited China on "a purely commercial mission," advocates the organisation of the Chinese army by British officers, and an alliance between Great Britain, America, Germany, and Japan, with the view of preventing Russia from encroaching on the Chinese empire from the north, whilst her ally France is nibbling at the south. This would mean the division of the Powers mentioned into two great hostile camps, each trying to thwart the other at every turn—using all the wiles of diplomacy and the still more persuasive argument of threats upon a feeble Chinese Government to further their own interests and frustrate the schemes of their rivals. There are others, again, who think that Great Britain and Russia—being the two principal parties concerned—might, without loss of dignity and with much gain to their material interests, come to terms as to the disposal of the yellow man's land; for it can scarcely be doubted that the rapid process of disintegration which has set in since the disastrous defeat of China will lead ere long to large tracts of that ancient empire passing under the complete control, if not under the actual government, of alien Powers. There can be no more closing of China. The oyster has been opened now once for all, and cannot be shut again: all the ancient traditions of exclusiveness must be swept away. Before many years are passed the whole country will be riddled by railways, and the

remotest provinces thrown open to foreign trade. China, as hitherto known to Western nations—that is to say, as a self-governing Power—has already ceased to exist. She is no longer independent. She must do as she is told to do by foreigners. She can exercise no will of her own,—if she could she would shut the door in all our faces; but she knows now that her powers of resistance are gone. For fifty years she has been struggling against the forces of civilisation (barbarism from *her* point of view), and with that object has strenuously resisted railways, but the game is up now. The barbarians have leaped the great wall and are inside the citadel: further direct resistance is useless, and she can only now exercise her miserable tactics of dilatoriness, delay, and obstruction, by pretending that she does not understand. The only active policy at all open to her is the well-known tactics of our friend the Sultan—that of trying to stir up discord amongst her tormentors, with the hope that while they are employed in tearing each other's eyes out, she may be left in peace until they have finished; but it behoves the statesmen of Europe to see that this policy does not succeed. It will be recorded in the pages of history to the everlasting credit of the present generation of European statesmen if they can divide decently the carcass of the deceased dragon without falling out about it. It was undoubtedly St George who wounded him

unto death, though he did not give him the *coup de grâce*: this was reserved for the sturdy little pagan of his own blood. The Great Bear smelt the blood from afar, and came hurrying across a frozen continent to get a share of the spoils. He is making a bid for the Lion's share: but if the Lion, and the German and American Eagles (both of whom are hovering over the carcass), are wise enough to keep the peace amongst themselves and to pull together, the Bear will have to be satisfied with a moderate share, and will then, no doubt, pretend that he never wanted more. He is a wily Bear, and likes to get all he wants without fighting; in fact he hates fighting (just at present), and considers it a barbarous and disgraceful way of settling disputes. Yet, while he invites all the other animals to cut their claws, he takes good care not to clip his own; and he never leaves one of his numerous dens unguarded.

To drop metaphor and to return to the subject of our article, the name Wei-hai-wei belongs properly to a miserable, decaying, sixth-rate walled town, at the bottom of a shallow bay opposite to the western end of the island. The so-called harbour of Wei-hai-wei is of very wide extent, though shallow throughout the greater part of its area, and there are only three safe berths for heavy ships during the winter months; but dredging operations have already been commenced, and the deep water area will be rapidly increased, as the bottom is soft and the

mud easily removed. Thus the harbour as a harbour (a shelter from the weather) can be inexpensively made a first-class one; but this is not the whole question. Wei-hai-wei is within ninety miles of Port Arthur, which Russia is rapidly turning into a first-class fortress, the harbour of which, though small, is completely landlocked, is capable of being made absolutely impregnable from any sea attack, can easily be closed with boom defences, and the ships within it thus rendered safe from torpedo-boat attack. And the harbour itself is admirably adapted to shelter a hundred torpedo-boats, or say, fifty destroyers of the *sokol* type,—a condition of affairs which would in time of war render the anchorage at Wei-hai-wei untenable by an enemy's ships, no matter how strongly the island might be fortified.

In order to place Wei-hai-wei in a condition of equality with Port Arthur, it is necessary that a breakwater should be built, the estimated cost of which ranges between one and two millions sterling; and this would be exclusive of a dock, factory, repairing-shops, or any of the other adjuncts of a naval depot. It may be that the Government hesitates to propose the expenditure of so large a sum of money upon this remote island in the China Sea; and it has been authoritatively stated that they intend to make of it a "secondary naval base," with repairing-shops, &c. So far so good; and if the said secondary naval base did not happen to be within ninety miles

of the first-class naval base and torpedo depot of a possible enemy, there would be no strategic error in the pursuance of such a policy. But taking into consideration the geographical situation of the two places, and the steps which Russia has already taken, and is following up with all haste, in the fortification of Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan, the dredging and improvement of the former, the ordering and rapid construction of a large number of *sokols* (i.e., the torpedo-boat of the immediate future) specially intended for Port Arthur, and, last but not least, the general drift of her railway policy in Manchuria,—taking all these things into consideration, we are unable to see how a secondary naval base, with an inadequately protected harbour at Wei-hai-wei, can prove to be aught but a dangerous trap in which British ships will be caught in case of war with Russia.

It is not a question of command of the sea—we may have a far more absolute command of the sea than we have at present, or are at all likely to have on the outbreak of war: Wei-hai-wei without a defensible harbour (defensible against torpedo attack) will be a veritable trap. A British admiral with a squadron of warships at Wei-hai-wei, caught, without much warning, by a sudden outbreak of war with Russia, would find himself in a very tight place. If his force were equal, or even slightly inferior, to that of his enemy in Northern China, he

would no doubt go out and try to fight a decisive battle in the open sea; but it is extremely unlikely that the wily Russians would accept any such tactics, or fight in the open at all, unless they felt that they had time to concentrate their forces from Vladivostock and Port Arthur at a rendezvous well to the eastward of, and out of sight of, land from the Shantung promontory, and then fall upon the British with overwhelming force before the latter could be reinforced from the south. And in this connection it must not be forgotten that France and Russia are allies (for the present at any rate), and that France has a not inconsiderable force of modern warships in the vicinity of Saigon, which place is directly on our trade-route between Singapore and Hong-kong; so that it would be impossible to denude the South China seas of a force at least sufficient to meet the French, and it would take time for reinforcements to arrive from Australia and the Eastern Pacific.

Assuming, however, that the British force in North China is sufficiently powerful to keep the Russians shut up in Port Arthur, and to prevent a junction of the ships from Vladivostock, what, then, is the situation? Still extremely awkward for the British, as the Russians could remain perfectly secure from all attacks either by ships or torpedo-boats in Port Arthur harbour, whilst the British, in their indefensible position at Wei-hai-wei, must either put to sea every night, or be subject to

frequent attacks by torpedo-boats, some of which must sooner or later prove successful, as the crews of the ships would soon be worn out with anxiety and constant watching—for even at sea they would not be safe. In short, the conditions of the game would be quite unendurable for the British; and they would either have to pack up their traps, embark the garrison (which would not be much trouble), haul down the union-jack, and “scuttle” to the south on the first threat of war, or else stay in their exposed position at Wei-hai-wei, with the certainty of losing some, if not many, of their ships, by the repeated attacks of Russian torpedo-boats acting from a secure base.

The question may then be asked, Of what use is Wei-hai-wei to the British? The answer is, that it is worse than useless (assuming war with Russia possible) unless a defensible harbour is constructed, at an estimated cost of between one and two millions sterling. The above are plain facts, and it is folly to ignore them. What, then, is the alternative? Can we withdraw? Certainly not. As well talk of withdrawing from Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, and Singapore. Honour and interest alike forbid a cowardly policy. All the world is watching our movements in the Far East; and it is not too much to say that most of the nations will shape their policy by ours. Russia perhaps is the sole exception: she means to go on; whatever happens, she cannot halt. Her destiny—as she

calls it—presses her forward; but unless we mean to recede before the advancing Muscovite wave, we must make a stand at Wei-hai-wei.

It has been more than once proposed that Great Britain should endeavour to come to a friendly agreement with Russia about China. A very excellent proposal, if feasible, as commerce pays better than war; and it is quite certain that if the former Power is firmly established at Wei-hai-wei in a secure and properly protected harbour, she will be able to come to much more advantageous—if not more friendly—terms with Russia than if she remains flitting along the shore like a sea-gull, and alighting temporarily at a “secondary naval base.” A bargain is a bargain, which sounds like a truism; but before we begin bargaining, it will be just as well that we have something substantial to show on our side, something done, something besides potentialities and good intentions. If we have this “something” in our hands, we shall be able to strike an advantageous bargain for ourselves and our friends; without it, we shall have to recede, with the subsequent loss of enormous trade interests in Northern China, and to the bitter disappointment of our friends, who are looking to us for a lead, and who, if we “funk” now, will for ever after mistrust us, and will certainly leave us in the lurch when the day of trial comes, as come it must ere long.

Neither “Little Jap” nor

"Uncle Sam" intends to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for us; but they will do their fair share of chestnut-pulling, and, if necessary, of bear-baiting, if we give them the lead by making a firm stand in Northern China. This can only be done by constructing a defensible harbour at Wei-hai-wei, and adequately fortifying the island. The command of the sea must also be maintained: that goes without saying, in the case of such an isolated position. Shall we do this? Or shall we let our case go by default?

The main consideration of the problem is that of *time*. If the breakwater is commenced at once, it is almost certain that a splendid defensible harbour can be completed (and the island can certainly be adequately fortified) *before* Russia can complete her strategic railways, or be ready for an advance on Peking. Are there any political or international reasons for hesitation or delay? We are willing, like Mr Punch's rustic, to admit that Lord Salisbury may have some information that we have not got. We do not profess to be in the secrets of the Cabinets of Europe, and they would not be safe for a moment if we were, for we have no faith in secrecy: but the problem appears to be fairly simple. Either we mean to defend our trade interests in Northern China or we do not. If we do not, the sooner we evacuate Wei-hai-wei the better, as the game is only one of bluff: but if we do mean to defend those interests, it is essential that the place should

be without delay treated on the lines indicated above, and not held—as it is now—merely at the pleasure of a foreign Power whose interests in North China are not precisely the same as ours.

Russia is our very dear friend at present: she wants peace badly (also "at present"): her strategic railways are not finished, and Port Arthur is dependent for its supplies by sea routes. But is it certain that she will always want peace? And has she not proved herself capable of tearing up treaties when they become inconvenient? Moreover, we know that she respects force. Under these circumstances, it seems to us that if we really mean to defend our trade interests in North China, and not merely play a game of bluff, it will be wise to put Wei-hai-wei in such a condition that it can be held in war as well as in peace. Now is the time to act. The course is clear, and delays are dangerous.

Before closing these remarks we desire to say a few words as to the climate of Wei-hai-wei, for that must always be an important point to consider in the establishment of any naval station. Well, to begin with, we should consider it a downright insult to Wei-hai-wei to compare it to Hong-kong, where we have our principal naval, and only military, hospitals. And as to Yokohama, where we now have our auxiliary naval hospital and sanitarium, the climate, though fine on the whole, is very hot and relaxing in summer, and not to be com-

pared to that of Wei-hai-wei. In short, we believe the climate of Wei-hai-wei to be the healthiest in the world, and we speak with some experience. It is never too hot in summer; there is always a cool breeze to temper the heat. The spring and autumn are magnificent. There is an adequate rainfall, but it does not go dribbling on for days together as it does in the British Isles; it comes down with a good swish, and then clears up and the sun shines brightly. And as to winter—the dreaded arctic winter of Northern China that one hears so much about,—it is undoubtedly cold at Wei-hai-wei for about four months in the year, but it is a bright, clear, dry, bracing cold; no fogs, no rain, and very little snow. Europeans living at Chefoo (which is about forty miles from Wei-hai-wei, and in the same latitude) say that the winter of 1898-99 was an exceptionally mild one. That may be so, but even if greater cold is sometimes experienced, all accounts seem to indicate that the general characteristics of the weather are as described above.

During the winter of 1898-99 there were occasional blizzards—an average perhaps of

one a fortnight. They last generally from one to three days, and sometimes bring a little snow with them: they blow from west round to north, and they are decidedly unpleasant, the air being keen and cutting, but quite dry. Between these blizzards the weather is simply magnificent—more like the Riviera in winter than any other climate we have ever seen, but superior to the Riviera in that the air is drier and more bracing, and the sunshine, if possible, more brilliant.

The soil of the island at Wei-hai-wei (and also of the mainland) is extremely fertile. The whole southern slope of the island could be turned into a vineyard, or a fruit-garden if preferred. Vineyards have been started at Chefoo on a considerable scale, under both French and German management, and with every prospect of success. The Chefoo pears are famous all over China; the cultivation of them was started about thirty years ago by an American missionary.

To sum up then: Wei-hai-wei can be turned into a paradise, a sanitarium, and a fortified harbour; but it cannot be held as a secondary naval base in time of war.

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